Extraordinary Attractions for **Conference Week**

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

Extraordinary Attractions for **Conference Week**

A Combination of resistless Bargains. Visit our Store and we will Convince you that we are the most Popular House in the City and quote the Lowest Prices. Our Enormous Business has been Created by Treating all Alike.

Dress Goods and Silks.

More genuine bargains in Silks and Dress Goods will be shown by us this week than have ever before been offered by all the city combined. Don't miss getting a Dress Pattern.

AT ONE-HALF ACTUAL VALUE.

85 pieces of col. 18-inch Surah..... .25
76 pieces of col. 20-inch Surah..... .37½
48 pieces of col. 20-inch Pongee.. .47

AT TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL VALUE.

350 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain..... .37½
550 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain..... .62½
490 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain..... .87½
300 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain..... .97½
500 yards Black Satin Rhadame.. .65
600 yards All Silk..... .75
325 yards All Silk..... .87½

Black and Colored Brocaded Silks at .75, .85, 1.00 and 1.25, positively worth 40 per cent more.

AT ONE-HALF ACTUAL VALUE.

35 pieces of double width Colored Alpacas..... .10½
50 pieces of Novelty Diagonal Weave..... .12½
100 pieces of Dark and Light Ground Challies..... .06
250 pieces of Dark and Light Ground Challies..... .12½
40 pieces of Camelhair Novelty weaved, Double Width..... .45

An assortment of 500 Suit Lengths, containing 7 and 8 yards of elegant novelty Dress Goods, at 1.75, 2.10, 2.50, 2.75, 3.15, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 and 5.00 a suit. These have been selling at 1-3 more than now being offered.

100 remnants of silks and dress goods at all descriptions at less than ½ of Eastern cost.

Notions.

PRICES THAT TELL!
PRICES THAT WIN THE TRADE!

PER	VALUE
10c Ladies' black Kid Gloves.....	$ .15
75c Ladies' black Kid Gloves.....	1.00
15c Ladies' Silk Mitts.....	.20
25c Ladies' Silk Mitts.....	.35
10c Ladies' Lisle Gloves.....	.15
15c Ladies' Lisle Gloves.....	.25
20c Ladies' Lisle Gloves.....	.35
25c Ladies' Lisle Gloves.....	.35
10c Ladies' Lisle Cotton Hose.....	.15
15c Ladies' fast black Cotton Hose	.25
20c Ladies' fast black Cotton Hose	.35
15c Children's black Ribbed Hose	.25
20c Children's black Ribbed Hose	.35
25c Children's black Ribbed Hose	.40
25c Lot of Misses Gotta ribbed hose, colored.....	.25

Emb. flouncing 45 inches at the astonishing prices of 50c, 75c, 85c, double this price for value.

Ladies' summer merino vests and pants for 25c a suit.

Ladies handkerchiefs 25c a dozen.

65c Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 10c.

10c. Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 25c.

15c. Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 35c.

25c. Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 45c.

Moire ribbons go down to the very lowest notch, all colors.

Nos. 5 and 7 down to 5c per yard.

No. 9, down 7½ cents a yard.

No. 12, down 10 cents a yard.

No. 16, down 12½ cents a yard.

Ladies' Fairbelt, prices cut in two at 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents.

TRIMMING DEP'T.

For this sale of Trimmings we shall devote a whole counter, an immense variety of splendid bargains less than one-fourth their actual value at 5c., 10c., 15c., 20c., and 25 cents per yard.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Spring Wraps

This is the Most Attractive Department in the City.

By reason of our low prices and immense assortment. The following sixteen numbers at Bargains, at less than one-half their actual value, are—

BLAZER JACKETS.	REEFER JACKETS.
At $1.50 worth $2.50	At $4.00 worth $ 5.50
At 2.00 worth 3.75	At 5.50 worth 8.50
At 2.50 worth 4.00	At 5.00 worth 9.00
At 4.00 worth 6.00	At 8.00 worth 11.00

CAPES

For $ .75 worth $2.00	For $4.00 worth $5.00
For 1.00 worth 2.50	For 5.00 worth 7.00
For 1.50 worth 3.50	For 7.50 worth 10.00
For 2.00 worth 5.00	For 10.00 worth 15.00

ALL CAPES, BLAZERS AND REEFERS ARE IN BLACK, TAN AND SLATE COLORS.

OUR STOCK OF

LADIES' WAISTS

BOTH IN SILK AND COTTON FABRICS IS NOW COMPLETE.

IMMENSE ASSORTMENT.

PRICES AS USUAL

THE LOWEST.

$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, Etc.

Silks for $1.00, $4.00 $4.50, Etc.

Ladies' Blouses for 75c., $1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, Etc.

Ladies' Wrappers

ARE ARRIVING IN ENDLESS VARIETIES AND QUALITIES

Ladies' Calico Wrappers	$ .50
Ladies' Calico Wrappers	1.00
Ladies' Gingham Wrappers	1.50
Ladies' Seersucker Wrappers	1.75

The Styles of these are Mostly Very Pretty, full Back and Front, Plaid or Plain.

WE SHOW THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF THE FINEST AND MOST STYLISH SHAPES IN INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S BONNETS AND HATS. CASHMERE HATS, 25c.; SURAH SILK, 50c. & up; SILK EMB. BONNETS, 40c., 50c., & up.

Domestic Department.

PRICES LIKE THESE MAKE US DO THE BUSINESS.

A pure, check gingham, fast col.	.05
Dress styles gingham, latest.....	.08 1-3
Seersuckers in stripes and checks.....	.06½
Finest quality seersuckers.....	.10
Heavy unbleached sheeting.....	.06½
Good bleached muslin.....	.05
Unbleached muslin, yard wide.....	.06 1-3
Striped ticking, 36 inches wide..	.05½
Madras Curtaining.....	.08
Good Prints.....	.04
Standard Prints.....	.05
Challies.....	.05
Huckaback Crash.....	.05
All Linen Crash.....	.08 1-3
Outing Flannel.....	.05
Outing Flannel.....	.07½
Bed Spreads.....	.65
1.50 Bed Spreads.....	1.19
1.75 Bed Spreads, 12-4 Marseilles	1.35
60c Table Linen, cream.....	.45

SHOES.

THE DEEPEST CUT OF ALL.

	AT PRICES
240 pairs Infants' Kid button Shoes.....	.60 .75
225 pairs Children's spring-heel, size 5½ to 8.....	.70 1.25
95 pairs Children's Shoes, size 5 to 8.....	.80 1.25
80 pairs Youths' shoes, size 9 to 11.....	1.00 1.50
80 pairs Boys' Shoes, size 11 to 2.....	1.50 2.50
100 pairs Misses' spring-heel Shoes, size 11 to 2..	1.50 2.50
75 pairs Ladies' Kid button Shoes, size 2½ to 7..	2.00 3.75
180 pairs Ladies' English Dongola button Shoes, patent leather tips, all sizes.....	3.00 4.50
175 pairs Ladies' Oxford Ties, size 2½ to 7.....	1.25 2.00
200 pairs Ladies' Cloth top, latest last.....	2.00 3.00

MEN'S PERCALE LAUNDRIED SHIRTS. For 49c, worth $1.00.

GENTS' TIES AND SCARFS.

We are selling them at ½ of former price; 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, etc.

Boys' and Children's Clothing Dep't.

We shall offer the following Special Bargains for this week's sale at prices which are in sharp contrast with those asked elsewhere.

FORMER PRICE	NOW
$2.75 Blue Flannel Sailor Suit,	$ 1.49
1.75 Boys' Fancy Plaid Suits,	1.00
2.50 Boys' Fancy Plaid suits,	1.50
3.50 Boys' Lt. Plaid Suits,	2.25
4.00 Boys' Stripped Cassimere,	2.50
3.75 Boys' Brown Plaids,	2.50
6.00 Boys' Fine Fancy Cassim's,	3.75
1.50 Boys' Childrens' Jersey Blouse Suits,	1.85
2.75 Boys' Kilt Suits,	1.85

Our great Overstock sale of Gents' Furnishing goods marked down to prices so ridiculously low that they will all be closed out this week.

MEN'S OUTING FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS.

25 cents; worth 50 cents.
40 cents; worth 65 cents.
50 cents; worth 75 cents.
60 cents, worth 100 cents.

MEN'S BLACK SATINE SHIRTS.

75 cents; worth $1.25.
85 cents; worth $1.50.
100 cents; worth $1.75.

MEN'S WHITE UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS.

Two shirts for 75 cents.
50 cents dress shirts for 35 cents.
$1.00 dress shirts for 75 cents.

FINE SILK STRIPE AND PONGEE SHIRTS.

From $1.75 to $4.00.

BOYS' FELT HATS.

For 15c, worth 25c.
For 40c, worth 75c.
For 50c, worth 85c.
For 75c, worth $1.25.

BOYS' OUTING FLANNEL WAISTS.

For 25c, worth 40c.
For 35c, worth 50c.

BOYS' CAMBRIC WAISTS.

20c, worth 35c.

BOYS' INDIGO BLUE WAISTS.

25c, worth 40c.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

If we know the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the echo of our voices
Sweeter in our ears be now?
Then let angry words unspoken
Die within our hearts to-day;
Let the little troubles vanish,
Let the angry cloud delay;
Scatter seeds of love and kindness,
Reap the harvest by and by.

—Old Song.

PUNCH'S EXAMPLE.

The first class smoking carriage was the emptiest in the whole train, and even this was hot to suffocation, because my only companion denied me more than inch of open window. His chest, he explained curtly, was "susceptible." As we crawled westward through the glaring country, the sun's rays beat on the carriage roof till I seemed to be crushed under an anvil, counting the strokes. I had stopped my book and was staring listlessly out of the window.

At the other end of the compartment my fellow passenger had pulled down all the blinds and hidden his face behind The Western Morning News. He was a red faced, choleric little man of about sixty, with a salient stomach, a prodigious nose, to which he carried snuff about once in two minutes, and a mottled obesity of the shoulders. For comfort, and also possibly to hide this hump, he rested his back in the angle by the window. He wore a black alpaca coat, a slight stock, white waistcoat and trousers of shepherd's plaid. On no definite grounds, I guessed him to be a lawyer, and somewhat.

Just before entering the station at Lostwithiel, our train passed between the white gates of a level crossing. A moment before I had caught sight of the "George" dropping from the church spire, and at the crossing I saw it was regatta day in the little town. The road was full of people and lined with award standings, and by the time out of the station a Punch and Judy show was just closing a performance. The orchestra had unloosed his drum and fallen to mopping the back of his neck with the red handkerchief that had previously keened the pan piped to his chin. A crowd hung around, and among it I noted several men and women in black, hideous blots in the pervading sunshine.

The station platform was thronged as we drew up, and it was clear at once that all the carriages in the train would be besieged without regard to class. By some chance, however, we were disregarded and escape seemed likely till the very last moment. The guard's whistle was between his lips, when I heard a shout, then one or two feminine screams and a party of seven or eight came tearing out of the booking office. Every one of them was dressed in complete black. They were, in fact, the people I had seen staring at the Punch and Judy show.

A moment later the door of our compartment opened and we were invaded. They bundled in over my legs, panting, scrambling, exclaiming, calling to each other to hurry—an old man, two youths, four middle aged women and a little girl about four years old. My choleric fellow passenger leaped up, choking with wrath, and shouted to the guard. But the door was slammed on his indignation, and we moved off. He sat back, purple above his stock, reached his umbrella walking stick from under the coat tails of a beholding youth, stuck it upright between his knees and glared around at the intruders. They were still recovered with excitement over their narrow escape and remonstrances of a brass. One of the women dropped into the corner seat and took the little girl on her lap. The child's dusty boots rubbed against the old gentleman's trousers. He shifted his position, grunted, and took no further notice.

"That was nicely jilter," the old man of the party observed, while his eye wandered around for a seat.

"I thought I should be' died," said a red faced woman, with a wart on her cheek and a yard of crape hanging from her bonnet. "Can't we find nowhere to sit, auche?"

"Reckon I who shift 'you your lap, Susannah," This was said with a shriek, and the woman tittered. "What now tangled game be this o' the Great Western's. Arms to the seats, I declare. We'll have to sit intimate, my dears."

"Tis first class," another woman announced in an awed whisper. "I saw it 'pon the door. You don't think they'll fine us."

"I all comes of our steppin to glare at that Punch an Judy," the old fellow went on, after I had shown them how to turn back the arm restsand they were settled in something like comfort. "But I never could refrain from that auntie—don't look condemned, bor, in a way—for Punch an Judy I be fond o' back'ard than 11 the morrals. But in the midst of life we are to death."

"I don't remember a more successful bargie," said the woman with the wart.

"That we pretty well was, yes; but the regatta day an' the fun o' the fair not properly begun. I saw a lot at the consekery I didn't know by face, an I reckon they was mostly excursionists that crowded sight of a funeral an followed it, to fill up the time."

"Well, it all added."

"Oh, aye; Thomas was beautifully interred."

The feast in the carriage by this time was hardly more overpowering than the smell of crape, bombazine and camphor. The youth who had wedged himself next to me carried a large packet of "dabbing," which he had bought at one of the sweet stalls. He began to insert it into his side pocket, and in his struggles drove an elbow sharply into my ribs. I shifted my position a little.

"Tom's wife would be 'ill it a course of whole, had she lived."

But I ceased to listen, for in moving I had happened to glance at the farther end of the carriage, and there my attention was arrested by a curious little piece of pantomime. The little girl—a dark eyed, intelligent child, whose pallor was emphasized by the crape which smothered her—was looking very close at the old gentleman with the long staring at his back in fact. He, on the other hand, was leaning forward with both hands on the knob of his umbrella, his eyes bent on the floor and his mouth squared to the earliest suppression. He opened other connections of her form fitly, and was tapping one foot rhythmically on the floor.

After a minute I was surprised to see her lean forward and touch him gently on the knee.

He took no notice beyond shuffling about a little and grinding a slight grunt. The woman who held her put out an arm and drew back the child's hand reproachfully. The child paid no heed to this, but continued to stare. Then in another two minutes she again bent forward and tapped the old gentleman's knee. This time she fetched louder growl from him and an inaudible gloss. Not in the least daunted, she took hold of his umbrella and shook it to and fro by her small hand.

"I wish to heavens, exclaim, you'd keep your child to yourself!"

"For shame, Annie!" whispered the poor woman, cowed by his look.

But again Annie paid no heed. Indeed she pushed the umbrella toward the old gentleman, saying:

"Please, sir, will 'ou warra Mister Barbalel wi' this?"

The man instantly and looked hastily at her without answering. "For shame, Annie!" the woman murmured a second time; but I saw her lean back and a tear started and rolled down her cheek.

"If you please, sir," repeated Annie, "will 'ou warra Mister Barbalel wi' fair?"

The old gentleman stared at her. In his eyes you could read the question, "What in the devil's name does the child mean?" The honest woman read to them and answered him hastily: "I beg pardon, she's buried her father this morning an Mister Barrabel is the coffin maker, so called 'im down."

"Now," said Annie, this time eagerly, "will 'ou warra him some on the wig doll did just now?"

Luckily the old gentleman did not understand this last allusion. He had not seen the group around the Punch and Judy show, nor if he had is it likely he would have guessed the train of thought in the child's mind. But to me, as I looked at my fellow passenger's nose and the deformity of his shoulders and remembered how Punch treats the unfortunate who have enough, I guessed at the child's compassion. There was nothing in their faces to show that they took the allusion. And the next minute I was glad to think that I alone knew what had prompted Annie's speech.

For me, I boiled, with a beautiful chaos in his face, the old gentleman had taken the child on his knee and was talking to her as I dare say he had never talked before.

"Are you her mother?" he asked, looking suddenly and addressing the woman opposite.

"Her mother's been dead these two year. I'm her aunt, an I'm takin her home to our 'ouse wi' my own children."

He was handing over Annie, and had resumed his chat. It was all nonsense—something about the short hair of his makers—but it took hold of the child's fancy and comforted her. At the next station I had to alight, for it was the end of my journey. But looking back from the carriage to I shut the door, I saw Annie leaning forward once more, walking stick and following the gesture of his other hand with her small face. Her face was turned from the old gentleman, and behind her little black eyes were glistening.

The Street Band.

"I like the dashing career and the sprightly clarinet," said Colonel Calliper, "but I like best of all that brass fountain of cheerfulness, the big bass horn. Can't take a man's mind when the big horn sounds. It paints the air red and defies all creation, but it is vastly good natured withal, and it never fails when its friends the cornet and the clarionet pause for breath to come in with its contralto! people all stop and go peering for the harmony unbroken.

"Reflected from this duty, it tells off now the edge of a cliff and brings up suddenly at the foot with a tremendous crash. Then it gambols, dignity overcrushed, with unutterable vigor, and with sentimental, unwitnessable and overwhelming good humor, it tosses off sound in large decorative effects that are the wonder of every hearer and all very heavy with broad delight.

"And when the big bass horn is really played by a short, stout man, while the slender clarinet is played by a man who is full out this is one of those things that nobody knows. The time may come, indeed, when the short, stout man will play the slender clarinet and the tall, lean man will play the big bass horn; but by whomsoever it may be played let us hope that the big horn's thunderous jollity will never be silenced."—New York Sun.

Too Much.

Mrs. Laverty, an Irish lady, who lived thirty miles from the American Richmond, was in the providence habit of laying in a store of groceries to last an entire quarter, since she could not repair to Richmond oftener than four times a year. One of these provisioning expeditions she laid in a stock of matches—a considerable investment, since not a match would strike. Will was her fury, which was kept alight and ashes by her mourning. Unable to get her fire alight and ashes without a match. Her wrath, then kept as boiling point for three months, gave the storekeeper a hot quarter of an hour, when she burst at last into tears and blundered down the parlor of matchlessness upon the smoker. Having wailed with determined patience until the storm had spent itself, he said suavely, "Allow me, madam."

Taking a matchless from the parcel and a match from the box, he struck it, after the manner of men, upon his trousers. "See, madam!" he exclaimed in strong triumph, holding up the kindled match. "The devil fly away with yez!" shrieked Mrs. Laverty. "To think that many times I've been to Fin tempted to strike a match on the sole of your breeches!"—Richard A. King in Belgravia.

A Gallant Irish Boy.

The daughter of General Crawford tells the following story during Wellington's campaign in the Peninsula, the Light division was defeated by the French under Marshal Ney, and forced to retreat across a river. A young soldier from the north of Ireland, named Stewart, was nicknamed "The Boy," as he was one nineteen years of age and of a gigantic stature.

He had fought severely, and was one of the last who came down to the bridge, over which the division was retreating. He refused to pass over, but going at the French with a grim look, said in a loud voice:

"No one in the end of one hundred! This is our first battle, and we retreat! The Boy Stewart will not live to hear that said."

Striding forward, he fell upon the advancing Frenchmen with his bayonet, and died fighting.

"Thalked, but rash!" the reader says. Yes, but so were the unyielding warriors at Thermopylæ.

Fly Fishing.

There is no doubt that certain flies are best adapted to different seasons, times of day and conditions of weather, but a dozen flies of different names will fully answer all of these requirements. As angler's flies resemble nothing when cast upon the water. They are simply a something which attracts the trout. Color has more attractment than form, and as there are so many colors there is no use for many flies. The general rule is for light flies on dark days and dark or darkish flies on light days. Sizes are more to be considered than form and relative in seasons. A large trout wants something worth his making an effort to secure. It is doubtless true that an arbitrary end of flies cannot be made up which will be adapted to all waters.—Forest and Stream.

Looked Like Her Doll.

A little miss at the South End has a favorite doll, which is of Celestial color and dress and answers to the name Chess. Until within a short time she had never seen a Chinaman, but the other day, while walking with her mother, one chanced into view. The young woman immediately recognized the similarity between the life and the facsimile at home.

"Oh, mamma," said she, "there's Chess Chess." But almost instantly the difference in size appealed to her and she corrected herself:

"No, no Chess Chess's dad."—Boston Times.

How Interest Accumulates.

If one cent had been loaned out at 6 per cent interest per annum with the beginning of the "year of one," that cent and its interest on the first day of January, 1892, would have accounted to the enormous sum of $18,454,985,399,161,569,108,908,943,353,96- in other words and characters, 58 thousand 454 quadrillions 985 thousand 399 trillions 161 thousand 569 billions 108 thousand 908 millions 943 thousand 353 dollars and 96 cents.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The First Part of the Music.

"Shall I play the rest?" she asked, as she paused in her performance at the piano.

"Yes," he answered; "by all means. I enjoy the rests very much. I hope you won't think of skipping any."—Washington Star.

England now manufactures wooden frames of pressed steel, this replacing those made of cast iron and gaining in strength, lightness and cheapness of manufacture.

Two newspapers spoout between the inclement events of a bed on a cold night are an excellent substitute for the unprocurable blankets or comforters.

Tennyson's Indignation.

Lord Tennyson is said to be greatly angered at the book in which Mr. Churton Collins scores, at any rate, to bring against him a charge of plagiarism. This is a charge which has always had the most irritating effect upon the poet, and most people will probably agree that a book like Mr. Collins' is probably best pounced upon the author with whose work it deals is beyond the feeling of resentment. We are confident that the greater number of the critics who today deal so causally with Virgil, Homer, Horace and the other great immortals, would abstain if their victims were still in the land of the living.

And in this case the matter is made worse by the fact that Lord Tennyson has been at special pains to show his feelings in regard to any charges of the kind. "These writers," he said to a friend, on the occasion when he was last under the lash of the critics, "these writers are the lice on the locks of literature," showing that even in his wrath a pet does not forget to use "alliterative artifice."

Nor is his anger remarkable when it is remembered on what passages the would be accuser fixed in order to prove the traits of his indictment. Poor Tennyson was not allowed to say "Ring the bells" without being accused of having borrowed from Poe. If Milly says a word to the ocean the verb "roar" without being told that he had plagiarized from Homer! And when he described a waterfall in the well known line, "Silver drops roll down in Asian lawn," he was immediately charged by a critic with having borrowed the metaphor from the lawn used in theaters to imitate a waterfall! Imagine the feelings of a faithful artist who had studied the effect before a waterfall in the Pyrenees!—Bookman.

The Widow Watson's Wooing.

Leap year has been inaugurated in the town of Egerton, Kan., by a well to do widow who took a liking to a young farm hand employed in the neighborhood. Mrs. Mary Watson owns a fine farm, and she has been recognized as a strongminded woman. Her husband died about five years ago and left her about $40,000.

About a week ago she came to town to market and met John Northrop, who works on a farm about two miles beyond the farm of Mrs. Watson. Mary Watson had never seen the young man before, but appeared to be much taken with his appearance, and asked to be made acquainted with him.

The young man was not astonished at the request, but was much surprised when she told him, after knowing him about half an hour, that she wanted a husband and if he was willing she thought they would do well together as man and wife. He was a little taken aback at the suddenness of the offer, but he concluded he could do no better and accepted without any delayes. They got the necessary license and were made man and wife.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Exotics.

If I were as well at my right hand neighbor, I should have no fancy for it were as poor as my left hand neighbor, I should have like. Being myself, I have only mine.—Master H. Price in Century.

How Witches Were Conveyed.

One of the theories of the age was that the devil set his mark upon each of his servants—that witches were all marked. A jury of the women set up to point to examine the facts for such marks. It often happened that some unfortunate of flesh common to old people, or over explainable to natural causes, was found. One such was found on the body of Goody Nurse and reported to the court, all but one of the jury agreeing to it. Goody Nurse was executed, and Mary Tarbell knew that the mark was from natural causes. The prisoner stated to the court that the dissenting woman of the jury of examination was one of the most ancient, skilful and prudent, and exercised, said, "I there rendered a sufficient known reason, of the meeting name thereof." She asked for the appointment of another jury to examine into the case and examine the same mark on her person.

The jury of trials returned a verdict of not guilty. Thereupon all the accusers in court "cried out" with renewed vigor and were taken in the most violent manner, rolling and thrashing about, creating a scene of the wildest confusion. The judges told the jurymen that they had not carefully considered the appearance of the prisoner, namely, that when one feeble, ill, confused witch, burdened from fear, testimony against her she said: "What, do you bring her? She is one of us." The jury retired for further consultation. Even then they could not agree upon a verdict of guilty. They returned to the courtroom and insisted that the accused explain the remark. She made no response, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty.—New England Magazine.

Barbarian Bon Communities.

The so called queen bee is really the mother of the hive. Her functions are maternal rather than regal. If she only be said to reign in a certain sense. The workers, dwelling all common and performing all acts affecting the common weal. Populous and powerful communities sometimes subjoin their inclosures, removing to new and more luxurious quarters when they have become overcrowded, engage perilously battle and roam about the country as freebooters, plundering the smaller and weaker hives and subsisting on the spoil.

Some of these communities reduce if they finally improve such settling home? It is not to "gather honey all the day from every opening flower," but to range the fields in hunting parties and rewards the dangers of conquest by seizure. Against these marauders of spun society and mine from the honey bees often fortify their hives, barricading the entrance by a thick wall with loopholes, cannons and every possible gateway. Yet these seem to be so immediate danger of hostilities from these defensive works, which sometimes few with the ordinary industrious life of the hive, are removed and not rebuilt until their final summer.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

How to Tell Fresh Cod.

To tell a good cod when you go to market, examine the fish just above the tail. In a sterling cod the body is round and plump. The inner tail of the cod will be almost semi circular.