# Albany Register.

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## FRESH TOPICS.

They are beginning to find Charley Rosses again. The last one was seen tramping through Germany with a fortune-teller.

New's signature is pronounced as much worse than Spinner's as Spinner's is worse than everybody's else. If you would become United States Treasurer, practice poor writing.

Beecher on hash: "This trial has been like hash to me. You know hash is very good occasionally, but when you have had it fifty or sixty days right along it becomes a little tiresome."

A New York sporting paper states that there are in the United States fifteen hundred thoroughly organized base-ball clubs, having an aggregate membership of over 25,000.

The Solicitor of the United States Treasury has decided that internal revenue officers have authority to examine the checks in any bank to ascertain whether they have been stamped as required by law.

Another new industry has been developed in London. A man advertises himself as "Knocker-up and window-tickler from 3 to 7." He wakes heavy sleepers who wish to get up early. Window-tickling is waking without ringing the bells, by means of a long pole, with which he taps on the window pane.

Hon. Elbert Herring, of New York, is the oldest practicing lawyer in the world, being now in his 99th year. He was admitted to the bar in 1798, and was a Judge of the Marine Court the year Napoleon became Emperor of France. Charles O'Conor, now an old and illustrious man, was a student in his office. Mr. Herring was also Commissioner of Indian Affairs—the first that held the position.

Hermann, the famous prestidigitateur, was recently united in marriage in New York to an English lady, the ceremony being performed by Mayor Wickham. After the knot had been tied the clever magician extracted a roll of bills from the Mayor's pocket-book and transferred it to Col. Pratt's mouth. The Mayor saw the joke, but warned the cunning man not to "play any such tricks on Mrs. Hermann when they went home."

This is Beecher's remarkable peroration to his last Sunday's sermon: "He that is holy and loves God for what He is; he that hath faith, when he reaches the other life *can't* be sent to hell. When I come before the Eternal Judge and say, all aglow, 'My Lord, my God!' will He turn and say, 'You were never immersed; go down! You did not come up the right road!' I will answer, 'I love Thee!' Damn me if thou cans't!' God will say, amid the heavens aflame, 'Dost thou love? Enter in.'"

Never was there such a falling off in the price of diamonds as there has been in the case of those sent by the Khedive to the Collector of the Port of New York to keep for Minnie Sherman Fitch. When they first came they were regarded as dirt cheap at $400,000, and now the *Jeweller's Circular* says: "The estimates of the value of these jewels have been exaggerations beyond all precedent, and $40,000 really represents the most liberal valuation that can be put upon them, the number and size of the diamonds are so counterbalanced by their off-color."

London papers state that the death of the late H. L. Bateman, the well-known theatrical manager, was due directly to a gust of passion. His temper was occasionally a perfect hurricane. The night before his death, Mr. Henry Irving gave a supper, at which Bateman was present, and the fun waxed so loud that the police interfered. This unseemly intrusion stirred Bateman to a frenzy of rage, the effect of which was fatal. It was a nervous disorder, for which he was not accountable, and was the more remarkable in contrast with the genial disposition and good temper of the unfortunate victim.

Resolutions recently reported to the Rhode Island Medical Society contain suggestions that should be observed by all teachers, whether in that State or elsewhere. They declared that scholars should not maintain the same position more than half an hour at a time; that no child should be admitted to the public schools, as now conducted, under seven years of age; that, under twelve years of age, three hours a day, and for twelve and over, four hours a day, is sufficiently long confinement to mental culture; that study out of school should not usually be permitted; and that all incentives to emulation should be used cautiously, especially with girls.

Speaking of the recently-discovered frauds in the Postoffice Department, the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: "By all accounts, Mr. Jewell is pushing things with a vengeance. Several of the guilty clerks have made a clean breast of it, we are told, and are actively helping in the work of investigation. These will not be prosecuted, escaping with suspension and dismissal. The others Mr. Jewell intends to 'put through.' It is now believed at the department that there are nearly a hundred of the fraudulent contracts, and all payments to the contractors have been stopped, pending the inquiry. It is said that implicated parties have warned Mr. Jewell that he will run against very eminent personages if he isn't careful. He is reported resolute to probe the corruption to the bottom, no matter who gets hurt in the process. He says, however, that it is the biggest and toughest job he has ever been called to handle."

The complex English balloting system, which has been on trial but a year or two, must already be investigated by a Parliamentary committee. Under this system, the voter is given a ticket, with the names of all the candidates on it, and stamped with an official stamp; he retires into a stall and marks a cross against the name of the candidates for whom he votes. This is the secret ballot required in a country where many of the voters are tenants and dependent shop-keepers, and so liable to intimidation, and are ignorant besides. Some of the English Judges have decided that the mark against a man must be a cross in every case, when the law only intended to provide that some mark should be affixed. The ballot moreover does not secure general secrecy, and English tradesmen will learn that the independent vôter cannot be manufactured by any such device. He must be trained up by popular education, and by the relief of the mass of the people from their servile dependence on those superior to them in wealth.

## POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

Gen. Garfield wants ex-Gov. Hayes to run for Governor of Ohio this fall.

Senator Booth, of California, is visiting his parents in Terre Haute, Ind.

The late Senator Revels, colored, has given up politics and gone into preaching.

Phineas T. Barnum, Mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Admission to Bridgeport hereafter, fifty cents; children half price.

Gulliver says: "He who causes a blade of grass to grow where none grew before is better than a whole race of politicians."

Vice-President Wilson and Fred. Douglass are present at the anti-slavery people's centennial celebration in Philadelphia.

Ex-Governor Curtin, it is said, will be induced to run for the Governorship of Pennsylvania this fall, on the Democratic ticket.

The Salisbury (Md.) *Advertiser* nominates Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, for the next President, and Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, for Vice President. The Annapolis *Gazette* proposes James G. Blaine, of Maine, for President, and Alexander B. Hagner, of Annapolis, for Vice President.

Gen. Garfield says the postage increase was all a mistake, due mainly to the bad practice of allowing important legislation to be crowded into the last hours of the session. That does not agree with Senator Ramsey's account, nor with the one that Senator Hamlin is reported to have made. Both of the latter gentlemen place the blame upon the committee.

Mr. John Robinson, the circus manager, who ran for Mayor, in Cincinnati, the other day, does not seem to be pleased with his first and only experience in politics. On the night of his defeat an audacious reporter had the temerity to call upon him and ask what he thought about it. When they brought the reporter to, and had cleared the brimstone from his eyes and mouth, he said he did not recollect exactly what Mr. Robinson said, but he judged by the energetic manner of his speech and the size and frequency of the oaths that he didn't care to run for office any more.

Fourteen members of the House of Representatives of the Forty-fourth Congress (which meets for the first time on Monday, December 6th) are still to be elected, as follows: Four in California, which holds its regular election on September 1st; Six in Mississippi, which holds its regular election on November 2d; and four at special elections to be called hereafter to fill vacancies caused by the death of members-elect: Garrett McMillan (Dem.) in the Ninth Georgia district, James Buffinton (Rep.) in the First Massachusetts district; A. F. Allen (Dem.) in the Thirty-third New York district; F. S. Hersey (Rep.) in the Fourth Maine district. Of the 278 Representatives already chosen 102 are Republicans, 167 are Democrats, and nine are Independents.

Gen. Boynton in a long letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette* explains the reasons of Gen. Spinner's withdrawal from the Treasury Department. He says Secretary Bristow, immediately upon taking office, began a thorough reorganization of the department, making all of the divisions subordinate to and harmonious with himself. The first trouble with Gen. Spinner occurred when Mr. Bristow cut from his report a disquisition on the low rate bond theory, which, whatever may have been its merits, did not coincide with the views set forth by the Secretary, and consequently would make a bad appearance in his report. "Following this in various ways," the correspondent continues, "the old General began to feel the force that was drawing everthing in the department under the control of one mind, and instead of yielding to this healthy return toward first principles, the grating continued and rather increased between the Treasurer's office and that of the Secretary. It was this state of affairs, and not any imputation upon the absolute honesty and integrity, and the general efficiency of Gen. Spinner, that led to requesting his resignation. But a point had been reached in Gen. Bristow's work of reorganization where, in his opinion, it was necessary to place a new man at the head or the Treasurer's office, and, while he had no unkindly feeling whatever toward Gen. Spinner personally he decided upon the change."

The Worst Kind of Poverty.—One day a lady came in a carriage to ask Coret, the famous French painter, who has just died, for 1,000 francs with which to pay her rent. "She is well dressed," said the maid who had seen her. "I can't understand how anybody with such clothes can borrow money. If I were you I would refuse." "Take that to her, my child," said the artist, offering a bank note for the required sum, "and remember that poverty in silk is the worst kind of poverty."—*Paris Figaro.*

In Paris there are 35,000 school children for whom no educational accommodations are provided.

## THE LITTLE FOLKS.

### Fanny's Two Questions.

Fanny, leaning on my knee,
With her questions bothers me

"Uncle, you know everything—
All about the birds and bees—
Flowers and grass, and leaves and trees—
Uncle, you know everything!

"Why do buttercups grow yellow
While the violets grow blue?
Tell me, please, and tell me true,
There's a dear old fellow?"

"Fanny dear, some things, it may be,
I may know more than a baby;
But why buttercups grow yellow
While the violets grows blue,
I can tell no more than you."

Fanny raised her shining eyes
Up to mine in swift surprise:

"I thought you knew everything,
Uncle, and I'm sure you do,
If you'll only tell me true:
Why do rusty brown birds sing
Sweetly, whilst bright birds are mute?
Why are all the dull ones honest,
While the gay ones steal the fruit?
Don't you think it quite a pity
They can't be both good and pretty?"

"Older heads than yours, my deary,
Have been puzzled by this query,
And may answer as they would;
As for me, why *fair* and *good*
On the same bough seldom grow,
Really, Fan., I do not know!"

### Tom's Adventure.

One dismal afternoon, late in the fall, a young boot-black, box in hand, was moping gloomily along the sidewalk, near one of the large library buildings of New York.

From the sky the heavy clouds were weeping a cold November drizzle. The walks and pavements were slippery with wet, and the eaves of all the houses dripped with a changeless patter, patter, that to the boy with nothing to do seemed likely to keep on forever.

It had rained steadily for three days, and in all that time Tom, the boot-black, had not had a single "shine." Men did not care to have their boots polished in such weather.

He had spent his last cent yesterday for his dinner. Since that he had eaten nothing, and it was evident that he could earn no more money till the weather changed.

Tom had reason enough to feel gloomy. He was beginning to think where he could get a broom to sweep the crossings with. As he moved slowly along, revolving this and other plans in his mind to earn a dinner, he came opposite the great library door, and heard some one calling him. He turned, and looking up the broad stone steps, saw a gray-haired gentleman standing at the entrance of the library.

"Shine, sir?" exclaimed Tom, and he darted straight up the steps.

The man smiled, and opened the door wider. "Come in, my boy," said he, "I want to speak to you."

Impressed by the kind tone, Tom dashed off his cap and walked in.

He found himself in a lofty corridor, walled with stone. No other person was there but himself and the man who called him. The man shut the door and looked at the boy steadily for a moment, and said:

"You're an honest boy, I think."

Tom twisted his cap, and looked down to the little box of "tools" in his left hand, and did not reply.

"I can always tell an honest boy when I see one," continued the other. "An honest boy is shy, and he doesn't say much. Yes, you're honest, I think. Here, here's something for you," and he held out fifty cents.

Tom seized it eagerly. "Thankee, sir!" said he, and thrust the money into his pocket.

"Right! An honest boy likes money. You like money. Therefore you are an honest boy."

The old gentleman chuckled and looked over his glasses. Tom blushed, but somehow did accept the logic.

"Eh! blushing? Well, well, there's another sign. For one to be trusted anywhere, give me a boy that blushes. A boy that doesn't blush most likely is a rascal." Tom got redder.

"He's a queer old peep," thought he.

"Now," continued the gentleman, in a lower voice, "you give my boots a shine, and while you're at work I'll talk to you."

And the boy unloaded his brushes and blacking, and fell to polishing with a will, at the same time wondering what his odd customer intended by all this flattery and unusual friendliness.

"I want you to do something for me," said the old gentleman, stooping down and speaking in the same low tone. "I am President of this Library Association, and I am here in the library just now to see to some repairs myself. I am very particular about the books, very particular indeed. I am having some of them bound over again, and I want somebody to carry them from here to the bookbinder's. I've been looking for a good, honest boy to do it, and you're just to my liking. I shall want my boots polished every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and you can come here, and I will let you do the blacking, and at the same time give you the book that I wish you to carry to the binders. You can put it right into your box carefully, and it will go as safe and dry as an express bundle. You see?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, putting the last touches to his customer's boot, "I see."

"Of course you do," said the gentleman, with a laugh. "You're a bright boy, that's the reason. Now for every book that you'll carry that way, I'll give you a quarter of a dollar, and pay you another quarter for the "shine." It will be a first-rate bargain for you. In fact, you can't earn so much anywhere else in so little time. It wont be necessary to let anybody see you take the books; indeed, I think I should be careful not to, if I were you, because people might think you had taken them without leave, and that would make trouble. I wouldn't get you into trouble for anything; not for my hand."

And the old gentleman shook his head, and patted Tom on the shoulder.

"When shall I come first, sir?"

"O, well, we can begin now. I have a little book with me this very moment. I—"

Just here a door in the lower part of the library opened, and the speaker waited while some person passed through the entry. Tom thought this sudden silence was singular, and he instinctively looked up to his companion with something like a stare.

"Polish a little more on the instep, there," quoth the old gentleman, in an altered tone.

As soon as the outer door was swung to, and they were alone again, he resumed, "I can lay it in your box here, so, with your things, and you can carry it with the cover down, all snug." And slipping a small old leather-covered book from his pocket as Tom finished his work he hastily showed the boy how to pack it out of sight.

"There, that's all right. Now, if you'll—no, stop," he reflected. "I wont have you take them to the book-bindery directly. You take them to that place," and he gave Tom a card on which was written a certain number and a certain street.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, once more.

"And to-morrow come again, and you may black my boots, and I'll give you a book, and also fifty cents. You'll oblige me, and I'll oblige you, and we'll be firm friends. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the old gentleman patted Tom's back, and gently pushed him toward the door. "But don't say any thing about this, and don't fail to carry the book to the proper place. Promise to be careful;" and the gentleman smiled.

And Tom, whose head was full of ideas, readily replied, "I'll carry it safe, sir." And Tom did so.

The more Tom reflected upon this whole affair, the more thoughtful he became. He was sharp and keen, and it was hard to deceive him.

That night he slept in an old iron boiler that had lain for years on a vacant lot in C—— street. In this rent-free tenement, he and Patsey Regan, another boot-black, had contrived to make a bed of hay and shavings, that kept them quite comfortable when the weather was not severe.

No sooner had Tom and his fellow-lodger curled into their queer kennel for the night, than Tom told Patsey his adventure, but without exposing his employer's name.

"The ould villain!" exclaimed Patsey, getting up on his elbow.

That was pretty nearly what Tom thought.

"He's makin' a cat's paw of ye. He's *stalin'* the buks, and that's a way he has of gettin' 'em home. He don't have 'em 'bound.' That's all blarney."

"But he's the President," said Tom.

"The Prisident! O bother! He's a clark, or somethin'. To think ov him callin' a poor b'y from the strate, and makin' him run the risk! Ye might be tuk up for doin' his dirty work. O my, I'd like to *fix* him!" And, in the heat of his indignation, Patsey gave the side of the old boiler a whack.

"And what would you do?" asked Tom.

Patsey was for going out and telling the first policeman. But Tom was longer-headed. He knew that he must have more certain evidence of the old gentleman's dishonesty than he could show yet. The two boys talked over the matter, and finally agreed upon a line of action.

Tom appeared the next day at the library promptly at 4 p. m., and waited for his new patron. Presently the old gentleman came down beaming as graciously as ever, though Tom thought he appeared just a little nervous.

He patted Tom on the shoulder again, and at once set him to blacking his boots. By the time this was done, he had drawn another book from his pocket, and concealed it in Tom's box.

"Carry it just where you did the other one, my boy," said he, and then he gave him some more money and dismissed him with a compliment for his faithfulness.

As Tom passed out of the door, he made a sign to Patsey, who by agreement was sitting on a step not far off, and Patsey nodded a little, but did not move.

At half-past four Patsey *did* move, for he saw the old gentleman whom Tom had described come out of the library alone. He followed him. That night the two boys met again in the old boiler.

"Guess we've got him," said Tom.

"Ye're right," said Patsey. "I waited fur him two hours, and then he come out and wint to the place where ye was tould to lave the book. And I seed him cut ag'in with the book under his arrum, and he wint stthraight home, carryin' it—the ould fox!"

Pleased with their success thus far, the boys laid their plans for to-morrow and fell asleep. To-morrow came, and in the afternoon Tom again repaired to the library with his boot-blacking box. The old gentleman appeared, smiling, but in something more of a hurry than usual.

"Here you are," said he. "Here's the little polisher. Never mind the boots now, but here's the fifty cents, and here's the book. Take it to the same place, and mind and say nothing about it."

He put the book in Tom's box exactly as he had done on the day before.

"And how is business to-day, lad?"—in a joking tone. "How is young Honesty? How goes the tuneful brush today, eh? Ha, ha! See him blush"——

"*You* are the one who ought to blush, sir," said a dignified voice from behind.

Pale as ashes, the terrified old man turned and saw the chief librarian and a policeman enter from a side-room, while Patsey Regan, grinning brought up the rear.

"Sir," said the librarian, bending upon the culprit a look of severity, "you have been detected in a flagrant theft, and we now believe you to be the person who has been stealing books from this library for the past two years. Your apartments must be searched (the old man turned paler still), and the proofs against you will soon, I fear, be clear and convincing. These two honest boys, one of whom you endeavored to make your tool, have had the wit to catch you, and they shall be rewarded as they deserve. Policeman, take him into custody."

There was no appeal. The old man wept and begged for forgiveness, but the librarian was inexorable. Both Tom and Patsey felt uncomfortable, but the librarian reassured them.

"You have done well," said he. "You have been true and faithful to what was right, and you deserve praise, too, for the shrewdness of your management. Come, with me;" and so saying, he led them out of the hall. The old man was taken away by the officer; but on account of his age, and his past services as assistant librarian—which office he had held in the library—he was never tried, though, of course, he was made to restore all the books he had stolen.

Tom and Patsey were led into the library, and were not only rewarded for what they had done; but found also in the librarian a warm counselor and true friend.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Spring.

Of all the seasons spring is the most coquettish. She is like the Princess who stooped and kissed the sleeping poet under the tree, who still slept on but dreamed a different dream. The earth was hardly conscious that spring had come till yesterday, when blue skies dropped ethereal mildness (Thomson) on her bosom. It is indeed the time when the young, the rosy spring gives to the breeze her scented wing (Anacreon) and April is garlanded with all the fairest flowers and freshest buds the earth brings forth (Spencer). Well was it observed that like an army defeated the snow hath retreated (Wordsworth) and that the fields with flowers are decked in every hue (Drummond), though we must not go out just yet to pull them. The swallow also brings us the season of vernal delight, with his back all of sable and belly of white (Annonymous), and there are daffodils which come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty (Shakespeare). In the spring a brighter crimson burns upon the robin's breast (Tennyson), and young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love (Ibid). Now is heard the sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass (Shelley), and with his umbrella wanders forth the hyacinthine boy, for whom morn well might break and April bloom (Emerson). Now shall we notice how our swift spring heaps the orchards full of bloom and scent (Lowell), and the maiden May returns with a pretty haste (Barry Cornwall). Now do the majority of intelligent people think it better to sport with Amaryllis in the shade or with the tangles of Neæra's hair (Milton) than to creep into some still cavern deep, there to weep and weep and weep (Tennyson). All th se and many other things do we see and enjoy now that spring has broken the icy fetters of the silver streams (Wilkesbarre special dispatch), and all nature rejoices that grim-visaged March has smoothed his frosty pow (Burns and Shakespeare). Spring! beautiful spring! has returned with birds and flowers (original), and new fashionable styles in hats, bonnets, dresses (advertisements), influenzas and catarrhs and hundreds of other things make business lively.—*New York Herald.*

## PRETZEL'S SELF-ACTING BACK-ACTION HEN-PERSWADER.

*Eggeplanations.*

Efer since de hens come der shell out, vhich laid der egg, vhich Mister Columbus demonshtrated mit, dot der vorld vas round like der deuce, der women hens hafe been eggshtremely reluckdent about gifing vent to dheir feelings, to der eggstent of more as one leedle egg to der day. Dis eggstensif produckshun (in dheir esdimation) was all dot could been reasonably eggspected from any vell reckulated female hen.

Vell, in dose days, dot may hafe been an eggcellent conclusions to got too. Shtill, vhile we don'd did vant, at der bresent time, to demonshdrate der shapes of der vorld, we hafe eggwaly as much more uses of der embryo of a bird, as did dose fellers in der old dimes, vhen it vas eggspected to gif evidences, und proofs, at der eggspense of a hens rebudation und eggcentricities.

I hafe much sympady for dot class of birds, vhich eggshibit so much of dhemselves, und vhich lay down, se much more as dhey dook ub. Shdill, in dis pooty gwick dime, vhen eferydings vas eggspanding, und efen nadure idself vas ledding oud der abron shdrings of ids gwick shwelling body, der hen mit ids eggodistical und eggsbensif varble und lay, must now bractice eggonomy, but be eggreegious in ids productions like any odder child of nadure. Dot is eggsential.

*Eggsberience, der mudder of Infention.*

Eggsberience, may hafe been der mudder of some infentions, but der fadder of dis infention vas an X-eyed Eggyptian. From him it comed in a shdraight line through der behind fadders und mudders of Carl Pretzel, to eggsamine und berfect, und now, after much many years of eggstremely much doil und shtudy, he has got der shkience to a system down, und der hen must do in der fudure vat she don'd did nefer done in der past—lay out so many eggs consisdent mit her weight und shtrength.

*Eggsblanation 2 Dimes.*

Somedimes, vhere it vas so shdill dot you could hear a house fall down—vhen eferydings vas so lofely, yoost like der summer sun vhen he goes foolin round ofer shleeping valleys—dook your henbox und gommence oberations. Der abofe cut vas a drue pigture of der inshdrument. Make one yoost like dot. Ofer you don'd got der necessary shickens, dots besser you buy one, for it vas bositify eggsential to hafe a bird like dot. Don'd make a mishdook und got a rooshter, been fery careful about dot, or your dime vas fooled out; vatch der ocksasion, or radder der tunnel vhere der egg was eggspected to come down, und been ready mit your hat to intercept der onward course of der frail egg in ids mat flight down der inclined lefel of der tunnel. Id regwires much nerf und reshpecktability, good eyesight und bleasant dishposition, to shtand id; please reckermember der old atferb, vhich said, "faind lady don'd can vin some fair heart," und a "rolling shtone vas der root of all evi'."

*Eggsblanation 3 Dimes.*

Hisdory repeads idself in dis complimented cases, "a gacklin hen vas always mean business." A vell-fed female hen vas possess yoost enuff refinement to understand dot having accomblished something vhich no odder man could do, it vould ondidle her to crow ofer der result. Now hear vas comed der broviso. Vhen a hen vas become stfised dot she had added an egg to der census of henology, she, mit a shweed shmile on her coundenance, shtands her shtraight on her feetses, on her settee, und calmly views der surroundings of der blace, und, yoost previous to her depardure from der scene, she mit more as a barrel of eggotism debicted on her feadures, und mit a troat dot vas shuck full mit der innocent gackle, throws one eye sideways indo der recepdacle vherein eggs should hafe been segreeted. Mit much sahdonishments dot hen vas filled. She vas dink dot she don't hafe done her duty yoost now, und mordified at der bossible sarkasemness vhich might eggshibit itself in her sister hens, she, mitout a single gackle, gwietly dooks her seat on der nest again, resolving to produce or berish in der addempt.

*Eggsblanations 4 Dimes.*

It was dhruly a beautiful ting, to saw so much of dot shpirits of determinations embodied in der frame work of a hen. Yoost saw der pigture of dot shicken, und blease to told me, did you efer in my life saw so much resignations, so much of dot pure shpirid of conscientious willingness of duty. Vell, I'll yoost based you tree tollars about it. Vy, such a sight like dot vood make a man go right away gwick off und marry a viddow. It vood make a feller valk around mit a meekness dot vas gharacderisdic of one who had got a mudder-by-law—dot's so. Yoost once more, again does der accommodating shicken broduce der embryo, und once more already der egg dot's full mit meat dhrops dhrough der hatchvay, und again der batentee adds annudder one to der many vat he vas hafe in his hat, by industry und berseverance, und der pride of dot female shicken. But yoost let it been reckermembered by dose who eggspect to buy derritory for dis invention: Dot "virtue shtops somedimes to been a forbearance," und der substance of efen a hen might been layed avay. So look pooty vell out."

*Eggsblanation Eggs-it.*

Der demoralized condition of der hen, abofe rebresented, was a shtriking pigture of man's inhumanity to shicken. Der batent don'd did cofer "gruelty to hens," dot clause didn'd vas set in der charter to der gombany. Shdill, dot we vas more eggsblicitly demonshdrate dor full workings of der batent, und show conclusiff effidence of ids bower und shdrength, we shduck it in, on ackound we hafe so much derritory to sell. It vas der early indentions of der batentee to make a hens lay about dhree eggs per day dimes, on ackound dot it vas during der Lenten days dot it vas berfected, der orders vas more as a shendlemans mit dwo hens could fill out. In any odder season, vhen der demand on eggs vas dull, und for der breservation of der bedigree of der hen, you must not allow der shicken to "shaddow" herself mit not more as dwo dozen eggs efery day dimes. Abblication for derritory und hens must been accompanied mit der usual eggschange, und send some orders in to Carl Pretzel, Chicago, Ill.

### Singular Bequest.

An old gentleman named March died recently in Charlestown, who was a most eccentric genius. Though possessed of some wealth, he had but one pleasure—that of theater-going. He would economize in everything else, but always treated himself to a sight of every new play or actor, good or bad. He left no heirs, and few relatives, and his property was disposed of in several singular ways. The principal item of his will provided for the investment of a sum sufficient to realize $500 per year clear, which was to be expended in theater tickets, to be given away to poor, respectable people—not over one dollar each to be paid for the tickets. The trustees under the will are otherwise given full authority in the carrying out of this provision, and will to-day perform the first act under it, spending the whole sum allowed. They have selected the Boston Theater, Museum, Globe, and Howard, and will furnish one hundred and twenty-five tickets to each house for any performance desired by the parties receiving them.—*Boston Herald.*

The Name America.—Jules Marcou contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine for April, an article on the origin of the name America, which presents a view partly new, in that it seeks to wrest the honor from both Columbus and Vespucius. It claims that the name is itself an American word; that it comes from the name (Americ) applied in Nicaragua to the mountain range between Juigalpa and Libertad, being in time spread over the whole of the new world. But there is a familiar feature of his theory—that which presents the famous (although unknown to any great fame) old publisher and bookseller of the Vosges, who had heard the word Americ used by sailors from the new continent, and thus came to apply it in his books to the new country which he helped some of them so poorly to describe.

The *Daily Telegraph*, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, gives the mercantile marine of Canada, at the close of 1874, at 6,938 vessels, at a registered tonnage of 1,158,567, which is an increase for the year of 151 vessels. Of this number, Nova Scotia has 2,785, Quebec 1,837, New Brunswick 1,144, Ontario 821 Prince Edward's Island 312, and British Columbia 35.

### People and Things.

France has had nineteen constitutions since 1793.

Tom Thumb is thirty-eight years old, but very small for his age.

In all England, Ireland and Scotland there are only 137 daily papers.

There are said to be fifty-seven women editing newspapers in this country.

A Providence (R. I.) firm has completed a $400 rifle for King Kalakaua.

The coal fields of Colorado are larger than the whole area of New England.

Great Britain has but 150,526 acres in orchards. Illinois alone has twice as many.

Two million fish were hatched last year by the government at the Michigan State Fishery.

Brigham Young has been re-elected Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and President of the Mormon community.

Board at all the summer resort hotels will be materially cheaper than last year, and well may we rejoice.

Sweden has no national debt, and its surplus revenue, last year, amounted to nineteen millions of dollars. et's go.

The latest addition to the umbrella is a pane of glass, inserted in the front breadth, through which the holder can see his way.

The last Boston spelling-match was bothered with such words as cerissa, ptsymagogtachygraph, gisour, tael, eyot, fichus, euchamy, and demoniacal.

Baltimore ships 50,000,000 cans of oysters annually, and 40,000 men are constantly employed in sharpening oyster-knives and soldering up the cans.

It is almost hopeless to breed horses for fast trotters when there have been but five horses raised in Kentucky in the last fifteen years that have records as low as 2:21.

There are hundreds of warehouses in the best part of New York city without tenants, and thousands of houses are occupied by people who cannot pay their landlords.

Two or three dozen of the Boston doctors have been investigating the boy murderer, Jesse Pomeroy, and, as a result, have united in a petition to the Governor to hang him.

Frank Walworth, the parricide, is having fits and other complaints, and the subject of a pardon for him is again attracting attention. His mother is a daily visitor to her unfortunate son.

An oak tree near Arensberg, in Prussia, more than a thousand years old, is about to be cut down by its owner because of the inconvenience suffered from the numerous visits of strangers to the place.

Ex-Senator Revels, of Mississippi, the first colored citizen admitted to the United States Senate, has become a Doctor of Divinity, and is an active preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that State.

Wm. H. Nevies, of London, accused of stealing $40,000 from his employers, started out strange countries for to see; and a detective who went after him captured him last week in Brooklyn, after an 8,000 mile pursuit.

The Titusville *Courier* says that the production of petroleum in Western Pennsylvania during the year 1874 would fill a canal thirty feet wide at the toy, fifteen feet at the bottom, seven feet deep, and over seventy-five miles long.

An important company has been formed in England to import live cattle from Texas to that country, with a capital of £5,000,000. They will take 1,500 at a load, and load the returning ships with emigrants at low rates of fare.

One of the most horrible reports of moral insanity induced by a belief in the supernatural comes from Pinar Del Rio, in the West Indies. A mother, who supposed herself to be so directed by spirit-rappings, tore out her son's eyes and prepared to tear out her own. This was done in the presence of a circle of women who prayed in a loud voice while the hideous operation was being performed.

### Rubber Cement.

There are several kinds of India rubber cement. The best known is "marine glue." A cheaper cement and one that is highly recommended, is made by cutting a quantity of pure India rubber, in in its natural state, into small pieces, putting them into a wide-mouthed bottle and filling it about half full of the purest benzine; the rubber will swell up almost immediately, and if well shaken will in a few days assume the consistency of honey. If the rubber does not dissolve add more benzine. If, when dissolved, the cement is too thin, add more gum. A piece of rubber one inch in diameter will make a pint of cement. This dries in a few minutes, and is very useful in uniting pieces of leather, as it is both elastic and durable. In mending rubber goods put a patch of rubber over the place to be mended and cement it on with the solution, which fastens the patch firmly.

### Hair Dyes.

The *Health Reformer*, while asserting that hair dyes are nearly always unsafe, and it would advise not using them, admits that there are cases in which the use of some kind of a dye is desirable, as in those in which a portion of the hair has lost its pigment by disease or accident, while the remainder retains its natural color, or in cases of premature whitening of the hair. For use in such cases it would recommend the permanganate of potash. Prepare a strong solution of the salt by dissolving ten or fifteen grains in an ounce of water. Apply to the hair with a brush, being careful to avoid staining the skin. This is reputed to be an excellent dye, far superior to any of the patented mixtures. It gives to the hair a rich color and luster, and does not injure its texture.

### People Should Eat More Fruit.

The *Herald of Health*, in its current number, has an article on "Fruit and Food," which, the writer thinks, is far too sparingly used by everybody. He takes some of the principal hotels in New York, and compares in figures the amount of flesh and fruit consumed every week. Thus the amount of animal food consumed at the four principal New York hotels, the Fifth Avenue, Grand Central, St. Nicholas and Windsor, is put down in round numbers at about 70,000 pounds per week. These are the average weekly figures, including fish, flesh, fowl, game and oysters. The amount of fruit is given as 900 pounds, with 645 gallons of canned fruit. The writer thinks this great disparity in the amount of fruit and flesh eaten is one of the causes of universal physical demoralization.