

THE DREAM-SHIP.

When the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wondering cloud—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
With a rue wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty,
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears,
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
The pauper be a king—
In that reverse of recompense
The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.
—Eugene Field.

FIN DESIECLE WOOING

The first beams of a June sun were shining upon a world of dew and blossoms. Birds were singing everywhere, and which made the divinest music, the robins in the orchard or the bobolinks in the meadow, it was hard to choose.

So thought Jimmie Thompson, as, hastily rising from his little bed under the eaves of Farmer Thompson's big farm house, he prepared himself for the duties of the day.

It was a busy season on the farm, for hay was to be cut, and the ring of the scythes as the women were grinding them to an edge on the old grindstone already rose upon the air.

"I wonder what mamma will say to find me late again?" murmured the youngster, as he hurriedly donned his simple garments and tripped lightly down the stairs.

Breakfast was already laid in the big stone-paved kitchen, and the delicious



SOMEWHAT TIMIDLY, JIMMIE STOLE INTO THE ROOM.

fragrance of coffee, mingled with that of frying ham, combined to forecast a tempting feast.

Somewhat timidly, Jimmie stole into the room and took his place at the table. He was an only son, and although loved by his stern mother and his yielding and more gentle-father with a love that shrank at no sacrifice in his behalf, there was that in the strict discipline ever maintained by his mother, combined with a naturally sensitive and docile nature, which had repressed our poor Jimmie and given him an air of quiet hardly consistent with his bright eyes and hair of willful shining gold.

"Late again, my son, and for the third morning," remarked his mother as the young man took his seat and carefully tucked the napkin of snowy linen under his chin. "See that this offense is not repeated, or you may go breakfastless."

A mischievous look darkened for a moment the eyes of the youth, and he was about to speak when a firm, quick step was heard entering the outer porch, and a sharp knock smote the panels of the woodshed door.

A wave of rosy color swept over Jimmie Thompson's sweet face as hurriedly rising he left the kitchen to answer the summons.

"Good morning, my darling! My rosebud boy in the garden of boys!" said a low voice, as a hasty kiss was pressed upon the lips of the youth, and he felt himself strained to a womanly breast.

For only an instant could the lovers (for such they were) remain in the outer shed before the stern voice of Mrs. Thompson bade the visitor enter.

It was a grand young woman who stepped with uncovered head into the midst of the Thompson household and gave it courteous greeting. One had but to look on the high brow, the steadfast mouth and the firm pulse of the statuesque chin to know that he stood in the presence of one of nature's noble women.

Her garments, although scrupulously neat, bespoke the working woman and there was that in the clear, sunburnt tint of her face which told of outdoor toil.

There was a brief silence as Jimmie,

with a pleading look in the direction of his mother, resumed his seat.

"Good morning, Nell," said Mrs. Thompson at last, somewhat grimly, laying aside her fork and reaching for a toothpick. "What brings you out so early?"

"Oh, I've been stirring since long before dawn," responded the young woman. "I have cut the swamp half-acre and am going over on the beach meadow now. I dropped in on my way to see if I could get the loan of your horse rake this afternoon."

"I shall be using it myself," said Mrs. Thompson in tones of studied insolence, "and if I were not, I don't know that I should care to lend it."

"Oh, mother!" cried Jimmie and his father in reproachful unison, "how can you?"

The young woman who had thus unexpectedly been subjected to Mrs. Thompson's rude speech shifted her



PILLOWED HIS HEAD UPON HIS FATHER'S BREAST.

position lightly, and while a deep flush stole into her brown cheek remarked with an apparent effort at self-control:

"I do not understand you, madam; we have been in the habit of exchanging horse rakes and other courtesies. I fail to catch the drift of your meaning."

"Well, I'll explain myself so that you will catch my meaning," young woman, and I reckon it won't be my fault if we do not come to a complete understanding before I have finished," replied Mrs. Thompson, rising from her seat and confronting the undaunted girl with a countenance inflamed with excitement.

The silence had become intense and was only broken by a long-drawn sigh, and poor Jimmie pillowed his head on the breast of his frightened father and waited for his mother to finish what she had to say.

"I think you were around here last evening, also two or three evenings last week, when you had no excuse to borrow a horse rake, were you not?" questioned the angry matron, confronting with a smile of fine yet withering scorn the unabashed girl so calmly facing her.

"I was," replied the young woman quietly, "and I did not come to borrow farming implements of any description."

"What did you come for, then?" shouted Mrs. Thompson; "shall I tell you? No, seek not to silence me, Jimmie," she exclaimed, as the pale young man fell at her feet and, bursting into tears, implored her to speak no further.

"You came, miss, to woo this young and innocent man. You came to whisper horrid words into his ear and gather unto yourself the fresh and guileless devotion of his unsophisticated heart. You, a farm laborer, a moneyless girl without expectations! You would pluck this sweet bud of manhood and bear it away from the parent stem, where it has clung for 20-odd years, when you will know that you have not even so much as a delf pot or a pewter vase to put it into. You think the old woman's eyes have been blind, but I have watched you both, and the game is up! Jimmie shall go to his Aunt Susan's to-day, and be closely guarded until this wild fancy is forgotten. As for you, take yourself from my presence and never darken my doors again. Horse rakes, indeed! Borrow them of the d—"

"Hold, mamma! by the love I know you bear me, speak not that profane word!" cried the fainting Jimmie, as he drew himself to his mother's feet and clasped her knees. "Your commands, dear mamma, are too late. I cannot obey you and make my home with Aunt Susan, for my lot is already cast and none but heaven can recast it."

"What mean you, boy?" cried the haughty mother, as she bent and raised the sweet face of her son, looking long and piercingly into the streaming eyes.

"I mean," faltered Jimmie, suddenly rising and hiding his blushing face upon the bosom of his weeping father, "I mean—"

"He means," interrupted the young woman, who until now had preserved her calm and courteous quiet, "that the laws of the State last night gave him into my keeping forever! Your son and



"HOLD, MAMMA! BY THE LOVE I KNOW YOU BEAR ME."

I were married last evening by Judge Henry Grover Booth, and I stand here now to claim my lawful husband."

"Jimmie," shrieked the frenzied mother, snatching the man from his father's arms, where he clung, and turning his tear-wet face to meet her gaze, "does this bold woman speak the truth?"

"She does," cried Jimmie, as with a bound he leaped into the strong arms which he received him, and the young husband fainted upon the bosom of his young bride.

But little remains to be told. A reconciliation was effected, late in the fall, and ere winter snow fell the noble wife was adopted into both home and heart of her gentle husband's parents.

Together they soothed the last days of the excellent but somewhat mercenary Widow Thompson, long after her gentle husband had been gathered to his rest, and there is no happier couple in broad and blossoming Crane County to-day than Jimmie Thompson and his manly wife.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN INQUISITIVE BIRD.

Turkey Buzzard Electrocutted as a Penalty for His Audacity.

A turkey buzzard paid the penalty of having too much curiosity shortly after noon recently near west end. He had evidently had a full midday meal, for he looked satisfied with the world and all the buzzards that in it are. It needed rest, however, and so perched himself upon one of the arms that hold up the trolley wire. There he sat and blinked at the sun. A couple of his brothers circled about his head, and uttering a peculiar quack disturbed the resting bird's nap; but after they had flown away he again closed his eyes and was soon peacefully dozing. Shortly afterward a street car en route to the city hove in sight.

"See that buzzard!" said the motor-man to a passenger on the front end. "Well, that bird is got a habit of sitting on that arm every day about this time, and pecks at the trolley wheel every time it passes. Some of these days it's going to reach that wheel, and there won't be no more buzzard left."

The car whizzed on and reached the pole as the last sentence left the motor-man's lips, and as it passed under the arm something was heard to fall on the car. The buzzard had pecked the trolley wheel.—San Antonio Express.

"Pretty Well, Considering."

Old Mrs. Parlin had reached the age of 93 years, and her two daughters, both women of nearly 60, were often heard to say that the old lady "took as much comfort as anybody." Their unchanging affection failed to see the changes that were so pathetically apparent to others:

"Juno Ann and I don't get about so much as we would like to, on account of mother," Mrs. Patten remarked, in response to an invitation to visit a relative in a neighboring town. "You see Juno Ann, living next door as she does, takes about as much care of mother as I do, so it sort of ties us both."

"Isn't you mother well?" "Yes, land sakes, mother's as well as can be; or she would be, if 'twain't for her age. I tell 'em mother enjoys as much as most of 'em. She can't see as well as she used to, of course; fact is she can't see much of any; but she's real well."

"Mother don't seem to hear so well as she did," ventured Juno Ann, "but I s'pose that's no more than natural." "She's a dreadful smart woman, if she is my mother," rejoined Mrs. Patten; "and it's wonderful for a woman of her age."

"I suppose she enjoys going about to see the neighbors?" suggested the visitor.

"Pity sake! Mother hasn't set foot out of the house for more'n two years; we wouldn't dare trust her. The rheumatism has sort of crippled her up; but besides that, I don't see but she seems about as smart as ever; don't you think she does, Juno Ann?"

"Yes, she seems real well, considering her age. Her food don't agree with her, and she don't relish her meals as well as she might, but beyond that she gets along real well," replied Juno.

"I suppose she likes to have people run in and visit with her as well as ever," remarked the visitor.

"Well, she would like to see people as well as ever, mother would, if she had her faculties; but, you see, she don't seem to sense much, most of the time; if it wa'n't for that she'd take a slight of comfort seeing folks. But she's able to sit up in bed considerable, and she seems comfortable except when her rheumatism sets in, or when she has one of her sinking spells. Juno Ann and I are real thankful that mother keeps as well as she does."

The Quaker Had the Best of It.

A Quaker driving a single horse chaise up a narrow lane happened to meet a young man who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which both refused. "I'll not make way for you," said the young fellow, with an oath. "I think I am older than thou art," said the Quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise. The Quaker, observing him, pulled out a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, lighted his pipe, and sat and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it to me." The young man gave up the contest.

Racing Pigeons in Belgium.

Belgium is the home of the racing pigeon. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable, to which heavy pools are added.

Cruelty to Men but Not Animals.

Cruelty to men but not animals. Curious features at the Danbury (Conn.) fair included a monkey who, dodged rubber balls thrown at him. An agent of the Humane Society interfered, in behalf of the monkey, and a colored youth took his place.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER DISCOURSES ON CHRIST'S MISSION.

The World's Great Emancipators Were All of Lowly Birth—The Offender's Hope—The Season of Forgiveness and Forgiveness—Good Will to Men.

A Christmas Carol.

In his sermon Sunday Dr. Talmage chose the universal theme of the season—the Christmastide. The text selected was, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem."—Matthew ii. 1.

At midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an out-house of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been undimmed or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Caesar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered, but a barn seems too poor a center for such a delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

It is my joy to tell you what was born that night in the village barn, and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climactic I begin in the first place by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born encouragement for all those who are poorly started. He had only two friends—they his parents. No satin lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the medieval painters represent the oxen kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty he rose until to-day he is honored in all Christendom and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

Mightiest Name in Christendom.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what height of renown! And to all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born or more disadvantageously than this Christ. Let them look up to his example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had banal birth-places? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-upon-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in a humble home in Westmoreland. Kitto and Pridoux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been opened before, born in a village in the north of England. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want.

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of one who one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and ninety-five years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started.

Sacrifice for the World.

Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or gentleness, or affection, or love.

It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in paradise, not only did the ox begin to eat and the ass to stink, and the elephant to smite with his trunk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy and the whole brood of cockatrice.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says, "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says, "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship Constellation, that carries shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland, look your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your law suits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit consecrate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary—'Good will to men.'"

"Oh," you say, "I can't exercise it. I won't exercise it until they apologize. I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

O my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into all our hearts this Christmas time! I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and find our happiness in making others happy.

Good Will to Men.

Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleigh ride intimated by the

prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. From that supernatural grouping of the cloud banks over Bethlehem and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosiannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh, yes, I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined, and when a child is born angels bring it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in the church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Human Imperfection.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of your eyes and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, clothed by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out, "The chariots of God are 20,000, even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the angel of the new covenant.

As the dawn white linen was being wrapped around the little form of that child emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no other friendless planets spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity, a star harnessed to a manger.

Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh, no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the carnations and the jaspers and the crystals before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages. Oh, that jewel had a very poor setting! The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of lion its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliers with stalactite and pillars with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn.

Christ's Mission.

Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words, "None but the sinless may enter here." "Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out." No, Christ came to the world in one door and he departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and he departed through the door of the sepulcher, and his one business was to wash away our sin that after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full redemption. All crimes, all washed away, all scourged out, all gone. That understanding and overarching and irradiating and unimpaired possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race—that was given that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and youthful voice and quently soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of their genius to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

The Star of Christmas.

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and emeralded cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of him who hath the moon under his feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be covered by earthly voices, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out to-day through the mists of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide open door of solid pearl to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over the sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

Some of your children have already gone, and though people passing along the street and seeing white craps on the doorbell may have said, "It is only a child," yet when the broken-hearted father came to solicit my service he said, "Come around and comfort us, for we loved her so much."

Season of Rejoicing.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

Steer this way, father, steer straight for me. Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh, those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door! All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way and hallelujahs marching that way. In the splendor of the anticipation I feel as if I was dying—not physically, for I never was more well—but in the transport of the Christmas transfiguration.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it. You and I would have stuck to the raft in mid-ocean and let the ship sail by carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. But I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic one who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions: "Who art thou? And whence?" And he says, "I am Captain of salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight! Chime all the bells. Merry Christmas!

Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh, lift that Christ from the manger and lay him down in all our hearts! We may not bring to him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to his feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the prostration of our worship. Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at his feet, the four and twenty elders on their faces. Down, the "great multitude that no man bears number." Down, Michael, the archangel. Down, all worlds at his feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

Things We Eat Are Often but Base Counterfeits.

It is hard to tell just what one eats in these days. The wonderful ingenuity developed by manufacturers—unscrupulous ones, of course, and money crazy—in the adulteration of nearly all food products would keep the average man who cares what he eats guessing as to the contents of the dishes on his table.

The recent investigation of food adulteration by Commissioner Wells of the Dairy and Food Department of Pennsylvania shows some startling facts. So many articles are adulterated as to raise the question as to what is pure food.

Among the many impure things sold are allspice, which often is mainly composed of ground and roasted cocoonut shells; baking powder; beef, wine, and iron prepared as a tonic; butter, buckwheat flour, candy, catsup, cider, cheese, cinnamon, cloves—the latter made almost entirely from ground cocoonut shells, the odor and taste of cloves being scarcely perceptible; coffee, consisting chiefly of coffee screenings or damaged coffee, but sold at a high price as a pure article; fresh "Java" made from wheat and barley hulls, roasted with sugar and containing no coffee; codfish not codfish at all—merely cheap dried fish; cream of tartar adulterated with flour; flaxseed adulterated with starch; fruit "butters," such as apple butter, peach butter, etc., very seldom pure, being adulterated with starch waste and salicylic acid; the same is true of grated pineapple; ginger, adulterated with ash, rice hulls, rice flour, and cayenne pepper; lard; maple sirup, made from commercial glucose, thinned with about 20 per cent of water; mixed spices, orange juice, lemon oil, lemon phosphate, molasses, mustard, olive oil, pepper, vinegar, vanilla extract, all kinds of preserves, extract of strawberries, and tea.

To add to the deception a few apple seeds are scattered through the so-called jams, or timothy or other seeds are added to the mixture to represent raspberry, strawberry, etc.

The production of artificial colors is particularly common in confections. Indigo, tumeric, annatto, logwood, and cochineal are used in great quantities, and are probably not harmful; arsenic, copper, and lead are very deleterious, but are not now used as in former times, before sanitary officials made such persistent attacks on them.

Milk and milk products are often colored. Annatto is very commonly used by dairymen to give a rich yellow color. In itself annatto is probably harmless, but it produces deceptive results.

A Queer Craft.

Hermit Cusack of Moosehead might have been hanged as a sorcerer in the benighted days of old. He thinks nothing of crossing the Piscataquis River standing on a thirty-foot binding pole. Recently as the steamer from Kineo ploughed down through the heavy sea the people on board were astounded by a sight of a man in mid-lake standing breast high in the heaving waters, with which he was battling in seeming pursuit of a small dog that sat in full view above the surface a few feet ahead of him. The steamer, changing her course, slowed down to pick up John Cusack, who was making the fourth mile of a voyage with an old tree root as his craft, and his dog as passenger. He stood upon the larger end of the root, thereby lifting the other end above the water, and upon this upraised tip the dog found a safe, if not quite dry, footing. The sight of Uncle John and his dog making similar trips is quite frequently reported.—Lewiston Journal.

Could Have Been Rich.

Boran Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer brought out his rare old pictures, dusted them, and set them in the best light. "Look at this Rembrandt; quite authentic, M. le Baron." "Authentic, you say? You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic." "Oh! oh!" said the dealer, "why, you are a connoisseur, M. le Baron." "I observed Rothschild, with a sigh; 'if I had gone into the old curiosity business, I should have a fortune.'"

A Good Investment.

The annual profit of the Suez Canal is \$15,000,000.