

Twelve members of the United States Senate are natives of New York.

An expert says the Florida phosphates, though immense in extent, are disappointing as to richness, and the proportion of high grades is exceedingly small.

The Nevada towns are exceptions to the rule of increase in the population of the Western municipal communities. They generally show a decrease since 1880.

The State Geologist of New Jersey says the coast of the State is sinking at the rate of at least two feet in a century. Other observers hold that the rate is much more rapid.

Secretary Proctor is in favor of the Government employing twenty acting chaplains to assist the thirty post chaplains now in the United States army. They should be paid, he thinks, \$1500 a year.

A charming story is told by a reviewer in the *Santa Observer* to illustrate Darwin's freedom from scientific bigotry. Having been told that music had an influence on plants, he procured somebody to play a bassoon for several days close to some growing beans.

In the estimation of the *Times-Democrat* "Connecticut is a thrifty State. The receipts of taxes over the estimates for 1890 were \$365,000, which has enabled the Treasurer to redeem \$200,000 in bonds and still have a surplus of \$36,732. Next year the State tax is to be dispensed with."

Inspector Byrnes, of New York city, says that the only way to keep a city clear of bad men is to arrest them on sight and make the place too hot for them. Out of 500 arrests "on suspicion" there may be one mistake—one honest man, but he owes it to the public to identify himself as such. The howl about "personal liberty" always comes from criminal lawyers.

Regularly every six months, it is said, the Treasurer Department at Washington

### AN AUTUMN MORNING.

There are crimson clouds and feathery forms  
In upper air,  
And bright shapes tinged with varying hues  
Stretched everywhere.  
Some seem to swell and then unfold,  
Like blossoms rare,  
From out dim space, and then, like dew,  
Dissolve in air.  
Below them rise up weightier clouds  
— And misty banks,  
And here and there tall specters rise  
In serried ranks,  
Although the sky is azure-hued  
Above them all;  
While on our heads a boundless wealth  
Of sunbeams fall.  
Was ever sky more beautiful,  
Or breath more sweet?  
Or greener boughs, or softer mat  
Beneath our feet?  
We thank Thee, Father, for the earth,  
So beautiful;  
We thank Thee for Thy gifts to us,  
So bountiful;  
For bud and bloom, for ripening fruit,  
Each benison  
Is fair to see. Lord, bring our hearts  
In unison  
With Thy dear self. May this new day  
Be spent aright,  
And every busy day that glides  
Into the night,  
Until their dawns for us are o'er,  
And we at last  
Into your heaven noor our bark,  
All tempters past.  
—Vick's Magazine.

### JULIET, THE ORPHAN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Well, Juliet, what are you calculating to do?" said Mrs. Murdright.  
"It's time to make up your mind about something, you know," briskly observed Miss Juniata Jessup.  
Juliet May lifted her heavy head, and looked at them with a vague surprise.  
"Do!" she repeated. "What's there to do? I don't know what you all mean."  
She was a dark, large-eyed girl with cheeks as pale as a calla-lily, a Spanish luxuriance of jet-black hair and a slight figure, which seemed to be bound by the weight of her deep mourning. Mrs. Murdright was a tall, masculine woman, with iron-gray hair and a square chin. Miss Jessup wore spectacles and moved around in an active, jerky way, like an extra-large-sized canary bird.  
"It's a week to-morrow since your pa was buried," added Mrs. Murdright.  
Juliet winced.  
"Yes," she said; "I know it. Oh, papa!"  
"There," said Miss Jessup, as Juliet hid her face in her hand, "it's unchristianly of you!"  
"Why not?" said Chauncey Graham. "It seems to me that I am the very one whose mother is in New York."

she had first set up for herself, Squire May had money for her lease, fixtures. He had never hinted at the repayment of interest; he had never and she had been equally silent. And it is to be presumed that she had quite forgotten the whole circumstance, when she added, with some little vindictiveness:  
"And, to my mind, it would have been a deal wiser if your papa had looked a little more closely to your money instead of lending it to ne'er-do-wells like Chauncey Graham to squander!"  
"Cousin Chauncey was always good and kind!" cried Juliet, coloring up. "He would have paid papa, if he could! And it is mean and dishonest of you to say such things as these, Juniata Jessup!"  
"Holy-tolty!" cried Miss Jessup. "Mean! Dishonorable! Well, if he ain't both, let him put in an appearance and say what he has done with that money!"  
As Mr. Graham was at that moment supposed to be in Australia, engaged in the management of a mammoth sheep farm, this was perhaps a rather unreasonable demand. But, to Miss Jessup's infinite amazement, and, perhaps, to her discomfiture as well, the front door was pushed open at that juncture, and a bronzed, bearded apparition, in a suit of some foreign style and cut, stalked in.  
"Is this Mrs. Moses Murdright's house?" said he. "Can any one tell me if Miss Juliet May is here?"  
Mrs. Murdright stared, Miss Jessup seemed equally amazed; but, with a cry, Juliet May sprang to her feet.  
"Chauncey!" she cried. "It is my cousin Chauncey!"  
"I am Chauncey Graham," said the young man. "I only arrived in the port of New York last evening. It all seems so strange to me to hear that my cousin, Squire May, is dead—that Juliet is without a home!"  
He stood in surprise, scarcely able to recognize in this tall Andalusian-faced girl, the chubby-checked little play-fellow of former years. But when she flung herself so confidently into his arms, he held her with a tender and chivalric embrace.  
"Oh, Chauncey, I am so glad that you have come," she sobbed. "Oh, I was so lonely and forsaken! No one has seemed to care for me, since papa died—no one offered me a home!"  
"I will," said Chauncey, quietly. "There, there, little one, don't fret. It is all smooth sailing now. The money which your father lent me has borne fruit, seventy times seven, and it is yours now!"  
Mrs. Murdright here recovered herself so far as to extend a fish-like hand to Mr. Graham; Miss Jessup pressed eagerly forward.  
"My dear Juliet," she said, with a little acidity, "you are such a mere baby! Don't you see that your cousin isn't at all the proper person to take charge of you?"  
"Why not?" said Chauncey Graham. "It seems to me that I am the very one whose mother is in New York."

she had first set up for herself, Squire May had money for her lease, fixtures. He had never hinted at the repayment of interest; he had never and she had been equally silent. And it is to be presumed that she had quite forgotten the whole circumstance, when she added, with some little vindictiveness:  
"And, to my mind, it would have been a deal wiser if your papa had looked a little more closely to your money instead of lending it to ne'er-do-wells like Chauncey Graham to squander!"  
"Cousin Chauncey was always good and kind!" cried Juliet, coloring up. "He would have paid papa, if he could! And it is mean and dishonest of you to say such things as these, Juniata Jessup!"  
"Holy-tolty!" cried Miss Jessup. "Mean! Dishonorable! Well, if he ain't both, let him put in an appearance and say what he has done with that money!"  
As Mr. Graham was at that moment supposed to be in Australia, engaged in the management of a mammoth sheep farm, this was perhaps a rather unreasonable demand. But, to Miss Jessup's infinite amazement, and, perhaps, to her discomfiture as well, the front door was pushed open at that juncture, and a bronzed, bearded apparition, in a suit of some foreign style and cut, stalked in.  
"Is this Mrs. Moses Murdright's house?" said he. "Can any one tell me if Miss Juliet May is here?"  
Mrs. Murdright stared, Miss Jessup seemed equally amazed; but, with a cry, Juliet May sprang to her feet.  
"Chauncey!" she cried. "It is my cousin Chauncey!"  
"I am Chauncey Graham," said the young man. "I only arrived in the port of New York last evening. It all seems so strange to me to hear that my cousin, Squire May, is dead—that Juliet is without a home!"  
He stood in surprise, scarcely able to recognize in this tall Andalusian-faced girl, the chubby-checked little play-fellow of former years. But when she flung herself so confidently into his arms, he held her with a tender and chivalric embrace.  
"Oh, Chauncey, I am so glad that you have come," she sobbed. "Oh, I was so lonely and forsaken! No one has seemed to care for me, since papa died—no one offered me a home!"  
"I will," said Chauncey, quietly. "There, there, little one, don't fret. It is all smooth sailing now. The money which your father lent me has borne fruit, seventy times seven, and it is yours now!"  
Mrs. Murdright here recovered herself so far as to extend a fish-like hand to Mr. Graham; Miss Jessup pressed eagerly forward.  
"My dear Juliet," she said, with a little acidity, "you are such a mere baby! Don't you see that your cousin isn't at all the proper person to take charge of you?"  
"Why not?" said Chauncey Graham. "It seems to me that I am the very one whose mother is in New York."

Wears His Girl's Hair.  
A young man of many good points, but with none on his head, was for five years, writes Clara Belle, a victim to the promises of the tressorial artist, who guaranteed to bring out hair on his shiny pate, but who did not keep his word. Some men confide their love affairs to the tailors, others to their doctors, and still others to the men that mix their cocktails. This young man, upon losing his heart to a sweet and promising maiden, confided his passion to the barber. That worthy sympathized with him deeply, and redoubled his exertions to lure the downy fringe upon the head of Romeo, but without effect. Finally both the barber and the lover lost hope together, and it was then that the young man made a trembling proposition.  
"Louise does not like a bald head," said he, "although, of course, mine is not unpleasant to her. Nevertheless, she prefers to have it covered, and so we have reached a conclusion. I always said, you know, that I would never wear a toupee; but Louise has placed the matter in such a light that I have acceded to her desire, and will have one made. Louise's hair is just the color of the fringe over my ears, you see, and it hangs away down below her waist. She is going to sacrifice enough of it to make me a toupee, and thus, by Jove! I shall be wearing the same hair that my girl does. Louise was awfully tender about suggesting the thing. Sweet of her, wasn't it? Oh, I tell you, there is nothing so beautiful in life as a good girl when she is in love."  
Romeo now appears in public adorned by a fine head of handsome chestnut hair.

### Chaplains of the Navy.

When a chaplain receives his commission from the Government he begins a career which, with ordinary prudence and good conduct, will terminate only when age has made him grizzled and gray. In the navy he ranks as a lieutenant, and for the first five years of his service he is paid \$1500 per annum while on shore, \$1800 a year when he is preaching at sea, and \$2000 a year if some complaisant Secretary of the Navy will give him a leave of absence or let him roam around the country in that delightful condition which is known to officers of both the army and navy as "waiting orders."

The last report of the Navy Department shows that out of the twenty-four chaplains six were in that delightful condition of "waiting orders," and that for several months past, and that two fortunate ones were paid the same situation, for they had secured a leave of absence, and had hied themselves to the shores. The who are "waiting orders."

### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

#### STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Smiled Sorrowfully—A Scientific Answer—A Shrewd Plan—The Boss's Joke—Highly Attractive, Etc.

"Drink, partners!" cried the cow boy as he strode inside the saloon.  
"An' I don't want no whisky!"  
"Cause it's whisky straight or lead."

The crowd around the stranger faintly did not like his style.  
But though as one felt like laughing All thought it best to "smile."  
—Chatter.

#### A SCIENTIFIC ANSWER.

"Jimmie, do you know why the crows always eat thistles when they can find them?"  
"Yes. So's to pick their teeth."  
—New York Sun.

#### A SCREWED PLAN.

At the Restaurant—"Waiter, why do you recommend everybody to take beef a la mode to-day?"  
"Because, sir, if it isn't all eaten we shall have it for dinner ourselves."

#### WOMAN'S WIT.

"Let me see," said Jenkins, musingly; "what was it I was going to take home to-night?"  
"Perhaps it was a horse-car," said his pretty stenographer, saucily.—*Somerville Journal*.

#### HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE.

"Connie Johnson's a very attractive girl, isn't she?"  
"Attractive! Well, say, they tell me that girl is so attractive that she daresn't venture out in a thunder-storm for fear of being hit."  
—*American Grocer*.

#### THE BOSS'S JOKE.

Head Waiter—"Where'd you get the top-coat, Slopsy?"  
Walter—"Gen'tleman gave it to me for a tip."  
Head Waiter—"Then it must be a tip-top-coat, eh?"  
—*New York Sun*.

#### NOT A SPINTER.

Visitor (to prisoner)—"What's the matter with you here?"  
Prisoner—"Misplaced confidence."  
Visitor—"How was that?"  
Prisoner—"I thought you'd be here faster than I."

### (Hobson meeting Stryker next day)—

"Well, did you have use for that trunk?"  
Stryker—"I did. I borrowed enough money on it to pay my fare home."  
—*West Shore*.

#### A TRIUMPH OF ART.

"There is one very dramatic situation in my new play. It is where the mortgage on the old 'arm is foreclosed and the hero can't pay it off."  
"Does it affect the audience much?"  
"Oh, my! Why, last night a million-aires in one of the boxes was so affected that he wrote out a check for \$10,000 and sent it up to pay off the mortgage and get the hero out of difficulties."  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### AN OPTICAL PARADOX.

Bobby—"Mr. Popinjay, your eyesight is all right, isn't it?"  
Mr. Popinjay—"I have excellent sight."  
Bobby—"I thought so."  
Mr. Popinjay—"Why do you ask that question?"  
Bobby—"Popper was telling mamma this morning that when you are away from home, you are constantly looking through glasses."  
—*Jeweller's Circular*.

#### GOOD TIMES AT SCHOOL.

"Poor little fellow," said the sympathetic lady to the urban who was trudging with books and slate under his arm, "as I'm sorry to have to go back to school! Still, I suppose you manage to have a great many good times."  
"Yes'm," was the reply; "I have just put a lizard in the teacher's desk, and made a mad dash for her ink and dropped my slate on Johnny Flynn's sore toe, and put limburger cheese in the pump, and school ain't really opened yet, either."  
—*Washington Post*.

#### STRIVING AFTER AN IDEAL.

A lady wanted a tutor for her son. She wrote to a friend asking for a description of the ideal which she enumerated. After several days she received the following answer:

### CORKS CURE STUTTERING.

#### A SIMPLE DEVICE FOR THE RELIEF OF STAMMERS.

What Makes People Stutter—Tongued-tied Women Are Rare—A Majority of Stammerers Are Teutons.

Curiously enough, from statistics it appears that the Germans, though reported to be such a slow-speaking people, have a larger percentage of stutters among them than any other nation. Next to them are the English. Americans are noticeably free from this failing. It is probably because of this that there are but two training schools for stutters in the whole country. One is in New York and the other is in Chicago. The one in this city was started three months ago by Dr. Lothar Schwarz, a young German specialist, who gathered practical experience in his chosen line in some of the best institutions of this character in Germany. He has had twelve resident patients, some of whom are from neighboring States. He has been able to effect a number of cures during the brief time he has managed his institution. In a majority of cases the trouble originates in childhood, the child being either imitate sounds correctly or hear what deaf and unable to hear properly. Sudden fright, diphtheria, typhoid or scarlet fever or bring about a partial inability of the tongue to enunciate clearly. Again, a defective formation of muscles or of organs such as the larynx, the tongue, the palate or the vocal chords, may be the cause of the trouble. In some cases, too, the functional disorder of the vocal apparatus may be the cause of the trouble. Dr. Schwarz says that the causes of stuttering are varied. In a majority of cases the trouble originates in childhood, the child being either imitate sounds correctly or hear what deaf and unable to hear properly. Sudden fright, diphtheria, typhoid or scarlet fever or bring about a partial inability of the tongue to enunciate clearly. Again, a defective formation of muscles or of organs such as the larynx, the tongue, the palate or the vocal chords, may be the cause of the trouble. In some cases, too, the functional disorder of the vocal apparatus may be the cause of the trouble.

#### STAMMERS ARE TEUTONS.

Curiously enough, from statistics it appears that the Germans, though reported to be such a slow-speaking people, have a larger percentage of stutters among them than any other nation. Next to them are the English. Americans are noticeably free from this failing. It is probably because of this that there are but two training schools for stutters in the whole country. One is in New York and the other is in Chicago. The one in this city was started three months ago by Dr. Lothar Schwarz, a young German specialist, who gathered practical experience in his chosen line in some of the best institutions of this character in Germany. He has had twelve resident patients, some of whom are from neighboring States. He has been able to effect a number of cures during the brief time he has managed his institution. In a majority of cases the trouble originates in childhood, the child being either imitate sounds correctly or hear what deaf and unable to hear properly. Sudden fright, diphtheria, typhoid or scarlet fever or bring about a partial inability of the tongue to enunciate clearly. Again, a defective formation of muscles or of organs such as the larynx, the tongue, the palate or the vocal chords, may be the cause of the trouble. In some cases, too, the functional disorder of the vocal apparatus may be the cause of the trouble.