THE WHIRLPOOL.

BY ARTHUR W. PINERO.

In the shade of the headland, a span from the shore,
The whirlpool lies coiled in sleep
Who could guess that that slumbering brow ever bore
A frown that is crafty and deep?
Yet 'tis here in the blast of the hurricane's breath
That the soul-laden ships find a doom;
To the musical moan of this circle of death
Do they pass to their fathomless tomb.

Youth in its bloom,
Age in its gloom,
Mother and father, the maid and her mate,
Master and slave
Finding a grave
In this mad, magic circle, the whirlpool of fate

In the heart of the city, in turmoil and din,
The whirlpool doth fearlessly ride;
In the merciless torrent are virtue and sin,
The parson and thief side by side;
Here the hand of the peasant is gripped by the glove
Of the gallant who lives but to lie,
And the maiden to-day who is learning to love,
On the morrow has learnt how to die!

Vice with its paint,
Crime with its tatat;
Cradle and coffin, the lowly and great;
Billows of blood
Cresting the flood
Of this mad magic circle, the whirlpool of fate

MRS. FLITT'S FLIRTATION.

Mrs. Flitt was a very pretty woman, and was well aware of the fact, for her husband had told her so at least a thousand times a year during the few years of her married life, and her mirror had told the same tale many times a day since she had become a woman. But husband's compliments sometimes become tiresome by repetition, and a mirror, after all, is an insensate bit of glass with no voice, and even without any eyes of its own, so it came to pass that Mrs. Flitt simply ached at times for a change of admirers, and was grateful for the complimentary glances she often received from the rather awkward business men who constituted about all of the masculine society that her husband could introduce to her. Although not very religious, and even less fond of other people's children than her own, she took a class in the Sunday-school because she had occasionally detected a calf-like young man who officiated as librarian staring admiringly at her in church. Her physician, a very young man, had, through his ignorance, caused her to lose a very promising child; but she could not bare to part with him, for she had selected him on account of a pair of beautiful blue eyes which he knew how to use to advantage.

As time went on Mrs. Flitt's desire for admiration increased instead of diminishing, and as her social circle of admirers did not keep pace with it, she had a great deal of unnecessary shopping at stores where there were male salesmen, and daily replenished the family larder at markets and groceries where the proprietors or assistants knew how to evince any admiration that they might feel, and she bought the family coal by the half ton at a yard two miles from the house, because the clerk at the desk always had something new to say about his rather prosaic article of trade, and looked Mrs. Flitt full in the face while he was talking.

Through all this playing with fire, Mrs. Flitt, like every other married woman that ever started on the broad and pleasant road to bad, assured herself that she was entirely respectable and a faithful wife. How much longer she might have remained in blissful ignorance of herself does not concern this narrative, for an unexpected incident suddenly caused a change to come over the spirit of her dreams.

Mrs. Flitt started down town one morning to do some shopping, and as purchasing was not her sole purpose, she was arrayed in her best, while her face and figure were, as usual, fully competent to attract attention. The hour was rather too early to be fashionable, but this was all the better for Mrs. Flitt's double purpose, for her favorite clerks would not be as busy as they might be later in the day. She walked through—th street, from far over on the west side of the city, to take the Fifth avenue stage, but after reaching the avenue, she walked slowly down and allowed two stages, containing only women, to pass her; the third one, however, she entered, for though it contained only one man, and not room for many more, the said man seemed through the window to be stylishly dressed and handsome—just the sort of man, in short, that Mrs. Flitt liked to have admire her.

And Mrs. Flitt was not disappointed; the young man not only appeared to better advantage than when viewed from the sidewalk, but he at once fell to admiring Mrs. Flitt so earnestly, yet so respectfully, that the lady was at first pleased, then delighted, and, finally, so filled with satisfaction at her victory over several others, no homely ladies in the stage, that she entirely forgot to pay her fare. Mrs. Flitt did not look at the gentleman at all, for, with all her experience, she did not acquire a particle of boldness; by looking at the ladies on either side of him, however, or staring at the marvelous landscape which the makers of the omnibus had painted above the window line, or looking through the windows themselves, as if recognizing some long-lost acquaintance on the sidewalk, she informed herself perfectly as to the occupation of the young man's eyes. Noting that her hair, which really was very pretty, was being admired, she slowly turned her head to display the parting line at the side, where the studied disarrangement was certainly bewitching. When the young man's eyes wandered to her throat, where a bit of lace was caught by a diamond spark, Mrs. Flitt almost imperceptibly raised her chin a little to display her neck, which she rightly believed was far prettier than its adornings. And, as she knew her eyes and mouth were very effective when used to the best advantage, she parted both a trifle more than they usually were in repose, so that altogether she was a most sightly object and attracted the attention of all of her own sex who were in the omnibus.

But to women of Mrs. Flitt's organization, the devouring glance of a man, even were he a well dressed ruffian, is more satisfying than the adoration of the feminine contingent of the heavenly host could be, so she abandoned herself to the admiration of the handsome fellow opposite her, until she felt that she instinctively knew whenever his eyes wondered. Once she felt sure he was looking at her hand, and, glancing stealthily at him, saw she was correct, so she brought to the front her left hand, which was the prettier of the two, and by the time she had pretended to tighten the bracelet on her wrist and more gracefully arrange the portmonnaie that hung on her forearm, she put the hand through at least a dozen graceful poses, and might have increased the number had not her parasol, which rested on her right arm, fallen to the floor.

She looked at the parasol in a pretty, half helpless way, and the handsome young man was on his feet in a minute. She partly stooped, and so did he; their hands met for a mere instant, near the floor, but the gentleman was the quicker, and he handed the parasol to its owner with a profound bow, which was rewarded by a graceful nod and smile. Then a jolt, just as New York omnibuses indulge in, at the rate of about one a second, disturbed the young man's balance, or seemed to, and he dropped into a seat beside Mrs. Flitt.

The lady scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed; the young man could no longer look at her without being rude; but, on the other hand, it was not unpleasant to sit beside so handsome a man. But the admirer was equal to the emergency; he turned his head and pretended to look through the window between them, upon which Mrs. Flitt, partly in modesty, of which she still had quite a valuable remnant, and partly to display her artistic black hair and shapely shoulders, turned her head slightly away. While passing Madison Square the young man ventured a remark in a low tone, but it was only about the Farragut statute, which certainly, thought Mrs. Flitt, was a topic upon which any two Americans had a right to converse, even if they did not happen to be acquainted. The remark led to another, and before Mrs. Flitt knew it she was engaged in conversation with the young man about statury in general, and as she knew very little about statuary or anything else but dress, which has nothing to do with statues, she listened while her companion talked, looking prettier under the influence of the large brown eyes fastened upon her own, and the warm breath that issued from lips a scant foot away from her cheek.

As the omnibus passed Grace church, the young man abruptly changed the topic of conversation by asking Mrs. Flitt to note the strange change of appearance of the spire when viewed from different points. It was almost with reluctance that the lady turned her head away to do as advised, but she stared at the spire for at least a minute, when suddenly the stage stopped and the driver shoutgd down through the hole beside his box:

"Some lady in there hain't paid her fare."

Mrs. Flitt turned her head and joined in the general stare peculiar to such occasions, when suddenly she discovered that her casual acquaintance was gone. She was really grieved at this discovery, for having always been taught to mistrust acquaintances, she felt that she had learned something that would justify her in setting such cautions at defiance. Meanwhile the stage stood still, and she was aroused from her reflections by hearing the driver shout:

"Say, inside, there, ain't yer goin' to pay yer fare, after ridin' all the way from—th stree?"

Suddenly Mrs. Flitt almost sprang from her seat, for she remembered that she had intended to hand her fare to the handsome young man to pass up for her, and had deferred doing so from moment to moment because she could not bear to break in upon her own passive enjoyment. She moved her right hand quickly to take some money from her portmonnaie, but that important portion of her outfit was gone, although the cord still hung upon her arm. She looked floor, but the little wallet was not there.

"I've been robbed!" she exclaimed, glancing suspiciously at every other woman in the stage.

"No, you hain't, ma'am," said a stout old lady near the door, who had got in at Union Square; "your husband took it with him when he got out; I saw him put it in his pocket."

"He isn't my husband!" asserted Mrs. Flitt, indignantly.

"Oh, isn't he?" said the old lady, who immediately looked contemplative, and then remarked, "Well, if he isn't he ought to be."

Then the other occupants of the stage smiled, sniffed, giggled, according to their respectable natures, and the driver renewed his demand for five cents, upon which poor Mrs. Flitt hurriedly left the stage, her eyes filling so quickly with tears that she did not see the chance she had for stepping on the toes of the dreadful old woman who had provoked the laugh at her expense.

At first Mrs. Flitt thought she would borrow five cents at some one of the shops that she patronized, and ride directly home; then she thought she would go down to the office where her husband was employed and tell him that she had been robbed, but the more she wondered the more she cried, so she hurried into a shop and tried to compose her face, succeedingly only partly. Then she turned abruptly down a side street, and walked through unfashionable avenues until she reached her home. The day was warm, the gutters of the avenue exhaled a sickening smell, common-looking people stared curiously at her red and swollen eyes, an imp of the sidewalk gravely rebuked her for drinking so early in the morning, and even policemen eyed her narrowly. Arrived at home she threw herself upon a lounge and finished her cry in good old hysterical fashion. Then she sought out her children and astonished them with manifestations of motherly affection, and when her husband returned at night he speedily grew several years younger under the long-withheld caresses of his wife.

And although Mrs. Flitt became somewhat more religious, she gave up her Sunday-school class.—New York Hour.

Meeting at a court one day, Rochester, with mock politeness, thus accosted Barrow, the witty divine. "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe tie." To which Barrow rejoined, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed with, "Doctor, I am yours to the center." The doctor returned, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a piece of musty divinity, as he termed Barrow, replied, "Doctor, I am yours to the bottomless pit." Whereupon Barrow, turning on his heels, quietly observed, "There, my lord, I leave you!"

Bangs.

There were fat women and thin women, ugly women and pretty women, dowdy women and stylish women, old and young, all sorts and conditions, sizes and shapes, without regard to race, color or previous condition or servitude, that passed in two unending streams in and out the doorway of a hair cutting establishment on Chestnut St. recently. Each component of the incoming mass of feminity secured a large white card that looked like a freight tag, and passed upstairs with it. Each of the outgoers stopped at the foot of the stairs. Each one "prinked" in front of it gave most of her attention to the lank or curly locks on her marble or otherwise brow. Then each advanced to the counter and didn't have any change. Change was made for each and then each departed.

"Whence this tidal wave?" asked a reporter of the Times of Mr. Hopkins, the manager.

"Tidal waves are out of fashion. This is the 'shingled bang.' From the 27th of May to the 26th of June this year we have cut 3050 'shingled bangs,'" continued the manager. "The movement struck us in May and we worked in full force every day through the month till the 27th on the old system of 'next.' So we introduced checks. Each lady, as she enters, gets a numbered check, which she takes up stairs with her and waits till her number is called. Some of 'em wait for hours. Frequently we find a dozen standing in front of the shop when we open at 8 o'clock. We have turned away fifty or sixty in a day. Since June 26th the number has risen from an average of 100 a day to at least 150 a day. On many days we cut 200, and 180 is a very usual number. We have nine dressers working all the time."

"What is the shingled bang?" asked the reporter.

"The shingled bang is simply a man's hair cut. We begin at the forehead, and raising the hair on our fingers cut right straight back to the part between the front and back hair, which is just at the ears. We graduate the length as we cut back, leaving it longest at the forehead. The hair thus removed is from six to twenty-four inches in length."

"What makes it so fashionable?" was asked.

"Well, it's cooler a good deal, for one thing, and it saves an immense amount of trouble; just half the work of hair dressing. Ladies only have to 'do' their back hair now, and so they don't swallow but half the number of hairpins they used to, and so have twice the number of boot and button hooks. There are only half the number of breakfasts and dinners kept waiting and only half as much masculine profanity as there used to be. The shingled bang has an evangelizing influence."

"Then married women effect the shingled bang?"

"Of course they do, in great numbers. Although the larger part of our customers are 'misses,' we shingle many a gray head. One woman who was here yesterday must have been 55 years old, and frequently we cut hair whose roots are over 40."

"Isn't that gray hair very valuable?" was asked.

"Yes, by far the most so. So valuable that its owners invariable keep it after it is cut. We give it to them as they leave."

"Are there any other fashionable bangs?"

"There is a very curious bang that is very difficult to cut, and, like the Grecian bend and other queer fashions, originated accidentally. It is called the 'steps' bang and simply consists in cutting the hair in ridges like a terrace across the head. It is just the kind of coiffure that is arrived at by a woman who tries to cut her own hair straight and doesn't succeed, because she doesn't know the trick of raising the hair as she proceeds. Somebody did it, I suppose, one day, and some one else who saw her before she had time to go to a hairdresser's and get herself fixed up thought it was a new fashion, and so it started. We have many instances of ladies who try to cut their own bangs and then have to come to us. Queer cuts they are. Some have cut their hair off the right side, and can't get any further; others have let the scissors slip, and slaseed out a front like a Virginia rail fence."

"I was cutting bangs till 10 o'clock last night," said Mrs. Buch, as she stood behind the counter of her establishment on Ninth street, surrounded by what seemed to be an array of scalps. "The last customers I had were two young ladies, one of whom had curly hair. 'Why didn't you make my bangs like hers?' said the other. 'Why don't you have curly hair?' said I. Curly hair is much prettier in a bang. All these which you see are false bangs. There are just as many false bangs worn as real ones," said Mrs. Buch confidentially. "We can not begin to supply the demand."

"Mercy!" gasped the reporter, "are the women getting bald?"

"No," was the answer, "but they don't want to cut their hair. They can't be out of the fashion, but they know that the fashion will change. Besides their husbands object to their spoiling their hair, as they call it. One lady whose hair I did cut last night said that her husband had threatened to pull the rest of her hair out if she had any cut off. That is a Langtry bang," said Mrs. Buch, pointing to a row of glossy clusters, whose silky auburn was like enough to Julia's tresses to have proven an unequal match for nine-tenths of the hairdresser's customers. "That and the 'shingled' bang, the straight hair here, are the most fashionable. We import all the hair. You can't get hair in this country in any quantity. People keep it themselves. The best quality is called French hair, no matter where it comes from. It is the trade name. The yellow hair is mostly imported from Denmark. In making a bang of any kind of false hair each single spear has to be tied by hand in bits of netting. The best of this netting is made in Paris from white human hair. It costs 50 cent an inch and, as you see, looks through the hair exactly like the human scalp. The inferior quality is made of silk and costs $6 a yard. The trouble is, it turns yellow. Here's a beauty," continued the enthusiastic artist, taking an iron-silk front out of a book. "See, that hair is like silk and all that curl is natural. That's going to Atlantic City, but all the sea-fog in New Jersey won't uncurl it. That's a $10 one. They run from $3 50 up.—Philadelphia Times.

Produce Wagon and Coal Cart.

A wild-eyed but pleasant-looking young man with bucolic aspect and big feet presided over the destinies of a produce wagon that moved clumsily down Warren street yesterday. It was drawn by a team of morose looking horses whose heads hung nearly to the ground. They almost stepped on their noses, and created the impression that they were scenting for gas leaks. But the wild-eyed man sat erect, with his face toward the west and evidently sniffing the air of New Jersey from afar. He knew he wanted to get to the further shore, but was totally unable to locate the ferries. When about half a block from Broadway he stopped his team by a well-nigh imperceptible twitch at the reins and a soft "whoa," and for a moment sank his head in thought. Then a voice was lifted from the rear.

"Phat, d'ez want the entoire metropolis?"

It was the voice of a coal cart driver, and the voice was husky with emotion. "Goon back to Pam-rap-po, ye Jersey skid."

The countryman turned around in his seat, held his breath till his eyes bulged and then said with great originality: "Ah, pull down your vest."

"Git out, ye cross eyed bung starter. Oi'll cum up there and jump on yez chest."

Upon this the rural delegate stuck out his tongue in derision at the coal cart driver, and jerking the lines violently, yelled "Yerp there!"

The dismal-looking horses, who had apparently found a leak and been stupefied by the gas, were awakened from their comatose condition in the course of time, and lifting their feet languidly started forward. When the driver from the suburbs came to the corner he turned southward and thus committed an awful blunder, for he drove his team into Church street. Within ten minutes nearly all the north-bound street car travel on the west side of New York was blocked; there were half a dozen car drivers around the produce wagon, and the countryman was reduced to blank despair. His wagon was firmly wedged across the street, with all the cars and car drivers urging it northward, but its progress was effectually barred in that direction by the driver of the coal cart, who resolutely refused to yield an inch.

Then a burly policeman sauntered up, and looking at the driver of the coal cart for a moment, cried loudly:

"Move on there, you tarrier."

"Phat fur?"

"To clear the way."

"Clear the way yourself."

Then the policeman seized the horse by the bit and yanked the cart out of the way. This was followed by a similar service to the countryman, and the jam was broken.

"Come an' see me some time, Pamrappo?"

"Oh, if I ever ketch you," cried the countryman. "I'll come and see——"

"Yaas, do, bung-starter, do. Oi live in the East river. Drop in anny toime. Ta-ta."

Big Crops.

A Chinese yam in an Ithaca, N. Y. garden is growing at the rate of five inches a day.

In Bedford county, Va., there stands a chestnut tree that is 27 feet around.

In Jefferson county, Mo., a parsnip 50 inches long and 15 inches in circumference was grown.

At the Tokay vineyard, near Fayetteville, N. C., is a vine 25 years old which bore 100 bushels of grapes.

A large farm near Stockton, Cal., has been completely cleaned of its crops by millions of little birds no larger than a man's thumb.

The Arctic raspberry is one of the smallest plants known. A six ounce vial will hold the whole plant, branches, leaves and all.

A watermelon vine grown by the Reams brothers, of Harris county, Ga., is 1700 feet long, and it has produced 400 pounds of melons.

The famous Bidwell Bar orange tree in California is 25 feet tall, and its trunk is 45 inches in circumference. It bore last year, 2075 oranges.

The largest apple ever grown in America came from Nebraska, and weighed twenty-nine and a half ounces. The Smithsonian Institute has a model of this apple.

In a garden at Bowling Green, Ky., is a bush that bears a large, deep red rose, with two perfect small roses in the center which are miniature copies of the big one.

On the table lands of southwestern Arizona at altitudes of 8000 to 12000 feet, a species of wild potato grows which is said to be superior in taste and flavor to the best cultivated potatoes.

John H. Parnell's peach orchard at West Point, Ga., is the largest in the world. The trees are planted upon different slopes, so that when all are not bearing, a crop is certain in one place or another every year. There are 125,000 trees.

Ruined by Drinking Water.

A well known dentist called the attention of a reporter to the effects of Alleghany river water on the teeth of a large portion of our citizens. He stated that there were more persons afflicted with white decay or crumbling teeth in this vicinity than in any other city in which he had practiced. The teeth of those afflicted with this form of disease were generally very white, and they gradually crumbled into powder. He attributed the great prevalence of white decay to the absence of lime in the drinking water. People suffer from acidity of the system, and lime was the alkali which would benefit them. In the eastern portion of Pennsylvania, or rather in counties where the people drank "hard" water, they generally had hard and sound teeth; but in communities where "soft" water was used, the opposite was found. He advised the drinking of lime water by people troubled with white decay.—Pittsburg Commercial.

"Are you married?" asked the justice of a man who had been arrested for vagrancy.

"No, I'm not married, but my wife is."

"No trifling with the court."

"Heaven save us! I'm not trifling with the court. I was married. My wife got married again, but I didn't; so I'm not married, but my wife is."

Had and Would.

The colloquial use of the same contraction I'd, for I had and I would has been extended imperceptibly into writing and printing, with results that threaten to supercede would altogether, and replace it more improperly by had. Some of our ablest writers have fallen into this inelleganey, or allowing their printers to do so—among others Mr. Thackeray, who says in the "Virginians," "I had rather had lost an arm," instead of "I would rather have lost an arm," and Mr. Carlyle, who has "A doom for Quebec (the negro) which I had rather not contemplate," instead of "would rather not." Instances of this unnecessary corruption of the word are to be found so far back as the days of Shakespeare and a century later in the usually well written and classical pages of the Tattler and Spectator. When had is followed by that word better, as in the phrase, "you had better," it is an improper substitute for would, though "you had better do so and so," has the advantage of being more laconic than the synonymous phrase, "It would be better if you would do so." When had is followed by have, its use is still more ungrammatical. Thus, when the Times of March 12, 1870, says, "Sir Wilfred Lawson had better have kept to his original proposal." So also the Spectator of March 2, 1879, when it wrote, "The motion had better be withdrawn," was guilty of a permissible colloquialism, was grammatically incorrect, and should have written, "It would be better if the motion were withdrawn." In like manner the Examiner fell in the prevalent carelessness when it wrote March 2,1879, "If the University of London, after an existence of thirty years cannot produce a competent man, it had better cease to exist."

The Snail.

Who has not watched in summer days the glistening throng of snails upon the banks of streams? From the bridge at low tide the muddy flat scintillates and gleams as if flecked with diamonds as the shells move in close pursuit behind the outgoing tide, the march reversing as it rises, a continual coursing back and forth being carried on throughout the summer. But the first cold wind causes a perceptible diminution of their numbers, and finds the vast population in winter sleep. They do not assimilate food—in other words, eat, digest or grow—until the reanimating temperature of fifteen degrees C., or thereabout, comes again. The mollusks are perhaps the most remarkable for the long continuance of this condition. The land snails during the winter close their shells with a calcareous plate of epiphragm, leaving a small orifice for breathing, and buried in the earth, remain in a quiescent state for periods of long duration. It is in this condition, or immediately after the formation of the white epiphragm, that the edible snails about Paris are most esteemed. In the British museum are certain shells that were brought from Egypt and thoughtlessly gummed to a stand, and four years later were found alive by the curator. They were not at all affected by their long sleep, and lived for several years later. Their pulsation at the time of the capture was 110, that during hibernation was not distinguishable. Many of the fresh water mussels retreat to the deep mud and sleep throughout the winter, and the same may be true of salt water forms.—Second Century.

A $182,000 Game of Poker.

"It was on my trip to Pittsburg, up the Ohio, that I played my last game of cards," said Col. Dan Rice. "It was in '49 on board the steamer Revolution, and I have never turned a card for pleasure or profit since. I don't think I ever told this circumstance before. I used to be terribly fond of poker. It was a great game in the old days, and is yet, I guess. I had about $400,000 in money and property, and I owned the steamboat on which we were traveling. My ring-master, Canada Bill, the famous gambler who died in Reading, Pa., a couple of years ago, a young blood from Wheeling and myself constituted the party at poker that night. When we quit I was $182,000 ahead."

"You must have held some remarkable hands during the game, Colonel," suggested the reporter.

"No, sir; it wasn't that so much as it was I had more money than they. They put up their watches and diamonds, and my wife was nearly crazy, for she never knew I played cards. I gave them their jewelry back but kept the cash. Canada Bill lost $100,000, and the Wheeling chap lost about $80,000. Canada Bill was notorious gambler, and played high, but that was the biggest game he ever played, I guess. Pettybone, the poker king, as they call him, taught me how to play cards. From that night on to this day I have never played a game of cards.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

By Proxy.

A beautiful young lady tripped into Dr. Hatchett's drug store a few days ago, and told young Mr. Speight, who presides there, that she wished some castor oil, and asked him if he could mix it up so as to disguise the taste of it.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Speight. Presently Speight said: "Will you have a glass of soda water, Miss——?"

"Oh, yes," says she. After drinking the soda water the young lady waited awhile, and then asked Speight if the castor oil was ready.

"Oh," says Speight, "you have already taken the castor oil in the soda water."

"Great heavens!" said the young lady, "I wanted the oil for my mother."

A Galveston school teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty feet broad with shingles five feet broad by twelve feet long, how many shingles will be needed?" The boy took down his hat and slid for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know that better than any of we fellers."—Hartford Times.

A young politician explained the tattered condition of his trousers to his father by stating that he was sitting under an apple tree enjoying himself, when the farmer's dog came along and contested his seat.

ALL SORTS.

Every day's experience shows how much more actively education goes on out of the school room than in it.—Burke.

"Is wealth a monopoly?" asks the Boston Commercial Bulletin. That depends upon who has it. If it is you—yes; if it is we—no.

Man's character is an element of his wealth, and you cannot make him rich in what he has except as you teach him to be rich in what he is.

It is said that when a man wants to compliment a New England woman he must call her bright; but when he wishes to please a Southern woman he must say she is sweet.

Dr. Oliver S. Taylor, of Auburn, N. Y., the one surviving member of Dartmouth College's Class of 1808, is now in his one-hundredth year of life, and enjoys perfect health of mind and body.

Erastus Brooks has seen more than one hundred and twenty journals live and die in the city of New York alone, and believes that over $20,000,000 has been spent on the city newspapers since 1836.

The church which Eugenie intends building at Flamborough, England, in memory of her son, will cost $350,000. The coffins of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial will be placed in this church.

Ostrich chicks are hatching out at the ostrich farm near Anaheim at the rate of one a day. When they first come out of the egg they are about the size of a half-grown duck. They have good appetites and grow rapidly.

"Never laugh at the misfortune of others," is a very pretty motto; but who can help laughing at the full-dressed dude who steps off a horse car in the wrong direction, whirls around as though dropped off a cork-screw, and measures his gracious self on the crossing?—Puck.

It took young Paronby all aback when at the theater the other evening, he whispered to his girl that he guessed he would step out a moment to take the air, and she quickly responded. "It is very oppressive, George; I guess I'll go out with you."

A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for dinner when it is behind time. If he doesn't do anything more violent than kick the furniture he is a patient and good-natured man.—Boston Post.

A Pittsburg girl who had refused a good-looking telegraph repair man three times within six months gave as a reason that he was too much of a wanderer. That he roamed from pole to pole, from one climb to another, and if he did come home, he 'd be insulate that the neighbors would be sure to talk.

A Colorado swindle is to buy a lot of "remnants" of Texas herds, mostly barren cows and bony steers, have them "booked," compute the increase by ordinary rules, and after a while sell the lot on the range, of course without counting. It is said that in this way herds of 2,000 have been sold and paid for as 10,000.

A curious Chinese delicacy is pickled eggs that have been buried for years, that their flavor may, like wine, be improved. A similar custom prevails at Manilla, where ducks' eggs are brooded until the young is formed, and then ate boiled and sold in special stalls as are oysters here.

An old gentleman finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that kind of accomplishment will not help you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have got 'em."

A young lady who graduated from a high school last July is teaching school up in New Hampshire. A bashful young gentleman visited the school the other day and was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do." Tableau—giggling boys and girls and a blushing schoolma'am.

On her wedding day an Indiana girl wrote something, sealed it in an envelope, and gave it to an intimate friend. "If I am alive six months from now," she said, "give this back to me unopened. If I am dead, read it." On the day that the half year expired, the bride committed suicide, and the enclosure was found to be a statement that she expected no joy from the marriage, but was willing to give it a trial before deciding to take her own life.

Uncle Sam's example: One of our most influential Georgia grangers was superintending affairs at his cotton press the other day, when he was accosted by a neighbor: "I see, colonel, that the tariff bill has passed." "Is that so? How about cotton ties?" "Still 35 per cent. ad valorem." "Well, here, you boys, thar! sift another shovel o' sand in the middle of that bale; I can't afford to reform until the tariff does." And the sifting was strictly attended to.—Georgia Major.

The oldest "newspaper woman" in the country is said to be Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett, who from 1848 to 1862 was editor, proprietor, bookkeeper and mailing clerk of the Yazoo City, (Miss.) Whig, afterward the Banner. At the same time she kept her own house and brought up her three fatherless children. Finally her health gave way, and for twenty years she has been a helpless invalid. She, however, continues to compose poems and sketches, and is fond of talking of ante bellum days of the south, and the great leaders who then figured in Mississippi politcs.

"I wish I was an elephant!" softly exclaimed the financial editor, looking up from the highly figurative article he was writing, the other afternoon. "What the blazes do you want to be an elephant for, such hot weather as this?" queried the third assistant office boy, who was sitting calmly on the New England exchange editor's desk, swinging his heels and placidly smoking the fashion editor's shortest and choicest black clay pipe. "Because when an elephant has a cold they always give him five gallons of whisky," murmured the financial editor returning to his writing with a sigh.—Boston Globe.