

office in Liverpool. He not only had the oversight of the business department, but participated in the labor connected with printing and publishing, which has been conducted on an unusually large scale. Besides the issuance of the standard works of the Church in large and cheap editions, about 750,000 tracts and pamphlets were published and widely distributed throughout the mission, and much good was accomplished in this way. Brother McAllister, during his stay abroad, had occasional opportunities of visiting conferences throughout Great Britain, and took much pleasure in meeting with the Saints. During the present year, he made a business trip to Denmark, Sweden and Norway, in the interest of immigration matters. Brother McAllister returns in good health, and with increased experience upon which he places a high value. He has a host of friends who will be delighted to give him the right hand of welcome.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Strange Story.

A remarkable story of a young woman's misfortune while in search of a husband comes from Hungary. She was the handsomest girl in the village, and all the young men fell in love with her. Before she was twenty she had received an even hundred offers of marriage, but had refused them all. She made up her mind at last, however, to get married, and accepted the 101st offer. The young man was killed in an accident, however, before the wedding. The next offer was accepted, but the lover was drafted into the army. Two others were accepted in turn and met a like fate. The next two on the list were in turn drowned before they could be married. Two more then presented themselves in turn, but broke off the match because of the smallness of the girl's fortune. The ninth got drunk on the wedding day and beat the girl before the ceremony was performed, and the match was then broken off. The tenth candidate turned out to have a wife already, and the eleventh ran away just before the time set for the wedding. Thoroughly discouraged, the beauty then took a dose of poison and killed herself.

Read Through a Machine.

According to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the use of the typewriter does not baffle the writing expert. Men and women who use typewriters show nearly as much individuality in their work as they would do if they used a pen. It is harder to detect, but that is all the difference. Any business man who is used to reading correspondence from concerns which employ several typewriters can tell at a glance which one of the half dozen wrote the letters he receives. Signs of carelessness, haste, ignorance of punctuation or the profuse use of punctuation marks, a wide or nar-

row margin around the writing, some peculiarity in capitalization—all these things carry meaning to the expert examining typewritten copy.

But the personal characteristics of the typewriter are better concealed by the typewriter than the person using the pen. Nervousness can be discovered, but the qualities depending upon temperament cannot. You can tell a hopeful, despondent, generous, close-fisted man by the work he does with a pen, but when he does it with the machine he hides himself.

Queer Playthings.

What do you suppose are the "playthings" of the babies in arms and the toddlers living in tenements close to Greenwood Cemetery? Visit the neighborhood any morning, but especially on a Monday morning, and you will have a scene burdened with peculiarly interesting sentiment. Just outside the tall iron rail fence separating the cemetery from the street are any number of baby carriages with cooling and crowing occupants, and wheeled by the little brother or the little sister of the family. They are out for the morning air.

In the carriage, either at the foot-board or under infantile dissection, are withered floral crowns, crosses, crescents, and now and then heavier pieces like "The Gates Ajar." They have been taken from the graves and thrown into the street by attaches of the cemetery. Monday morning seems to be the clearing-up time of all these withered tokens of love for the dead. The baby-carriages fairly flock outside the tall iron fence, and all day and for days to come the infants and the toddlers who wheel them toy with the emblems that have marked the departure of life. A very bright young lady, who saw this scene the other morning, wondered what effect mentally these infantile playthings would have upon their minds when grown.—*New York Sun.*

The Moving Rock.

In one of the Twin lakes, a few miles east of Lakeville, is a rock known as "Moving Rock." It is close in shore, in about four feet of water, and rushes grow up all around it. Fifteen years ago this rock was far out in the lake, and in size was nearly ten times what it is today. It was noticed one spring fourteen years ago that there was more of the rock out of the water than usual, and some of the inquisitive fishermen who then frequented the lake tried to find the cause. They looked down into the water and they could easily see the bottom. They also saw, much to their astonishment, that there was a deep furrow in the yellow clay, and that in length it was nearly ten feet. The rock seemed smooth and hard. The next spring it had moved nearly fifteen feet more toward the shore, and the furrow was plainly outlined. Then some one called the great boulder "Moving Rock," and the name has been associated with the curiosities of the lake ever since; and each spring since that time finds the rock

closer to the edge of the lake than it was twelve months before. It is quite small now, but bears all the evidences of the action of the elements. It is porous in places, and to this fact some attribute its remarkable travels. The general opinion among the natives is that the ice, when it breaks up each spring, is piled in tons upon the rock by the north winds, which have a clean sweep over the lake, and thus the rock is driven closer and closer in toward the bank.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bath Tubs and Bath Towels.

Mrs. Langtry has a silver bath, but, of course, that fact would not be known were it not for the keen nosing of American reporters after the details of her daily existence. Touching the same silver bath, I heard a curious story as to its origin. Bath makers believe that there is only one silver bath in the world. This was made some years ago for an Indian prince by a London bathmaker, and he supposes that, the owner having died, the silver bath came into the market and Mrs. Langtry purchased it. A silver bath is a tremendous affair. Some few wealthy people have copper baths plated with silver, but the cost is but a trifle compared with the genuine article. The baths most commonly used in the best houses are of enameled copper. This is what is placed in the bathrooms of Marlborough house. There is no special luxury about the prince's bathing apparatus. Some wealthy people who go in for luxurious bathing fill their bathrooms with statuary; have painted tile walls, and the bath itself is fitted into a case of carved oak. Then there are marble baths. They are both cold and costly.

The most novel thing, in baths, however, is one fitted with a shower-bath overhead, a needle spray bath at the sides, and a wave bath that rushes out at the foot. These are in addition to the ordinary hot and cold taps. So that a possessor of one of the ingenious things can have five styles of bathing. They cost about 25 pounds.

There are half a dozen or more different sorts of towels for bathing. After the ordinary Turkish and buckaback towels, some doctors are fond of recommending a towel of rushes, made appropriately enough by Russian peasants. It is very hard and stiff, and feels like a coarse dishcloth. Its use is confined to bath-room fanatics, who think they are happy in abrading their skins. Then there is an elastic towel made of net, and another skin-raiser called "loofah." This is imported from Egypt. The loofah is made of dried grass, and it doesn't soften by immersion in water. As for flesh brushes and other equivalents of the hair shirt, are they not to be found in every chemist's shop?—*Pail Mall Gazette.*

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has called a Congregational council to install Dr. Lyman Abbott as successor to Beecher.