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A DAYTON ORATOR SPEAKS IN A DEBATING SOCIETY.

Mr. President:—The subject, I believe, is, "Has England been beneficial to this country—the United States of America?" Now I want to know what was Burns doing at the time of the great rebellion? I mean Robert Scott Burns, who was one of the best poets in the world for America. Didn't he send in troops to Boston harbor to waylay the Chinese pirates when they went for to destroy our tea, I'd like to know—*say*, Mr. President? Why was it, I want to know, that the English government settled the Alabama claims? Because Gen. Schenck, our Minister there, preached to 'em and converted 'em. But, I will ask, why didn't Gen. Schenck go furder, and call out the troops, and save the tea in the Boston harbor? It's because, I guess, his hair was too short.

[Here the orator paused, and brushing back his curling locks, took a fresh start.]

What side am I on, Mr. President? Oh, yes, I've got it! I'm agin England every time! [Cheers, indicating that the hearts of the audience were in the right place.] As I was saying, why don't Gen. Schenck put a stop to this Pacific mail matter? Is the English a-going to beat him thar, I'd like to know? And there's John Pi-att and Bob Shoemaker taking money from the English for to keep up the derned nonsense! And didn't Bob Shoemaker put $300 in the Bank of England, and didn't John Pi-att git $50 of it, and git away with it, and say he'd have $50 more or he'd raise the devil? I'd like to know. He said he was an editor, and must have it, or he couldn't maintain the independence of these United States of America! Is he a-going to do that business with British gold, I'd like to know? I wonder if he ever heard of Plymouth Rock? That's what's the matter with John Pi-att.

That's the rock that done the business for Henry Ward Beecher! If he hadn't named his church for it, and stayed away from it, he'd been O. K. You see he joined the Oligarchy, and he went under. But you see Andy Johnson he went agin the British Oligarchy, and he's O. K.—isn't he? You bet. Now, in view of all these things, which are matters of history, I'd like to know how England has ever been beneficial to this country? How kin she ever be? I hope you'll not forget what I have said about the English working agin us through the machinations of the Chinese pirates, John Pi-att, Bob Shoemaker and them, in spite of Schenck and Andy Johnson and them; and with these few remarks, I hope you will decide agin England every time. [Storm of applause.]—*Dayton Democrat.*

SOAP AND WATER.

If all deadly fevers were called by that old-fashioned name, "the plague," we should more readily realize the danger arising from the neglect of sanitary preventions. In the middle of the last century, London was alarmed by the rumor that the plague had broken out in a certain hospital. Physicians immediately published a denial of the report, but, in the meantime, Londoners had provided themselves with disinfectants, and the demand for rue and wormwood in Covent-garden market on one morning advanced the prices of those articles almost fifty per cent., and the gardeners' servants were employed all the day in carrying those commodities to market. A similar panic with regard to fever and diphtheria, at the present time, might not come amiss here in the New World. A like rush for soap and scrubbing brushes would probably prove, in the end, a very wholesome "scare." Panics, of course, are at all times to be deplored, but a moderate panic that will alarm the people into greater cleanliness, a more stringent sanitary law, and a closer regard to sanitary measures, is at all times beneficial and advantageous.

YALE'S HONOR RECORD.

From statistics furnished to the Yale *Courant* it appears that of the graduates of the academic department of that college, 146 have been members of Congress, 43 United States Senators, 56 College Presidents, 9 Bishops, 14 Ministers to foreign courts, 32 Governors of States (and one a Governor of Prince Edward Island), 22 Lieutenant-Governors of States, and one a Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia), 143 Judges (including the present Chief-Justice of the United States), Chief-Justices of State Courts, Judges of Superior, Supreme and United States District Courts, and two provincial Judges, one in Bermuda and the other in New Brunswick; 2 Secretaries of War, 2 Secretaries of State, 1 Secretary of the Treasury, 1 Secretary of the Navy, 1 Attorney-General, 1 Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, 1 (John C. Calhoun) who held at various times the offices of member of Congress, United States Senator, Secretary of War, Secretary of State and Vice-President of the United States.

A SCARLET BAT.

Says the Richmond *Whig*: "Yesterday morning, early, as Mr. Page, city gas inspector, was going into his office at the City Hall, he was surprised to see what looked at first like a red bird. Upon catching it the creature gave him a severe bite upon the hand, which caused him to drop it with a feeling akin to disgust. It proved to be a crimson-colored bat, something which no man in this part of the world ever saw before. The color of the bat excited surprise, but upon closer examination Mr. Page was astonished to discover that it had but one eye, and that in the center of the forehead. He placed it in a box, and, strange to say, it does not appear to be frightened in its new home. Many persons called to see it yesterday, among them several gentlemen well versed in ornithology, and all averred that they had never seen or heard of anything like this bat. It is the intention of Mr. Page to send it to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington."

ROBERT HUMPHREYS' LITTLE JOKE.

One Robert Humphreys proved rather a queer customer to a saloon-keeper in Jersey City, one morning last week. The bar-keeper coming down to open the saloon to customers, saw Robert Humphreys, a very dissipated person, leaning against a lamp-post outside the saloon, evidently waiting for the morning drink which is a necessity to the habitual drunkard. The liquor man opened the place, took his position behind the bar, and waited for Robert to come in. Robert, he knew, would take whisky; whisky is fifteen cents a drink, and Robert would contribute ten cents profit to the concern. But Robert continued to lean against the lamp-post outside, and the bar-keeper was led to wonder if the man wasn't hard up and unable to pay for the drink. The sun came up over the roofs of the houses and streamed down upon the man leaning against the lamp-post, but he did not move, and the man who sold whisky looking out intently discovered that Robert's eyes were closed. This explained why the man did not come in for his drink; he had actually fallen asleep standing, reasoned the bar-keeper. It is tantalizing to a dealer in any class of goods to have a probable customer in sight and be unable to reach him, and the gentleman who mixed drinks began to feel injured that the man outside should not be awakened by the clatter of passing teams and the noise of people on the sidewalk and come in. Other customers came and went in the saloon, but Robert Humphreys stayed outside leaning against the lamp-post. Finally the bar-keeper, in disgust, gave up expecting him, and Robert Humphreys came in. Three men brought him in; they said they believed he was frozen, and laid him down by the stove to thaw. After they had gone, the bar-keeper examined Humphreys and found not only that he was dead, but that he had been dead for some time. There, in Jersey City, in broad day light, with the roar and bustle of life around it, with pedestrians on the sidewalk crushing against it, a corpse had stood leaning against a lamp-post unnoticed during all the morning. The joke that Robert Humphreys played upon that saloon-keeper was complete, and the men drinking at the bar during the remainder of the day had something to talk and laugh about. It was quite droll.

THE LARGEST SILK MILL IN THE WORLD.

The Manningham mills, near Bradford, England, are said to be the largest in the world. They cover an area of about 62,500 square yards, being nearly eleven acres; and reckoning the several stories of the mill and warehouse, give a total extent of floorage of about sixteen acres. The new mill, to the west, at the rear of the combing shed is six stories high, not including the cellar, of very handsome external appearance in dressed stone, having a bold cornice with blocks, and above this an ornamental and paneled parapet. The staircase is in the center of the front, and stands clear out from the main walls, and is more ornamental than the rest of the building, and with its turret-formed roof, surmounted with a large flag-staff, makes a beautiful feature in the great length of frontage. The four corners of the mill are also marked by raised parapets, which gave a pleasing effect to the large block of buildings. Each room contains an area of 2,000 square yards—the tier of windows on each side numbering forty-one—so that at a rough calculation the whole mill will give an area of about 12,000 yards. The new warehouse, further to the rear, parallel with the mill, but separated from it by the reservoir, is six stories high, and will furnish, reckoning each floor, room to the extent of about 14,000 square yards. The top rooms in both warehouse and mill are arranged in a novel form, having shed roofs and may be used for loom weaving. A noteworthy feature in connection with the new works is the erection of an immense chimney of a somewhat novel design, at the rear of the central shed and at the end of the warehouse. It is already raised to a considerable height, and an idea may be formed of the imposing appearance it will have when complete. It will be eighty-three yards high, square in form, and outwardly of a uniform width from bottom to top. Nearly 7,000 tons weight of material will be used in its construction.

A REAL ROMANCE.

On the 30th ultimo Sylvester Guiberson, a son of N. W. Guiberson, of this county, was married to Miss Minnie Waters, of Excelsior, Minn., and this is the way it happened: A young gentleman and Miss Waters were on the lake skating when suddenly the ice gave way and they were treated to a remarkably deep and cold bath. Three big cowards stood near them, but would lend no assistance. Mr. Guiberson was almost a quarter of a mile distant, but heard their cries of distress, rushed to the scene, at once comprehended the situation, and in a moment proceeded to rescue the young lady, who was almost drowned and frozen, and on arriving at the shore informed the three cowardly whelps that if they did not go and get her young companion he would throw each one in after him—an order they at once obeyed. Mr. Guiberson carried his young prize to the nearest house, where she was properly cared for, and as soon as she was able he escorted her to her home. This was enough for the old aunt of the young lass, and straightway the courtship began, which culminated in their marriage.

CHINESE MILITARY MANEUVERS.

A grand review of Chinese troops occurred last year in the province of Emise. Two divisions were marched out to the parade-ground and mustered face to face. Each company bore two splendidly-colored flags, and the soldiers carried old-fashioned arquebuses, called "tyfus," ten per company, as four men are required to shoot this weapon. Each division had half a company of lancers, with their heads tied up in hankerchiefs, the ends of which were left to float in the breeze; also archers entirely dressed in yellow, bearing huge round shields, dragon-painted, and wearing short swords. Between the two divisions stood a band of music, composed of flutes, horns, and tinkling cymbals and drums, big and little. Near the band the General-in-chief and his staff, with a colossal flag and a few smaller ones, took up his station. At a given signal the General's big flag waved; then all the other flags waved, and the most intricate *chassez-croisez* of maneuvers commenced among the soldiers. At another signal the lancers, archers, and specialists ran about, gesticulated, jumped, and cut the most fantastic antics. The archers performed by sitting down on the ground while holding their shields over their heads for protection, and suddenly leaping up with frightful cries and shaking of their various armor which, of course, put the enemy's cavalry to flight, as intended. The lancers formed in little bands of skirmishers and advanced to hunt for the enemy gone to cover. They found him after rapid firing along the whole line, made a show of eating him up alive, including painted dragons and monsters. Closing shouts of victory; grand gongs. These tactics are the result of long experience but they are not Molke's.

A SOLD INSURANCE MAN.

Printers are naturally in for a joke. They are proverbially fond of fun; but to look at them you wouldn't think it. Here is a good joke a "printer man" played on his fellow lodger in Pottsville: A certain insurance man in town, who boards at the same hotel with one of the night compositors of the *Journal*, in order to save the subscription price to a newspaper, entered into an arrangement with the printer to get the news as soon as he got up. The printer was to write out a brief sketch of all the important news and stick the paper under the insurance man's door. A few mornings since the latter got up and dressed himself, excepting one boot and stocking and his coat, when he espied the paper under his door. He picked it up and read as follows: "Grant assassinated. Country in an uproar. Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Grant carried off by masked kidnappers while insensible. A member of the Cabinet supposed to be the assassin. $100,000 reward offered by Congress." Without completing his toilet he rushed out of the room and wakened up several boarders, told them of the great news and scared them out of their wits. We leave to our readers to conjecture, if they can, the disgust of the whole party when they found how they had been sold. The insurance man has sworn to subscribe to a daily paper.

THE CONCORD FIGHT OF 1775.

The town of Concord, Mass., purposes to celebrate the Centennial anniversary of "Concord fight" on the 19th of April, 1875, in a manner appropriate to the importance of that day which "made conciliation impossible and independence certain." The exercises will consist of an oration by George William Curtis, of New York; a grand military and civic procession to the site of the "Old North Ridge;" the unveiling and dedication of a bronze statue of a Minute-Man on the spot where Davis and Hosmer fell, and where was "fired the shot heard around the world;" a public dinner, with toasts and speeches, and a grand ball, in the evening. The people of Acton, Bedford, Beverly, Billerica, Brookline, Cambridge, Charlestown, Chelmsford, Danvers, Dedham, Framingham, Lexington, Lynn, Medford, Needham, Newton, Roxbury, Salem, Stow, Sudbury, Watertown and Woburn have been invited to participate in the celebration, as their fathers did in the struggle for liberty. The town of Concord hopes that all those who are connected with her by descent or affection will join with her in this interesting commemoration.

UNION PACIFIC LANDS.

A request having been made to the Commissioner of the Land Office to construe the act of June 22, 1874, for the relief of settlers on railroad lands, so as to permit the Union Pacific Railroad Company to select lands containing coal and iron, in lieu of the agricultural lands, which it proposed to release in favor of actual settlers, the Commissioner replies: "The act of June last provides that nothing herein contained shall in any manner be so construed as to enlarge or extend any grant to any such railroads. Your company receives all its coal and iron lands without diminution, on account of the claim of any settler. To allow you, in addition, to surrender the lands purely agricultural and take the reserved coal lands of greatly increased value, would, in my judgment, materially enlarge your grant, and would therefore be in express violation of the act under which your claim is presented."

AN UNHEALTHY TRADE.

A physician of Sheffield, England, makes the statement that the forkgrinders employment is probably more fatal than any other pursued in England. There are generally from eight to ten individuals at work in each room where the industry is carried on. The grinding is always performed on dry stone, and the dust, composed of fine particles of stone and metal, rises in clouds, and pervades the atmosphere to which the operatives are confined. The dust, which is inhaled with every breath, gradually induces disease of the lungs, and undermines the vigor of the constitution. Difficulty of breathing, coughing and wasting of the frame are often experienced by workmen at the early age of twenty-five. The average longevity of members of the trade does not exceed thirty years.

"GO WEST."

Although right-thinking people must ever deplore panics, it can but be admitted that anything which brings together the unemployed and the ever-busy farmers is beneficial in the end. A good man, out of employment in his regular business, would surely be better in health, comfort and self-respect, while fulfilling the duty of a "farm hand," than in seeking a precarious living from charity in a city. Good sense and good temper will enable almost any man to be useful on a farm, and it is an open question how far "the republic" is bound to provide for those who have such openings and will not enter them. On the other hand, the majority of the farmers of this country have more land than they have hands to work, and would often draw a larger return from ten acres adequately worked than at the present rate from fifteen. In fact there are large sections of the country where farming is going out, or going out of American hands, mainly because the occupants will not work themselves, and cannot get others to do it. They rush to overcrowded cities, intend to "live by their brains," and desert one of the safest and surest forms of industry in the country. If working men could be persuaded to accept the situation, take their share of the burdens of the community in a manly way, and, if they cannot have four dollars a day, work for three dollars or two dollars rather than go into dependence on the commonwealth. Here and there may be found cases of selfishness; but as a general thing American employers are fair-minded and anxious to do their utmost for the employed.

AN UNHAPPY ATTACHMENT.

A painful scene occurred in church in Bucks township, Ohio, a few Sundays ago. The church had lately undergone repair. Among other improvements a new coat of paint was placed on the pews, followed by a coat of varnish. The result was most pleasing to the eye; but, unfortunately, the varnish had been applied so late in the week that it had not had time to become hard before Sunday, when the congregation flocked to their seats. No apparent inconvenience was suffered until the clergyman was about to deliver the benediction, when the congregation was horrified to find that they were unable to stand up; they were, in fact, glued, or rather varnished, to their seats. Their spasmodic efforts to rise were most distressing to witness; in vain did the clergyman exhort them from the pulpit to resignation. They were seized with a kind of panic, all the more frightful because they were for the moment powerless; at last, by what seemed to be a simultaneous and herculean jerk, they managed to tear themselves from their sittings; but at what a sacrifice? The pews were literally covered with fragments of Sunday apparel. Shreds of silk, lawns, calico, broadcloth and cassimeres were left as souvenirs of the varnish used in beautifying that church, and the hapless congregation, rushing from the doors, hurried homeward with an expression on their faces as though their hearts were even more severely rent than their garments.

BARRELED LIVE PORK.

A Portsmouth man lost his pig from its sty in a mysterious way the other day. A vigorous search of the neighborhood did not reveal its whereabouts. Two days later, as the sad owner was standing by the deserted pen, meditating upon his loss, he cast his eye toward a barrel that stood on end within a few feet of the inclosure, and noticed something feebly beckoning him to approach. He looked again—'twas a pig's tail. He walked along quickly and looked into the barrel, and there was piggy, with scarcely a breath of life left in him. The pig had evidently fallen into the barrel when he jumped from the pen, and had stood on his head for two days and nights, while his owner was hunting all over the city to find him.

THE GRASSHOPPER CALAMITY.

Mr. Watts, the Commissioner of Agriculture, in summing up the grasshopper calamity, makes out the devastated area to be about 200 miles north and south, and about 500 miles east and west, altogether an area of 100,000 square miles, or a district nearly one and a half times as large as New England. The population of this district was half a million four years ago, and is now probably 750,000. As nearly as can be determined, fully 50,000 are in more or less destitution, and probably 75,000 will not cover the whole number of persons who have suffered damage.

MR. THOMAS HOUSE, of Stanford, Ky., good, honest yeoman, owns the model cow—a cow more wonderful in some of her qualities than the one that jumped over the moon. Mr. Thomas House, truthful and reliable farmer, tells about the cow himself to the editor of the local newspaper, and he says that she is ten years old, and that she has never seen a rail off the fence, or a gap down that she did not put it up with her horns. And if she sees a gate standing open she will close and fasten it. If she sees other stock on the place break into another inclosure she will drive it out and put up the fence. Here is a quadruped as is a quadruped, my covey! If that cow, as a breeder, is not held second only to the mother of his sturdy young Kentuckians in the estimation of Mr. Thomas House, he isn't fit to own her—the cow, we mean. Careful, wise and conscientious, why, that cow ought to be made Secretary of the Treasury.

TREMENDOUS ARMIES.

The Grand Sword Dance of Nations—Is Europe on the Eve of a Mighty War?

[From the London Times.]

In the gloom that surrounds us one thing is perceptible. All men are arming themselves. It is the darkness that may be felt, and the sensation is not imaginary. At the word of command Germany is arming *en masse*, and the surrounding nations—that is, the best part of the world—cannot but do as she does. The momentary dreams of peace and quiet, arts and progress have fled away, and Germany recognizes the stern necessity of the case, which is that what she has won by arms she can only hold by arms, as long as the arms are in her hand. It is no longer possible to doubt the sagacity and truth of her rulers, and they say that henceforth every German sound in wind and limb must be a soldier. From the age of seventeen to forty-two every man not belonging to the army or the reserve is to be liable to be called out in the case of an actual or even threatened invasion. The nature and contingencies of this new enrollment are by no means fictions on paper. As to its numerical amount it is sufficient to say that, added to the line, the Landwehr, and the existing Landsturm, it raises the disposable force of the German empire to 2,800,000 men. The Landsturm will be German in arms as distinguished from the standing army of Germany; but even that distinction threatens to disappear, for the gaps of the line are to be filled from the reserve. So far from the latter having the special exemptions and immunities which England associates with a reserve or a local force, it seems even more at the beck and call of absolute power than the line. The orders given in the contemplated emergency are not to be published; so that the German malcontent or partisan may know as little as the foreigner and the foe who are called to arms, how many, and where. The government may call out the reserve of one state and not of the next; the youth of a province immediately threatened with invasion; the older men of one not so threatened; in a word, whatever it pleases, without being bound by any rules or slavish uniformity. The whole reserve is immediately to have its arms, if not the newest, those that were new the other day. It is admitted that the Germans do not generally like fighting, but they like it better than being killed in their beds, or made beasts of burden, or carried into captivity. Some of them even like it better than being divided into a dozen states, or into two or three, each only half German. All are told they have to fight or die; fight or be slaves; fight or be beggars, fugitives, and wanderers over the face of the earth. They seem to be only too well aware of it. For a man to be always expecting a murderous attack is sometimes supposed to embitter life, and make it hardly worth having. But people manage to live and be comfortable in volcanoes, coalpits, ships and powder-mills. In like manner, the three millions of Germans, expecting every day to be called out to fight an enemy at their very doors, and themselves unfortunately addicted to habits of provocation, may be happy. It is to be hoped they will be happy on these conditions, for it is all the happiness Germany is likely to enjoy for many a year—the happiness, namely, of an even chance with a desperate and would be deadly foe.

If this enormous, this preposterous armament is provoked by the attitude of France, it provokes in return. A man who goes about armed in time of peace is suspected of hostile intentions, and Germany lends itself easily to that delusion, if such it be. It finds itself unexpectedly a great military power, and even a maritime power, victorious, successful, and its luck by no means exhausted. On every side—north, south, east and west—it finds that which it still wants to its completeness, and which it sees a way to. Its turn is come. After a minority of ages under evil guardianship, it steps into its patrimony, and is once more an empire. For ages Germany has possessed all the glories, except those of policy and war. Now it has these, and the others as well. It is surrounded by great empires. The prosperity of England and Russia alone would be enough to tempt an anchorite to ambition. Like the wise King, Germany asked only for wisdom, and now has it with riches, honor, dominion, and the life of its enemies, which it did not ask for. But now that it has tasted these delights it is a different being, with a new and nobler consciousness, and not content or satisfied on the same easy terms as before. Why should it now shrink from an appeal to arms, which can not but give it more than ever? This is the now attitude of Germany—all or nothing—for in her case not to advance is to recede. Accordingly, the more she arms, the more does France, the more does Russia. The former now commands, under all heads, about a million and three-quarters of men; the latter more than three millions and a third. Austria, Italy, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland are arming as fast as they can. It is a universal strain on the energy and resources of the world. But self-preservation never yet was found sufficient to keep up high tension long. When all nations arm it will be for something, and they will look before as well as behind. A dozen millions of men can not be withdrawn from common industry and civil duties and engaged in the most costly and destructive of all employments, except to the continual loss and hindrance of the people. Where the women work like horses, as they do in Germany and France, the presumption is that both men and horses are wasting or misapplying their powers. Germany is not a rich country. Even with its singular wealth of parsimony, it can not keep even a million men long under arms without appreciable sacrifices. In fact, a time will arrive when the burden of a much larger armament will compel a question between disarmament and initiative in war. If only to secure peace, Germany will have to appeal to arms, or, if not she, some other power involved in this wild sword-dance of nations. Such is the inevitable result of an inflation of armaments proceeding upon rivalry and provocation; and it can only be averted by a timely resolution to be content with what one has, and to stand only on one's guard against unprovoked aggression.

TOO HAPPY TO LIVE.

The Paris journals tell of a young couple who were too happy to live, at least the accounts seem to be colored with that idea. M. Bastein was a young architect of promise. He had married a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, the daughter of a rich merchant, M. Channard. The couple had been married nine months on last New Year's Day, and appeared to be sincerely devoted to each other. Mme. Bastein's person gave proof of her devotion, and she expected soon to become a mother. On New Year's Day the couple went to dine with M. Channard, and returned home at midnight. M. Channard was engaged to dine with them next day. In the morning the lady went out to make some purchases, and returned at noon. In the course of the afternoon there were several rings of their door-bell, but no answer was returned. According to appointment M. Channard came and rang—no response. He was told that several other persons had been equally unsuccessful. A locksmith was called and the door was opened. The young people were found dead in their bed, Mme. Bastein clad in her dressing gown and her husband in his trowsers and waist coat. The remains of the breakfast of which both had evidently partaken were on the table. A bottle of ammonia and one of sedative water were on the mantelpiece. These were the only answers to blank inquiry and searching grief. Nothing was disarranged in the room, and there the young man and wife lay locked in each other's arms, and death had clutched the last smiles on their faces. It was a photograph of love and peace. They were perfectly happy, and they locked themselves in with their happiness and called death to turn the key. The world could not rob them now, and they lay and smiled the smile of victory. A medical man said they had poisoned themselves, and gave it as his opinion that the wife died first. Was there just a moment of regret at the separation in the husband's heart? Did he look in her face and smile when he thought that he was about to rejoin her and meet that sweet face on the other side?

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

We copy some valuable statistics in regard to the comparative cost of living in Europe and America: One dollar will buy twenty pounds of flour in Boston, one or two pounds more in several European seaports, but the same or considerably less in a majority of the places compared. Butter in Europe averages a pound more to the dollar than here, cheese less by more than that, except in a few spots. As for potatoes, they are cheaper here than in England and dearer tthan in Ireland or Germany. Seven or eight pounds of pork for a dollar are sold here, and not much over half as much can be obtained for that sum in England or Europe, and nowhere else as much; in rice, milk and eggs, they have the advantage of us. Tea costs less here than in England, but more than on the continent. With coffee it is about the same, though the difference is little. In sugar the British are a little better off, the Continentals a good deal worse. Coal is cheaper here than in Germany, and dearer than in England. Merrimac or common prints are much cheaper here than anywhere in England or Europe. Boots are about the same here as there, generally speaking. There are but two or three places in Europe or the continent where brown sheetings are cheaper than here, while in brown shirtings the foreigners are better off. Rent for four-roomed tenements is from two to four times cheaper in Great Britain or on the continent than in Boston; in Austria fifteen times cheaper. Board also is from once and a half to twice as cheap in Europe and Great Britain as in Boston.

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES.

A rich wine dealer residing in London, recently, on his death-bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and by making use of lead and other deleterious substances, to restore the wine to a palatable taste. He said he had no doubt that he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had for some time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drink them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best of medical advice, went to their graves poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them. The man died rich. But alas! what a legacy did he leave his children!

WHEN you can't think of what your wife charged you to bring home, get hair-pins. They are always handy in the house. Get them out of your pocket without breaking the package. A stray hair-pin may sometimes wreck a household. A young man took home a hair-pin, one evening last week, to his wife. He presented it to her as a birthday gift. She was delighted, until she found a long hair attached to it. His doctor thinks he may possibly recover the use of his eyes.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

FEW, if any, brides this season have worn white satin.

MARABOUT feather head-dresses are worn now by the dowagers.

SPECULATIONS upon the coming spring bonnet begin to occupy the female mind.

BLACK velvet (small) muffs, trimmed with fur on wide black satin ribbon, continue the most fashionable.

SHORT walking-skirts are fast waning in popularity. The silly fashion was carried to ridiculous extremes.

AND now comes a Boston girl who wants a new undergarment called "prima," because it is the first to be put on.

THE *Scientific American* has found a woman 83 years of age, who attributes her long life to abstinence from bathing.

AT a recent distribution of prizes by the School Board of Leeds, England, every prize, with one exception, was taken by a girl.

THERE is some probability of the revival of crinoline in all its glory next summer. The news ought to occasion regret.

VELVETEEN is very little worn this season. There is little if any economy in buying this material, more especially as velvet was never so cheap as now.

MILWAUKEE is on the verge of depopulation. Her girls have resolved to die old maids rather than marry any one who can't be happy without intoxication.

KATIE BATES, of New Bedford, lost a large piece of her tongue by applying it to a frosty iron hitching-post the other day. Katie will miss it when she grows up.

QUESTIONS put to his sweetheart by a bashful lad, during their first *tete-a-tete:* How's your father? How's your mother? How are your parents? How are your father and mother? How are they both?

A FEW weeks since a Chicago drummer saw a young lady plowing a field in Macoupin county, Ill. He stopped to ask: "When do you begin cradling?" "Not till heads are better filled than yours," was the sententious reply. The young man passed musingly on.

AN ambitious Providence undertaker went to Boston, and there falling in love with a wealthy lady connected with one of the "old families," asked her hand in marriage. The proud damsel looked at him for a moment, and said, "Sir, I must consider your proposition a grave joke."

PRETTY SALLIE ADAMS, of Portland, brought the man she loved to the popping point by saying to him, while gleams of love-light shot from her half-shut eyes, "I have had two offers of marriage. The first did not please me, and, as for the second, I—I have a superstitious regard for odd numbers."

PRODIGIOUS MENTAL FEAT.

Mr. Rosenthal, the celebrated French chess player, recently performed another of those surprising mental feats for which he is so famous. He played at the Palais Royal twenty-seven games of chess at once with that number of the best French and foreign chess players. It was stipulated that Mr. Rosenthal should have only one minute for each move, passing along the twenty-seven tables in order. Of course each of his antagonists had time to study the game while Mr. Rosenthal was busy at the other twenty-six tables. It is quite unnecessary to point out the mental strain of keeping thus in mind so large a number of games at once, during the time they lasted, which was from 9 o'clock at night until 2 o'clock in the morning. The result was marvelous. Mr. Rosenthal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only one, which was gained by a Hungarian player named Rakowski, who thus achieved a victory of which he may well be proud.

WEBSTER AND CORWIN.

Senator Tom Corwin, who, despite the impediments and difficulties of his early years, rose by the sheer force of genius to exalted station and commanding influence—to be, in fact, the friend and associate of such men as Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay—in consequence of some peculiarity we have never seen stated, acquired the sobriquet of "Solitude." This "nickname," we presume, must have been applied to him on account of his retiring habits and constant avoidance of society. Mr. C.'s *ugly* face (for it was extremely ugly) *could* have had nothing to do with the designation in question; yet Mr. Webster, encountering him "full in the face" one fine morning on Pennsylvania avenue, thus broke out:

"Oh! *Solitude!* where are the charms
That sages have seen in *thy face?*"

WHERE'S THE COIN?

Notwithstanding the prevalence of "shinplasters," the United States mint is busily engaged in manufacturing the "coin of the realm," though where it all goes to so quickly is a general marvel. Last month the Philadelphia mint turned out no less than 1,272,900 silver coins, not to mention 690,000 five-cent pieces made of base metal, and 1,180,000 cents. And yet we meet with very few silver coins in circulation. Sometimes a stray dime makes itself "good for sore eyes" by claiming the popular acquaintance, and occasionally a silver quarter dollar invites our admiration, but new half dollars are scarce as butterflies in January. They must be hoarded up by timid people.

WITH extraordinary strides the commerce of France is passing beyond any era in its history. The exports and imports in 1874 amounted to over $1,500,000,000, exceeding any former year, and showing an increase over 1873 of $50,000,000, and over 1868, when the empire flourished most, of $280,000,000.