

HOTEL CLERKS.

There is no use in putting on airs and denying it. We all tremble in the presence of a hotel clerk. All, we say, though this is perhaps too sweeping, for those persons who, by some fortunate fate, have made the acquaintance of those officials, actually know them intimately, and do not hesitate to call them by their Christian names; to even abbreviate the latter, cutting "Thomas" into "Tom" and "Alexander" into "Alick," or to slap them on the back with, "How are you, old boy?" that fairly makes the blood of an ordinary traveler curdle with apprehension.

There is a deal of difference between the hotel in America and in France. In the latter country, as a writer very truly says:

"Your lightest wish is a law to your landlord. Your whim is made as much of as though it was the most important matter in the world. Your landlady, the concierge, the femme de chambre, Jean, who waits on you at the table, Jacques, who polishes your shoes—all seem to exist for no other purpose than to anticipate your slightest wish, to see only that you are supremely happy. Nothing that you may want seems extravagant. You come home at 3 o'clock in the morning, and there is waiting for you the smiling concierge, and perhaps the buxom hostess herself, who rush to the door to meet you, to assist you to descend, to side with you, and explain, if you have any difficulty with the coacher; and then who are ready with the lighted candle and a half-dressed pleasant good-night for you as you ascend the stairway to your room."

An official of an American hotel who behaved in the above manner would be looked upon as a lunatic, and would probably be discharged on the spot. Of course, in our vast caravansaries, we do not expect that the hostess will be around looking after guests; but how about a welcome word, a cheerful good-night, or a nod of recognition, to show a traveler that he is not exactly regarded as an alien enemy taking up quarters in the house of *eternis*? Here is about the way it goes in one of our American establishments:

Time, 11:30 p. m. Scene, office of hotel. Enter dusty, worn and weary traveler with a bag and umbrella. Clerk, with pen behind his ear, hair freshly curled, mustache waxed, spotless linen, and a strong odor of musk. He is talking to the bookkeeper. Hearing the bag and umbrella deposited on the counter, he turns, after ingering a moment for a word or two more, and faces the traveler, reversing the register as he does so, and looking bored.

Traveler—"Did Mr. Panhandle arrive to-day, do you know?" Clerk—"Who at the moment the traveler speaks has had his attention directed to the wine man at the other side of the office, and has stepped over there, but returns." "What d'ye say?"

Traveler—"Is Panhandle, of Louisville, here?" Clerk—"To the wine man, who has said something." "Well, let it be then till to-morrow." (To the traveler.) "Mr. Hammill? Where's he from?"

Traveler—"Mr. Panhandle, of Louisville?" Clerk—"Looks over record." "No."

Traveler—"Registering." "What's the first train over the Alton and St. Louis in the morning?"

Clerk—"Nine a. m., sir. Wish to go to your room?"

Traveler—"Yes."

Clerk—"Snaps his finger and whistles to the bell-boy." "Show the gentleman to 19,040."

The traveler has an impression by this time that if he should die in the night he would slumber for ages in that vast house, leaving his friends ignorant of his mysterious fate. In the morning he goes down to take his leave, and the following colloquy occurs:

Traveler—"What's my bill?" Cashier—"What's the name?"

Traveler—"Jenkins." Cashier—"Four-fifty."

And this ends the communication between Jenkins and his "hosts," so-called. Altogether, it has been as cold as an icicle and as heartless as a sledge-hammer. Of course, the above description does not apply to all hotel clerks. There are those who know the value of urbanity, and are discreet, if not naturally amiable enough to be polite and affable to guests, and give an air of welcome and hospitality to the hotel, which pays abundantly in the end. We are having schools established for the training of servant girls, and housekeepers, and journalists, we believe. Why not have a college which shall turn out model hotel clerks?

There has just died at Paris a survivor of the battle of Trafalgar. His name was Pihon, and he was engaged as cabin-boy on board one of the French ships. His vessel was captured, and he was taken prisoner to England, and remained there until the restoration of the Bourbons. While there, the then Archbishop of Canterbury took an interest in him and gave him a good education, including a knowledge of the English language. On his return to France, he settled in Nantes, and for more than thirty years gained his living as a teacher of English.

A HUMAN SKULL IN SOLID ROCK.

A very strange discovery, interesting to geologists, is reported by the Osage Mission (Kansas) Journal. A human skull was recently found near that place imbedded in a solid rock which was broken open by blasting. Dr. Weirley, of Osage Mission, compared it with a modern skull which he had in his office, and found that though it resembled the latter in general shape, it was an inch and a quarter in greatest diameter, and much better developed in some other particulars. He says of the relic: "It is that of the cranium of human species, of large size, imbedded in conglomerate rock of the tertiary class, and found several feet beneath the surface. Parts of the frontal, parietal and occipital bones were carried away by the explosion. The piece of rock holding the remains weighs some forty or fifty pounds, with many impressions of marine shells, and through it runs a vein of quartz, or within the cranium crystallized organic matter, and by the aid of a microscope presents a beautiful appearance. Neither Lyell nor Hugh Miller, it is stated, nor any of the rest of the subterranean explorers, report anything so remarkable as this discovery at Osage Mission. The Neanderthal bones nearest to it, but the Neanderthal bones were found in a loam only two or three feet below the surface, whereas this Kansas skull was discovered in solid rock."

THE ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL STRIKE.

A woman was at the bottom of the agricultural strike in England, says Kate Field, and this was the way of it: Mrs. Vincent, wife to the editor of the *Leamington Chronicle* (who, by the way, lived many years in Massachusetts and got to be quite a Yankee), was running that paper in her husband's absence, one day in February, 1872, when a farm laborer walked into the office and said: "We're going to have a good meeting to-night, and we hope the *Chronicle* will send a reporter and make England hear us." "I don't see the necessity," exclaimed the assistant editor—a man, "I do," replied Mrs. Vincent. "There is nobody to send," argued the assistant editor. Some one was found, and the report did make England hear, and the revolution followed. Hodge for the first time called for his rights, and took a long step toward getting them. Kate, who grew a redder Republican than ever in her English sojourn, thinks there are serious grounds for fearing that "the English revolution of 1835 may rival in atrocity as well as in beneficence that of the French a hundred years earlier."

THE LIVELY OF THE CHURCH.

The Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin* relates a curious story of the defrauding of the Norwich and New York line of boats by a skillful swindler. While the Church Congress was in session in New York, a man, who looked every inch an Episcopal clergyman, called at the New York office of the Norwich line and wanted to make arrangements for the transportation of 600 Episcopal clergymen and laymen, belonging in New England, to Boston. There ensued a suitable amount of discussion and of telegraphing to the railroad men in Norwich, and at length a bargain was struck for carrying the great 600 at \$3 per man, the agent to receive 60 cents per ticket as his commission, amounting to \$300. He then paid for the tickets with a check for \$1,800, signed William E. Dodge, and they paid him his commission. Time came for the boat to leave, but not the 600. Not one of the great 600 were forthcoming, and the ideas dawned with startling rapidity in close succession upon the minds of the steamboat officials. The check was found to be a forgery, but the forger has so far escaped capture.

EDUCATED ENGLISHMEN.

It is well known that the English are wonderfully ignorant of American geography, but it is not often that they confess it. Lord Roseberg, in a recent speech in London, said that "he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Cicero's villa, but if any one asked him where San Francisco was he should have to think twice." This remark recalls the table-talk editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a similar remark of Mr. Cobden. "These men," said Cobden, speaking of English Ambassadors, and of the necessity of turning them into commercial travelers, "these men know where the Illinois is; but they know nothing of the Mississippi." (It was twenty years ago.) "Yet the Mississippi could float all the navies of Europe upon its bosom, and it took me half a day to find the Illinois when I was in Athens, and then I only found the bed of the river. Half a dozen washer-women had dammed up the Illinois to wash their clothes."

The director of the Philadelphia mint in his last report describes what, in his opinion, would be the course of silver coin in regaining currency among the people in case the government were to issue it now. The demand for these coins comes from Texas and the Pacific coast, where they circulate as money. The first effect of any considerable issue of them would be to remove the difference in market value between silver coin and bullion in New York. Next they would be sent to Texas and the Pacific in such amounts as to compel merchants there to refuse them in sums above five dollars. As soon as there was a glut in the only markets where they are now available as a circulating medium, they would gradually come into use in other quarters, and as paper money approached gold in value, they would expel the fractional notes, which latter are redeemable in United States legal-tender notes.

"PLEASANT, WICKED HOMBURG."

A correspondent writing from Homburg says: "It is of course only natural and proper and in obvious accord with the eternal fitness of things that a place so pleasant and yet good should be in the hands of the English. When Homburg was wicked—'pleasant, wicked Homburg,' Mr. Whyte-Melville calls it, just as he talks of 'pleasant, wicked Pompeii'—it was no less naturally in the hands of the French. French was there, as at Baden, the ruling tongue. They are beginning, though very slowly, to return to both places, and having lived to see at Homburg French ladies dancing with German officers in German uniform, I feel justified in entreating some slight hope that I may outlive a *revanche*. But still English is now so completely the language of the place that in whatever numbers the French return, they ought to have no more chance of recovering Homburg than of getting India. We have more to fear from the Russians, and still more formidable rivals than either are our enterprising and ubiquitous American consuls. At one or two of the *tables d'hote* here I have heard almost as much American as English. However, as the two Anglo-Saxon races can, on the whole, understand each other better than they can understand any other race, their rivalry is pretty friendly, and each displays at the *table d'hote* quite as magnanimous tolerance as can be reasonably expected, considering the other's unnatural treatment of their common mother-tongue. Nevertheless, a possession so pleasant as Homburg ought not to be allowed to pass into the hands of even near relations, so I trust there may be a greater rush here than ever of the real, original English next season. There is no reason, by the way, why those whom it may suit should not come over for the winter, since the center of Homburg's happiness and civilization, the Kursaal, is to be kept open all the year round."

INCREASE OF EUROPEAN ARMIES.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* recently gave a published table, wherein the increase of European armies for the last fifteen years was shown, from which we deduce the following facts: The increase which occurred during that time in Austria was 222,980; in Russia, 367,310; in Italy, 287,550; in Germany, 1,325,161; in France, 337,100; in England 233,020.

The increase in the minor states has been proportionately as great, and yet, leaving that entirely out of the question, we find that in fifteen years 2,573,121 more men have been added to the standing armies of the above named powers, the highest proportion of soldiers to each million of inhabitants being reached in Germany. The statistics certainly indicate giganticly hostile preparations for peace, and evince, so far as Germany is concerned, the truth of Von Moltke's speech delivered at the close of the late war, that if Germany desires to remain what she has gained within the six months of her warfare with France, she must watch with "sword in hand" for the next fifty years. Evidently the other powers of Europe are slumbering in much the same manner. When the taxation requisite for the support of this immense great non-producing element is taken into consideration, as well as the fact that it consists of the strongest and most able-bodied portion of the population, which is thereby drawn from the industrial and self-sustaining pursuits, some idea of the oppression under which the laboring classes, upon whom the chief support of the army falls, stagger, may be conceived, as well as the price which is paid for preserving peace among transatlantic empires and kingdoms.

LIMITS OF GREAT CITIES.

The *London Builder* thinks that the time will soon come when the question of the extreme limit to which cities can be extended will be solved. London has now an estimated population of 3,400,700, and the question suggested by the *Builder* rises from the estimate that 600,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas are respired in London every twenty-four hours by human beings alone, and that 14,000 tons of coal are daily consumed there, a great portion of which is cast into the atmosphere in the partially volatilized form of smoke. But fortunately for the theories of the dwellers in London, and fortunately for the theories of the croakers, there are many miles of fresh air above the city constantly replacing the vitiated atmosphere of the streets. London may be extended indefinitely with, in all probability, no perceptible change in the life-supporting power of her atmosphere. The registration of births and deaths in England is so thoroughly made that the estimates of population based thereon very nearly agree with the actual count from the census returns, and such registration has as yet given no signs of any increased ratio of deaths following the growth of London. In this connection the fact may be noted that London contains as much population as the seventeen next principal cities of Great Britain and Ireland, and that, according to the latest estimates, the population of London is increasing in a larger ratio than that of other cities.

A FRENCH ENGINEER, M. BAZIN, IS CONSTRUCTING A VESSEL FOR MARINE EXPRESS.

It will be truly the express train of the ocean; with an engine of 1,500 horse power it will have a capacity of 2,200 tons, will carry 250 passengers, 400 tons of merchandise, and the postal service. It will go at the rate of twenty knots an hour, that is to say, it will go from Havre to New York in six days.

A WAIST OF TIME—That of a stout old lady.

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BEAUTY NO AGE.

A writer says: "History is full of the accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Thus Pericles wedded Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty years or more, wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after, and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary Diane de Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II. (then Duke of Orleans and just half her age) became attached to her; and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court, up to the period of the monarch's death, and of the accession to power of Catherine of Medicis. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest Queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. True it is that in the case of this lady a rare combination of culture, talents and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth. Bianca Capello was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francesco of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young Gen. Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at sixty-seven) she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally. Mlle. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Mme. Recamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years."

THE HOURS AT WHICH DEATH OCCURS.

In a paper contributed by Dr. Lawson to the West-Riding Asylum Medical Reports, England, for 1874, several interesting observations are recorded regarding the number of deaths which occur during the different hours of the day. Following up the researches of Schneider and others, who had shown that the greatest number of deaths take place during the ante-meridian hours. Dr. Lawson has been able to determine more closely the time of day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur. Supplementing the statistics of other institutions by those of the West-Riding asylum, he finds that deaths from chronic diseases are more numerous between the hours of 8 and 10 in the morning than any other time of the day, while they are fewest between the hours of 8 and 10 in the evening. In the case of acute diseases, such as continued fevers, pneumonia, etc., a different result has been obtained. Following up what had been pointed out by other authorities, Dr. Lawson shows that the largest number of deaths from this class of diseases take place either in the early morning, when the powers of life are at their lowest, or in the afternoon, when acute disease is most active. The occurrence of these definite daily variations in the hourly death rate is shown, in the case of chronic diseases, to be dependent on recurring variations in the energies of organic life; and in the case of acute diseases the cause is ascribed either to the existence of a well-marked daily extreme of bodily depression, or a daily maximum intensity of acute disease.

DANCING.

Dancing in Russia is said to be rather a heavy pastime. The peasants, in dancing, merely sway backward and forward to the balalaika, a long guitar, whose notes are frequently drowned by the shouts and songs of bystanders. The Cossack's dance is described as a noisy tramp. But the Court dance—the polonaise (of Polish origin, as its name indicates)—is simply a promenade or march, which affords the best opportunities for conversation, while the strictest etiquette may be observed. The redowa, mazurka, and valseviene are all of Polish origin. The jig and country dances (contre dances) are purely English, while the reel is unmistakably Scotch. The minuet originated in the old French of Poitou, and was afterward introduced into England, where it was long and deservedly popular. The waltz, contrary to popular belief, is also of French origin. The polka was brought from Hungary in 1840. The elation of President Polk about the time it became popular here, gave rise to the erroneous notion that the new dance had been named in his honor. The cotillon known as the German is really a very old dance, slightly modified. The Orientals are fond of witnessing ballets and intricate pas seuls, but never dance themselves.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Some workmen, while engaged in laying water-pipes in Cividade, Italy, recently encountered a large flat stone. On raising this a bed of mason-work was revealed, in which was placed a stone sarcophagus covered with a marble lid. Within the receptacle were the remains of a human skeleton, some portions of which were yet perfect. Beside the body lay a sword, lance, helmet, spears, a gold clasp and ring, a piece of very beautiful gold tissue, and a flask of water, which was still remarkably clean. The removal of clay from the bottom of the grave brought out the letters GISVL—from which archeologists have decided that the remains are those of Gisulf, Duke of the Lombard Marches of Friuli, who fell in battle in 611, while repelling an invasion of the Avars.

CHARLES LAMB WOULD NOT ALLOW ANY GREAT ANTIQUITY FOR WIT, AND APOSTROPHIZING CANDLE-LIGHT.

"This is our peculiar and household planet; wanting it, what savage, uncivilized nights our ancestors must have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at each other in the dark. What repartees could have passed when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheeks to be sure he understood it."

If the patient does not recover his health, ought the physician to recover his fees?

REALISTIC ACCESSORIES.

The play-actors of New York are greatly excited at the row which has taken place between Manager Daly and his leading man, George Clarke. If the latter hadn't much histrionic skill to boast of, he could at least pride himself upon a mustache whose merit was recognized by half the maidens attendant upon the matinees. Daly is a realist. One evening he was in the auditorium of his theatre when "The School for Scandal" was on the boards, and observed what had not struck him before, that Charles Surface, otherwise Mr. Clarke, was actually violating the proprieties by wearing a mustache. Instantly he dispatched a bulletin to the green-room, directing that all mustaches be shaved by the next performance. Clarke saw the mandate and was enraged. He instantly sought an interview with the exacting manager. What followed is narrated by the local press of New York, which thought the subject of sufficient interest to interview the actor. One of the journals has the following:

"Mr. Daly," said I, "I shall not shave my mustache for to-morrow night." "But," said he, "the order has been posted requiring it." His answer galled me, said Mr. Clarke. "His mention of the order smacked of fines and forfeiture I felt as though I was being bought and sold, and I rebelled." "Mr. Daly," said Clarke, "I will not play to-morrow night unless I can play with mustaches. It will be no great violation of the unities of the play. It has been so played before. Lester Wallack asked Charles Surface with both side whiskers and mustache. If you wanted me to be the Hunchback would you send me to a gymnasium to break my back?" "I have nothing more to say to you," replied Mr. Daly. "Then," said Clarke, "you can make your first appearance on the stage as Charles Surface. I play for ambition as well as money, and I must leave you." Then Clarke changed his clothes, took his hat, and left the theatre.

HARD AND SOFT WATER.

There is a notion quite prevalent in the minds of the people that the drinking of hard water is injurious to health, and most physicians have warned people to as far as possible avoid the practice. But Dr. Letherby, an English physician, who has devoted much time to investigating the subject, finds, as the result of his observations, that hard water is not only clearer, colder, more free from air and more agreeable to the taste than soft, but that it is less liable to the absorption of organic matter and to the sustenance of the life of zymotic organisms, or to exert solvent properties upon salts of iron or upon leaden conducting pipes. And he claims that the lime salts exert a beneficial influence. It is asserted that a practical test of the truth of this new theory is to be had in the case of the residents of mountainous districts, where the water is almost invariably hard, and where the inhabitants exhibit the best physical development. He claims that water containing about six grains of carbonate of lime to the gallon is suitable for use in all household purposes, for such water offers the necessary amount of carbonate of lime for the support of life in the simplest and most digestible form.

"THE TWO BREATHS."

So far as pure air is concerned, some hints are given by Canon Kingsley which may be useful even to the poor, or to employers who care for the poor. He describes what he calls "the two breaths," and their effects. The two are, of course, the breath you take in which "is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid"—and the breath you give out, which "is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid." He then points out that this carbonic acid gas, when warm, is lighter than the air, and ascends; and, when at the same temperature as common air, is heavier than that air, and descends, lying along the floor, "just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or old brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it." Hence a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor; and hence, as "the poor are too apt, in times of distress, to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds," the friends of the poor are entreated never to let this happen, and to "keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from the carbonic acid on the floor."—*Chambers' Journal*.

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SEVENTY THOUSAND VICTIMS.

The *Missions Catholiques* publishes the following letter from Mgr. Puginier, Vicar Apostolic to Eastern Tong-King: "I hasten to thank you for the interest you have manifested in our cause by publishing several articles on the persecutions of Tong-King. The readers of the *Missions Catholiques* must have been touched by the terrible misfortunes of our Christians, and will not have omitted to ask the Divine Master to restore peace and prosperity to his church in China. God will hear the prayers of our martyrs. The massacre of Christians and the pillaging and burning of their villages commenced in my mission, and thence spread into that of Mgr. Gauthier. How can I ever describe to you the horrors we have witnessed, and which were utterly unable to prevent? The literati, freed from all restraint, excited by love of pillage, and drunk with blood, abandoned all restraint, and their wrath knew no bounds. Armed with lances, guns, and even cannons, they threw themselves, followed by numerous bands of lawless men, upon the Christian villages, none of which were strong enough to defend themselves. They killed men, women, and children without distinction, sparing neither those who asked for pity nor those who refused to do so. A schoolmaster, seeing the literati coming, took refuge in the church, and there, prostrate before the altar, implored the mercy of God. The murderers arrived. They seized him in the sanctuary and scalped him. He still continued to pray, and they at last cut his head off. Among them were several old men, women, girls and even children. Three priests, twenty missionary students, and ten catechists or scholars of Mgr. Gauthier met with the same fate. About 70,000 Christians, in both missions, were totally ruined and dispersed. The majority of them were killed in the sack of the villages; many were ordered to apostatize, and on refusing to do so, condemned to death. A great many are still hidden in the mountains, living there on roots and herbs. Others have taken refuge with pagan friends. Over thirty presbyteries, 200 churches, 300 villages, containing 14,000 families and ten convents of Annamite nuns have been pillaged and burnt. The material loss to the missions is over 400,000 francs, and that of the Christians exceeds 15,000,000 francs. The labor before us is immense. We have, first of all, to bring the dispersed Christians back to their villages, and and they are nearly naked and without money. Moreover, their houses being burnt, we shall have to help them to rebuild. I estimate that each mission will require at least 300,000 francs to put it to rights, and where are we to get the money? We trust in Providence, and entreat the aid of God through the intercession of his latest martyrs."

THAT LITTLE GIRL.

The jovial captain of one of the steamships now in port tells a good story relative to the May and December marriages so common in Brazil. A Brazilian gentleman, apparently over 50 years of age, was a passenger on his vessel. He was accompanied by two girls, one about 15, and another younger. The gentleman was sea-sick in the cabin, and the girls were on deck, whereupon the captain endeavored to amuse them—took them on his knees, and told them stories, while he enjoyed their prattle and pretty smiles. In the midst of this pleasant occupation the gentleman came on deck. With a fierce expression he gazed upon the scene for a moment, and then inquired in a harsh, husky voice: "You, sir, are you married?" "Yes; I have a daughter older than your little girl here," said the Captain. "She reminds me very much of mine." Here he patted the pretty cheek. "That little girl, sir," exclaimed the indignant Brazilian, with great emphasis, "that little girl is my wife, sir." The captain collapsed.

ARBITRATION.

The trades unions in England are gaining a little sense. Past experience has shown them that little is to be gained by prolonged strikes, and the workmen and their employers have recently begun to try arbitration as a means of settling their disputes. An amicable adjustment of the troubles at Bolton several months ago was brought about by this means, and now the miners in Yorkshire, who, to the number of twelve thousand, struck work the other day, have gone to work, leaving the arbitrators the work of settling all differences. This is by far the wisest course for workmen to pursue, not only in England but elsewhere. Strikes not only create hard feeling between master and servant, but entail great hardship upon the latter, who are sometimes thrown out for weeks together, losing their wages without any compensating return. A calm discussion of all such differences is almost invariably the best; strikes should only be resorted to under the pressure of great wrongs for which there is no other remedy.

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A STRANGE DREAM FULFILLED.

Rev. L. W. Lewis, in his "Reminiscences of the War," published in the *Texas Christian Advocate*, relates the annexed remarkable instance as literally true. The battle referred to was that of Prairie Grove, in Northwest Arkansas, fought Dec. 7, 1862:

A curious fulfillment of a dream occurred at the battle under my own eyes. A man by the name of Jos Williams had told a dream to many of his fellow-soldiers, some of whom had related it to me months previous to the occurrence which I now relate:

"He dreamed that we crossed a river, marched over a mountain, and camped near a church located in a wood near which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge, just as we crossed a ravine, he was shot in the breast. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1862, as we moved at double quick to take our place in the line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed Prairie Grove Church, a small frame building, belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterians. I was riding in the flank of the command, and opposite to Williams, as we came in view of the house. 'This is the church, Colonel, I saw in my dream,' said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until the evening. We had broken the enemy's line, and were in full pursuit, when we came upon a dry ravine in the wood, and Williams said, 'Just on the other side of the hollow I was shot in my dream, and I will stick my hat under my shirt.' Suiting the action to the word as he ran along, he doubled it up and crammed it in his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it before a minie ball knocked him out of line. Jumping up quickly he pulled out his hat, and shouted, 'I'm all right!' The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand just over his heart and dropped into his shoe."

ANCIENT COURTESY.

George Vandenhoff writes to the *New York Tribune* to prove that Macbeth was a gentleman. Says he: "When Macbeth and Lenox announce to him that the King has rewarded his valor by creating him Thane of Cawdor, and that they are deputed as the messengers to inform him of the honor, he replies: 'Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!' The greatest is behind—Thanks for your pains. And again, immediately after: 'Two truths are told As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme.' I thank you gentlemen. Thus he twice pointedly and courteously returns thanks to them for the trouble they have taken in coming to him on the part of the King. Immediately after, before going out with them, he pays them this elegantly-voiced compliment, full of courtesy and high breeding: 'Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered. Where every day I turn the leaf to read them. Meaning, of course, in his heart. Could any modern politeness surpass that? He keeps a register in his heart, of their kindness, and every day refreshes his memory of it.'"

FOUNTAIN PEN.

In spite of the recognized desirability of a pen that will retain a supply of ink for some time, no one of the various and more or less complicated forms of so-called fountain-pens has proved entirely satisfactory, although generally comparatively expensive. According to the following plan, suggested by Engineer Klette, any one can in a few minutes construct a pen of the kind, that will be entirely satisfactory. Two ordinary steel pens are fixed in the same holder in such a way that they may be separated by a space of about 1-25 of an inch, and that the point of the upper one may be a little above that of the other. By selecting for the upper pen one with a bend in the middle, this will be most readily accomplished. In dipping into the ink, it rises and fills the space between the pens, and flows down gradually, as wanted in writing.

SAMBO WANTED TO BUY SOME LAND, BUT HE HAD ONLY HALF ENOUGH MONEY.

"Well," said the agent, "the price is \$900, but I'll take \$450 and a mortgage for the balance in a year." Sambo scratched his wool. "But I say, boss, s'pose a feller ain't got no morg'ith?" In vain the agent explained, when up steps Bill and says, "I can liquidate dat p'int. A morg'ith is like this yer: S'pose you pays de boss \$450 down and gives yer word and honor of an honest nigger to pay him de odder \$450 in a year; den s'pose on de yer last ob de year yer pays \$449 and don't pay him de odder dollar, why den de morg'ith says de boss can jess take all de money and de land, and you don't have nuffin—not a cent." "Golly, boss, a morg'ith makes a nigger mighty honest."

A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE GROSS EARNINGS OF SIXTEEN LEADING RAILWAYS IN ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, IOWA, OHIO AND TEXAS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

exhibits a healthful condition of Western trade that was hardly expected. The gross earnings of these roads for October, 1874, were \$3,587,775, against \$3,483,476 for October, 1873—an increase of \$104,299. This is a very small increase, it is true, but the fact that there has been any increase at all, in a year supposed to be peculiarly unsatisfactory in its business results, is the fact that arrests attention.

ANXIOUS MAMMA (to her brother-in-law, who is also the family doctor)—

"By-the-by, Alexander, I'm so glad you've come. I wanted to talk to you about baby. I can't understand why he doesn't speak yet. Surely he ought to be this time yet." Alexander—"Weel, ye see, Ann, ye just talk the vara highest o' English, an' my brother John, again, he just talks the vara braddest o' Scotch; an' the pair bairn, ye see, it has na just made up its mind which side of the house it'll just tak' till."—*Punch*.