For him the faultless skies of noon

Grow farther in eternal bline. And sow the stars and dow:
Who would believe that such deep skies ire miracies only through her eyes!

Por this mad syiphs adown domed nights Sind golden globules radiant. Or gives green transient trails of lights

Spin from their orbs and slant; Who would believe a soul were bers To make for him a universe? -Courier Journal

## HIS CHILD FRIEND.

It caused a good deal of wonder among the officers of Jack Amyatt's regiment when he suddenly loomed out in a new character, that of a literary man.

The Red Horse was a very popular regiment in the service, and Jack Amyatt was, as indeed he had been ever since he formed one of its most popular officers. Through the various grades of cornet, Beutenant and captain, he had made no enemies while he had gathered many friends. He was essentially a good all round man, popular with his men, who would have followed him into the jaws of death and back again, and good at

what a fuss you make about Maj. Amyatt," cried a fair beauty one day to one of the youngsters, who had been extolling his accomplishments.

"Oh, the major's such an out and out good sort," returned the lad, blushing a fine scarlet all over his handsome face at thus being caught at hero worship.

"Is he?" responded the lady, who had tried every fascinating art in her power on Amvatt, but without avail. "What does he do to win him so much adula-

"I don't know about adulation," said the lad rather curtly. "But I know he is the best soldier I ever knew, and the most popular. Why, the regiment would follow him to the dev- to the end of the world, that is," correcting himself hastily. 'He's good, that is among the best of any sport you like to mention; and he's the best army writer there is in spite of the shoals of women who have tried their hand at putting us their soldiers look like bagmen out for a holiday in a blazer and a pair of tennis

The beauty drew herself up with a sittle more dignity than she usually disolayed. Dear me, Mr. Arlington, you stands regarding us frivolous and faulty to write." Amyatt read the letter again ously instructed. -Globe-Democrat. swallowed his ramrod as well as bringing the other parts of his uniform with

It was on the tip of young Arlington's tongue to remind the beauty that a ramrod is not a part of a cavalry officer's equipment but, as he had done a minote or so before, he remembered his manners in time and let the remark pass without further notice.

Well I don't think the major cares much about ladies," he admitted. "I'm sure they don't care much about

him," returned the beauty, sharply. He wondered at the tartness of her tone, if that was indeed the case; but, as she was a beauty, and somewhat of a power in the neighborhood of the station at which they were quartered, he did not want to offend her more than was pecessary in taking up the cudgels in his major's defense. "I never heard him my a word against a woman in my life," he said, eagerly; "never. Only he don't sees to be very keer on dancing and afternoon teas, and so on. By the way, His Vane, will you come and have a cup

of tea or anything?" The beauty thought she would have an ice, and took the lad's arm with alacrity; glad, perhaps, to get away from blind and deaf to the attractions and cinations—liberally set forth for his of the comity. The name of the major was not men tioned again; but, all the some the corn ensation had set young. Arlington thinking about it.

"I say," he said that evening to Moore, the senior subaltern, "is Amyatt what you'd call a woman hater?" "Not a bit of it," returned Moore, promptly; 'I don't believe he fain's

enough about 'em to hate them." "But that's sailing pretty near the wind, eh? inquired Arlington, laughing, "No. I don't think so. Amyatt doesn't

dance, nor go to tea much; but then he has plenty else to do. To me he never seems to think of getting married; but then he's only six and thirty, and what fellow in his senses would think of getting married before that?" "A good many do," Arlington ventared to say. He felt guiltily that this

thrust had gone home, for he at 22 had thought fondly of the marriage state more than once; for the matter of that, indeed, be had thought of it many a time "Yes, a good many do," responded

Moore, who had never known what it was to feel a qualin at his heart such as Arrestened to ruin all his peace of mind, "and a good many fellows wish to the devil they'd let it alone." .Well I'm not altogether so sure about

that," returned Arlington, who, in spite of his modest air, was as well able to stick to his own opinions as any man in the regiment. Now this conversation no more enlight-

ened him as to the state of the major's affections or natural inclinations than the one with the beauty had done, so Arlington put his question to some one else. choosing this time the senior captain, one George Trevor; and when Trevor heard it he stared hard at him. "Amyatt a woman hater! Whatever

put such an idea as that into your head?" "Weli, I can hardly say; but is he, do "A woman hater-no, of course he

"But, Trevor, he never has anything to do with women at all-never goes to teas or bazzars, or garden parties, or even balls If he can get off it—and when he does go

be never dances." "No more he does! He rever did dance, even as a cornet."

"Was he the same then?" "I fancy he was certainly he never

hung about the women much," Trevor "Did he have a let down any time, do you think?" Arlington persisted.

"A let down-no. The women were always too jolly eager to have him at any price. Lord, I've seen hundreds of women try for Amyatt-hundreds of

"That's just it," put in Arlington, eagerly. "They all try—but they just have to try. It's queer, for Amyatt's a

handsome chap, and as rich as a Jew." "Can't say, I'm sure. Just now he's so taken up with his novel writing, and every spare minute seems to go to that." "But why did he take up novel writ-

ing?" cried the lad. Faith, and I can't say," Trevor laughed. "But his lovemaking's mighty pretty for a woman hater, don't you

Meantime the object of all this thought was in the sitting room of his comfortable quarters overlooking the green, which occupied part of the barrack square. It was a pretty room, with walls of dark olive green, relieved wrote to you, and the doctors told me an upward turn."-Chicago Times,

that by which he chose to be known to the world.

For Maj. Amyatt did not write under his own name, preferring for many reasons to be known as "John Dawes," the chiefest of which was that as a beginner he had scarcely dared to contemplate the possibility of other than failure, and he ad no wish to appear before the regiment in the light of a non-success. So, although for some time his intimates had known him as the popular author who stood second to none as a faithful delineator of army men and manners, to the world at large he was still John Dawes,

and but few knew that the name was not A handsome man was Mai. Amvatt. and looking at him as he sat at the table, one could not wonder at young Arlington's curiosity concerning his past life. It would be hard to say positively that any trace of a disappointment-what Arlington calls a "let down"-marked his pleasant fresh face, or lurked in the steady gray eyes that were as clear and cool and undisturbed as the eyes of a tad

He had a frank and tender smile, too, and he was smiling then over a letter which lay open upon the table before him, a letter which had been forwarded by his publishers, through whom it had been sent, a letter written in a clear, unformed child's hand, on paper which had

been ruled with pencil lines. "My dear Mr. John Dawes," It said, I have read all your books and like them very much. But, please, I do want to know if Laura is going to marry Gerard King. I do hope you won't ge and marry her to any one else, because I am very, very fond of him. So I am of nearly all

the others, but I like Gerard best. "Laura is my name, too. I hope you won't mind my writing to you, though a am still rather little. I am 9, or at least nearly 9, and have no brothers or sisters, so that I read a good deal. But I have very old, so that she plays with me a

good lot. "With best love I am your loving LAURA HOLT. little friend, "P. S.-It was quite my own idea to

Like most writers who have won a hold upon the hearts of the people, Amyatt was accustomed to receiving many letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women who were utter strangers to him, expressing all manner of sentiment about his work. Nor was this the first letter he had had from a child; but it was the first that had touched him so deeply as this one did. There was a quaintness about its phrases, a brave frankness about its sentiment, a the mold. A teacher can spell out the meshness in his tone which won his

"I hope you won't go and marry her to any one else, because I am very, very fond of him." "Laura is my name, with a feeling which, if he had been a woman, would have brought tears into his eyes, but which, as it was, gave him a suspicious lump in his threat and that tender smile on his lips.

"Dear little soul," he said, softly, "I must write to her"-and forthwith he drew some paper before him and wrote a long and charming letter to the new little friend who was 9, or (scrupulous little soul that she was) "at least nearly

Then he, too, added a postscript, which was, "Write to me again."

Amvatt's little friend did write to him again, a letter full of giee caused by his. couldn't leave the poor little woman's pretty words unanswered, don't you know; and so, before long, quite a brisk correspondence passed to and fro between

He still kept up his nom de plume. though for no particular reason other than he wished to avoid the trouble of an explanation, and it was all the same to her; and long letters filled with accounts of her child's life or with her opinions of his characters came to him regularly and were as regularly answered. Sometimes he would send her a book, and often she would send him a little box of flowers which adorned his button-

"Rather a new departure for you, eh, old chap?" Trevor hinted. "Better late than never," returned the

major, cheerfully. "I always thought Amyatt would take it badly if he did take it," confided the senior captain to Arlington.

"Ah, but you didn't think he ever would take it," Arlington said by way of a reminder.

"Well, that's true," Trevor admitted. Amyatt, however, knew nothing of he gossip in the regiment concerning him other than what Trevor had actually said to him; for in spite of his great popularity, there was a certain something about he'd which effectually prevented even that familiarity which usually exists among on ers of the same regiment. And the days passed on until

Holt. "How odd that the little soul has not written," he thought; "perhaps, she, too, has forgotten." However, as he had just got some

be put a wrapper round one and adreturn of post there came for him a letter in a strange handwriting bearing the post mark of the town in which she lived. back-Oh! to the days of his boybood. gone never to come again, never any more. And then, when he tore the cover and found that it contained a little note in his friend's round handwriting, that memory straightway vanished.

"Dear Mr. John Dawes," it said, me, but I wanted to write to you first. | trains of thought without having volun-You must have thought it odd I didn't taxily undertaken or continued them, write so long. I have been very ill, and and arriving at results of original crearather better. I have been five weeks in of those answering had had such experibed already. Ever your loving friend,

"LAURA." about the ailments of children, but it the power defined in "(c)," and about 30 seemed to him that for a child of 9 years | per cent. claim the unconscious creative old to be in bed five weeks at a stretch, power.-Chicago News. with no immediate prospect of getting up again, was a very bad sign, and in his anxiety he appealed to the regimental

"What's the matter with the child," he asked.

"I don't know." "Then you'd better make the illness shorter, or give it scarlet fever," he said, thinking that Amyatt was merely stating

the doctor, decidedly.

a case for one of his stories. "But it is a real child," the major explained. "Very bad look out, then," returned

Then Amyatt wrote to the mother. "I shall be grateful if you will tell me how my little friend is," he said. "I assure you if I had known her for twenty years I could not feel more anxious than her letter has made me feel this morning." Yet even when this was gone, he rudder or the dial of the face. An austill could not take his thoughts away from the dear little friend whom he had never seen, lying prostrate—for the handwriting told him she must be indeed

very ill-on a bed of sickness and pain. In two days the reply came-written in the same hand as the cover of the child's last letter, handwriting which set the better, for we are assured that whenevery nerve in his body throbbing, every

last night that I must be ready to face the worst. When I tell you that she and I are quite alone in this world, you will know what my agony is. I can't write about it. I can only thank you and bless you for all the pleasure you have given her, and beg you, utter stranger that you are, to pray that this blow may not fall upon me. Yours gratefully,

"LAURA ST. MARY HOLT." "Utter stranger that you are!" Why. even in his concern and distress, Amyatt almost laughed out aloud. A stranger to her-a stranger! Why, the letter, the handwriting, the name, had all brought back the self same memory that the cover of the child's letter had called back only the other day! The memory of what? Well just this -of the only woman that he had ever asked to be his wife, the only woman he had ever loved.

that she was engaged to another man, and Amvatt had rushed away, never asking, in his misery, so much as his rival's name. So it had been Holt! And he was dead. Yes, evidently he was dead, for she had said that she and the child-the

She had told him frankly and simply

child who was dying-were quite alone in the world But he could help her there'l She should be alone in the world no longer, for he would go to her-he would stand between her and the world, he would offer

her his strong arm and his true heart to guard her from all evil, to keep her so that trouble should not come nigh her. Av. but could he help her so that trouble should not come nigh her? No: no, alas! for when he reached her side, her little child was-dead. -John Strange Winter in London Ladies' Pictorial.

Communication Between Deaf Mutes. The reodes of communication between deaf mutes have received a most important advance from a method recently devised, which consists in each letter of the a dog called Gyp, and my mother is not | alphabet being represented by some portion of the palm of the hand. For instance, the eminence between the first and second joints of the index finger corresponds to W. the one between the second and third to M, and so on. The hand thus alphabetically divided is placed palm downward in a mold, whose bottom is perforated with holes which correspond to the lettered parts of the hand. Each of these holes permits of the passage of a small hammer, which is pressed upward by the passage of an electric current. These various hammers are connected with an apparatus similar to the key board of the piano, each key representing a letter, and being connected by wires with the corresponding hammer in words on the key board, when the hammers fly up through the openings in the bottom of the mold and spell the words by touching the lettered eminences of the hand of a pupil. Any number of molds are severe almost as severe as Maj. too." "I am 9, or at least nearly may be attached to the instrument, and Amyatt looks when he goes to a ball, and 9." And "It was quite my own idea a like number of pupils be simultane-

A Scared Gambler.

Speaking of the late German emperor, M Albert Wolff says in Le Figaro: 'Army officers were not allowed to gamble at Baden-Baden. One evening the king was visiting the tables when he noticed a subordinate in civilian dress trying his luck at trente et quarante. He had placed two or three louis on the table and had won a nice little sum, when he saw the king opposite. He turned pale, trembled and hesitated to take possession of his money. Thereupon King William approached and whispered in his ear: 'Don't be afraid. Then Amyatt answered that, for he Take in your money, but don't do it again."- New York Tribune.

Value of Social Enjoyment. Social enjoyment is another factor that enters into long life. I do not believe in ultra fashionable society, and care nothing for it. The late hours, the dissipation, the dreary formalities, the shallow minded talk and the general air of hypocrisy make it very distasteful to me. There are a great many among the rich people in New York at the present time who lose real social enjoyment. Having anddenly acquired wealth, they have become separated from their old friends and acquaintances with whom, in earlier days, they spent many a sociable and sensible evening. They give big dinners low born thoughts? In this hour of to a lot of brainless snobs, sycophants and parasites who will eat their food and laugh at them behind their backs. Their honest friendships of poorer days have (whatever that may be) stop the bolt of been broken, for their acquaintances, not fate!" The sudden parenthetical change being able to give big dinners, do not ac- from high flown rant back again to cept invitations to them provided they are sent, and so the spirit of true, wholenum in The Epoch.

Concerning Unconscious Cerebration. Under the somewhat fanciful title, 'The Antechamber of Consciousness,' Mr. Francis Speir, Jr., contributes to The Popular Science Monthly the result of some carefully planned investigations in psychology for the purpose of weighing anew the argument for unconscious certhey grew into weeks, as the days of ebration. He distributed printed quesbusy men do, when one day he realized tions, to be answered from personal exthat it was more than six weeks since he perience. The question in which the inhad heard from his child friend, Laura | quiry centered was: "Does there exist in men the power to exert intellectual ac-

tivity during unconsciousness?" The an we are grouped and summarized under rear reads: (a) When the efnumbers of a magazine in which a short fort is simple, i eproducing past ex-story of his was appearing that month, periences in obedie ce to a mandate of the will, as in the familiar experience of dressed it to "Miss Laura Holt;" and by recalling a lost name or not while consciously devoting the attention to something entirely different; (b) by omparing related facts and arriving at a set led Ay, but was it so strange? Amyatt judgment, as in the case of awaking stared at it for a full minute before he from a sound sleep at a predetermined opened it, his memory going back, back, hour; (c) when the effort is more complex, by continuing old trains of thought began in consciousness, and proceeding logically, step by step, to a relative settled conclusion, as in dreaming out the solutions of problems in chess mathematics, etc., or in reaching the solutions while working at something totally difthank you so much for sending me the | ferent; (d) when the effort is most comstory. Mother is just going to read it to plex by commencing and continuing new can only sit up for a few minutes and tions, as inventions, literary and musical write with a pencil now. I think I am creations, etc. Of the first 91 per cent. ences; of the second 40 per cent. claim this power in a strongly marked degree; Naturally, Amyatt knew but little about 85 per cent. claim the possession of

The Dial of the Face.

What's in a nose? Shakespeare might better have propounded that question than the ore he did, for a nose is of infinitely greater importance than a name. Truly a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but would a beauty with any other nose look as sweet?

Not much. Add but a trifle to the end of your | in New York and in fact in the United nose and see what a change it makes. States recently stated that the process more. I went in and consulted your agent Shave off but the thinnest slice from either edge, and behold the altered appearance. Flatten it with the slightest pressure and watch the result. Twist it to right or left the shadow of a millionth part of a degree and your handsome man's beauty is forever destroyed. It has been called, and rightly, too, the smooth it is next to be reduced to thin thority on physicanomy says: "If the beauty of the nose depends on its shape, its power is regulated by its length, which ought never to to less than onethird of the profile, measured from the roots of the hair to the tips of the chin. Should it exceed that proportion so much ever two persons, the one having a large nose and the other a small one, come

REMINISCÈNCES OF DICKENS.

His Compositer Mood-An Example of His Love of Mischief. One day Millie and I were standing on the balcony of our house when Dickens came sauntering by. On seeing us he promptly struck an attitude, with one and pressed to his heart, and the other thrown out aloft, as he spouted dramati-

"Tis my lady! 'tis my love! Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that might touch that cheek!" "Which of us do you intend to be

Juliet to your Romeo?" inquired Millie. "Whichever you choose, my little dears!" he answered, touching his hat airily and strolling on. Next morning we were there again as he passed, this time with merely an ungracious "How 'do!" He was weaving his ideas, and naturally was bored by interruption. Afterward, when his face bore this abstracted look, I always pretended not to see him. It saved him the trouble of being obliged to recognize me, did not enexoach on his composing mood, and altogether pleased him. I was horribly afraid of him sometimes, and told him so once, greatly to his amusement.

Seeing him then, calm and selemn as the Sphinx, it was difficult to imagine the amount of mischievous fun of which he was capable. To give an example. We were on the pier one evening, having been amusing ourselves by dancing a was in high spirits, as he enjoyed being here at dusk, where he escaped the scrutiny of the "gaping throng." He conand a piece of paper, while Fred whistled, the two thus doing duty as "band." the end of the little pier, to watch the tide rippling in under the fading light. The scene had become weird and uncanny, the night seeming to drop saddenly down without a star or moon; the only light a

crest of the waves. All at once the spirit of the hour-a take possession of Dickons. He flung his arm around me and whirled me with him down the inclined plane of the jetty, toward a tall upright pole fixed at the extreme end. Te this pole he clung with his other arm, while he informed me in theatrical accents that he intended to hold me there until the wild waves over-

"Think!" he cried, mouthing every word "Think of the sensation we shall create! Think of the road to celebrity which we are about to tread—no, I mean, not exactly to tread, but to Here I entreated him to let me go.

while I struggled desperately to free my-"Let your mind dwell on the column in The Times, where will be vividly described the fate of the lovely Emma annexation to this country. The ship-- drowned by Dickens in a fit of dementia! Don't struggle, poor little bird! you are powerless in the claws of

such a kite as this child!" The last glimmer of light was now gone, and close to us was the dark nivstery of the surging water, very black, very cold, and above all coming nearer very rapidly. With a horrid plash it dashed over my feet! I screamed out: "Oh! my dress; my best dress, my only

silk dress will be ruined!" He was not softened in the least by this cracic appeal, but continued ranting nonsensically and panting with his exertions to hold me, and with his suppressed laughter. Then I gave a wild shriek. "Mrs. Dickens! help me!-make Mr. Dickens let me go. The waves are up to

my knees!" "Charles!" Mrs. Dickens called in frantic accents. "How can you be so silly? You will both be carried off by the waves (then falling from pathos to bathos) and you'll spoil the poor girl's

"Dress!" shouted Dickens with scorn. "Talk not to me of dress! When the pall of night is enshrouding us in Cimmerian darkness, when we already stand on the brink of the great mystery, shall our thoughts be of such vanities? Am I met immolating a brand new pair of parent leathers still unpaid for? Perish such abandonment to the voice of destiny, shall we be held back by the puerilities of silken raiment? Shall leather or prunella ordinary accents was most ridiculous.

Here I succeeded in struggling out of some enjoyment is soon lost .- P. T. Bar- his grasp, and fled to my friends, almost crying with vexation, my only silk dress clinging round my saturated limbs, and leaving a watery track as I stumbled on. -New York Tribune.

> Concerning the Word "Blizzard," Respecting the word "blizzard," a correspondent writes to London Notes and Querics: "The word blizzard is well known through the Midlands, and its cognates are fairly numerous. I have known the word and its kin fully thirty years. Country folk used the word to denote blazing, blasting, blinding, dazzling or stifling. One who has had to face a severe storm of snow, hail, rain, dust or wind would say en reaching shelter that he has 'faced a blizzer,' or that the storm was 'a regular blizzard.' A blinding flash of lightning would call forth the exclamation, 'Myl that wor a blizzomer!' or 'That wor a blizzer!' 'Put towthry sticks on th' fire, an' let's have a blizzer'-a blaze, 'A good blizzom'-a good blaze. 'That tree is blizzared'-Pasted, withered. As an oath the word is often used, and 'May I be blizzered' will readily be understood."- New York Home Journal.

P. T Larmon on Riches. I believe that & rich man is only a steward of the gifts of the Almighty. These gifts must be used for the good of mankind, and if a man will not use his wealth for the good of others he has no business to have it. I take great pleasure in disposing of it. My plan has been, so dy for you. To be had at Dr. China's. far as I could, to help those who half | CATARRII CURED, health and sweet breath themselves, but this suggestion applies to friends and acquaintances, not to strangers. Men are not to live like young robins with their mouths wide open and | Por us Plaster. Price 25 cents, at Dr. China's. have some one feed them; they must help themselves. -P. T. Barnum in Epoch.

The Manufacture of Macaroni. Macaroni is a preparation of fine wheat flour made into a peculiar paste or dough and then manufactured into pipes or tubes. Macaroni is of Italian invention and has long been known as a delicacy among the sons and daughters of sunny Italy. The chief places of the Old World in which this article of food is manufactured are Naples and Genea, but it is now a recognized industry in New York.

To a reporter the largest manufacturer erly ground the flour is mixed into dough. This is then thoroughly kneaded. After the dough has been rendered perfectly cylinders, ribbons or tubes, according as it is to be converted into vermicelli or macaroni. For the latter, however, a than for the former.

In either case a hollow cylindrical vessel of cast iron is required, having its bottom perferated with large or small holes or slits as may be needed. When the cylinder is filled with paste a piece of wood or a plate of iron that exactly fits through the perforated bottom of the

cylinder, taking the shape of the perforations. Macaroni is sometimes forced through the holes in the form of pipes, but it is oftener in fillets, which are formed into tubes by joining their edges together before they have time to become dry. The macaroni is partially baked during this manufacture. In a few days it is dry enough for use. For

vermicelli the holes in the cylinder are smaller and the dough is more tenacious. The paste is forced slowly through the holes, and when the threads have reached the length of a foot they are broken off and twisted into any desired shape on a piece of paper. It is used at most hostelries in thickening soups and for puddings, but is invariably eaten by Italians in its original state. Whereas in the past large quantities of it were temported, now New York exports macaroni in large quantities, and the demand for the American article is growing. -New York Mail and Express.

Asthma a Symptom. Asthma is not a disease per se as is popularly supposed, but a symptom of disease. It is spoken of by different names-as, for instance, hay asthma, rose or June asthma, and ipecac asthma. Some people will get asthma from sleeping on a feather pillow; others as soon as they come in contact with certain animals, as a dog, a cat, or a squirrel. Professor Austin Flints cannot sleep on a feather pillow without getting asthma, quadrifle, in a railed-off space which and so susceptible is he to it that he is Dickens had named the Family Pew, be able to detect the feathers when they are cause it contained seats on two sides. He placed under his pillow by persons whose design at is to catch him on his theory. Cases have come to notice where the asthmatic symptom was descended to perform on his pocket comb | developed in men who happened to get hold of a blanket upon which a dog had been sleeping the previous day. After our caperings we strolled toward | Asthma may be a syneptom of emphysema of the lungs, and may last for weeks or even months. Two men who were treated by me, one having nasal polypus and the other stone in the bladder; both had asthma. To persons suslingering phosphorescent gleam on the ceptible to it asthma is developed from working in the dust around thrashing machines, and others suffer from it as demon of mischief evidently—seemed to soon as they enter an anothecary's shop where ipecac is kept. Nor is dropsy anything but a symptom of disease or a result of it. Defined, generally, asthma is a manifestation of disease of the nervous system which causes contraction of the bronchial tubes. It may be seen as a spasmodic contraction of the nerves, and of course may be a symptom of heart disease or some other disease. - Dr. B. V. Steinmetz in Globe-Democrat.

A Vast Fortune in Furs. "No one will ever be able to tell the real wealth of Alaska." said a furrier to a reporter. "It consists of the abundance of its skinned animals. The Russians used to value the country for its furs, and it was mainly for the furs that this country acquired it from Russia. The trade has grown very much since its ments of sea otter and fur sealskins alone ten years, and now average annually \$1,500,000 in value. The list of furs produced in that part of the country is a long one. The land furs comprising otter, beaver, brown bear, black bear, red fox, silver fox, blue and white fox, mink, martin, polar bear, lynx and musk rat. Rabbits, marnots and wolverines are also common, but their skins are retained by the natives. The annual value of the furs, sea and land, now obtained from Alaska is estimated to averare \$3,000,000, and there is no sign of decrease in the yield. The competition of the traders for skins has stimulated the natives to greater industry in hunting, and the prices now paid to the hunters are from four to ten times more than were current during the Russian rule."-New York Mail and Express.

Death in a Blizzard. Dr. Smith, the health officer of this port, a day or two ago spoke of death in a blizzard as being the result of suffocation, and explained his meaning by saying; "One of my clerks was two hours in coming to me on one of the days of the furious blizzard in this city. He was three hours and a half, he told me, in going back over the same distance, something like two miles. He felt no inconvenience beyond the exhaustion consequent on the fight with the wind. He slipped into doorways to catch his breath. and when the wind blew too sharply in his face turned around with his back to it. Death in a blizzard comes too often from attempting to breast the storm. The wind takes away one's breath. Suffocation follows. A man doubles up and drops down and is dead. He does not even know what ailed him. If he had turned his back to the blast for a moment he might have faced it again and have gone on for another struggle unharmed."-New York Tribune.

The Quaker's Peculiar Ideas. The Quaker never makes oath. He avoids as far as possible coming where such procedure is necessary; but if obliged to make a declaration, the falsity of which would subject him to legal penalty, he affirms. Nor does he observe any holy days or feast days. He believes that the obligation to regard one day more than another ceased with the Mosaic dispensation. The visiting of theatres race courses, dancing halls, or the investment in any kind of lotteriesgrab bags in church fairs included-are declared to be incompatible with the teachings of the society, and are forbidden. No matter what station in life you occupy, a Quaker does not use the prefix "Mr." As soon as your Christian name is given you are addressed by it whenever necessary. All these things are of course known to the Quakers themselves, but not to the average Philadelphian. -Philadelphia Cor. Globe-Dem-

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