

DUDES UNFASHIONABLE.

To Be Succeeded by Quietly-Dressed Men of Slightly Men.

"The dude? The dude is N. G. He has gone out of fashion," said a fashionable tailor on Saturday. "The correct young man this winter will be stately, intellectual-looking and quietly dressed. We are going to approach somewhat to the elegance of manner and apparel of the old school. The dude really remained in vogue longer than any other type that I have dressed during my experience with worsted and tweeds. I ascribe that to the fact that the ladies really doted on him. Young men used to come to my establishment weary of the old inane type, but they hesitated to abandon it, because they were afraid of losing the admiration of the ladies. But I tell you some of my dude customers were great as owners of clothes."

"For example?" "Well, I made one of them thirteen overcoats and two ulsters in one season. He had his head full of something he called harmony of color and circumstances. He used to wear certain colors on dark days and other colors when the sun shone. Then he was always very particular that his overcoat should harmonize with the color of his trousers and coat. He thought it absolutely necessary, too, to wear an overcoat of a certain color when he went out to dinner and one of a different color when he simply made a call. True, he took off the coat when he reached his destination, but all the same he had the notion that a certain color ought to go with a particular occasion. That was one of the things he called the harmony of circumstances. Another customer of mine, the son of a man who had made millions and millions during the war, told me that he had 320 suits. Two rooms in his father's house were used solely as store-rooms for his dry goods. All the same he had no more idea of what good dressing was than a Hottentot. His dad seemed to me to always wear the same old-fashioned suit, but looked at heart like a man with a level head.

"My best-dressed customer was a young man who never got more than three suits a year and was not fool enough to pay top-notch prices, either. He had the eye and taste of a gentleman. Besides that, he had a genius for combination. He could make last year's trousers go with this year's coat in a way that made the arrangement appear as if it ought to be the fashion if it really were not. He didn't have much money, but he went in a swell set, and there was not one of the sons of millionaires with whom he associated that could come within a block of him as a well-dressed man. It is the taste either of the customer or of the tailor that must tell. Any experienced tailor, if he is allowed to have his own way, will make up for the want of taste in a customer and make his patron look at least presentable. Badly-dressed men have only themselves to blame. They haven't the first idea of taste, but they, nevertheless, insist on having their own ideas. In such a case it is the business of the tailor to obey orders, even if he knows his customer will look like a fool. If you have any doubt as to your own ability to choose that which will be at once fashionable and handsome, leave everything to the tailor. He will turn out the proper thing."—Baltimore Herald.

CHEAP DOCTORS.

London Physicians Who Make Their Visits for a Quarter.

As in America, so in England, consulting physicians make the most money, although their fees will appear small as compared with those of such men as Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Shradley, of New York, and Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia. The usual fee of a consulting physician in London is calculated by the mileage covered in visiting a patient. One guinea per mile is the charge paid, but, of course, when a man of the standing of Clarke, Ferrier, Critchett or Barnes attends a consultation in the country, the fee is enormous, as any of those men would not probably be away from London for twenty-four hours for less than \$500. The fee of an ordinary practitioner for visiting a patient at his or her residence may be set down at five shillings. The semi-fashionable physician's fee will be double that amount, while the shining light of the profession will not visit a patient under two guineas, though they will treat one at their office for half that sum. There are hundreds of doctors in London, however, who will pay a visit to the house and prescribe for the patient for half a crown, and, mirabile dictu, there are scores of fully qualified and able medicine men in London who will pay three visits to a sick person and provide him with medicine for the absurdly small sum of fifty cents.

By this it will be seen that competition is as keen here amongst members of the medical profession as it is amongst business men and shopkeepers. The cheap doctors I have spoken of keep dispensaries, chemist shops, in fact, and here they attend for several hours daily and see persons three times a week, finding all medicine for the bagatelle of twenty-five cents. I am aware that this statement must seem preposterous to American readers, but I can vouch for the truth of it. I firmly believe, too, that many of these doctors are far more successful in the treatment of diseases than their more experienced brethren. These men see diseases of every variety and in every stage, and in a single day treat as many persons as their high-toned brethren attend in the course of a month. To my mind, then, it stands to reason that these doctors are likely to be more successful than their orthodox brethren, as surely as experience in the study of medicine, as in all other kindred matters, must prove of greater value than mere reading and theorizing.—London Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The children of London public schools are surely coming to a happier estate. The philanthropists who believe them to be suffering from over-pressure on the part of the teachers are quarreling with the philanthropists who believe them to be suffering from under-feeding on the part of their parents. The result is likely to be that they will obtain more food at home and be given less to do at school.—Current.

ENGLISH COURTS.

How They Were Conducted a Half Century Ago.

Among the Judges and front bench of counsel there was a grim priggishness calculated to strike terror in the hearts of juniors. The number of Queen's Counsel was comparatively limited. Serjeants possessed the monopoly of the Common Pleas, and a proper attention to the process of eating beef and mutton, with the occasional addition of apple pie, qualified the student to take upon himself the responsibilities of the bar. Competitive examinations existed only in the womb of time, yet the students, who nowadays would be considered semi-educated lads, had furnished through past centuries a line of accomplished Judges, splendid advocates, and a system of judicature certainly surpassing that of any other European country. It may be doubted whether, if the present restrictions had been in force, the public and the profession might not have lost the services of such men as Erskine, Wilde and Thesiger, with others who, wishing to join the profession at a comparatively late period of life, had neither time nor disposition to plod through the studies of boyhood. Legal habits were earlier in the morning and later at night. The courts commenced at nine, and consultations were, I may say, almost invariably conducted at the chambers of leaders in the evening, and sometimes continued until a late hour. I remember being at a late consultation with Mr. Serjeant Wilde up to twelve o'clock at night. Sir Frederick Pollock told me that during the terms and the sittings, summer and winter, he reached his chambers at five o'clock in the morning, lighted his own fire when necessary. At the Old Bailey the sittings continued from nine in the morning until nine at night. The Judges upon circuit, during a heavy assize, sat until very late; and one can scarcely wonder at the exhausted juries, who, during the address of Mr. Crowder, one of the most amiable but certainly not liveliest of men, lapsed into a sleep which displayed itself in notes somewhat antagonistic to the eloquence of counsel, and, when awakened and sternly rebuked by the Judge, is reported to have said plaintively, "Well, my Lord, I have stood as much 'crowdering' as any one!" And it must be admitted that at this period the Western Circuit, notwithstanding the occasional flashes with which the future Chief-Justice enlivened its proceedings, was, if distinguished by its law, equally so by the ponderosity with which certain of its advocates developed it. Serjeant Bompas has lost his name; and is only remembered as Serjeant Burfuz, in Dickens's famous trial for breach of promise. I have heard him upon two or three occasions—an earnest advocate, with a style certainly not lively. He had a large business on circuit.—Serjeant Ballantyne, in Temple Bar.

HUSBANDS.

How They Should Be Cooked to Make Them Tender and Good.

Miss Corson said at the Baltimore Cooking School that a Baltimore lady had written a recipe for "cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good." It is as follows: "A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It can not be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious; some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watch the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle and so become useless. You can not fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place."—Baltimore American.

—At an excise suit tried recently in a Justice's Court in Ulster County, N. Y., a Newburgh brewer swore that he could drink sixty glasses of lager in a day and an evening and still be "perfectly sober." Another citizen swore that he could "take twenty whiskies straight, day in and day out, and feel all right." One of the jurors said he was of the opinion that when a man put his umbrella to bed and then stood all night in the umbrella rack in the hallway, he was not sober.—N. Y. Sun.

—Hira Bates and wife, of South Hanover, Conn., are over eighty-eight years old, and what is an uncommon coincidence, were born on the same day, August 5, 1796, within a few hours of each other. Barry's history of Hanover says that they were married February 24, 1825.—Hartford Courant.

A CAT DONATION PARTY.

The Experience of a Rat-Tormented Family in Montgomery County.

An incident occurred a few miles from Norristown the other day, within Montgomery County, which fairly rivaled in ludicrousness the imaginary experiences of Max Adeler's Conshohocken married couple who celebrated their iron wedding, and whose friends presented them with two hundred and fifty pairs of flat-irons which had been bought at the liquidating sale of a foundry's stock.

The materfamilias, who may be designated as Mrs. Smith, is a garrulous, good-natured lady, who retails her trials to all sympathizing visitors. Her principal grievance lately has been the rapaciousness of a colony of rats that took possession of the house. Figuratively speaking, the family have had rats for breakfast, rats for dinner, rats for supper and rats for a night-cap at bed-time.

All her friends—and she has many—had heard about her rat troubles when she gave a dinner-party. About twenty people were invited. The first arrival got out of a carriage and also took out a bag.

"My dear Mrs. Smith, how do you do? You are much troubled with rats and so anxious for a good cat, that I thought I would bring you a couple of cats. Here they are," and the bag being opened a Tom and a Tabby leaped forth and ran around the yard.

The second guest brought a cat. The third brought a couple of cats. The fourth brought a very young kitten. The fifth brought a new family of kittens. The sixth brought a bag full of back-alley cats from Philadelphia, whose appetites, accustomed to fat sewer-rats, might be expected to result in the annihilation of scrawny little country rats in almost no time.

The seventh guest brought two quiet old fire-side cats. The eighth brought a beautiful Maltese. In short, every one of the twenty guests brought at least one cat and generally several.

The host and hostess began to look dubious when the tenth guest arrived. On the fifteenth arrival they began to wonder which would eat most, the guests or the cats. On the nineteenth they meditated killing some of the cats to feed the other cats. On the twentieth arrival they felt like putting some rat-poison into the food of the guests.

Persons in want of cats can inquire of anybody in that part of the country.—Norristown Herald.

"GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK."

Why It Is Superior as a Time-Keeper to Modern Time Pieces.

If it were not for what may be designated as meteorological changes, the problem of the accurate measurement of time would be solved if we had a heavy pendulum driven uniformly over a small arc. But here are two "ifs." We will take the second of them first, as it is more easily disposed of. Postulating at the outset machinery in the train very nicely executed, and with jeweled bearings so that it will act uniformly, or with the least possible variation, we have before us the question of propelling it uniformly. That the best power for a clock is weight, is beyond dispute. The invention of the coil-spring came near annihilating the race of good common clocks. "Grandfather's clock," with its wooden wheels and other crudities, is still the superior of the grandson's clock as a time-keeper, for "grandfather's clock" had the great advantage of a uniform power sufficient and just sufficient to propel the clock when it was properly cleaned and oiled! The grandson's clock has a coiled-spring as a motive-power, having, when it is tightly wound, not less than three times the amount of power required to drive the clock, and diminishing in amount, thereby altering the rate of the clock with each successive hour. The grandson's clock will march on, oiled or unoled (and therefore usually unoled), until it comes to a premature end as complete as that of the "one-hoss shay." The "grandfather's clock," on the other hand, which declined to go unless its rations of oil were doled out to it once in a year or less by the peripatetic tinker, is good for another century, since its bearings have been saved from cutting themselves away from lack of oil. The kitchen-clock of to-day can only be required to keep respectable time by so regulating it that the gain it makes when tightly wound shall be offset by the loss as it runs down.—Theodore B. Wilson, in Popular Science Monthly.

WILDCATS.

A Commodity Which Did Not Find a Ready Sale in Pittsburgh.

A rugged representation of Westmoreland County, named Leighton, chilled the blood of a small party of gentlemen yesterday by sidling up to where they were standing on Smithfield street, and calmly inquiring if they wanted to purchase a pair of wildcats. "Wildcats!" remarked the gentlemen in chorus as they fell back with a vague fear that the Westmoreland man might have the animals concealed under his overcoat. "Yes, wildcats," replied the stranger, "and they're jim dandies, too, you kin jest on that. I caught 'em up in the foot hills las' week. They're up at Blairsville now. The male is the finest one I ever seen in my life. He weighs twenty-three pounds, and is the fiercest cat in the State. Whew! but he's a sassy critter."

"How did you catch them?" asked a number of the party.

"Tracked 'em into a big holler, pine tree and chloroformed 'em. Wal, sir, they was the most astonished animals you ever looked at when they found themselves in a cage, my meat."

"Are wildcats plentiful up your way?"

"Wal, yes, that's quite a number of 'em. I had a tame one once. He was a great pet. You could hold a piece of meat up for him twenty-two feet away and he'd sail right over and grab it at one jump."

The Westmoreland Nimrod made quite an effort to sell the animals for forty dollars, and seemed to regard his street acquaintances as deficient in a proper appreciation of the beautiful when his offer was declined.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE COPTIC CHURCH.

Interesting Description of a Religious Organization Flourishing in Egypt.

The supreme head of the Coptic Church is the Patriarch of Alexandria, who, however, lives at Cairo. He claims direct apostolic succession from S. Mark, the founder of the Egyptian Church, who is claimed as having been the first patriarch, and who is held in the same reverence as is accorded by the Western Church to St. Peter.

The other Coptic ecclesiastical orders are bishops, arch-priests, priests, deacons and monks. The priests are all expected to marry, but the patriarch must be a celibate. He is invariably chosen, either by his predecessor or else by lot, from among the monks of the convent of St. Anthony. There are twelve Coptic bishops, and the patriarch nominates the Metropolitan of Abyssinia.

Though the Copts are remarkable for their general detestation of all other Christian sects, their principal tenets assimilate with those of the Latin Church. They acknowledge seven sacraments, enjoin auricular confession and extreme unction. The latter is administered not only to persons at the point of death, but to persons who have done meet penance after the commission of grievous sin. Evil spirits are exorcised "with candle, with book and with bell." In celebrating the Holy Eucharist leavened bread is used, which has previously been dipped in wine. The Copts are more rigorous in their observance of fast days. Besides every Wednesday and Friday in the year the Lenten fast is prolonged to fifty-five days, during which no manner of animal food is allowed—not even eggs, milk or cheese. Some rites, however, appear to be borrowed either from their Moslem or Jewish neighbors. Thus circumcisions on its deemed essential, in addition to baptism by immersion.

The frequent services of the Coptic Church are conducted in modern Coptic, that is to say, in Greek Coptic, which, although not spoken by the monks, is understood by them all. But the true Coptic, the language of the Pharaohs, is literally a dead tongue. Father Vansteb, who visited Siout in 1763, states that he there had the privilege of seeing the last Copt who understood his own language, and with whom it was to die. Being eighty years old, and very deaf, he was not able to give his visitor much useful information. Some portions of the service, such as the Gospel, are first read in Coptic and then explained in Arabic, in order that it might be understood by the people.

Naturally, the lives of the saints occupy a large place in Coptic literature, and the place of highest honor, next to the Blessed Virgin and St. Mark, is accorded to St. George—whether to the real St. George, England's patron saint, or to that evil George, also born in Cappadocia, who headed the Arian heresy in Alexandria, and from time to time superseded St. Athanasius, is not clear.

Which of the two is revered by the Copts I can not say. But I know we were much interested when visiting a very ancient Greek Church in Cairo, dedicated to St. George, by watch ng a sisterhood of Latin nuns, who, like ourselves, were doing a little sight-seeing. The kind old priests did the honors of the saint with charming courtesy, even producing his veritable head for inspection.—Harper's Bazar.

STRONG AT EIGHTY.

David Dudley Field's Recipe for Self-Preservation.

"My recipe for self-preservation is exercise. I am a firm believer in exercise. I will tell you my mode of life. I am a very temperate man, and have always been so. I have taken care of myself, and as I have a good constitution I suppose that is the reason I am so well. You must ask the Almighty why I have lived so long, and how long I shall live. I am perfectly healthy and strong, and, though I have nominally retired from the law, I am busy as you see from morning until night. Another reason I am so well is that my mind has always been occupied. I am never idle; in fact, I have no time to be ill.

"When I was a young man I had very severe headaches. In 1846 I bought a horse, and I have not had a headache since. Every morning I arise at six o'clock. I have done so for forty years. I take an ice-cold bath, dress myself, jump on a horse at seven o'clock, and ride for an hour. I then breakfast and work at my house until eleven o'clock, when I walk down-town, a distance of three miles. I remain at my office until three o'clock, then walk home, and dine at six. At seven I sleep for half an hour, after which I am ready for anything. I retire between ten and eleven o'clock. I have done this for over forty years. I attribute my hardihood to horseback-riding. Have I ever taken a drink? No, sir, never, except a glass of claret at dinner. Like Pere Hyacinthe, I must have my claret at dinner. Whisky, brandy, or any liquid of that kind I never touch.

"My advice to young men is to get eight hours sleep every night, and drink only chocolate, coffee and tea. The young men of to-day are too fast. The candle can not burn at both ends and last long. I have never smoked tobacco in any shape and never will. Do as I have done, and you will be strong at eighty, and probably at ninety."

Mr. Field was at his office busy with some details of his civil code, now before the Legislature. "The code," he said, "is favored by a great number of lawyers. There are some old fellows, to be sure, who are opposed to it. What they want is a large library. They seem to think that a civil code is an alteration of existing things. By no means; it is a condensation, and is calculated to save much labor and research. These old lawyers have learned the law in one way, and they believe in a civil code about as much as a Mohammedan believes in Christianity."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Seth Green, the authority on all questions of pisciculture, has taken the editorial chair of The American Angler, published in this city.—N. Y. Independent.

HOW HE MANAGED IT.

A Thrifty Brooklyn Man and a Chicago Millionaire.

Well, how many of the people in this metropolis are worthy only so far as a mere veneer makes them so? Here is a very interesting true story, and I am sorry to be obliged to omit the names.

There lived in a Brooklyn boarding-house a gentleman, his wife and their pretty daughter. He was a salesman in a Broadway dry goods house, and his salary was \$3,000 a year. He had saved \$10,000 in the course of thirty years of hard work. Last summer the wife and daughter went to Bridgehampton, Long Island, for a little recreation, and there met a young man from Chicago, who instantly fell completely in love with the young woman. He seemed to have money, and the father was sent for to come down and look him over. The man of business ascertained in half an hour that the youngster was the son of a rich merchant, who was rated among the millions by the commercial agencies. Indeed, the Chicago merchant and his wife were at that moment in Bridgehampton. The Brooklyn man formulated a scheme and hurried to Brooklyn to put it into execution. In that city of churches there are to let full appointed mansions, in which are not only furniture, but bedding, table-ware, silver service, china, lace curtains, piano and library. The best of them come high, to be sure, but they are exceedingly sumptuous, and to live in them is to enjoy life as though you owned them. Our Broadway salesman at \$3,000 a year hired one of these elegantly furnished houses for six months, paid two months' rent in advance, moved in and sent word to his wife and daughter to invite the Chicago folks home with them. The Chicago folks accepted and came along. They found their new-made Brooklyn acquaintances living in one of Brooklyn's finest dwellings. The practiced eye of the Chicago merchant saw that it must require an income of at least \$15,000 a year to even live in such a house—more likely it would require double that sum. The Brooklyn man evidently was very rich, and his daughter was doubtless well worthy to be the wife of his son. The boy pressed his suit. He was asked to come again in a few weeks and get his answer. He did so, and was accepted. The girl could not then be married too soon, and December was named. Accordingly, just before the holidays there was a grand wedding in the mansion. There was a big handful of Chicago guests who congratulated the young man from Chicago on his good luck in getting so pretty a bride, and one apparently with such well-to-do parents. It was a very successful wedding, and the bride is very happy presumably in her Chicago home; but the Brooklyn man's lease of the mansion ran out on the 15th of this month, and he is now back in the boarding-house, and still selling goods in the Broadway house at \$3,000 a year. Almost all of the \$10,000 he had saved is gone, too. But he has married his daughter to the son of a millionaire, and she has promised to take care of him.—N. Y. Correspondence Utica Observer.

AFFECTATION.

An Artificial Gait Assumed by Those Who Make Pretensions to Qualities They Do Not Possess.

This evil propensity, for such we unhesitatingly designate it, has, alas! a deep and wide-spreading influence. From the sublime subject of religion down to the slightest punctilio of deportment, what is there in any way noble, "lovely, or of good report," that affectation is not impudent enough to counterfeit? But happily for the interests of simplicity and truth, the counterfeit is as different from the reality as the paltry tinsel from the pure and solid gold, and though the one may glitter and dazzle for awhile, yet the other will only stand the test of time and trial. The triumph of hypocrisy is short, and even when at its highest glory the flimsy disguise reveals more than it conceals. But this is a fact of which those who wear the mask are probably not cognizant; for had they the power "to see themselves as others see them," they would cast the disguise aside. This idea is eminently suggestive of the source from which affectation springs, namely, a heart that has never been subjected to the scrutinizing process of self-examination. Hence we shall find that an affected person is invariably a self-ignorant person, and one who possesses a mean mind.—Philadelphia Call.

An Imitative Cat.

William Ewing, of Conemaugh, is a highly respected gentleman of sixty years of age and is a member in good standing of the Disciples' Church. The necessity for these statements will appear right away. In Mr. Ewing's house were two clocks, one down-stairs and the other up, which had not moved for two years. A tinker was recently called in to repair the down-stairs clock. While he was at work Mr. Ewing's cat, a very intelligent animal, jumped upon the table on which the clock stood and closely watched all that was done. After the clock had been fixed and made to strike again the cat disappeared. Some time later the clock up-stairs was heard to strike. The members of the family, in great surprise, hastened up stairs and were astonished to find that the cat had opened the clock door and, by inserting its paws among its works, had actually overcome the obstacle to its running. They stood and watched it and saw it strike the pendulum with one of its front paws, just as the tinker had done with the down-stairs clock. The cat did not set the hands, for the reason, perhaps, that it did not know the precise time.—Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune.

—It has been discovered by a Dutch scientist that the gum which collects on the branches of certain trees—especially the cherry, peach, plum and others bearing stone fruit—is due to disease of the tree. The disease is produced by a highly organized fungus, whose action causes the formation of gum, and it is quickly reproduced in sound trees when they are inoculated with pieces of the gum containing any of the fungus.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is a peculiarity of all French evening newspapers that they are dated the following morning.

—Rufus J. Childress, a poet and magazine writer, and a well-known resident of Louisville, Ky., has become insane.

—Novels constitute nine-tenths of the books read in England, and nineteen-twentieths of the books read in the whole world.

—The London newspapers have a curious etiquette forbidding one to either quote or comment upon anything that appears in the columns of another.

—The London Standard declares that the opinion steadily grows that Nathaniel Hawthorne was the most considerable literary personage that America has yet produced.

—Rufus Choate, when somebody threatened to challenge his vote on the ground that he could not write, answered: "If you do I will give you a specimen of my handwriting, and challenge you on the ground that you can not read."—N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

—Mr. Sarony, the New York photographer, although over sixty years of age, rich and very fond of sketching in charcoal and chalks for the Tilo and Salmagundi Clubs, of which he is a member, still attends personally to posing the sitters in his great establishment.—N. Y. Post.

—The new book, "The Money-makers," which is said to be a reply to "The Bread-winners," has just been published, and it has been generally understood that Congressman Martin A. Foran, of Cleveland, is the author; but that gentleman denies the report, and there promises to be the same mystery about the book as there was about "The Bread-winners."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—The late David Kimball, of Portsmouth, N. H., had on several occasions during his lifetime the rare experience of seeing under the roof-tree of the old house at Topsfield, Mass., seven generations of his own blood, namely, his own great-grandfather, grandfather, father, mother, his own generation, his own and his brother's children and grandchildren, and his brother's great-grandchildren.—Boston Journal.

—Policeman Richard L. Eldredge, of New York, has been retired from the force and will hereafter receive a pension of fifty dollars per month. Eldredge has been in continuous service for fifty-two years, and is now eighty-seven years old. He was one of the four men who stood guard at Castle Garden when General Lafayette was received by the citizens of New York, and was the officer called by the mob after the murder of Helen Jewett many years ago. It was he who found the hatchet with which the murder was committed and the cloak of the murderer.—N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS.

—The principal seasons illustrated at the roller-skating rink are "fall" and "spring." Some of the remarks they provoke are summery.—Norristown Herald.

—"This bed is too short," said the tall man, on being shown to his room. "You must remember," said the boy, "that when you are in there will be two feet added to it."—Merchant Traveler.

—"Joseph Marmaduke Mullally, how dare you, sir!" exclaimed the indignant mother of a St. Louis boy. "Take your sister's ear muff off your feet in-stanter and find your rubbers. Don't be so lazy, sir!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"Look here, this piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said a man to a German butcher. "Mine fricken, all do! pere vat I sells is pack of dot neck. Dere vos nodding but horns in front of dot neck."—N. Y. Independent.

—"Do you manufacture trucks as well as roller skates?" "Oh, no." "But I was down at your factory this morning and saw several put together." "Oh, those were not trucks." "No!" "No, they are the kind of skates we are shipping to Chicago."—Boston Post.

—"S. you didn't succeed very well with your school in Illinois?" "No; I had to give it up at the end of the first month." "Did you use the black-board much?" "No; it was too large. But I used all the other furniture about the room that wasn't nailed down."—N. Y. Graphic.

—"Bill! Nye invites the Prince of Wales' son, who has just come of age, to be his guest when he visits this country. 'I tender you,' he writes, 'the freedom of my double-barreled shotgun during the prairie-chicken holocaust. I know where the angleworm grows rankest and the wild hen hatches her young.'"

—"Aunt Jane, is it quite true that a lady may ask a gentleman to marry her if it is leap year?" "Yes, my dear, it is quite true." "But if he don't want to marry her, Aunt Jane, what must he do then?" "He must give her a new black silk dress, my dear, and then she understands." "Oh! Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Now I know why you have so many black silk dresses."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Mary, what does this mean? I find a bill for the use of hose." "Sure, marm, a man called to know if you used hose. I told him you did and he left that bill." "Why did you tell him we used hose, Mary? We never do." Mary's face showed surprise, distrust and reproach: "Why, we do, marm!" with vehemence. "Hose? Mary, we haven't any." "Why, m-a-r-m! What does Pat take up the weeds with?"—Boston Transcript.

—Barnacle was forty-two years of age yesterday. His wife presented him with a handsome pair of carpet slippers—cost fifty cents. Barnacle was grateful, but thoughtful. At last he exclaimed: "Times have changed!" "Why, dear?" asked Mrs. B. "Well, before we were married, you gave me slippers worked in floss and silk, embroidered, monogrammed, scalloped in morocco and patent-leather with wool soles, at a cost of several dollars—ah, times change!" "Well, John, replied Mrs. B., after a thoughtful pause, "I had the slippers charged to you. I thought you wouldn't want to pay for a costly pair."—Providence News.