

Curious Stories of Smuggling.

[Laissez Passer.] Perhaps the oddest phase of smuggling (for smuggling it really was) was patent in a practice which prevailed for several years in Dover, and was carried on openly in full view of the town. About 1819-20 the fashion came up of wearing Leghorn bonnets of exorbitant dimensions. They were huge straw plaids, nearly circular, and averaging about a yard in diameter; they sold in England at two to three or more guineas each, according to their quality, and nearly half their cost was the duty paid on importing them. Now, according to the law, duty is not demandable on any article of dress worn by travelers. A clever dealer in Leghorns contrived to profit enormously by this law. He hired a numerous troop of the poorest women and girls, ragged, squalid, and wretched-looking creatures they were, to be sure, and paid them almost a nominal fee for accompanying him daily in his voyages to and from the French coast, contracting with the captain of one of the steamers for season tickets for the whole of them. The troop regularly left Dover in the morning with scarcely a handful of bonnet on their heads; they dined at Calais, if they could afford to dine, and came back in the afternoon, two or three score of them, each with a brand-new Leghorn of fullest dimensions on her head; the rag of bonnet worn in the morning being stuffed in her pocket. On landing they were all marched to the speculator's warehouse, denuded of their luxurious coiffures, and dismissed for the day. A hundred times at least have I seen these forlorn and tattered purveyors of fashion both going out and coming in, and I could tell the boat they traveled by while it was yet miles away, by the straw-colored amber line which under a cloudy sky would glimmer like a streak of sunshine ere the hull of the vessel was distinctly visible.

"A form of smuggling," says a writer in the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "is that is not likely soon to die out, is that practiced by tourists, who think it allowable to shirk paying duty on things which they have bought for their own use. Public morals on this point are slightly elastic, and those of the gentler sex especially are apt to think that nothing compels them to declare themselves of Tanchinich, cases of eau de Cologne, yards of Lyon silk, or pieces of Brussels lace. Here is a story which will illustrate feminine notions on this subject, and perhaps convey a moral: A Belgian bridegroom, being about to start for Paris on his bridal tour, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs' worth of lace about her, hoping by its sale to pay the cost of their journey. The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were Custom-House officers and female searchers at Equinoles who were sometimes struck with an accountable fancy for examining passengers' pockets. This he said, being a timid man, and his bride, to humor him, promised to give up her plan, but then she secreted the lace at the same time without telling him about it. Now, as the train approached the French frontier, the husband reflected that if his wife were not searched his fears would be mocked at as having been groundless, and he would start on his marriage career with prestige impaired. This was not desirable; rather it was essential that he should, from the very outset assert his infallibility. So when the train stopped at Equinoles and the passengers alighted the Belgian bridegroom left his bride's arm for a moment, and, sidling up to a donianer, whispered, 'I think if you search that lady yonder you may find some lace.' The donianer winked; the happy bride was accosted with the invitation to walk into the female searcher's room. She turned pale, tottered, but was led away, and five minutes later dismal sounds of hysterics were heard. Then the donianer reappeared, and said to the bride, 'Thank you, sir; it's a good capture. The lady will be taken to prison, and half the fine will go to you.' This was a painful adventure, but it does not follow that all husbands are so inconsiderate, nor that all ladies who smuggle lace are caught."

A more amusing anecdote on this subject was lately told at a public dinner by M. Ferdinand Duval, Prefect of the Seine. He said that the octroi men of Paris, who levy the municipal barrier dues, are a most vigilant set of fellows, but that, having boasted of their merits, he (the Prefect) had been caught. A friend of his, residing at St. Cloud, had made a small bet that he would introduce a pig into Paris in his brougham without the octroi men detecting it. M. Duval took the bet, and strict orders were given at all the gates of Paris to look out for the brougham of the friend in question. Within less than a week, however, the Prefect received the sum of 80 centimes, being the amount of duty leviable on the pig, and a request to come and assure himself that the quadruped had been successfully smuggled in. It turned out that the pig, killed and scalded, had been driven into Paris quite triumphantly on the box beside the coachman. Since then the octroi men, it is said, stare with some fixity at plump women when they behold them on carriage boxes.

**A Princely Trial of an Old Experiment.** Under the heading "The Prince of Wales' Courage," the *London World* relates the following incident: "The heir apparent and Dr. Lyon Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. 'Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?' said the Doctor. 'Certainly,' replied the Prince. 'Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?' 'Do you tell me to do this?' asked the Prince. 'I do,' replied the Doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described. After this let no one underrate the courage of the Prince of Wales." There seems a spice of funkiness in this. The Prince may be supposed to have learned when he was a schoolboy that the experiment is perfectly safe. It requires a little "nerve" to perform it, to be sure, but can hardly be considered a severe test of one's "courage."

New mask tells are of Breton lace, and may be either black or white. The net covering the face has tiny dots wrought in it, usually two or three in a group, and the edge is finished with Breton lace two inches wide.

Blaine thinks that Sherman is stalking ahead.

Miscellaneous.

Our enterprising tonsorial artist, Fred Hide, has painted his shop inside and out, and we understand from him he is going to make a regular palace of it before he stops. Success Fred.

Modjeska while in Hartford was the guest of Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, and she met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she played in Poland when she first went upon the stage.

Father Giovanni, the famous Italian tenor, has become immensely fat, and continues to draw wonderful crowds to the Roman churches whenever he sings. To keep him in the church and from accepting the offers of operatic managers it is said that he has been given a more than princely salary.

"Ha! ha! there is blood on the moon," he cried, striking an attitude in imitation of the tragedian he had seen at the theater the night before. "What, ho! ye black and midnight hag," when his mother suddenly walked into the bedroom and spoiled the whole first act with a trunk strap.

The will of Thad Stevens provides for the sale of his iron works. If after his debts and bequests are paid there remain \$50,000, a horse of refuge for homeless and indigent orphans is to be built. The sale will take place June 6, and it is expected that there will be a surplus of \$75,000.

The Emperor of Austria rises at five and retires early, being unable to attend opera every evening, as he would like to do. He likes neither Englishmen nor their literature. He has a soft, musical voice, and is a good dancer, a fine horseman and a crack shot.

Miss Delia Wheeler, aged sixty-five years, the only sister of Vice President Wheeler, died suddenly at the home of the Vice President, at Malone, N. Y., recently. Vice President Wheeler was absent in the Adirondacks, where his sister had prevailed upon him to go on account of his health.

This is the epitaph which was written on the gravestone of a banker, who was notorious while he lived for extorting high interest:— Here lies old twenty-five per cent; The more he got the less he spent; The more he got the more he craved; If he gets to heaven we'll all be saved.

A jolly tar, having strayed into a show at a fair, to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den.—"Why, Jack," said he to a mess-mate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry a sailor and a marine living peacefully together?"—"Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife."

A little girl surprised a company of visitors by her knowledge of the Creator's works. At the dinner table she exclaimed: "God made all this big world in six days. God made me and everybody else. He made mamma, too, but he forgot to put any hair on her head, and papa had to buy it for her." When the mother got through interviewing the little miss, after the company dispersed, the little one wished she had been built like a washbowl.

A man having buried his wife, waited on the grave digger, who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavored to get the knight of the spade to abate his charge. The patience of the latter being exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed: "Doon wi' another shilling, or up she comes." The threat had the desired effect.

Four thousand men assembled in a Boston theater to see a wrestling match. Thirty thousand persons in New York paid a dollar apiece to see three worn-out men walking around a track. And when a clergyman announced on Sunday morning that a collection would be lifted in the evening to liquidate the debt of the church, three hundred persons assembled, and the collection amounted to nine dollars and a half.

A Westminister Justice taking a coach in the city, and being set down at Youngman's Coffee-house, Charing Cross, the driver, demanded eighteen pence as his fare; the Justice asked him if he would swear the ground came to the money. The man said he would take an oath on't. The Justice replied, "Friend, I'm a magistrate," and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow sixpence, saying, he must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he pressed somewhat hard upon those counselors who plead causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister rested upon the Dean; and after several altercations, the counselor asked him: "If the devil was to die, whether a person might not be found, who, for money, would preach his funeral?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and would give the devil his due, as I have this day done to his children."

A Touching Incident.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going. "Down to find my papa," was the sobbing reply. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady. "His name is papa." "But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the little creature. The lady then tried to lead her along, saying: "You had better come with me; I guess you came from this way." "Yes; but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady. "I want to kiss him." "Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Flower Girl.

Murillo had just put the finishing touches to the picture that he had been engaged in painting for the church, San Jorge de la Caridad. The painting represented the ascent of the Virgin to Heaven. On a silver cloud upheld by angels stood the Madonna in all her enchanting beauty, with hands crossed on her chaste bosom, and her eyes uplifted, filled with a look of deep devotedness.

Late one evening Murillo went to the church alone. He wished to stop in quiet reflection before his image of the highest and most delightful inspiration, not from vanity, but from holy thoughtfulness, for he felt that he had been chosen by Providence to express in living colors for the children of earth this divine idea.

The evening was peaceful and warm as summer. Odors of oranges and flowers filled the air, and a nightingale was singing in a poplar grove. The clearest moonlight trembled over the place and lit the wanderer's path. Deep in poetical thought, the artist stepped into the dim and quiet church. It seemed to be empty, but, arrived at the end of the smaller passages that led to the choir where his picture was hung, Murillo saw, hidden behind a pillar, a young woman with a flower-basket in her arm, kneeling before the Madonna. Soon he heard these words from the rosy lips: "Holy Mother of God, never did I think thee so ravishingly beautiful; my poor thoughts had not the power to create for themselves anything so lovely. Oh, who then has succeeded in placing thee on the cloud? Him will I offer my heart; on my knees will I creep to his feet and bathe them in tears of joy! Lower thy glance, open thy mouth, and tell me, tell me where shall I find the master!"

"I am the master, what do you wish, my good Fiorina? Do you wish, perhaps, to upraid me for ever having indifferently gone by your flowers?" "You, beautiful youth, you are the master? Oh, then, place your hand on my head and bless me. Every day hereafter will I offer thee a white lily and a fervent prayer," said Fiorina, dropping on her knees before him. Murillo stooped over the enthusiastic young woman, kissed her raven locks, and bade her not to forget the white flower. He then told her his name and dwelling place, bidding her to visit him after three days.

With her flower-basket on her arm came Fiorina, according to agreement. When she saw Murillo, she held out to him a large, silvery white lily, yet moist with the morning dew. Smiling, the master accepted the gift, and taking the girl's hand, he led her before a covered picture and said: "I shall here present you, my girl, with a mirror, in which you will find earthly beauty and joy restored, so long as you are inwardly beautiful and good. Look at yourself often in the glass, and thank God so long as you can look without blushing, and without a sigh. Should you wish also to stand, like the Madonna, on the cloud, surrounded by angels—oh, then, see that your mirror is always built."

Murillo then tore away the curtain, and on the uncovered canvas was a painting of Fiorina and her flowers, beneath which the master had written: "The Pretty Flower-girl of Seville."

Restless Nights.

Some persons "toss and tumble" half the night and get up in the morning weary, unrefreshed and dispirited, wholly unfit, either in body or mind, for the duties of the day; they are not only incapacitated for business, but are often rendered so ungracious in their manners, so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom and a cloud over the whole household. To be able to go to bed and be in a sound, delicious sleep, an unconscious deliciousness, in five minutes, but enjoyed in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an incalculable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that beneficent Providence which vouchsafes the same through the instrumentalities of a wise and self-denying attention to the laws of our being.

Restless nights, as to persons in apparent good health, arise chiefly from, first, an overloaded stomach; second, from worldly care; third, from want of muscular activities proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner at midday, and nothing after that except a cold piece of bread and butter and a cup or two of some hot drink; anything beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, doughnuts, and the like, only tempt nature to eat when there is really no call for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its train of evils.

Worldly care. For those who cannot sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their own remissness, the perfidy of friends, or unavoidable circumstances, we have a deep and sincere sympathy. To such we say, live hopefully for better days ahead, and meanwhile strive diligently, persistently, and with a brave heart to that end.

But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as much thereof as will produce moderate fatigue, is spent in steady work in the open air, or on horseback, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleeping in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it is at two, four, or six o'clock in the morning. In less than a week each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no more.—*Half's Journal of Health.*

Chicago boasts of a young lady of twenty-one, so cultured that when the other day, sounds of a thousand consecutive pigs under a thousand consecutive gates, with interludes as of the ripping up of clapboard houses by tornadoes, issued from the yard in the rear of her paternal mansion, she said to the young man who was sitting in the parlor with her, and opined that there had been a terrible accident: "O, no; that is only pa and by brother Bobby having a trunk-strap recital in the woodshed."

Household Hints.

A teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia added to the rice-water will make rusty black goods look as good as new.

Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease or drops of paint out of cloth. Apply it until the grease can be scraped off.

Common cement, such as is used for plastering cisterns, cellars, etc., is excellent for scouring knives, forks, spoons and tinware.

A teaspoonful of borax added to an ordinary kettle of hard water, in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

Potatoes cut into small squares, and put into cruet or bottles with the water that is to wash them will clean them quickly and thoroughly.

Chalk and magnesia, rubbed on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and held near the fire, will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

The tomato is a powerful aperient, and is a wonderfully effective curative agent for liver and kidney affections. It is also a thorough remedy for dyspepsia.

Pillows long used acquire a disagreeable odor. The ticks should be emptied and washed, the feathers put in a bag, and exposed to the heat of the sun for several hours.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some camphor gum with the seeds. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury.

Water spots may be removed from black craps by lapping it until dry. If dried before the spot was noticed, it will need to be dampened and then clapped in the hands.

Add two ounces of powdered alum and two ounces of borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain-water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle, and the water be clarified and fit for washing, and even for cooking purposes.

Dinner dishes and plates which have had greasy food upon them may be rubbed off with a little Indian meal before putting into water. They are thus prevented from making the water unfit for continued use, while the meal, saved by itself, is good for the pig or ebikens.

Select potatoes so that they be nearly of a size; do not put them into the pot until the water boils. When done, pour off the water and remove the cover until the steam is gone; then scatter in a half teaspoonful of salt and cover the pot with a towel. Watery potatoes will thus come out mealy.

To revive old kid gloves, make a thick mucilage by boiling a handful of fax-seed; add a little dissolved soap; then, when the mixture cools, with a piece of white flannel wipe the gloves, previously fitted to the hand; use only enough to take off the dirt, without wetting through the glove.

A Poet's Married Wife.

A writer in *The London Athenaeum*, discoursing on the recent death of the widow of Walter Savage Landor, says: "In 1810 Julia Thullier was a bright-eyed little girl of 16, not much in society perhaps, but still famous for having 'softer, thicker, richer curls' than any woman in Bath at a time when curls were at a premium there. She had other qualities equally in demand, for, though 'without a shilling,' she had already had two of the most brilliant offers of marriage, one from a person of distinguished rank, the other from one of the richest commoners in England. Julia Thullier, however, seems to have been of a romantic, or rather, perhaps, of a self-indulgent turn, for she rejected the millionaire and the nobleman for the rare luxury of marrying a poet. As usual in such cases, she suffered for the self-indulgence.

"Landor could never really feel that he was old or getting old; this, very likely, is the peculiar privilege of genius.

The good are ever young, says Marie de Meranie to Philip Augustus, in Dr. Marston's fine play. But, unfortunately, pretty girls, as a rule, are precisely those who never can take that view of matters. Landor and his wife had the inevitable family quarrels and made them up. Indeed, seeing how little of sympathy there was between them, they really seem to have been, for a long time exceedingly forbearing with each other. Most people who knew Mrs. Landor as a young woman speak of her amiability and sweet charm of manner. I must do this little wife the justice," said Robert Landor in one of his letters, "to say that I saw much of her about three years after her marriage, during a long journey through France and Italy, and that I left her with regret and pity." And even Armitage Brown, in the letter justifying Landor, written to Landor at Landor's request, and which is manifestly biased, speaks of her kindness gracious hospitality to himself. But it is a pity that women cannot, for the comfort of men who never grow old, remain pretty girls during life.

"Still, the family jars seem never to have been serious till 1814, when Landor, considering it necessary to depart from England, and being met with objections to the step from his wife, a quarrel ensued, in which his wife, in the presence of her younger sister, struck home a kind of blow that was sure to rankle in his breast till the day of his death; she twitted Epicurus with the disparity between their ages! It was absolutely impossible that Landor, whose passion for youth was so strong and so deep, could ever forgive this; he never did. They afterward, to be sure, came together again, and children were born to them; but such a sore could never be healed, and, after quarrels innumerable, Landor left her, and not all the persuasions of such kind and considerate friends as he had could induce him to see her again. The issue of the marriage consisted of one daughter and three sons. The eldest of these, Mr. Arnold Savage Landor, is now of Ipsley Court, Warwickshire."

New Use for Electricity.

The General Omnibus Company of Paris has for some time past made use of electricity for subduing vicious horses. By the process adopted, intractable animals given to biting, rearing and kicking, are rendered inoffensive, and submit peacefully to be groomed and harnessed. To obtain this result a weak current of electricity is passed into the mouth of the horse each time it becomes restive. The will of the animal seems almost annihilated. The current is produced by a small induction machine of the Clarke system, the wires of which communicate with the bit of the bridle. The employment of electricity is said to produce a sort of unconsciousness or torpor rather than pain, and is much less barbarous than many taming methods hitherto adopted.

Greasley liked Gibbon.

Women as Carpenters.

It is no doubt a refreshing sight to the male sex to see a woman assert herself as a carpenter.

If anything will establish the superiority of man or woman an exhibition of her skill in "using tools" will do it.

There are various little jobs around a house which would come within a carpenter's province, and no head of a family likes to do them. He is never willing to take hold. And his wife wants them done right up. The doors sag, or the windows stick, or the screws work out of the curtain fixtures, or the castors break on the dining-room table, or the cellar stairs get broken, or somebody tips back in a rocking-chair and splits the concern into two chairs, or some other breakage or damage occurs.

The husband and father is busy reading about the last murder, or smoking a cigar not paid for, and he cannot attend to it. And the woman gets her indignation up, and says, "Well, she can do it herself." And she generally adds something to the effect that men aren't worth their salt, and she wishes she'd never been fool enough to let herself to one. So there!

Then she prepares to do the job herself. It is a certain fixture to be put up this time. Curtain fixtures, you have probably noticed, never come the right length for any window that was ever constructed.

She gets a chair, and arms herself with a screw-driver, and puts six screws in her mouth, and climbs on the chair with the fixtures in her hand, and finds that she can't reach the top of the window by three or four inches.

She gets down, and in doing so her dress gets entangled in the chair-back and tears off a little fringe and a little knife-plaiting, and upsets a pot of gummum on the window sill, and in attempting to save that she strikes her head against a bracket by the side of the window which holds a pot of oxalis, and comes down the oxalis aforesaid, and the pot breaks, and the earth is spilled all over the carpet, and the plant is demoralized for life.

Of course she opens her mouth to scream, and the screws fly out, and in jumping after them she drops the rest of the things, and has to begin anew. This she does when she has picked up the pot and the plant, and swept away the dirt, and put some camphor on her head where it struck the bracket.

If the husband and father should offer to do the job for her now she would scorn his proposal. Her blood is up, and she will do it herself or perish in the attempt.

She gathers together her implements again, and puts an ottoman in the chair, and climbs into another chair, and from that gets on the ottoman, and stands full a minute swaying backward and forward trying to get her balance just right; for a woman standing upon anything more than two feet from the ground is always dizzy-headed and expect to fall the next minute.

She tries the screw-driver on the screws but there never was any wood so hard as that window-casing. The screws turn round lively, but they do not take hold. She has got to have a gimlet to start them. So she has to get down again. The ottoman comes with her, just for company, and falls with a bounce on that sore joint in her foot which has bothered her so long. Being a woman she cannot relieve her feelings by swearing, but she does the next best thing—she kicks the ottoman with the other foot, and stirs up her next sore joint in doing so.

Husband and father looks innocent, and wants to know what she has done, and she is a true Christian if she can refrain from telling him it is none of his business.

A third time she mounts that chair, and now she means business.

You can see it in the way she compresses her lips over those screws, and plants her foot on that shaky ottoman, and jabs that dull gimlet into the window molding.

At last the sockets for the roller to turn in are up, a little "showing" perhaps; but never mind—they are up. And if the curtain does roll one side, whose business is it?

Husband and father takes time enough from his occupation to mildly inform her that in his judgment, one of the sockets is put up an inch higher than the other. Did you ever hear a woman's reply on such an occasion? It could not well be recorded in words. You would want to see her face in order to get the full meaning of her answer.

She tries the roller. It is about a foot too long. It must be sawed off. Where is the saw? She stops and considers. The head of the family had it last to cut off an apple-tree limb with, she thinks; but she will not ask him anything about it. Not she! she scorns to humor him so much. She will hunt it up.

So she gets down again and searches in the wood shed, and in the stable, and under the kitchen sink, and up in the open attic, and finds it at last down cellar on the meat barrel, with about half an inch of rust on it and the handle loose.

She takes the roller and lays it on two chairs, and begins to saw. The saw is just like the screws—it doesn't take hold. She gives a vicious dig with it and cuts a groove a couple of inches long in one of her best walnut chair frames, but does not so much as saw the roller.

Another attempt. The saw takes hold in one place—cuts a little, then slips and goes over the other edge of the length of the roller, cutting jags all along, and sending the sawdust every which way.

Husband and father tells her she doesn't hold her saw right. "Mad clear through" as she afterward tells her confidential next-door neighbor, she makes a desperate effort, and the thing is sawed in two. Yes, sir! it is done!

No words can describe the triumph which fills her soul as she climbs once more on that ottoman and tries it in the sockets. At least two inches too long!

Depressed in mind but not in manner, she gets down again and determines it shall be short enough this time.

The same thing is gone through with as regards the saw, and again the roller is cut. Half an inch too short this time. Well, she has got another fixture. She'll fix that. She won't be beat out. She'll have that curtain up.

So she gets the other fixture, and by dint of being extra careful it is sawed to just the right length. Then she gets the tack-hammer and tacks the curtain to the roller, and pounds on one finger and both thumbs, and drives two tacks through the curtain where they ought not to be, and crouks up about twenty more; and then she rises, curtain in hand, to put it up. She finds one of the sockets must be moved a little. It "sets in" too much at the bottom.

She has put the screw-driver and gimlet away, woman-like. A man new would have left them right there on the floor till he had wanted them again, so's to have them handy. There is a great dif-

Tobacco Trade for 1878.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, which is the oldest commercial institution in the United States, has just issued its twenty-first annual report. The report presents many encouraging symptoms of a return of confidence and a revival of commercial enterprise, indicating that the country is at the outset of a period of national prosperity. The report, among other valuable material, contains the summaries of the entire commerce of the United States, and comparisons showing the increase and decrease of exports and imports at the different ports for the present and previous years. The tobacco trade as a whole, it is remarked, has not realized the expectations entertained of it. The trade in leaf tobacco has been an exception, and the sales have largely exceeded those of any previous year. The trade in foreign kinds was sluggish until the close of the year, when all the desirable remains of the old crop were taken up at advance figures. Both the receipts of leaf in hogsheads from the interior at the port of New York and the exports to foreign countries in 1878 were largely in excess of the preceding year; the one being over 40, the other 25 per cent in excess.

The Danbury News says a Russian agent was in Danbury to buy up a lot of steamships, but failing to complete satisfactory negotiations, he took two shirts from a clothes-line belonging to Moriarity, and returned to Russia.

According to the homeopaths, like cures like; but does love cure love? Ma'am?

Mr. Lester Wallack's engagements in Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago are disappointments. In Cincinnati the gross receipts did not reach the amount of certainty he received. In St. Louis the management lost about \$1000 on the week, and he is a failure in Chicago, where he plays this week at Haverly's Theater.

A man blew out his brains in Indianapolis the other day, with a shot-gun loaded with water. We have heard of men getting "shot" with bad whisky, but never before with water.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.* Did you ever hear of a death from water on the brain? But what does a Cincinnati know of water, anyhow?

Mdlle. Sarah Bernhard, the actress, the painter, the sculptor and the lecturer, is about to make her debut as an art critic, having undertaken to supply a series of criticisms on the Paris Salon of 1879. In honor of Mdlle. Bernhard's new avocation a new word has been coined, and the talented lady will in future add the appellation of Salonierie to her other numerous qualifications.

Mr. Martin was a conductor on an Iowa railroad. He is a church member, and at a recent revival meeting told what the Lord had done for him. Among other things he said he run his caboose car from Cedar Rapids to Pottsville without a flange on one wheel. He had faith the Lord would keep the caboose on the track, and He did. It was not long after he received an epistle from the general superintendent, which began thus: "Young man, I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with running freight trains," and now Martin has no caboose to run on the faith principle.

Prince Bismarck, in his recent work, gives the following pretty little anecdote: "One day I was walking with the Empress of Russia in the Summer Garden of St. Petersburg, when, coming upon a sentinel in the center of a lawn, I took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been ordered there. The adjutant was then dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentiments—Ordered. Curiosity awakened, military records were searched, without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II., 100 years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and gave orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century."

Iowa takes the lead in educating young women to be useful and capable wives. It has a college in which every girl is trained in the practical duties and accomplishments of the skilled housewife. It is said of each girl of the junior class of this institution that she has learned to make good bread, weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing, kneading and baking and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and bake biscuit, puddings, pies and cake of various kinds; how to cook a roast, broil a steak and make a fragrant cup of coffee, how to stuff and roast a turkey, make an oyster soup, prepare a stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth; and in short, to prepare a first-class meal.

Near Anaheim is located the "Societas Fratrum." Its members are Spiritualists. They eat no meat of any kind, no eggs, milk, butter, cheese, bread; in fact, nothing but fruits and vegetables, and then only such as can be eaten uncooked. They believe that nature furnishes everything that is necessary for man's subsistence. Nothing passes their lips except that which grows from the ground, and it must be eaten just as it grows. They hold that it is sinful to diet upon dried or preserved fruit as it would be to lurch on coast beef, plum pudding and limer-ger cheese. They run to the very extreme of vegetarianism. They run to the extreme in everything. There is no separate property, everything being held in common. Neither does the Society want to accumulate wealth; nature furnishes them with food, and they have little need of money. It is needless to say that they hold the marriage ceremony in contempt.