Southern Songs That Are Dead.

I was in a music store on Wabash avenue. The head man handed me a volume entitled "War Songs, North and South."

"Strange," he said, "how seldom one hears a southern war song now. It is so rare that one is called for that the mere call always makes an impression on me. I suppose that of all the southern war songs that were written only 'Dixie' and 'My Maryland' survive, especially in the north. Indeed I found that to be true when I was south a year ago. I do not know why it is, and I do not know that it is, but it seems so, that a sort of Lethean wave has swept over nearly everything that was idolized or made of in the south. I was thinking about it the other day. I have been a music publisher ever since I was 19 years old and of course it has been my business to keep track of all popular songs. In rummaging my recollections I fell to thinking of some old southern songs which used to be on everybody's lips. I remember a very popular one, [illegible] 'I'm a Good Old Rebel.' Ever hear that? It was written by the literary editor of a Baltimore paper after the war. His name was not published on the music and I do not now recall it. 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' has been [illegible] away [illegible] dust [illegible] southern states which I [illegible] out west. It was called 'Stonewall Jackson's Way.' [illegible] It was [illegible] a St. Louis girl. I [illegible] girl. I never heard it [illegible]. When I was in New Orleans a year ago I asked a southern lady [illegible]. She said she didn't, and then I remembered that she had grown up since the song was written.

"Did you ever hear how 'My Maryland' came to be written? I don't know that I am telling you anything new. I heard it was written by James Randall, who is, if I am informed correctly, editing a paper in Georgia. He was in camp one night and couldn't sleep on account of numerous attacks by parasites. As he tossed to and fro the lines

> "The despot's heel is on thy shore,
> Maryland, my Maryland!
> His torch is at thy temple door,
> Maryland, my Maryland!"

"It was an inspiration [illegible]

[illegible]

"My Maryland" is still popular in the south, and was the most inspiring of all southern airs."—*Chicago [illegible]*.

The Sultan as a Horseman.

The sultan is [illegible] posted on all matters relating to horses. He [illegible] He afterward offered Mr. Straus a present of a couple of fine Arab horses, but the minister explained that he did not think it would be right for him to accept presents and he declined the gift. He gave presents to General Grant and to several other Americans and he has made some presents to Abram S. Hewitt. He is very fond of America and is said to be very anxious to have American capital brought into the development of his country. When Vanderbilt visited Constantinople he gave him an audience and proposed to him an investment of some of his millions in Turkey. Mr. Vanderbilt explained he had other uses for his money just at that time and it was the same with Stanford. Senator Stanford, however, told the sultan that he would be glad to build railroads in Turkey if he were a younger and poorer man and that he would ask nothing better than the chances which the Turkish empire offered for American money making.

Victoria's Crown.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, and worn only on state occasions, is one of the most costly insignias now in existence. To begin with, there are twenty diamonds around the circlet, or head-band, each worth $7,500, or $150,000 for the set. Besides these twenty there are two extra large center diamonds, each valued at $10,000, making $20,000 more; fifty-four smaller diamonds at the angles of the others, each valued at $500; four crosses, each worth $60,000 and composed of twenty-five diamonds, four large diamonds on top of crosses, each having a money value of $5,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, $10,000; pearls, diamonds, and rubies upon arches and circlets not mentioned before, $50,000; also 141 small diamonds formed in roses and monograms, $25,000; twenty-six diamonds in upper cross, $15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim of the head-piece, $15,000 each. The total money value of this relic in any jeweler's market in the world would be at least $600,000, metal and all included.

The police of Sacramento have been without pay for six months.

A TAILOR REBUKED.

He Surely Thought it was Meant For Him.

OF WHAT AN EDITOR'S DUTIES CONSIST.

A Careful Mayor.

Gus Dudely, one of the gilded youth of Gotham who owes trades people a great deal of money, happened to enter a restaurant on Broadway, where he perceived Snip, his tailor, with some friends at a table, feasting on champagne and oysters.

"Snip, what does this extravagance mean?" asked Dudely, who is one of the cheekiest of dudes.

"Mr. Dudely, I don't see that it is any of your [illegible]

"May be [illegible] Snip [illegible] champagne and oysters [illegible]

Thought It Was Meant For Him.

Just before the train [illegible] left Buffalo [illegible]

[illegible] It was 11 o'clock at night and the brakeman who ran back fell into a ditch and broke his leg and lantern at the same moment. Ten minutes later an accommodation train came booming down upon us. [illegible] it [illegible] the [illegible] track. One [illegible] passengers to get out was [illegible] man, and one of the first men he saw was the engineer whom he had quarreled with. They looked at each other for a few seconds and [illegible] put his thumb to his nose and [illegible] exclaimed: [illegible] it didn't work. [illegible]

An Editor's Duties.

We apologize to [illegible] and we need money. We say that we have no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters and getting our living on gopher-tail soup flavored with imagination and wearing old shoes and no collar and a patched pair of pants, and obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us that our paper isn't worth $1, anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.—*[illegible] Nevada Sentinel.*

A Careful Mayor.

A new road was about to be made in a certain parish in the Bohemerwald. The surveyor came, took his observations and with considerable care and exertion, staked out the road. When this part of the work was done he went to the mayor of the parish and said: "I must ask you to see that the poles are not stolen over Sunday." Monday morning the surveyor came back. Sure enough the stakes had gone. The mayor had locked them up for safety in the town hall.—*[illegible] Zeitung.*

A Rabbit's Foot.

Col. Charles Y. Wilson, Kentucky's state agricultural commissioner, has a rabbit's foot with a history to it, which he intends to present to the next speaker of the house of representatives, with the request that it be handed down in the direct line of succession each subsequent term of the legislature. The rabbit had but three legs, and was caught in the cemetery at the dead hour of midnight by a one-legged man. Before he got it the whole neighborhood had been praying for rain to save the crops. But when he took the rabbit's foot in his hand, rubbed the fur and made a few mystic signs, to his astonishment in a short while the great clouds began to pour a deluge of water over the thirsty land. Col. Wilson had it tipped with silver for a talisman to be suspended as a watch charm and used by the speaker of the house, like the magical ring in the "Arabian Nights."

A DAYTON ROMANCE.

The Widow of the Late President of Columbia College Once a Flower Girl.

The account of the opening of Barnard College, which memorializes the name of the late President of Columbia College, recalls a pretty little romance of long ago. Two score years ago, in Dayton, Ohio, the custom prevailed of holding market days several times a week. There were extensive "market houses," the roofs of which projected for six or eight feet, and afforded a shelter beneath which the farmers and gardeners displayed their produce for sale. Along one end of the market house ran a principal thoroughfare traveled daily by the business and professional men of the town. One soft, sunshiny Spring morning there appeared at the market house a flower girl selling bouquets. The girl was young and charming, and spoke with a pretty French accent. The first young man who passed that way bought a bouquet. Every one who followed did likewise. [illegible] the first flower [illegible] taken place in Dayton [illegible] stock sold out and the fair vender disappeared.

Next market day the little maiden appeared again. She charmed every one [illegible] but she did not reveal her identity to any one [illegible]

For two years the flower girl lit up the dingy market house by her bright presence. One day she was gone. [illegible] New York [illegible] expressed much pleasure at the meeting and inquired for Dayton people.

"Doubtless you have forgotten me," said the stranger, "but you used to buy my flowers in the market-house. That was long ago. I live here now. I am married. Here is my card."

It bore the name of the wife of President Barnard of Columbia College.

A subsequent conversation explained the mystery of the flower seller. The father of Mdlle. [illegible] was exiled from Paris for political reasons and his estates were confiscated. He came to America and drifted to Dayton, where, in a modest cottage in the French quarter, he beguiled the term of his banishment by cultivating flowers, while his little daughter eked out their slender living by selling bouquets. After ten years a change in the government restored him to his country and a fallen fortune.

Krupp Knocked Out by Pittsburg.

Another [illegible] industries is securing the government order for hard steel [illegible] the Philadelphia mint by Messrs. [illegible] in order for [illegible] the Argentine [illegible] Krupp of Germany. This firm was the only one in the world that knew how [illegible] rolls, and [illegible] For many years Messrs. [illegible] labored and expended [illegible] of time and money in trying [illegible] the process. Their efforts have at last been crowned with success.

The rolls have to be perfectly smooth. A hole into which a pin's point could be inserted would render them worthless, because the [illegible] they have to perform is most delicate, rolling paper, tinfoil, gold plate and bullion.

Bagdad, on the Atlantic & Pacific road, is said to be the hottest station on the road. [illegible] stood at 110 degrees in the shade [illegible] 128 degrees at midnight [illegible] coolest side of the depot.

Chris Amounted to Nothing With Him.

"On my last trip through Indiana," said a drummer the other day to a New York *Sun* reporter, "three or four of us put in a night at the tavern in a small town. It was kept by a dreadfully innocent-looking old chap, and in order to guy him a bit the boys put him on that I was Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. The old fellow gave me considerable attention, fixed up his best room in the house, and introduced me to his aged wife. Next morning, as I sat on the veranda smoking a cigar, he came along and queried:

"Let's see. What did you do?"

"Discovered America," I soberly replied.

"Oh, yes."

He looked disappointed as he went away, and in about ten minutes he returned to say:

"I've had it all wrong about you."

"How?"

"Why, I kinder had it that you was from Washington, and I was thinking you might get my boy Sam into some office."

"No, I'm not."

"You are only Christopher Columbus?"

"That's all."

"All you ever did was to discover America?"

"That's all."

"Humph! I'll have to charge you extra for them three biled eggs this morning, and the ole woman thinks she ought to have an extra quarter for making real coffee for you. You orter told me last night that you didn't amount to nothin'."

A VERY QUEER FEE.

How the English Grow Hyacinths in Glasses.

TWO VERY LARGE WALNUT TREES.

The Cockroach.

"The queerest fee I ever heard of," said a member of the bar to a New York *Herald* man, "and a fee that shows the soft side of a lawyer, was the one given all in pennies, newsboys' pennies to boot, to ex-Judge Curtiss, or taken by him, rather, when he went out to Pittsburg to defend his friend William N. Riddle from the charge of misappropriating the funds of Riddle's bank. It was [illegible] cents, that fee was, and those [illegible] pennies were gotten together in this way. Mr. Riddle, who is now a prosperous [illegible], was in his Pittsburg days one of the wealthiest and most liberal men in that town. Every Christmas he gave the newsboys a dinner which cost him a thousand or two. The boys all loved him; they all called him 'Billy,' as did all the people in Pittsburg [illegible]. When the news came out in an afternoon paper one day that there was a [illegible] in Riddle's bank, it was [illegible] many things, and after [illegible] consultation [illegible] took up a collection. A spokesman was appointed. He hurried into the bank, handed a tiny brown paper parcel to Mr. Riddle with the simple words 'Here, Billy,' and was gone. That brown paper contained the 98 cents. Riddle wouldn't have taken thousands for them. Afterward, when he was tried and acquitted through ex-Judge Curtiss's most eloquent presentation of the facts, the judge wouldn't take any fee from his old friend except that tiny brown parcel."

Hyacinths in Glasses.

An English grower gives the following directions for growing hyacinths in glasses: "Fill your glass with water, throwing in a small piece of charcoal, and let the lower part of the bulb just touch the water. Put them into a cool but not a damp place away from the light, and leave them till the glasses are filled with roots and the leaves have begun [illegible]

[illegible] feet in diameter."

This moves the [illegible] *Independent* to come forward with a bigger one, of which the following description is given: "Our tree was planted from the seed thirty-four years ago, near the town of Columbia on the well-known Jarvis ranch, now the property of Mr. G. F. McPherson. It is 14 feet in circumference 4 feet above the ground, and about 78 feet high, with a spread of nearly 100 feet. One branch measures 6 feet in circumference, one 5 feet, and two others 4 feet each. On the same ranch there is a mighty oak with a circumference of 30 feet 6 inches from the ground."

The Cockroach.

Comparatively few people know that this familiar of the kitchen is not by any means a native of these climes. It is an importation from the warm and sunny lands of Asia, brought over, perhaps, something like two centuries ago. The first arrivals must have reached this country as stowaways on board ship, and, finding themselves in congenial surroundings, they multiplied apace. Now they seem almost everywhere, but for a long time after they swarmed in the kitchens of town houses they were unknown in the country. No doubt if they had been natives of a similar climate they would have quickly reached even remote villages, but they fortunately have delicate constitutions and cannot stand exposure to cold. Many people must have noticed that it is only in hot summer weather that they are seen far away from the warmth of the kitchen fire. It is this need for a high temperature which causes them to concentrate where it is most constantly maintained. Cool larders and pantries are comparatively secure against their attacks, in spite of the fact that they would find better fare therein than the crumbs and particles upon the kitchen floor. Their common description as "horrible black beetles" is a curious misnomer. They are not black, nor are they beetles; the only part of the description which is at all applicable to them is the epithet "horrible," with which few will quarrel.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WOULD NOT SUPPLY THE GEESE.

An Incident of Pharaoh's Time Revealed by the Wrappings of a Mummy.

The momentous fact now bursts upon the world that in the fourteenth year of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus one of the royal gooseherds wrote a letter stating that he could not supply twelve geese wanted for the king's festival. Of this simple fact the world has been in ignorance for over four thousand years, yet we are now assured of it on as irrefragable historical evidence as that which tells us that the Pharaoh of Joseph's time imprisoned his chief butler and chief baker for probably as small an offense. It comes about in this way. The state paper concerning the royal geese was duly pigeonhold, and, after the lapse of years, perhaps, was disposed of as waste papyrus. It fell into the hands of the undertakers, who used it along with a lot of similar material in making the cartonnage headcase for a mummy.

This mummy was entombed in the necropolis of a little town (the site is called Tell Gurob at this day) which began to fall into decay about the time of Menephthah, the supposed Pharaoh of the exodus. It has been disinterred by Mr. Petrie in the course of his last season's excavations in the Fayoum. The headpiece, with a thin covering of plaster over all, was soaked in water, and the papyrus of which it was composed came separated without injury to the original writing. Thus we come to know about the [illegible] and about a great many other far more interesting facts in connection with everyday life and affairs of the Egyptians of that epoch. For there are mixed mummies with quite a crop of Ptolemaic documents, and many of them will soon be in the actual custody of the British museum authorities. Considering the progress that has been made in Egyptology during the present century, and the abundance of fresh material that has been brought to light of recent years, the next generation may be able to learn as much about Egyptian antiquities as the present one can about Grecian or Roman.

From records previously recovered it appears to be established that Ægean Greeks visited Egypt quite 1,800 years ago. During his last season's explorations Mr. Petrie exhumed at Illahun some pottery of that period stamped with alphabetical characters which are neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic. There is nothing to show that these two facts are in any way connected. But he exhumed at Tell Gurob a quantity of pottery of undoubted Cypriote and Mycenæan types, and which belongs to a period somewhat anterior to the exodus. These curiously enough are incised with characters of a similar description. The obvious inference is that these alphabetic characters are early Greek or Phœnician. Should this conjecture prove to be well founded it would lead to some startling conclusions. It has generally been accepted that the Homeric epics were preserved by oral tradition and edited, if not added to, at a later period. But these discoveries of Mr. Petrie suggest the astounding possibility that the Iliad may have been reduced to writing at blind Homer's own dictation.—*Detroit Herald.*

Don'ts For the Sick-Room.

Don't light a sick room at night by means of a jet of gas burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use sperm candles or tapers which burn in sperm oil.

Don't allow offensive matters to remain, in cases of emergency where these can not at once be removed wring a heavy cloth, for instance like Turkish towelings, out of cold water, use it as a cover, placing over this ordinary paper. Such means prevent the escape of odor or infection.

Don't forget to have a few beans of coffee handy, for this serves as a deodorizer if burnt on coals or paper. Bits of charcoal placed around are useful in absorbing gases and other impurities.

Don't have the temperature of a sick-room much over sixty degrees; seventy degrees are allowable, but not advisable.

Don't permit currents of air to blow upon the patient. An open fireplace is an excellent means of ventilation. The current may be tested by burning a piece of paper in front.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he is allowed all he desires. If he can drain the glass he will be satisfied; so regulate the quantity before handing it to him. Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessaries or the night, that the rest of the patient and the family may not be disturbed.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but pare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.

Don't throw coal upon the fire; place it in brown paper bags and lay them upon the fire, thus avoiding the noise which is shocking to the sick and sensitive.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. This is unpleasant to one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber.

Don't be unmindful of yourself if you are in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work you must have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and tenderness are needful to successful nursing. Human nature longs to be soothed and comforted on all occasions when it is out of tune.—*Medical Classics.*