BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

Oh, never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer;
And straw her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear—
Here's "Better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer.
And better luck another year—
Another year!

The damsel Fortune still denies
The plea that yets delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries—
She's coy to those who doubt and fear—
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "Better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But spite of scorn and frown and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer.
In better luck another year!
Another year! Another year!

TAKING BOARDERS.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she had been through; and heaven knows boarders didn't help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Was her uncle Eben, over at Dover, well-to-do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger, when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it did seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a pin to Delia; and there was her great uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a gambling at Baden-Baden and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that her own folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt since she was a child, when her uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then Uncle John's widow had become a sort of gilded creature, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither seen nor heard anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive she seemed to have made no material difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long illness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poor-house, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

GOOD BOARD IN THE COUNTRY, BY the riverside, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries and new milk. One mile from the station. Address: DELIA ROGERSON,
Croftsborough, Maine.

"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson. An old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like them there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady, with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, black alapaca gown and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a Duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. "Wonderfully kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisp of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll know better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty stricken old creature." But in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Miss Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their new creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there should be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and its antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort, and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. "What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"

"Yes, a long time ago."

"Tell me about him—it?"

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother, you know (they were both feeble) and he couldn t stay here. That was all."

"And you—you—"

"Now all men besides are to me like shadows."

"And you have never heard of him since."

"Yes. He wrote, but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a mill-stone about his neck. I didn't answer his last letter."

"And, supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have a recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you'll think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched: but the soul is heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at four-score as at 'sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you'd rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing, though I never, never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement. "I believe I'll stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?"

"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"

"Yes, I know. Do stay at your own price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one mouth more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went hungry to bed that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough without there appearing to be "just a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown friend. "It can't be meant for me," she cried.

"It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother, "and there's nobody else of that name, now your Aunt Delia's dead."

"We're not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt's dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherited her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."

She ought to be doing something for you.

"How can she, if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and left it to her."

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," said Delia.

The winter wore away, as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside, and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses and dropped again away with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement staid on and on. Just now she had been for some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attentions of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without thought for the morrow.

I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia. I'm knee-deep in debt to you," she began, one night.

"Don't mention it?" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You're welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you're such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick in the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me, just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since any one kissed me."

And the next morning when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote directly to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply, Mr. Wills wrote: "The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who, having abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime, I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but read nevertheless:

"Being of sound mind, this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave $100 to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property, viz., $30,000 invested in the Ingot Mining Company, $50,000 in United States bonds, $20,000 in Fortune Flannel Mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson. DELIA ROGERSON,
Of Croftsborough, Maine.

For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me."

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course Steve Langdon will come home and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indignant people, who seemed to increase alarmingly: in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said: "I told you so!"

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.

"And we are too old to think of a change now, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia; but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed?" Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes? Squire Jones proposed to me last week."

"Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was, growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings me in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still; is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came—"

"I'm glad you did."

"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones."

"But I haven't accepted him. In fact I've refused him—because—"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia!"

In Croftsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Independent.*

Where Gold was First Discovered in California.

A correspondent of the Napa *Register* writes from Coloma as follows: The village is almost deserted; only 400 or 500 people live on an area once inhabited by thousands of eager miners and adventurers. A few substantial stone building still remain. Many of the dwelling houses occupy sites which have been washed out repeatedly as placer diggings and filled in again with soil, and many stand on posts over masses of coarse granite, cobble stones or small boulders. Where once were rich gardens and fruitful orchards, there is now complete desolation. Far different from this was the appearance of the original Santa oColma in the rich plain of Catalonia, as seen by me a year ago in Northeastern Spain. The quaint old Spanish town in sight of the snow-clad Pyrenees, had probably seen little change in many centuries except the arrival, within the last five years of the iron horse.

But the American namesake is not all a scene of desolation. The main street has never been mined, and it is believed that there are fabulous treasures of placer gold concealed in its bed. There are stores and hotels which show that there is life still left, while on the streets leading up to the hillsides are pretty cottages and gardens.

The river curved around the flat in such a way that a straight race or canal from the dam above, extending to the lower level of the river below, cut off a small segment of the flat. The mill stood over the middle part of the race. One Saturday evening, early in February, 1848, the newly dug race received its first influx of water, which was let on in full force in order to sweep out the rubbish accumulated during the building. On the morning of Sunday the water was cut off, and when the channel was dry, a little boy, the son of one of Marshall's workmen, descried in the race below the mill, the shining piece of gold, about as large as the first joint of the forefinger of a man's hand, which revealed to the world untold treasures of California, and began the modern era in the search of the noblest metals. The name of the boy was John Wimmer.

The historic piece of gold which he found was brought not long after its discovery to Napa Valley by his father, P. L. Wimmer, or rather, perhaps, by his wife, who was cook for Marshall, and his hands at the mill, to whom, according to my informant, it was given. They lived as late as 1868 on or near the Beale Rancho, below St. Helena, in Napa Valley, and afterwards removed to Cambria, near St. Luis Obispo, where they still live. They are said to have refused an offer of $2000 from the California Society of Pioneers for their precious bit of gold.

Collecting his Fare Again.

Yesterday afternoon a stranger was going down Third street, moving in zig-zag lines as if he had a contract from Engineer Scowden for taking the dimensions of the sidewalk. It was not the length of the street, but the width that bothered him so much. In one hand he carried a hat-box and umbrella, and in the other a grip-sack, while under each arm were stuffed several domestic-looking bundles. He was evidently making for the boat.

On reaching the wharf he stepped aboard and proceeded immediately to the cabin. Tumbling into a chair, with his baggage scattered around his feet, he was oblivious to all that was passing, and remained so till he was aroused by the captain, who shook him persistently and yelled the word "ticket." Our stranger indicated that he had no ticket.

"Fare, then," demanded the captain.

"How much?"

He was told, and he handed his loose change to the captain, who took the proper amount. He was soon snoring again.

Half an hour passed and the captain again made his appearance.

"Fare!"

"How much?"

The amount as stated before; the stranger ponied up and again fell asleep. This thing was gone over four times, and when the captain for the fifth time aroused the sleeper, he had sobered up a little, and was evidently as mad as a hornet. Looking daggers at the indefatigable collector, he muttered:

"Look a 'ere cap'n, why don't you collect all your fare at once? What you come 'sturbing a man this way for? How much to Cincinnati?"

"Cincinnati!" yelled the captain. "This here ain't no Cincinnati steamer. This is the ferryboat."

The last seen of our traveling friend he was standing on the wharf with his baggage in his hand and a cart-load of levee mud on his boots.

The Gen. Lytle was half way to Cincinnati.—*Louisville Post and News.*

Sheridan's Ride.

A splendid lyric which has been universally pronounced one of the most fervently patriotic that ever enriched any language or land was composed in Cincinnati on the morning of October 31, 1864. A somewhat minor trifling circumstance which cannot be generally known was the cause of its production at that time. How its author might have sung later its theme of glory, no mortal can tell.

Cyrus Garrett, brother-in-law of Buchanan Read, with whom the artist and his family sometimes reside on West Eighth street, that morning discovered in *Harper's Weekly* a spirited drawing by Thomas Nast, representing General Philip Henry Sheridan mounted and "tearing madly along the road far ahead of his escort," to join his troops twenty miles away.

While at his breakfast "he did not dream of the horrible rout and disaster hovering that moment over his army," but as he rode out of Winchester the vibrations of the ground, under heavy discharges of artillery in the distance, gave him the first intimation of danger. Five anxious hours the desperate struggle at Cedar Creek went on before Sheridan arrived upon the field. Encountering, as he neared it, some of his retreating soldiers, he swung his cap over his head and shouted: "Face the other way, boys! face the other way!" As he galloped to the front, under his quick commands, the broken ranks were reformed, and for two hours more the tired soldiers, who had eaten nothing since the night previous, obeyed the inspiration of his presence, and that wonderful victory followed. The first pictured illustration of that famous ride Mr. Garrett held before Mr. Read's eyes.

"Look at this, my boy. Isn't there a poem in it? There's a chance for you—write one!"

The poet's dark eyes centered on the picture. There are moments which time itself never measures. Perhaps with a swell of enthusiasm, a more than poetic inflatus, the blood of a patriot already dashing in his veins, "faster and faster," he thus replied to Mr. Garrett: "Ay, but a poem is not to be written in a minute, nor as easily as you can order a new coat at Sprague's!"

George Gilfilan has declared that the secret of Thomas Campbell's success as a poet was that of enthusiasm subdued; a requirement for success that is not often understood, as the critic adds. If in Campbell's case, the same must be true of many personal experiences and exploits.

Notwithstanding his prompt allusion to the tailor, which, by any other theory than subdued enthusiasm, would be anomalous, Mr. Read was at the moment inspired, and as though Mr. Nast's drawing had been a camera reflecting the whole twenty miles of that dashing ride in a moveless mystery of the poetry of motion. The witty caricaturist probably has never fancied himself to have been the "medium" of immortal verse which converted the victor's wild olive leaves on Phil. Sheridan's brow to flowers of amaranth.

Mr. Reed retired and wrote the poem. Emerging two or three hours later from his laboratory of thought he read "Sheridan's Ride" to a delighted family circle.

It appears that James E. Murdoch, a frequent guest at Mr. Garratt's house, and Mr. Davis, war correspondent of Harper's, both chanced to be present. Then to Mrs. Read was assigned the pleasant task of copying the poem in large text in order that the tragedian might readily memorize it for that evening's programme at Pike's opera house, the older structure which a twelvemonth later, like a fairy fabric, disappeared in a shower of burning flakes on the streets of Cincinnati. Leaving Mr. Murdoch vigorously committing the lines with appropriate gesticulation, Mr. Read and Mr. Davis sauntered forth to call on various friends. To one of them, as they entered, the poet with a radiant face, exclaimed, "Well, ——, I struck off a new poem this morning! It's fresh from the oven!"

Naturally, from the appreciative confidant, suitable inquiries and congratulations followed, with a confession of pleased curiosity.

A grand ovation to Mr. Murdoch, whose devotion to his country had been evinced by many labors of love, occurred that very evening. The occasion was illuminated with the intellect of Cincinnati's favorites and the splendor of her fashion. Mayor Lent Harris advanced to the footlights with Mr. Murdoch and read a tasteful introductory address. Mr. Murdoch's response expressed deep gratitude for the honor conferred upon him, and he opened his recitations with Byron's impassioned lament over Greece, followed it by Read's poem, "Drifting," thus casting a dreamy and sensuous spell over the audience. The great tragedian then requested permission to read a poem which on that morning's dawn was uncreated. Then "Sheridan's Ride," in Mr. Murdoch's grand tones, thrilled the throng of listeners. The crowning feature of the evening was the presentation of a flag to the hero of Lookout Mountain, who, on receiving it, pressed the margin reverently to his lips, and made a graceful response. In considering the first meagre reports of the victory of Cedar Creek, which it is declared was due to the personal presence of General Sheridan alone, who by that desperate ride met the billows of war in time to turn them back, we can accord to T. Buchanan Read's genius the power of prophetic light.—[*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A QUEER LITTLE BEAST.—The Norwegian lemming is an animal about the size of a mouse. It lives under stones in the summer, under snow in the winter. It hisses and bites. About once in ten years they immigrate in large armies. They march in a straight line. They cross the lakes and rivers. They go straight through hay-stacks rather than go around. Nothing stops them, not fire, cascades nor swamps. If a man stands in the way, they will jump at him as high as his knee. If struck, they will turn around and bark and bite like a dog. Foxes, lynxes, owls, hawks and weasels will follow them and destroy large numbers of them, but it does not check them. They continue their course until they reach the sea, into which they plunge, as persistent and progressive as ever, until the waves drown and exterminate them.—[Florida Agricultural.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations" because they had no soles.

Shoddy.

Franklin, Mass., received its present name in honor of the great Dr. Franklin, and that its learned and philosophic godfather, being advised by a friend to present it with a bell, sent it a gift of books instead, saying that he knew such a people would prefer sense to sound, are historical facts of such general acceptance as to need no further repetition. But two facts which are not so well known, and which will doubtless prove equally interesting to the practical readers of the *Bulletin*, are that the first shoddy-picker ever put in operation in the United States was set up in this town in 1848 by Joseph G. Ray, and that the first beet sugar factory in Massachusetts will probably be erected here during the present year.

It will doubtless cause some surprise to many of the thousands now engaged in the great woolen rag and shoddy interest of the country to know that when Joseph Ray, who was then eighteen years of age, set up his first rude picker in Unionville, in the town of Franklin, he was able to buy soft woolen rags at twenty dollars a ton, or at about a cent a pound. How great has been the subsequent influence of the industry thus begun, in utilizing and giving value to a hitherto waste material, is apparent at a glance to those who are aware that the same class of soft woolen rags commands as high as twenty-three to twenty-four cents a pound from the shoddy manufacturers of to day. The increased utilization of shoddies, therefore, besides diminishing the cost of clothing in a large ratio, has enhanced the value of woolen rags by more than 2300 per cent.

The State of Massachusetts alone now contains over forty shoddy mills, with upwards of 100 pickers, capable of producing at least 60,000 pounds of shoddy per day of ten hours, and not less than 100,000 pounds when running overtime to as great an extent as many of them have been of late. All of these mills produce shoddies for the market—that is, to be sold to any woolen manufacturers who may be desirous of purchasing them. But there are also numerous woolen mills in this and other States which contain shoddy pickers as a portion of their equipment, and make shoddies only for their own use. The maximum capacity of the forty-two or forty-three shoddy mills of Massachusetts is from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 pounds per annum.

The manufacture of pickers and other shoddy machinery is itself an industry of no mean importance. There is one good sized shop in Franklin which finds about enough to do in making and repairing the machinery of shoddy manufacturers in various parts of the State, and there are other shops of the same kind in Lowell and elsewhere. A shoddy picker is not an intricate piece of mechanism, and its cost is seldom above $250. It contains a cylinder whose surface is covered with sharp steel pins, and when the picker is in operation the cylinder revolves with great velocity—at the rate of 600 revolutions or more per minute. The rags or other material to be shoddied are fed into one end of the picker and are caught between two steel-bound rolls, which hold them in position against the teeth of the revolving cylinder. The teeth tear the rage apart and resolve them into the original wool again, in which form they are blown out of the opposite end of the picker and fall upon the floor ready to be carded and baled up for market and taken into the woolen mill and made into new cloth.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Hair as an Index to Temperament.

Viewed naturally, the hair is as great an index of temperament and disposition as the features. Coarse dark hair and skin signify great power of character. Fine dark hair and skin signify strength of character along with purity and goodness. Straight, stiff black hair indicates a coarse, strong, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibility with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair, a melancholy, but extremely constant character. Coarse red hair indicates powerful passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiments, intensity of feeling and purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smoothe and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head and superior talents. Fine, silky, suple hair, is a mark of delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution. And we may add that, besides all these qualities, there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter, which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-headed people are notoriously passionate. Now, red-hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to qualities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps, a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the back of their hair.

A farmer recently jumped into a well because his wife ran him into debt. He foun, however, that he couldn't keep his head above water any better after he got there.

A Suburban Night Train in Paris.

The midnight train from Paris to St. Germain, which puffs out of the St. Lazare station freighted with returning suburban residents, is one of the institutions of the gay capital. The theaters contribute their quota to the passenger list; both comedians and audience, diners-out and ladies in evening costume cunningly dissembled under the prosaic ulster, journalists, literary men and artists of every description, meet night after night in the waiting-room of the station. The society formed under such circumstances is naturally an intimate one; but a stranger in the outskirts of the charmed circle is made to feel the keenest sense of isolation as he listens in gloomy silence to the ceaseless gabble in his vicinity. He sees nearly all the theatrical celebrities of Paris. The dreamy-eyed gentleman, with melancholy brow and beard streaked with silver, is the old ballet-master of the circus and the Chatelet and author of the *Sept Chateaux du Diable*. Berton and Boisselet come from the Vaudeville, the former restless, with a quick nervous step and a near-sighted contraction of the eye-lids, the latter calm, with all the imposing dignity of a retired grocer. Hyacinthe of the Palais Royal is enveloped in a comfortable paletot; his nose, a veritable proboscis, protruding into space beyond the friendly shelter of his sombrero. Pauline, of the fiery looks, is a danseuse of the Chatelet, whose admirers have endured for her sake the charge of being engaged in the culture of the glowing carrot! While Antonine of the Odeon extends a foot of Chinese dimensions over the furnace register, and Theresa, the genius of rowdyism, smiles complacently in the background. An audible summons from the conductor announces the moment of departure. An instant of confusion ensues, the seats in the carriages are promptly filled, the engine gives a piercing shriek, and the "12:35" slowly glides out of the station.

Uses of Paper.

A complete list of articles made of paper would be a very curious one, and almost every day it becomes more so. Among other things exhibited last year at the Berlin Exhibition were paper buckets, "bronzes," urns, asphalt roofing, water cans, carpets, shirts, whole suits of clothes, jewelry, materials for garden walks, window curtains, lanterns and pocket-handkerchiefs. The most striking of the many objects exhibited in this material was perhaps a fire-stove, with a cheerful fire burning in it. We have from time to time noted the announcements of newly-invented railway carriages and carriage wheels, chimney-pots, flour barrels, cottage walls, roofing tiles, bricks and dies for stamping, all made of paper. A material capable of so many uses, so very diversified in character, is obviously destined to play a very important fact in our manufacturing future. Articles of this kind, which have just now perhaps the greatest interest, and which are among the latest novelties in this way, are paper "blankets." Attention has frequently been called to the value of ordinary sheets of paper as a substitute for bed-clothes, or, at least, as an addition to bed-clothes. The idea seems to have suggested the fabrication of "blankets" from this cheap material, and if all that is said of them is true, they ought to be extensively used. For the extremely indigent they should be a great boom, and it is in their favor, perhaps, that they can not, of course, be so durable as ordinary woolen or cotton goods. The bedding of many of the poor can not but be productive of much sickness and disease, and a very cheap material that will only last a comparatively short time must be better than durable articles that are rarely or never washed. The value of an introduction of this kind for charitable purposes, just at the commencement of what may possibly prove another long winter, may be considered to take these new blankets rather out of the ordinary list of goods on the market, and to justify a special preference to them.—*London Globe.*

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Professor Germain See has recently read a paper before the Paris Academy of Medicine, in which he expresses himself very enthusiastically concerning the efficacy of iodide of potassium and iodide of ethyle in the treatment of asthma. He dissolves ten grammes of iodide of potassium in two hundred of wine or water, and gives before each meal twice a day, a dessert-spoonful (eight or nine grammes), so that the patient takes daily sixteen or eighteen grammes of the solution, or 1.8 grammes of the iodide. After some days, this quantity is gradually doubled. The same doses may be taken in syrup of orange peel. If the patient becomes disgusted with the taste he may take the iodide in wafers. There is no definite time for the duration of the treatment, but generally at the end of two or three weeks, when the attacks are mitigated or abolished, the dose may be diminished to a gramme and a half per diem. From time to time the treatment may be interrupted for a day, but a longer interruption may be followed by a relapse. In one case, a patient, who had been cured for a year, having given up the iodide for four days, was again attacked. Any accompanying cough may be relieved by the addition of a little extract of opium or syrup of poppies; while, when there is not much cough or catarrh, two or three grammes of chloral given in the evening assist in diminishing the pysyncea; the general result is that a cure takes place in almost all cases, even when the patients are placed amid atmospheric conditions that are habitually injurious.

A fond mother wants to learn some way to tell her how her son will turn out. That's easily told. If he's wanted to go out and weed the garden, he'll turn out slowly and reluctantly, and be two hours dressing. If he's called to see a circus procession go by, he'll turn out quick, and probably hurt himself trying to come down stairs and put on a boot at the same time.