# THE RIVER

[Charles H. Adams.] The lights of the city glimmer In the swift black wave below; Like ghosts that flit in the gloaming The white ships come and go.

White and dim and stately, The good ships seaward go; Luck to you, captain and sailors, However the winds may blow!

White and dim and stately, The good ships homeward throng; Welcome, captains and sailors, Your voyage has been long!

And sweethearts' eyes shall glisten, And wives shall joyful be, As the little children listen To your tales of the stormy sea.

But what are the wrecks you tell of To the wreck of a love like mine! The river murmurs and glitters; Above the cold stars shine.

### PARROTS' PERVERSITIES.

#### Hints and Helps for Those Who Teach Polly's Idea How to Shoot. [London Telegraph.]

When juvenile the bird is very impressionable. Adult, it is liable to be obstinate, and, like the proud Briton who refused to truckle to the German system of genders, it oftentimes learns a new language very imperfectly. Two old birds, indeed, show extraordinary antipathies to syntax, and get whims into their heads about the construction of sentences which the utmost patience or violence, as the case may be, is powerless to dissipate. You cannot disabuse an old parrot's mind of an error that it has once cordially entertained. It has its own ideas of grammatical proprieties, and clings to them like a limpet. You cannot shake it on a matter of English. You may teach it another phrase altogether, but it will not forego the first. It will tag the two together and mix them up-like the 'Protestant kettle" of the immortal Barnaby's raven-but this compromise is the best terms you will make with the bird.

When possible, therefore, secure a young parrot, eatch it at a good schoolboard age, and then teach it yourself. While doing so keep it away from the contaminating influences of street boys, for a baker's boy will teach it to ask "Who kissed the cook ?" in a half dozen easy lessons, while you are wearing your days out in impressing "God save the queen" upon its memory, and, after all, the olds are the bird will say, "God save the cook." Street cries, again, are to be avoided if possible. It is not well to have a bird calling "cats'-meat" during family prayers.

But above all the educator of the youthful fowl should herself be circumspect in her language, and careful of that he was evilently failing. I gathered the pitch of voice, for it will catch the idea that he was wearing store teeth her scolding tones at once, and pick up and that his memory was a little defi-"Bother that cat!"-in her exact voice too-long before it will learn to say, "Dear little puss." Those who have a harsh laugh, or suffer from catarrh, or an impediment, or any defect of speech, well-known Winchester died of botts in should choose other pets than parrots -guinea pigs or squirrels, or some other harmless "dumb" animals-for these birds have a perfectly malicious aptitude for hitting off such weak points. If old Mr. Weller had kept a good parrot at the Marquis of Granby the position of Stiggins would have been impossible; the mimic would have utterly routed the snuffling raseal. So that the difficulties in the way of bringing up one's own bird are considerable.

But if it can be accomplished the result will abundantly repay the labor, mind free from any disquieting appre-hensions as to "what that parrot will

### GEN. SHERIDAN'S HORSE.

### The Later History of the Old Winchester War Horse as Compiled by Bill Nye.

[New York Mercury.] I have always taken a gr-at interest in war incidents, and more so, perhaps, in my memory all its gallant deeds of both sides, and to know the history of those who figured prominently in that great conflict has been one of my am-bitions.

I have always watched with interest the steady advancement of Phil Sheridan, the black-eyed warrior with the florid face and the Winchester record. I have also taken some pains to investi-gate the later history of the old Winchester war horse.

"Old Rienzi died in our stable a few years after the war," said a Chicago livery man to me a short time ago. Gen. Sheridan left him with us and instructed us to take good care of him, which we did, but he got old at last, and his teeth failed upon him, and that busted his digestion, and he kind of died of old age, I reckon." "How did Gen. Sheridan take it?"

"Oh, well, Phil Sheridan is no school girl. He didn't turn away when old Rienzi died and weep the manger full of scalding regret. If you know Sheridan you know he don't rip the blue dome of heaven wide open with unavailing wails. He just told us to take care of its remains, patted the old cuss on the head a little and walked off. Phil Sheridan don't go around weeping softly into a pink bordered wipe when a horse dies. He likes a good horse, but Rienzi was no Jay-Eye-See for swiftness, and he wasn't the purtiest horse you ever see, by no means. "Did you read lately how Gen. Sheri-

dan didn't ride on horseback since his old war horse died, and seems to have lost all interest in horses?"

"No, I never did. He no doubt would rather ride in a cable-car or a carriage than to jar nimself up on a horse. That's all likely enough, but, as I sav, he's a matter-of-fact little fighter from Fighttown. He never stopped to snoot and paw up the ground and sob himself into bronchitis over old Rienzi. He went right on about his business, and like old King What's-his-name, he hollered for another hoss, and the war department never slipped a cog."

Later on I read that the old war horse was called Winchester, and that he was still alive in a blue-grass pasture in Kentucky. The report said that old Winchester wasn't very coltish, and that he was evidently failing. I gathered cient, but that he might live yet '71. He told me all about it and how Gen. Sheridan came on from Chicago at the time and held the old horse's head in his lap while the fleet limbs that flew from Winchester down and saved the day stiffened in the great mysterious repose of death. He said that Sheridan wept like a child, and as he told the touching tale to me I wept also. I say I wept. I wept about a quart, I should say. He said also that the horse's name wasn't Winchester nor Rienzi; it was Jim.

I was sorry to know it. Jim is no though franking was abolished. were it only in keeping the possessor's name for a war horse who won a victory and a marble bust and a poem. You

#### How and Where Mataria Thrives. Popular Science

The health officers of New Britain, Conn., have made an instructive report concerning the prevalence of malarial diseases in that town, and their connection with certain supposed causes. The causes of malarial and other because I wasn't old enough to put down the rebellion myself. I have been very eager to get hold of and hoard up given locality at the same time; and the hygienic measures required to prevent them all are the same.

The essential conditions for the development of malaria appear to be : the presence of the malarial germ; a high temperature and dry atmosphere; and favorable conditions of the soil; and the absence of either of them will suspend or prevent the action of the poison. We have power only over the third condition. "A generous rain in the vicinity has, we think, invariably suspended its action. And yet a previous condition of moisture is essential to its manifestation. All deposits of vegetable matter, such as muck, sink-drainage, heaps of decaying vegetable matter, or even wet, spongy land, furnish the essentials for its support; but it is requisite that the soil shall have been very wet, or covered with water some portions of the year. A generous crop of grass, and perhaps of other vegetable substance, has been known to prevent malaria. In 1870 nearly all the families in the neighborhood of some lots which were largely a deposit of muck, had malaria. The lots were plowed, dragged, and sowed with grass-seed, and the appearance of the crop of grass and weeds was attended by a disappearance of chills and fever. Two or three other instances are mentioned in the same town in which fever-and-ague was banished by giving a similar treatment to tracts of swampy and mucky soil.

Another case is specified where malaria was prevented by the drying up of the sewerage and sink-water which usually found its outlet through a system of ditches cut in muck. Preparations were making to lay tiles in the ditches and fill them up, but before this was done a heavy rain washed them out, and "caused the prevailing sickness to abate as suddenly as it had commenced." From the first, malaria has not prevailed in those parts of the city where vegetable deposits and filth have been absent, and the health of the streets in which sewers have been laid has been remarkably good.

#### How Much English People Write, [English Illustrate | Magazine.]

There is a well-known story of a woman in the lake district whom Coleridge befriended by the payment of a shilling for her letter, and who, when the postman was out of sight, explained that her son had arranged to write to her in blank letters, which she should refuse, by way of letting her know that he was well, and at the same time saving the postage. Marks and names on newspapers, which might be franked without the owner's consent, were also employed to convey messages. It is therefore not surprising to find that, in the year before the introduction of the new postage, each person on the average wrote only three letters in the course of the year. In the following year the average was seven; it is now thirty-six. In 1839 there were 82,000,-000 letters posted, of which about one in every thirteen was franked. In 1840, the circulation rose to 169,000,000, al-

At the present time it has reached

# AT THE HOT SPRINGS.

Drug Stores and Doctors ... The County Jail ... Arkansaw Poverty.

Avenue or Waverly-and take two or

three days to look around before con-

will have been recommended to fifty

to the Juvial Old Monarch.

[Dutch Cor. Springfield Republican.]

brings pleasant remembrances, espe-

King William, who is quite bour-

geoise and independent, answered the

Dear Child Hesther: Your friend may try to find the being of the great William in me. She and you may come Tuesday and remain as long as you like with us, and I can promise

though

that we live much as our ancestors, thoug we may not be like them. WILLIAM.

and I shall keep it as a valued memeuto.

and if we are to see in the modern

Hollander the customs of our Nieu

Nederlander, in the king of Holland

of Orange-and of our school history-

used to live. The royal Dutchman

rises a little after 9 and takes brandy

and water with his breakfast. Then he

takes a short walk, and until the time

for koffy is busy with state affairs. The

second meal is much like that of the

common people. He drinks four or

five cups of strong black coffee, and

it. Soft-boiled eggs are always on the

table, for he is a light eater. Dinner is

always a grand affair, and there are

never less than a docen guests at

is much the same as that of the country

folk, except that the royal host and his

gentlemen guests have their Tokay

and Johannisberger to discuss, and the

ladies have plates of confections.

note as follows:

Speaking of Maynheer Vanderkamer

sulting a doctor. In that time they ph/sicians as "the best in the place," "W. D." in New York Times.] and will have received tempting offers You will not be surprised, of course, from quite that many boarding houses. at the number of drug stores along the street. I started out once to count TWO DAYS WITH KING WILLIAM. on my fingers, but the fingers ran out before 1 was half way up the street. If A Couple of Dutch Girls Pay a Visit a man could by any possibility throw a stone in Hot Springs without hitting a doctor he would be sure to hit the window of a drug store. Here in the Arlington hotel the street makes a little cially of his daughter Hesther, a bright curve, running up past the opera house, girl of 18, and one of seven sisters. She a neat little theatre, and so straight on was my guide and companion in many up till it ends at the foot of a mountain, expeditions here and there, one of which is worth telling. You have read then branching out to the right and the left, and extending a mile or more in each direction. Then, in every way you can imagine, north, some interest in William of Orange, I east and west, and in south, one day to Hesther Vanderkamer: "I all the possible angles between these points, smaller streets run, in like the Dutch settlers of New York; which are the dwelling-houses, all and I suppose your king is just what the prince of Orange was." built of wood, some of them expensive, some very cheap and none with any very distinctive features, except that "You should go and see King William," said the audacious girl, and it is customary to build a fine house, the next moment we made a plan. The spend a few hundred dollars in gangerprofessor was the preceptor of the royal bread work about the cornices and piazzas, and leave the front yard in a princess, and his daughters are quite familiar in the royal family. So I was not much surprised when Hesther sent state of nature, which here means a state of rocks and dead grass and tall a note to his majesty telling him of the bushes. Nine houses of every ten in the town take either boarders, or American lady, "whose hero was our great William, and who is sure that he lodgers, when they can get them. Wherever you go you see the sign staring you in the face:

# A VACANT ROOM.

This invariably means that the building is a lodging-house, and that lodgers are urgently needed; but the announcement of "a" vacant room gives it rather an air of there being a constant brisk demand for places and of one of the rooms just happening, by great good fortune, to be vacant. This "vacant room" business is carried to such an excess that it is a standing joke. People try to find lodgers for rooms in sheds, out-houses and garrets. There was a big stove standing for several days on the edge of the sidewalk in front of one of the saloons, labeled "for sale." One night the "for sale" sign disappeared and in the morning the rusty old stove rejoiced in the announcement, "a vacant room !" Some joker had stolen a lodging-house sign and hung it over the stove-pipe. The joke was so very pat everybody saw it at once, and there was a crowd around the stove all morning.

I doubt whether there is any place of its size in the world where more curious things are to be seen. The hot springs, of course, are most curions of all; but there are many others. For instance: You go down to the railway station and find a neat brick depot, perhaps as fine and modern building of the kind as there is in the whole south. You walk fifty yards away from it and you come upon a log shanty, perhaps twelve or fifteen feet square, with no doors in the walls, and with a rickety veranda somehow growing out of the roof. You notice that a little bit of a window, not more than a foot square, in the front wall is protected with iron bars. This leads you to make inquiries about the building, and you learn that it is the Garland county jail. Curiosity induces you to walk around the corner of the hut to the foot of a shady wooden stairway, by which you climb to the veranda, where sits the jailer. He invites you to enter a garret room in which you can just stand upright,

sometimes wondered if Queen Victoria ever eats potatoes, and, in the same line of thought, it does me good to know that King William of Holland Knickerbocker, the Dutch were just raises a trap in the floor, and shows what you represented. But I am sorry you the four or five prisoners confined beneath. When a new prisoner is brought a ladder is lowered, the prisoner climbs down, the ladder is withdrawn, and the trap is fastened down again. In this hole the county prisoners are kept until the county "judge" rides grown. over on his mule and opens the county court. The prisoners, when the trap is opened, look up and gibe the jailer and visitors, ask for tobacco, crack jokes about the weather, and make as much capital as they can out of this break in the monotony. You go 500 yards in the other direction from the depot and you come to the old station. Immediately behind this is a high and very steep hill. Visit it almost any pleasant alternoon and you will see a dozen youngsters climbing the hill, dragging small sleds after them, just as our northern boys do after a snow-storm. These boys seat themselves on their sleds and come down the hill like lightning, although the ground is perfectly bare. The soil is full of sompstone, or some other slippery rock, and the boys have a sport that many a New York lad has wished tory. for-the fun of riding down hill in summer time. You go a little further out and you come to cabins where poor people live, both white and black. You know what poverty is when you enter one of them, and see that the only furniture is a bundle of rags for a bed, and the only food such scraps as can be begged from the hotels. I saw a pretty little colored shaver in one of these shanties, one day, munching a piece of dry bread as if he enjoyed it. He let a bit of it fall in the ashes, and his "mammy," who sat on an inverted pail are so good tempered. before the open fire, hunted it up for him, saying, "Good Lawd, honey, don't waste yer flour bread. 'Taint offen yer gets it!" You will not often sit down and talk for ten minutes with any male person in Garland county without the conversation running into knives and pistols and fights and the gentleman telling you whom he has "licked," or whom he is going to "lick," or why he hasn't "licked" him, or why he would like to "lick' him. But you need not mind this, because it is all talk. When two men really do have a fight, even in the way I have described, it makes a great excitement and people talk about it for weeks. The waters I believe to be equal to the best that is claimed for them. For paralysis, rheumatism, and all disorders of the skin and blood they seemed to be almost a sovereign cure. If more people knew about them people would come here. And they should come either in the spring or fall, and stay not less than two or three months, if they expect to reap any benefit. Summer is to hot, winter too cold. They should, of course, keep clear of all "runners" and go first to one of the techr large hotels-the Arlington.

### Mechanical Musical Instruments. [Chicago Horald.]

The first mechanical musical instruments in which perforated sheet music was used were classed under the general head of orguinettes, the manufacture of which was begun nearly a decade since. The success with which they met was so si ntaneous that the name under which substantially the same instrument is now known became legion, and the concerns engaged in their manufacture have increased in the same ratio. Like most new inventions they were at first crude, cumbersome and complicated, easily getting out of order, and generally but poorly constructed. However, the main principles being correct, the demand which even such poorly constructed Macaulay and Motley, and have taken goods created stimulated competition. and improvements rapidly followed am sure. At least I have. Well, I said each other, until the mechanical instruments of to-day would be hardly recogsee how your common people are-just nizable compared with those originally offered.

The common orguinette represents the cheapest style of any automatic instrument in the market. It is very much admired, and has become quite a favorite, it being neat, compact and simple in its construction. It has a full, clear tone, is well made, and, in range of music, is practically unlimited. The top is easily raised, or entirely removed; the music then laid in, ready to run, the top being then replaced and held in position by springs, the instruis to be seen in your majesty, and who would be so glad to be presented that she might see just how our hero ap-peared," etc. are already mucilaged for this purpose. and then passing the band underneath the orgainette, a space at the bottom being left for the purpose. This is often very convenient when two or more ververses of a song are to be sung, or in music for round dancing, where a waltz, polka or schottische needs to be re-

I have this note among my treasures. peated indefinitely. Some of the orguinettes have one large bellows instead of three small So we two girls went to the royal ones, filling the entire space under the palace on that Tuesday, and remained instrument, and constructed upon a new till Thursday morning. I might give a description of the buildings of the principle, one of the main features becourt and pen-pictures of the royal family; but I spare you. King William ing its increased wind capacity, enabling the performer to render slow or is a jovial old gentleman, and I had a fast music with equal accuracy; or, in very nice time. Just now the question is in regard to eating and etiquette; other words, to play the music as originally intended. There is an "expression box" on the top, forming a tone chamber, which, by means of a hinged cover, can be opened or closed by the performer's left hand while playing, we can see how that old-time William thus producing crescendo or diminuendo effects at pleasure.

#### Mr. Miffin's Terrible Dynamite Gun. [Norwalk (Conn.) Hour.]

On the floor in one of the rooms of the Norwalk Iron Works company is a long, heavy cylinder. Its length is about twenty-eight feet and the diameter of the bore is about four inches. has buttered toast of brown bread with In another department men are at work constructing an air-compressor. When the latter is completed it will be connected with the tube mentioned above, and what the inventor confidently bethe table. This meal, like the others, lieves will be the most tremendous engine of war will be completed and ready or trial.

Several years ago, while in Washington, a gentleman from Ohio heard a Тев naval officer say that if a gun could be is invariably served at midnight. I have constructed that would throw dynamite it would thoroughly revolutionize modern warfare. Mr. Miffin-that was the gentleman's name-proceeded at once to invent such a gun, and he has reason eats buttered toast. Verily, Diedrich to believe that it will be a perfect success. It would not do to use powder as a propelling power, for its sudden ad tion would explode the dynamite cartridge at the start and blow the gun to atoms. Compressed air at a pressure of about 300 pounds to the square inch will take the place of powder, and the gun now in South Norwalk is expected to throw a three-pound cartridge a distance of two miles. Imagine the effect of a cartridge of even so small a weight striking the side or deck of a vessel or the ramparts of a fort. The explosion would be terrible in its results. If the gun is a success, others of a size sufficient to throw 100 pounds of dynamite ten miles will be constructed. The gun, loaded with sand instead of dynamite. will be tested in South Norwalk at an early day in the presence of naval officers, scientific men and others,

say next." It is a great relief to visitors to know that, when out of politeness they take notice of their hostess' bird, there is no danger of awkward rejoinders. It disconcerts the average caller if, when he says "Pretty Poll, the parrot retorts with Jorrocks' apostrophe to Artaxerxes, "Get hup, you hugly beast;" and the sesquipedalian oath of the mariner articulated like a centipede in an unbefitting response to a friendly invitation to have a poll scratched. By all means, therefore, if you wish to be able to depend upon your bird in mixed company teach it to talk yourself.

# The Wonderlands Fast Vanishing. [London Telegraph.] Thibet is one of the few regions left

on the earth which will afford legitimate scope for romantic conjecture. All other lands of mystery have been explored. The Abyssinian campaign dissipated the last shred of wonder about Prester John. Travelers have abolished the mountains of the moon ; a Russian rail way runs within sight of the Vulture's Nest, the eyrie of the As-sassins and the Old Man of of the Mountains; commerce has familiarized us with the lands of the white elephant and golden umbrellas; science has dispersed Atlantis, Utopia, and the other "Erewhons" of past beliefs. No Raleigh nowadays would make sail for fabled cities of Mansa; no voyager set his helm for Hesperides. The Ichthyophagi, Tartarines and Malrotrans, with all the other strange races of whom Mandeville gossiped, are now sobered down into matter-of-fact tribes, and the whole world, under the ruthless scrutiny of scientific explorations, is fast becoming commonplace.

# "The "Shad-Beliy" Pattern. [Chicago Journal.] Philadelphia dudes have been greatly

startled by the appearance in several tailors' show windows of a colored fashion-plate, which depicts a very mild and blonde young man arrayed in a garnet-colored coat of the "shad-belly pattern, with flesh-colored lining, figured white vest, a flowing cravat of a delicate tint, and trousers to correspond. This is declared to be the dress-suit of the near future, the invention of a New York man, and the result of years of profound reflection. It does not appear whether or not the inventor has communed with Oscar Wilde, and received his apostolic benediction.

#### Dumas Perc.

The last mot of the elder Dumas. He was on his deathbed. His old servant, who adored him, was weeping in a corner. Dumas turned his halfclosed eyes toward him and said kindly : "Don't cry, my poor friend; if I want you up there I will ring for you." can't respect a horse much if his name was Jim.

After that I found out that Gen. Sheridan's celebrated Winchester horse was raised in Kentucky; also in Pennsylvania and Michigan; that he went out as a volunteer private; that he was in the regular service prior to the war, and that he was drafted, and that he died on the field of battle, in a sorrel pasture, in '73, in great pain and on Governor's Island ; that he was buried with Masonic honors by the Good Templars and the Grand Army of the Republic; that he was resurrected by a medical college and dissected ; that he was cremated in New Orleans and taxidermed for the military museum at New York. Every little while I run up against a new fact relative to this noted beast. He has died in nineteen different states, and been buried in thirteen different styles, while his soul goes marching on. Evidently we live in an age of information. You can get more information nowadays, such as it is, than you know what to do with.

#### Important Features in a Caricature. [The Manhattan.]

features in a caricature. But the true dealings. When he had any of the procaricaturist considers his work far from duce of his farm to dispose of he made treated that part of his subject, he required of him. One of his friends, knows that he has yet at call many an observing him frequently doing so, unsuspected but powerful agent.

The hands, arms, trunk, legs and feet have tales to tell. There is the long and bony hand, the short and chubby hand, the answer of this excellent man : the loose-jointed arm and the arm with the rusty hinge; the fat body and the slim; the long legs, the short legs; the whole regiment of feet! What may not the sloping of shoulders tell? Or the elevated shoulders? What brutality or sycophancy in the curve of the back?

Then, what man but has certain wrink les in the legs of his trousers, which belong, if not to him alone, at least to the class he represents? Is there no reason why one man's coat collar alwhy another's always goes to meet the small of his back? Why one man's coat always shuns the curve of the back and another's always clings to it? Why one man's shirt collar threatens to engulf him and another's insists upon his best. modestly retiring behind the shelter of the neck? Why one man can never bring his cuffs to light and another can never hide them?

"Johnny," said the editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school? "No," replied the youngster, who had studied the paternal sheet, "I am registered as second-class male matter.'

the astonishing total of 1.280,000,000. It will perhaps be gratifying to the pride of Englishmen to learn that notwithstanding the boasted superior education of Scotland, each member of the community there write on the average thirty-one letters in the year, while in England and Wales the number is forty-one; in Ireland only seventeen. But increased letter correspondence is only one item in the growth of the postoffice. Post-cards did not exist in 1839; they are a wholly new invention within the memory of all of us. Their circulation now exceeds 144,000,000. In addition, 288,000,000 of books, packets and circulars, and 140,000,000 of newspapers, passed through the post in the year, making a total of more than 1,852,000,000 of packets of one kind and another. The increase in the circulation during a single year is now nearly equal to the total number of letters carried by the dep .. tmant in 1839.

### No Chance to Rectify Mistakes. [Horatio Seymour.]

When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal The face and head are very important man, and uncommonly upright in his complete when only the facial part is it an invariable rule to give good done. For however well he may have measure-rather more than would be observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it was to his disadvantage. Now, mark

"God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify misinward berd and the outward bow; the takes." The old farmer's mistakes were small foot and the large foot-indeed a of the sort he did not want to rectify.

# Prentice's Last Year.

[Henry Watterson.] George D. Prentice did not drink a drop during the last year of his life. The first day of January of that year he said he intended to make this the best year of his life. He carried out his good resolution, and it is wonderful ways encroaches upon his head and what amount of excellent editorial matter he wrote. The paper could not keep up with him, and it always had copy on hand. At the close of the year he died, having succeeded in making, as he had resolved, his last year

#### Rather Personal.

While an Indiana editor was home sick with typhoid fever, and his wife and little daughter were suffering at the same time with diphtheria and scarlatina, the office boy clipped and published as a leader the following medical note: "Typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlatina are the results of human ignorance, stupidity, laziness and filth, rather than visitations of God."

to say that "olykoecks" and baggy breeches I did not see. I wonder if they are lost. I am almost inclined to believe that the "koecks" are no longer made and that the breeches are out-

### Pills in France. [Pall Mall Gazette ]

French Holloways, if they do not become millionaires, at least do a very flourishing trade. One of the most curious sights of the kind is the famous pill manufactory of Dijon, founded many years ago by a Dijonnais chemist. who invented or introduced in that city pill-making by machinery. A noteworthy feature in this commerce is that depression of trade, bad seasons, and even national calamities, do not affect the sale of pills. People-at any rate. French people-will not give up these delicacies, however hard the times may be and however much economy they are obliged to exercise in other matters. The quantity of pills taken in France

must be enormous, judging from the activity displayed at the Dijon manufaclady alone to spend £40 a year upon pills, which, it must be admitted, can be had in great variety. Tar, camphor, castor oil, these are among the family pills, and they are got up in the neatest and most attractive manner. The capsules have an envelope of slightly sweetened gelatine, and when bottled ready for sale look more like sweetmeats than anything else. Perhaps the agreeableness of their medicines is the reason why French people from childhood upward

# Our Schools.

## [Judge Tourgee's Lecture.] And I am afraid the dude has got into some of our schools. We are educating our children either for the White House or the poor-house. Seveneighths of them are to make their own they are made to swallow volumes of sciences and classics very impractical.

#### Nervousness

One day a little girl said : "Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous!" said the mother; "what is 'nervous'?" "Why, it's being in a hurry all over !" was the reply. The mite had given a definition worth placing in the dictionaries.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: Perhaps the instances where a battle is won by strength of the enthusiasm of numbers are rarer than those where utter route is precipitated by the flight of a few cravens, whose spirit conquers bravery and demoralizes organization.

> "Yes, give us fun and laughter, And hand the smile around; We cannot laugh much after They put us in the ground."

# A Unique Volume,

[Boston Herald.] A valuable addition has just been made to the Concord public library by the purchase of a manuscript volume. prepared by Mr. George Tolman, of that town, containing an exact copy of We have known one French all the inscriptions on the gravestones and tablets in the two older burial grounds of Concord. The inscriptions are copied, line for line and letter for are letter, with all the peculiarities of spelling and punctuation which appear on the stones, and with even the form of the letters preserved. Several of the stones are over 200 years old, and are sunk in the ground, and so covered with moss, as to render the inscriptions nearly undecipherable. The labor of transcribing these epitaphs has been great, and has occupied Mr. Tolman's leisure for a number of years. The volume is a large record book of about five hundred pages, beautifully executed, and contains, beside the inscriptions, a large amount of genealogical notes carefully arranged and indexed. The value of this unique work will increase with years, and it will doubtless be considered, in a century or two from this way in this hard, practical world, yet | time, the most precious treasure in the possession of the library. The book will be preserved in the safe of the library building, and its use guarded with the utmost care.

#### Dickens and the Pill Man. [Inter Ocean.]

Charles Dickens once received a check for £1,000 from Holloway, the pill man, which was placed at the author's disposal on condition that one line of complimentary reference to Holloway's cures should appear in the book which Dickens was then publishing in monthly numbers. Dickens sent the check back by the messenger who brought it without any answer at all.

R. K. Bowker: Nature does not intrude her law. It is felt only when a man ruus against it. Nature never "nags.

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