

**A FAVORITE BIRTH YEAR**

**More Famous Names Date from 1899 Than from Any Other Year of the Century.**

It has been remarked that Mr. Taft is the fourth vice president of the United States who has died in the month of November. His death occurred on the 21st (1899). Henry Wilson died on the 23d (1875); Elbridge T. Gerry—who gave his name to the still popular trick of gerrymandering—on the 23d (1814); and Thomas A. Hendricks on the 25th (1859). The fact is of no significance whatever; yet, now that attention has been called to it, future vice presidents will perhaps eat their Thanksgiving dinners with a peculiar satisfaction when the holiday falls, as in 1899, on the last day of the month.

A still more striking coincidence has been familiar for the past three-quarters of a century to readers of American history. This was the death on the same day and that day the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the second and third presidents of the American republic, both of them signers of the declaration, and one of them its author. The passing away of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson (the former at 91 and the latter at 83) at an interval of a few hours, on July 4, 1826, was sufficiently remarkable to suggest at least, if not agreement, on the part of these old friends. It is a coincidence perhaps unmatchable in history.

Against November, as, so to speak, a favorite death-month of American vice-presidents, February may be set off as a favorite birth-month of American and other men of genius—most notably George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, whose birthdays bring together Christmas and New Year's day. On February 3, 1900, Felix Mendelssohn would be 91 years of age; on the 8th John Ruskin would have celebrated his eighty-ninth anniversary of his birth, and Jules Verne will have passed the seventy-sixth. Lincoln, Charles Darwin and James Russell Lowell were, all three, born on the 29th. Lowell would be 81 had he lived. On the next day, Lord Salisbury will enter upon his seventy-first year; on the 15th Ernest Renan would be seventy-third, and Dr. Weir Mitchell, completing his seventy-first, with mental force still unabated. Had February the same allowance of days as even the shorter one of the other months, Frederic Chopin could be added to our list; as it is, he misses it by the narrowest possible margin, his natal day being March 1 (1809).

It was the same year, as well as in the same month, that three of the names here mentioned were bestowed upon those who made them famous—Lincoln, Darwin, Mendelssohn. In this and the other months of 1899 occurred perhaps the greatest number of illustrious births that can be credited to any single year of the century now hastening to its close. In America we have Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; in England, Lord Tennyson, Dr. Claudius A. Welch, Lord Houghton, Prof. John Stuart Mill, Edwin Charles Poe, and Mrs. Mary Cowan Parker; in Germany, Mendelssohn and in Poland, Chopin.

A further coincidence is to be noted in the history of two of the most illustrious lights in this meteoric show. The American poet of night-fancies and day-dreams, and the Polish hero of romance and of each other, died within ten days of each other and died but ten days apart. Poe's birth having occurred on January 19, 1809, and Chopin's death on October 17, 1849, just nine days after the author of "The Raven" was laid at rest in the Baltimore churchyard, where, for half a century, his grave has been cared for by the man that dug it. A suggestive comparison might be made between the lives and the deaths of these two unhappy spirits of the early half of the nineteenth century. Joseph B. Gilder, in St. Nicholas.

**SALT LAKE CITY.**

**Picturesque Features of the Homes of a New and Strange Religion.**

Salt Lake City "with four-square" is the name of the city, and a vast inland-gate, with stately yellow ramparts, looms the House of the Lord, four gray walls and six gray towers, their slender spires a half-reminiscent of lovely Peterboro—mysterious, repellent, yet fascinating, a Georgian chateau gone in death's granite. Forty years was the temple in building. Beside the temple crouches the tabernacle—a squat brown turtle-shell set hard upon counties red pillars. Near by is another enclosure, walled like the first and buttressed with cobblestones, where nothing is taken and coin counted out, and where, in the earlier day, Brigham Young made his home and incidentally the home of his innumerable wives. There in the high-walled raises the tall plinth which supports the bronze statue of Brigham himself. Then to the four points of the compass run the stately broad streets of the Mormon capital, lined with superb shops, adobe cottages and occasional really magnificent homes, and shaded by never-ending rows of tall, shivering Lombardy poplars, "planted by rivers of water" drawn in little irrigation ditches from the melting snows of the mountains. And round about the city those naked crags leap into high heaven—blue in the crystalline luster of the upper atmosphere, caressed by lagging cloud drifts, crested a gleaming white by the same storms that drop rain to the valley to brighten the purple asters. Such, in a word, is Salt Lake City—the city of uncrowned Caesars and tireless popes, the Rome of a new and strange religion.—R. L. Hart, in Atlantic.

**FOREIGN GOSSIP.**

Stews of fish are favorite dishes in all Latin countries.

Women are not permitted to be photographers in China.

In China the members of a man's family are held responsible for his debts.

The agricultural implement trade in Russia is practically controlled by America.

A woman hanged for child murder in Vienna a few days ago was the first woman executed in that city since 1809, and the first in the Austrian monarchy since 1867.

Germany's new civil code, the "Bürgerliches Gesetzbuch," which was taken in hand 27 years ago, came into force for the whole empire on January 1 of this year.

Austria-Hungary has now adopted a new monetary standard, the krone, made up of a hundred heller, and worth half a florin, taking the place of the florin or gulden, with its divisions into kreuzer.

According to the kaiser's new naval programme, Germany will have 40 battleships in 1901, instead of the 17 she has now, 20 large cruisers, instead of 11, 4 small cruisers and gunboats, in place of 32, and 114 torpedo boats, instead of 84 as at present.

Paris takes the lead in the campaign against spitting in public. A committee of the town council has recommended the putting up of enamel signs in the principal streets and parks with the inscription: "In the interest of the people and to avoid the spread of contagious diseases, you are requested not to spit on the sidewalk."

**CONFESSION OF A PALMIST.**

**An Amateur Tells What the Effect of Her Readings is Upon Some People.**

A young woman who worked her way into the hearts, but not the pocket-books of a large circle of friends and chance acquaintances by her talent as a fortune teller was recently moved, at the witching hour of twilight and afternoon tea, to betray deeply-buried confidences.

"Indeed," she said, "merely for the study of human nature, it pays to master the mysteries of the hand and to pose, either seriously or otherwise, as an oracle. My old nurse taught me the ten cups—that is, to read the grounds—and I picked up the 'cards' from a German governess I used to see. But palmistry is the most fun, because even the steadiest and most conventional people are believers in it. It is a science, though the gypsies, who were once its greatest exponents have brought it into disrepute. There are certain tricks of the trade which I allow myself, merely to relieve its monotony, for you know you get tired of the life of the heart, the line of luck, and so on, with variations."

"I can size up people immediately, and have positively developed the 'inner eye' that the eastern students talk about. It is merely concentration. For instance, there crowds up to me in a group of silly, chattering men, and women a sad yet positive person on the wrong side of 55. Her face is almost always a sort of depressing gray. I refuse to tell her anything in public, but I win her life-long devotion by a private reading of marvelous accuracy. It is pretty safe to tell people that they had chances to marry long ago and will have soon again. It does no harm and often great good, for a general 'fixing up' mentally and physically frequently results, and brings the very thing I dared to prophesy.

Then there is the ambitious young fellow, with clear eyes and tremulous smile, who walks off with the step of Julius Caesar when I tell him he will succeed. And the married folk of mature years, who are trying to "blow" their new friends with details of her past, the peaceful, dear old lady, whose face is as sweet and smooth as her rosy palm, the woman with a mission of a career, and the old fellow whose hand and features are a sure 'give away' of a checkered past. The middle-aged man, who has lost both illusion and fortune, and the hardest subject to deal with, for he will watch me as I scan his lines to see if I am not a fraud. But once I win him he is my strongest adherent.

"Strangely enough, happily married couples are not angry when I foretell a second marriage to either man or woman, and widowers are generally provoked when I say that they will remarry. A widow, unless she is very old and 'rappy,' usually smiles mysteriously and blushes when I hint at another affinity. If I can even guess how many children an elderly lady has had she will rate me a witch. After all, quickness of intuition and tact are the essential talents of an amateur soothsayer, who asks no fee and pleasantly entertains both young and old."—N. Y. Herald.

**Beer Barrel Marks.**

The crosses of Xs on a barrel of beer signify degrees of quality nowadays. But originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trademark. They were crosses in those days, and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by a manufacturer, that his barrel contained good liquor.—Boston Budget.

**Walking On Peking's Walls.**

It is unlawful for a Chinese woman to walk on the city walls of Peking, but it is an exercise in which the Americans and Europeans indulge without objection, upon days when they are open to the public.—Albany Argus.

**Extravagance.**

Dorothy (passing several steers with brass knobs on their horns)—"I should think catt'd be more economical than to wear gold thimbles every day.—Judge.

**BARBED WIRE IN THE WEST.**

What the Introduction of Wire Fences Has Meant to Man and Beast.

A few years a villager down in Illinois bent a bit of iron about a strand of fence wire, and noticed that his cattle avoided it. Out of this idea grew a system of fencing which has preserved our pine forests a few decades longer, but which brought to an end many decades earlier the glorious free days of the open and unfenced west. The great cattle ranges, over which roamed one of the most independent populations ever seen on earth, could never have been fenced by rails, or stone walls, or boards of pine. It was difficult enough for the spider-like genius of advancing civilization to keep them fenced with the ever-renewing web of the fatal wire against which the wild men of the early days rebelled so strenuously. Yet mile by mile, thousands of miles after thousands of miles, the cheap and easily-spun web crawled out across the west and held it hard and firm. You can never uncoil the deadly web, neither can you replace the victim which it strangled.

Little more than a dozen years ago the writer was with a party hunting for buffalo calves in the upper part of the Panhandle of Texas, where we knew of a little herd still remaining of those great animals, even then considered virtually extinct. It was a weary and desolate land, where between water-hole and water-hole lay 60 or 70 miles of the endless monotony of the plains. The soil was like flint. The sky had for months been guileless of a drop of rain. It was a region so utterly unsuited for the habitation of mankind that these last few representatives of a passing race of great American animals had chosen it as their final place of refuge, thinking that perhaps they would never again hear the sound of rifle shot or see again the face of man. Yet one morning as we faced the sun of another waterless day we came upon a line of strong wire fence, coming from where no man could tell, and running in one unbroken line to the uttermost limits of our vision! It was no illusion, no miracle, no wonder of the wild mirage. It was an accursed fact. It had to be there, on that free land, where even the wild had sought for ages untroubled by so much as a leaf or stem of straggling tree. As we marveled and muttered at this thing we saw, in the red light of the east, a little moving band of great forms which we knew to be those of the buffalo. They saw us also, and with the instinct of a generation of persecution swept away at once in flight. Across their line lay this fourfold abomination, this barred barrier, this new thing, this infancy never before dreamed of on these free plains. Close buckled, the buffalo struck it with the force of a heavy locomotive and crashed through and over it as though they passed so many straws. All there was a thing dramatic, admirable, but there on that faraway desert! It was the old west renache the net of the retailers, casting aside the strands for its uncoiling and standing on unimpeded feet. Sweet paper, a compound horn on the old paper, rose in his stirrups and took off his hat to cheer the buffaloes as they lumbered. For a space the fence lay flat, and we were a path worn inches deep by the feet of countless antelope, out of this fence from their ancient way to some unknown water-hole. No man of our party felt glad at this evidence of approaching civilization, this fence thrusting out into the wild land. Every man was partisan for the buffalo and the antelope, and exulted at this prostration of their enemy, though knowing well, sorrow how brief must be their little victory.—E. Hough, in Century.

**COST OF FUR RUGS.**

Some That Are Very Expensive and Extremely Difficult to Obtain.

Fur rugs are expensive luxuries. The orders for perfect lion skins are sometimes very hard to fill, but the very highest of prices are paid for these rugs with the beautiful heads attached. An order for a fine Liechtenstein Harbetsst, or African deer head, may take a year to fill. Special prices are charged on such an order, as the remainder of the animal is rendered useless even for museum collections, and \$250 to \$500 is not an unusual price.

Rug skins without the heads do not bring one-quarter the price of those with the heads attached. The most perfect lion skin, having a rich color, handsome mane, all the claws, mounted, with the full whiskered head attached, brings as high as \$3,000, and no fine ones are to be had for less than \$1,000. Nearly all of them have some imperfections, because the superstitions natives usually cut out of the heads, or the whiskers, ears, and sometimes the claws, before they sell them to traders, having a superstition that if these go out of the country in which they live the entire species will become extinct.

The favorite head rugs next to the lions are the tigers, the white and cinnamon bears, Russian grizzly, leopard, jaguar, wildcat, lynx, fox, ocelot and panther, costing from \$150 upward. Buffalo skins have become scarce at \$250 apiece, while the beautiful heads alone now bring as high as \$1,000.—N. Y. World.

**In After Years.**

"Why, what's the matter, Nellie?" asked her maiden aunt.

"Oh, auntie," replied the bride of a month, "it's too provoking for anything. Tom treats me just as if I were a child."

"Well, don't mind a little thing like that, my dear," said the old lady; "when you get to be my age you will remember it with pleasure."—N. Y. World.

**THOUGHT THERE WAS WAR.**

The Gunboat Wilmington's Salute in the Amazon Depopulated a Village.

In describing the course of the United States steamship Wilmington up the Amazon river E. H. Colman relates the following amusing incident:

Six days after her departure from Manaus the Wilmington reached a point where the Solimoes ends and the Rio Marañon and Rio Javari, which form it, begin. The Rio Javari has the distinction of serving as the boundary line between Brazil and Peru for some 500 miles, and close to its junction with the Marañon is a small town, Tabatinga, at which is maintained a force of Brazilian soldiers, who have the monotonous task of guarding the frontier.

The Wilmington fired a national salute as she slowly approached the station and sent a boat ashore to exchange the usual courtesies. On gaining the little wharf extending out from the bluff banks in front of the town the officer in charge of the gunboat's cutter noticed with some surprise that the crowd of spectators previously observed on shore had entirely disappeared.

There were several Brazilian soldiers at the landing, and one of these ventured to approach the naval officer. The Brazilian seemed greatly disturbed, and from the actions of his companions it was evident they felt unconsciously alarmed.

"Señor," exclaimed the former, hastily, "we are without news, and we beg that you will enlighten us at once."

"News of what?" was the American's puzzled reply. "I am sure."

"Then there is no war?" broke in the soldier.

"Not in this part of the world."

"But you fired?"

The Wilmington's representative stifled his desire to laugh and gravely explained the gunboat's presence and her well-meant courtesy in expending so much powder.

"I am delighted," finally confessed the Brazilian, "but, señor," he added, "you have depopulated the village. All the natives have fled to the jungle, and I doubt if we can induce them to return until you are gone. Señor, those guns, they scare 'em!"

A mile or two above Tabatinga several flocks were noticed near the river's bank, but the most careful scrutiny with glasses could not discover signs of life. It was plainly apparent the salute of the Wilmington had badly frightened every Indian within hearing.—Amber.

**A VENERABLE TOWN.**

An Old-World Town That Was Founded 600 Years Before Christ.

It is not an American city, whose inhabitants put off airs because it was founded 20 years ago, but a really old world town ten times as old. The city of Marsilles is about to celebrate the two thousand five hundredth anniversary of its foundation by the founders of the city. The exact date of the foundation of Marsilles can not be determined; but the Marsilles cleverly make out a case in favor of the time about 600 years before Christ.

In celebrating its twenty-fifth century Marsilles wishes to entertain especially the mayor of the city of Phoenix, its mother city. That intention raised the question: What had become of Phoenix? This is the loquacious city of Phoenix, in Arizona, was a place of at least 150,000 inhabitants. It was one of the most important maritime cities of antiquity, and its ships led the way to the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenian, and the Bosphorus. It planted the town of Massilia, which the Romans called Massilia, the French call Marseille, and the English call Marseilles.

The geographers agree that ancient Phoenicia is represented at the present day by the little Turkish town of Karadjak-Fokla, or Nova Fokki, not far from Smyrna. The ancient city, like ancient Massalia, has long since disappeared.

No invitation was sent to the principal local functionary, at Karadjak-Fokla, to attend the celebration at Marsilles. But he was compelled to respond to Phoenicia had so far fallen from its ancient wealth and splendor that it could not raise enough money to send its chief magistrate to France.

The mayor of Athens and the syndic of Rome were also invited, and they will be held, in the swarming population of the third city of France, a people who still retain traces of the Ionian Hellenic blood which the founders of the city took in their veins from Phoenicia.—Youth's Companion.

**An Octopus Plague.**

A correspondent writes as follows from Rivage de Quastoua, a small watering place on the coast of the Cherbourg peninsula: "For the last two or three months this coast has been visited by a perilous octopus plague. They have ruined the fisheries, and many men have laid up their boats in despair. They devour everything, even the crabs and lobsters and oysters and all shell fish. The other day a man employed at the large oyster beds near here told me he had that day found one that had eaten 18 oysters that tide. The shore is strewn with octopi, and the other morning, fishing skeletons seem the thing along high-water mark I counted 63 in a distance of 200 yards. A friend here measured one, and it was 6 feet 7 inches across the tentacles, but there are far larger ones than that. Some of the suckers are as large as a two-shilling piece. They are most loathsome beasts. Unless the cold winter destroys them there will be no catching next summer along the coast."—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Material Feeding.**

The small boy likes maternal sympathy, but he never likes his mother to feel for him with her slipper.—Chicago Daily News.

**DEMANDING HER RIGHTS.**

But She Forgot to Ring Up the Main Office and Got No Satisfaction.

When a gentle-faced, mild-eyed and sweet-voiced woman gets angry the surprise of those familiar with her is as great as that accredited to the savage hound when attacked by a hare.

One of the most charming of this class of women, who was entertaining a number of friends from out of the city, went to the telephone, put the receiver to her ear and in low, melodious tones called for a number. She waited patiently and called again. At the third request her voice showed a slight elevation and a corresponding approach to sharpness. Then began the real entertainment.

"See here! If you don't care to take the time or don't know enough to get me that number, kindly explain what we are renting this telephone for. It's a nuisance and an imposition, that's what it is. If the line's busy, say so. I have a right to know whether there is any use of my standing here waiting. I'm not in the hello business as you are. Are you deaf and dumb, or both? Give me a thousand. I've stood this neglect as long as I'm going to. Hurry up, now. If the company is paying salaries for impudence, inattention and incompetency, I want to know it. I never saw anything like it," and there was an edge on her voice that fairly sawed the air.

The husband and the company were holding their sides, suppressing the noise of laughter with handkerchiefs at their mouths and signaling each other to keep quiet.

"Mamma," said the little daughter, who had just grasped the situation, "you forgot to ring up the main office. You're talkin' to the empty wires."

Mamma blushed, joined in the laugh and admitted that she was glad that her temper had caused nothing but pleasure.—Detroit Free Press.

**BALLOONING FOR ASTHMA.**

So Said Henry Coxwell, Who Made the Highest Ascent and Is Just Dead.

Henry Coxwell, whose death is announced, made the highest balloon ascent on record. Henry Glaisher accompanied him. This was in the early '60s. They reached an altitude of seven miles, where the atmosphere was so rarefied that Mr. Glaisher faintered and Mr. Coxwell's hand became so stiff that he was forced to open the valves with his teeth.

Mr. Coxwell had a thorough belief in balloons as adjuncts to military operations, and for 15 years advocated their use in this way. At the Crystal Palace long ago he gave an exhibition of their signaling capabilities by day and night. In 1859 he sufficiently stirred the military authorities to permit him to give experiments at Aldershot and at Woolwich arsenal with captive balloons. After a time balloons were used, but it was permitted to try its experience by many failures, which, as Mr. Coxwell said, might have been averted if professional instruction had been engaged.

To the question: "Will ballooning ever become a fashionable pastime?" once put to him, Mr. Coxwell replied that he thought not. "Ballooning," he added, "is remarkably popular today to a certain extent, as it is a new use for aerobic purposes and military acts. But a balloon is a costly affair. When I was a young man they used to be made of expensive silk and a good balloon would cost \$5,000; now you can make them of muslin at a cost of from \$150 to \$200. No, I don't think it will ever become fashionable." Mr. Coxwell experienced the fact that ballooning is of great benefit to people who suffer from asthma. "You see," he said, "you get into such pure air, and I know I always feel better after an ascent."—N. Y. Journal.

**TACTLESS SOCIETY PEOPLE.**

Topics That Should Be Forbidden Are Often Persistently Dwelt Upon.

It is a well-known circumstance that the fact of knowing that there is some subject that must be avoided causes the conversation by some fatality to turn into that particular direction. At a recent luncheon the hostess wore for the first time a set of new teeth, and, of course, dental appendages came up every now and again as a topic of conversation.

"Teeth," declared a young mother, who was all too occupied with her own nursery difficulties to notice the connection, "are a trouble from the nursery to the grave." A skating accident was mentioned where a pretty young debutante broke a front tooth, and the advisability of replacing it with a false one was discussed. A new dentist who had effected wonderful improvements in the shape of the jaw was spoken of. In short, the topic cropped up again and again, and there seemed no way of suppressing it.

To a very fat person it is almost impossible to avoid talking of individuals similarly afflicted. To a thin man or woman, bony skeletons seem the inevitable trend of conversation, and so on. Chief among social sins is to say that which ought not to be said and leave unsaid that which ought to have been said, and we rarely leave an important function without deploring mistakes or regretting lost opportunities.—N. Y. Tribune.

**Running No Risks.**

George—The ring doesn't seem to fit very well, Clara. Hadn't I better take it back and have it made smaller?

Clara—No, George; an engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I had to wear it round my neck.—23c Bits.

**BEAT THE GOVERNMENT.**

Happiness for a Farmer Who Met a Transcontinental Arc Surviving Party.

"Of course you have heard of the Transcontinental Arc which this government has been establishing from ocean to ocean?" said one of the men who has been engaged in the work for several years. "You can't understand the work unless you have had an extra mathematical course in a college, and then you are apt to find problems you never dream of. We had some funny experiences, nevertheless. The law gave us right of way in establishing our lines. That is, we had the privilege of going over anybody's land.

"On one occasion it became necessary to cross a very high point of ground which was studied with trees. At first we thought of building an elevated platform from which we could get our distances, but we discovered that would take too much time. We concluded it would be easier to blaze our way through the forest with axes. As we were preparing to do this the owner of the property came up and asked our business. I explained to him, as well as you can explain the business to a layman, but I don't think he ever understood what we were driving at. Anyway, he notified us that if we skinned even the bark from one of his trees he would make the government think the Philippine islands affair was a picnic compared with what he would do. Efforts to persuade only made him the more adamant.

"We had to go through the forest. There was no way round it. We then offered to buy the trees, but he would not have that. He said the land without the trees would be worthless. Then we told him we would buy as much of the land as was necessary, an acre on the summit. After he had thought over our proposition to buy he consented. When asked how much he wanted he replied \$5. We would have paid him \$5 a tree if he had asked it. We closed the bargain quickly, for we were afraid he would change his mind.

"After the deal was made and the money paid, I asked him if he didn't think he had made quite a sacrifice in selling the acre for \$5. He replied that he was satisfied, and added by way of explanation: 'I thought it a few years ago for 50 cents; reckon I ain't lost much.' And of course there was no occasion for pursuing the subject. I suppose he thought he had beat the government and that made him happy."—N. Y. Sun.

**LEFT IN SLEEPING CARS.**

Many Articles Overlooked by Hastily Departing Passengers Are Found and Returned.

The sleeping car is one of the conveniences of modern life. It permits commercial travelers and others who have to go from city to city to do their business by day and their traveling by night. Thus no time is lost, and to save time seems to be the great American idea.

But the sleeping car has some disadvantages, besides being for most people very uncomfortable. It is a great place in which to lose things. When the porter buses the occupant of a berth who wants to get out at a way station in the early morning, the passenger, in his hurry and sleepiness, often leaves some article behind him. This is so common that the railway has inaugurated a system for the collection and return of such property. The porters, the conductors and the strippers and the cleaners rush in turn search the cars, and any articles tucked away in the berths, under seats or cupboards, or behind steam pipes, are taken to the nearest terminal station. If not called for promptly they are forwarded to headquarters.

Near the Grand Central station in New York is a lost article bureau, into which things come from all points—from Seattle to Bangor. The list of articles of hand awaiting owners usually includes purses, jewelry, railroad tickets, wearing apparel and sleeping gowns. Sets of false teeth are said to be quite commonly left in the cars, while, on one occasion the porter found a wooden leg. An excited nursemaid once left a baby behind in the sleeper; the little fellow was well taken care of by the trainmen until restored to his parents.

Many things lost in the cars can never be found. Sometimes an absent-minded man will wear off the wrong overcoat, but will be so well satisfied with the exchange that he will say nothing about it, while the other man may be clanking loudly, but in vain, for his own coat.—Youth's Companion.

**Power of the Mormon Church.**

Beyond a doubt the Mormon church is considered purely as a political economist's scheme, to-day regarded to being a successful effort to inaugurate the brotherhood of man than anything ever tried. Here, then, is a social and political force to be reckoned with. Marvellous in its power over the individual, it is rapidly becoming an actual menace to the nation. Already it numbers a million adherents. It owns Utah. It holds the balance of power in Idaho, in Wyoming, in Colorado, in California and in Nevada. When Arizona and New Mexico are admitted to the union it will control them also.—R. L. Hart, in Atlantic.

**Barred Churches Wasteful.**

Barred churches were formerly quite frequent in English churches, and one has recently been unearthed in a church near Rochester, England. It has six stops and six barrels, and is capable of grinding out 60 tunes in all. Among them are such archaic specimens as "Job," "Old 11th." The organ was operated by the sexton.—N. Y. Sun.

**A Fair Designer.**

Scheming for an engagement ring is a design in jewelry.—Chicago Daily News.