

PAWN-SHOP STOCK.

Where the Fiddles, Banjos, Cornets and Family Bibles Come From—Some Musical Beliefs of the War.

There are seventy-one pawnbrokers in Philadelphia and one hundred and ten second-hand clothes-dealers. In the window of every one of these stores are displayed one or more banjos, violins and cornets. Besides these musical instruments no pawnbroker's or second-hand clothes-dealer's store-window appears to be complete without an accordion, a large family-bible and two or three boxes of mathematical instruments. None of these articles are ever of the best material or workmanship, and they all appear to be new, or nearly so.

"Where do they all come from?" said a reporter to Winfield Radcliff yesterday. He replied: "I can tell you something about the cornets and the banjos. The cornets are relics of the war. No; they were not picked up on the field of battle; indeed, it is probable that they were never flavored with powder and never got nearer to a call to arms or an order to fix bayonets and charge than a hall over some saloon in the city. This is how it was: During the war every man who could play an instrument was imbued with the idea of forming a band to lead a conquering Northern regiment through the South. One-fifth of these patriots went out, and others didn't. Their cornets and other wind instruments were left on their hands, and being only of a cheap description originally, they could only find a market in the pawn-shop. Not that the things were bought by the brokers. We don't buy things of that sort. They were left and never redeemed, because the would-be trumpeters did not mean to redeem them. The banjos come to us in a similar way. At a certain period in the life of nearly every young man the desire to be a variety actor or a minstrel comes on very strong. The banjo is supposed to be the appropriate instrument to start with.

"Two or three months is sufficient to drive all the neighbors mad and to cure the variety stage struck youth of his mania. The pawnbroker offers the only way of getting rid of the now obnoxious banjo. Of course it is never redeemed. There has been a craze for boxing-gloves among the young men of this city for the past two or three years—that is, ever since John L. Sullivan made such a reputation. These young fellows have a lout or two, get severely punched in the face two or three times, and grow tired of the mittens. 'Uncle' comes in useful again, and numerous pairs of the padded sparring apparatus appear in the window of the pawnbrokers' stores.

"With the violins it is different. These instruments are made wholesale. They are turned out of factories by the dozen, made on a regular pattern, all alike. Sometimes there happens to be a fairly good one among them, and it is placed in the store of a music-dealer; the others are left with pawnbrokers and second-hand dealers, who receive a commission on their sale. There is a large factory of these violins on Edgewood road, London, Eng. I don't know the name of the firm, but they turn out thousands annually and send large numbers over to this country. O yes, there are such firms in this country. One way by which these musical instruments come into our hands is by our buying up bankrupt stocks. I don't see much use of doing so, however, for they only represent capital invested and interest lost. We very seldom get rid of them except at the auction sales, when we sell our unredempted pledges. Then they go into the country, and if every purchaser of a banjo, cornet, or accordion learns to play the number of budding musicians in the United States must be unaccountable. Lots of them must be like the violin, 'born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

"How do the second-hand stores get hold of the instruments?" "Oh, they buy them at our sales of unredempted pledges. They are dead stock to them, but they serve to ornament a window and attract passers-by. I dare say they manage to sell some of them, too. Sailors are great people for buying musical instruments. When Jack is starting on a cruise he will buy a banjo or an accordion to play in his leisure hours.

"I never heard a sailor play anything, but I bet they get some fun out of their purchases. Farm laborers have a great notion of being musical geniuses, too. Mark: days are good days to get rid of the snide banjos and violins. But there is an instrument which has become a great favorite of late years, which I imagine has sounded the death-note of the cheap banjo and accordion. I mean the organette. Anybody can play that. It requires no learning and is not very expensive. All that you have to do is to slip in a perforated sheet of paper, something like a weaver's pattern-card, turn a handle and there you are. The harmonium was a great enemy to the banjo, but it cost too much money and required a lot of caring about."

"Well, how about the big family Bibles? What does a pawnbroker want with them?"

"You'd be astonished at the number sold. A wave of revival meetings is all that is necessary to create a regular boom in family Bibles. They are opened half a dozen times, the name and birth-days of the family inscribed in them, and back they come to us. From us they always go to the second-hand dealer or the junk shop. What becomes of them afterward I can not say. I guess the small grocers and furniture shops get them for wrapping paper. Mathematical instruments are a drug in the market. We have more of them than we know what to do with. They are generally bought from bankrupt stores, and sometimes are merely put on sale in pawnbrokers' windows for a commission. Then there is another source from which all these articles come in great abundance—the mock auctioneer or 'Cheap Jack.' These gentry get rid of their wares in the same ratio as their wit enables them to persuade people to buy. It is not long before the real value of the goods is discovered, and then they are taken direct to the abode of a good and loving 'maie,' who never refuses to lend a dollar and two upon anything.—Philadelphia Times.

PETROLEUM.

Its Use on Shipboard and in Mines as Fuel Increasing.

Petroleum is to all appearance destined to effect changes in commerce and industry, second only to those wrought by steam itself. Petroleum waste is already being extensively used for fuel on Russian railways; the steamships on the Caspian use nothing else. It is said that crude petroleum, after a few days' exposure to the air, may be used for the same purpose with perfect safety, and petroleum fuel can be delivered at Batum at twenty-six shillings a ton. If the scheme for running pipes from Paku to Batum be carried out, it can be laid down for very much less. But weight for weight, petroleum goes nearly three times as far as coal, and coal being worth at Batum from £2 to £3 a ton, it follows that 26s. worth of the liquid is equal to from £8 to £9 worth of the solid fuel. The extinction of our coal trade with Russia has become a question of a few months. Nor is this all. Petroleum goes into far less bulk than solid fuel, and can be handled at far less cost. If it could be used by ocean-going steamers for long voyages, the gain would be enormous. By storing the oil in the ballast tanks, the space now occupied by coal could be utilized for cargo; and as the fires are fed automatically—the petroleum being pulverized by a jet of superheated steam—the cost of stoking would be reduced to almost nothing. And this is no mere dream but a present reality. "So a mile is the fuel to use, and so reliable is the action of the pulverizer," writes Mr. Marvin, "that the English and Russian engineers, running the steamers from Baku to the mouth of the Volga, told me that, having turned on and adjusted the flame at starting, they concern themselves no more about the fires until they reach their destination in a couple of days' time." Petroleum is, moreover, clean to use, and makes no smoke.

Another and highly valuable peculiarity of petroleum is its existence in places remote from coal measures, and where coal for steam or any other purpose is simply unattainable. There are large deposits of it in Beluchistan, the Punjab, and probably in other parts of India. It ought also to be found in the West Indies, in the fountaine District of St. Vincent, the pitch-lake region of Trinidad, and on the Northern coast of Venezuela. Enterprising capitalists in want of outlets for their money could not well embark in a more promising adventure than a quest for petroleum springs. The new fuel is not likely to supersede coal in England; but the struggle for existence and the lowness of freights may compel its adoption by all steamers which make long voyages. The resulting economy in our rapidly lessening coal measures, though it might not be viewed with satisfaction by the owners of collieries, would be an advantage to the community, and indefinitely postpone that death of fuel with which our industrial supremacy has so long been threatened.—London Spectator.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

An Undertaker's Belief That People Are Often Buried Alive.

"The world would be horrified," said William S. McCarthy, an east side undertaker, yesterday, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before life is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases comes to light, but no steps are taken to prevent their recurrence. "Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man in Division street. The man was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about forty years of age, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. The body was warm and the limbs were limp. I did not believe the man was dead, and said so. His friends told me that a physician had pronounced him dead. I was ordered to put the body on ice at once, but I delayed this operation, on one pretext or another, for nearly two days. During this time the body lay on the bench in the little shop. Finally I could delay no longer. The limbs were still as limp as when I first examined the body. I prepared the body for burial, and the next day it was buried. I do not believe that man was dead when the earth was shoveled in on his coffin. If the same thing were to happen again I would let somebody else do the burying.

"About the same time a young woman living up town was supposed to have died very suddenly. A physician was called in. He said she was dead. An old woman who was present thought otherwise and insisted upon it that she was in a trance. The body was buried. A few weeks later the old woman determined to satisfy herself about it, and braved the grave-diggers to disinter the coffin. The lid was removed and a horrible sight was seen. The young woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out, and her face was frightfully scratched. She had turned over on her face.

"A person is generally believed to be dead if there is no action of the heart or pulse. But if a person is in a trance there is no action of the heart or pulse. A vein should be opened. If blood flows the person is not dead. This operation would take about thirty seconds, but it is not often resorted to. Suppose the person is suffering from a temporary suspension of animation. Before he can recover the use of his faculties an undertaker comes in, and he is put in an ice box, where whatever life there may be in him is frozen out. The Board of Health should take hold of this matter and devise some means of ascertaining beyond all doubt that life is extinct before the body is buried. I have thought of a good many different means. A receiving vault could be built in every cemetery where bodies could be placed until decomposition had begun, when they could be buried."—N. Y. Sun.

"To clean bottles, cut a new potato into small pieces and put them in the bottle with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake all well together and rinse the bottle with clear water.

WOMEN AS DRUMMERS.

Reasons Why They Can Not Go On the Road and Compete With Men.

"The women are beginning to follow nearly all the occupations pursued by men," said the proprietor of an employment agency up-town. "I have women registered for employment to canvass for books, to solicit for advertisements, and to canvass for life insurance companies, but, strange to say, no one has expressed a willingness to go on the road as a general drummer for a large mercantile house. I expect it to come, though, very soon. The indications point that way now. Nearly 30,000 women are idle in New York to-day. Some of them have talent and energy enough to make successful drummers. I feel sure."

"They have women drummers in England, why not in America?" asked a reporter for the Mail and Express.

"Well, the reason is plain. So many avenues are open to woman, they naturally shrink from an occupation that would keep them traveling alone constantly and meeting men of all kinds and dealing with them. A woman with energy and talent enough to become a successful drummer would prefer to lecture or become a book-agent. A merchant, as a general rule, is married and settled. A woman, then, can not call her charms in to aid her much in getting merchants to buy. As a book-cannasser, she can tackle the blushing young bachelor and the susceptible young man, and get a subscriber on her beauty or winning ways. No single man would dare to refuse a pretty or charming woman. Not so the married merchant. He has to buy and sell again, and purchase every season. His bills amount to thousands, too, and he watches for close competition to get bargains, for it means many hundreds perhaps saved to him. With a woman he would not like to speak of cheap offers made by other traveling drummers, and ask for rebates and reductions. To save this trouble he merely says he does not wish to buy. That settles Mrs. Woman Drummer right there. Could or would a woman drummer, you think, adopt the methods of the typical drummer now on the road? Let us see his programme: He arrives at the town; puts up at the best hotel and kindly consents to drink with the landlord, and tell him how glad he was to leave Smith's hash-house at the next town in order to get to his hotel; makes arrangements with him to play a little draw-poker after the merchants have been visited; he goes to see a merchant; asks him to come around and see his supplies on exhibition at the hotel; merchant refuses. He asks the merchant to drink. They do. They smoke cigars. The drummer swears he can discount the figures of the other drummer the merchant has been buying from. A dispute arises, and several hours are consumed in drinking, talking, and smoking. The result is merchant buys a bill to get the discount promised. Would a woman do that? Not much, I think. Now, it is plain why women are not drummers.

"In England a few are traveling for commerce at houses, but they simply go to places where trade has already been established and take orders. They do not work upon any new business. Here in the United States drummers must not only sell to old customers every time, but work up new ones. The success depends on it. The old customer is liable to be persuaded to buy from the discount drummer who talks and drinks for hours. Commercial houses know these facts too well, and that is why women are not employed in that capacity.

"A line must be drawn somewhere, and the very nature of the business debars them at once. There are plenty of women in New York to-day plucky enough to go on the road, but they are wise enough also to foresee the result. A large life insurance company employs a woman to canvass for policies among women only. They inform me that thus far the trial has given eminent proofs of the fitness of one good talking woman to get others of her sex to insure their lives. The company will shortly put seven or eight on the road in different States. If there should ever be an American woman drummer with the requisite qualities and the irrepressible pertinacity and lordly assumption of the average male drummer, then I will say the time has come to let women vote and enter the pricing of sluggers."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

AN EXTEMPORIZED MARRIAGE.

The Cruel Treatment of an Egyptian Officer to Gratify a Woman's Curiosity.

The magnificent extravagance of the late Khedive was well exemplified in the small palace he built for the Empress Eugenie, and which has never been occupied since. Here, too, an instance of thorough Oriental arbitrariness occurred. The Empress, while thanking the Khedive for the magnificent reception he had given her, happened to say that the only thing she had not seen was an Arab marriage. "Indeed," said the Khedive, "this shall soon be remedied." So he sent for his A. D. C., gave him one of his Circassian slaves from the harem, presented him with a large dowry, and told the astonished official that everything was to be ready in two days.

Accordingly on the second day there was a grand marriage a l'Arabe. The Empress was greatly pleased, and the A. D. C., a man far more European than Egyptian, and who spoke several European languages splendidly, found himself indissolubly attached to a Mohammedan wife, while all along it had been the dream of his life to marry a European lady, one educated like himself, and with whom he could associate. But he knew he dared not refuse, and so an accident settled his whole future life.—Three Months in the Soudan.

—There are some very odd things to interest the traveler in Porto Rico. The "switchmen" on the railroad are colored women, the telegraph operator at one of the stations is a convict with a ball and chain on his leg, and the gardeners at the Captain-General's country palace were Chinamen with pig-tails.

THE PROPER WAY.

How Great Medicines Are Brought Before the People.

The patent medicine man who knows the public, who understands the allurements of print, knows the art of arranging deceptive advertisements. Years ago, a simple announcement was enough to bring medicine into notoriety; but in those days people believed in captivating print.

The advertiser must now adopt some mode of deception. He has learned, or at least has come to believe, that the people look upon advertising as an amusing dodge. This belief has caused advertisements of great display to sink into disrepute. The man who desires to sell something must not only show the superiority of his goods, but must illustrate the pleasures which the purchase shall experience by dropping into his house. Prof. Staggs, who has carefully considered all these points—a gentleman whose medicine is known all over the country—desires us to insert for him several hundred dollars' worth of advertisements. Consequently, without farther excuse, we submit the following:

"Frederick William may have objected to my teaching his son, Lat n, a fact which is transmitted to us by able historians, but notwithstanding adverse circumstances, to one could keep him from taking Staggs' Profricent Projectiles."

"Oh," remarked Sam Johnson, "my misfortune is great. From the arsenic whom I love, I have inherited scrofula. I am a sufferer among men, a laughing-stock among women. Why did not my people take Staggs' Lymphatic Laxatives?"

"Frederick the Great, in an address to his troops said: 'My men—my fellow men—it is with the most profound gratitude that I address you. The fortunes of war are indeed fickle, but the cordial prepared by Professor Staggs is as enduring as the 'cuckoo burr' on the back of a black sheep. Dark clouds have come over us, but don't forget to take Staggs' Municipal Geewhickism. The bright sun rises in the west and sets in the east, but, my dear people, don't lose sight of this medicine. My government was beset by foes, my kindred were suffering under the influences of nostalgia, but when I was persuaded by my druggist to swallow a half pint of Staggs' Elixir Unum Co. firm on Nuggets, the saw-mill shook off its lethargy and proceeded to do its work with neatness and telegraph."

"Several years ago my son was laid. He objected to getting up at morning and making a fire. The doctors gave up hope, but three doses of Staggs' Hilarous Hot Helper caused a complete change. Now the soft youth arises at morning and splits kindling wood. I would advise all parents who see children are similarly affected to use the same remedy."

"Gibbon incurred the displeasure of many learned men, although he established a reputation among historical thinkers. His strictures upon Paul were a trifle severe, yet in after days Millman attempted to show that Gibbon was wrong and that he should have taken other medicine, when we all know that the Wingless Worm-Pluge of Professor Staggs would have smote him in the neighborhood where it would have done the most good."

"Lita," said the ancient philosopher, "is uncertain." It is unnecessary for a modern writer to attempt a refutation of this assertion, for we all know that it is true, still there is a way by which we can avoid death. Take Staggs' Lightning Laughters. Price one dollar.

"It is said by men who accept holy writ that Solomon was the wisest man who ever lived. We will not attempt to dispute this, but we all must acknowledge that he would have been much wiser had he taken Staggs' Stomach Strengtheners."

"Talleyrand said that language was made to conceal thought, but at last he was compelled to acknowledge the fact that Staggs' Liver Laxatives are supernatural in their effects."

"When Caesar was stabbed, he lifted his eyes and said: 'Take Staggs' Robust Revolvers.'"—Arkansas Traveler.

EDUCATION.

The Dropping of the Study of Greek in Collegiate Centers.

A Boston paper denounces the action of Harvard in dropping Greek from its list of compulsory studies. It affirms that this tends to lower the aim of education. It only tends to educate for "practical money-getting." This is a mistake. In one sense it is true that the object of education is this, as money-getting is one of the pursuits to which men devote their best ability. But mere money-getting is not the whole aim of life, nor the real purpose of education. A money-grub is not an excellent character. And yet where money is possessed the possibilities for usefulness are largely increased and the power for good greatly extended. Education is not the mere acquisition of certain facts, but the discipline of the intellect in all that pertains to the duties of life. It aims to fix in the mind certain great principles from which the person can go forward in the general duties of life. It does not so much matter through just what studies the mental drill is reached as that it shall be certainly attained.

Greek and Latin belong to the old monkish curriculum studies, and date back well to the feudal times. It so happens that the Latin has retained its vitality and is of use in our day. To some extent it is the basis of our language and is used in certain professions, as the law and medicine. But Greek is not only a difficult and laborious study, but relatively useless in after life. The language enters so slightly into ours, that it is rarely the case that we are compelled to go back to the original for the root-meaning of a word. Hence its chief use is in disciplining the mind of the student. In this sense, it is held that studies can be provided, having all the disciplinary value, and yet possessed of practical qualities. Thus it does not lower the grade of education to drop Greek, but makes it more practical.—Philadelphia Aia Call.

MERCANTILE HONOR.

A Quality Which Still Has an Intrinsic Value.

At the recent meeting of the National Board of Trade, held in Washington, the speakers very properly took a high stand for mercantile honor and the justice which should govern the laws of trade. This was right. From the days of the "merchant princes" of Jerusalem, of Tyre and Sidon, of Rome and Carthage, down to the colonial periods of American history, the business of traffic on sea and land has had its advantage-takers, its time-servers, its impostors and its cheats. But it has also had its men of enterprise who have always yoked their speculations to the car of honesty, and who would never consent to make progress in any other way. In the perilous times of the American Revolution there was the merchant John Hancock, whose honored name stands out in such bold letters on our Declaration of Independence; there was that other merchant, Bowdoin, brought up in the very center of the mercantile life of Boston; there were those contemporary merchants, Rutledge, of New York, and Morris, of Philadelphia.

In the even more perilous times of the late war of the Rebellion, the merchants of our country produced many of its best and most tried friends. Some of them poured out their money on its behalf like water; and others, of the rank and file, rushing from the counting-room and the store, laid down their lives for the Nation in the fore-front of battle.

All honor, then, to the patriotic merchants of America! The principles of commercial honor, by which such men are guided, are a credit, not only to their numerous and influential class, but to the human race. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; but it is an admitted axiom of ethics that all such exceptions only strengthen the rule. The very fact that a rule is excepted to, proves not only its existence, but that the rule must be good where the exceptions are bad.

You might as well object to Christianity because there was once a Judas Iscariot, or to patriotism because there was a Benedict Arnold, as to object to American commercial honor because there have been, and still are, scoundrels and villains in the ranks of American merchants. As one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one scabby sheep undervalue a whole flock.

It is a fact, susceptible of the clearest proof, that American commercial honor is the peer of any in the world. In these days of magnetic telegraphs and fast presses, the misdeeds of commercial men are rapidly trumpeted abroad, not only as legitimate matters of news, but as sensations fitted to feed the cormorant maw of the greedy public; a capacious maw, indeed, that, like the daughter of the horse-leech, is perpetually crying, as it gorges itself, "Give! give!" All the while the modest members of commercial society, acting on the scale of the level and the square, are passed by unnoticed; or, if they are commented on in any way, as likely as not it is to be judged as no better than they ought to be, in fact as tarred with the same brush that has smeared some of their villainous neighbors.

The duty of the press in all such cases is to keep constantly in view the inevitable distinctions between right and wrong. The good man should be commended while the bad man is censured. The good man should be rewarded by the applause of the community while the bad man is punished by its laws. Money is not yet the god of our country, and we devoutly trust it never will be. Commercial honor has still an intrinsic value; a value more precious than jewels, more inestimable than silver or gold.—Philadelphia Call.

WALKING.

Pedestrianism, if Intelligently Indulged In, Conduces to Health.

Every healthy person, man or woman, should be a good walker, able at any time to walk six to twelve miles a day at least, and for double that when gradually brought up to it. The points to be attended to are, to see that the walk be brisk and vigorous, not of a loitering or dangling kind; that there be some object in the walk besides its being a routine constitutional (i. e., not like the staid promenade of the orthodox ladies' school), and if possible in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, whether for the feet or the body, which will constrain or impede the natural movement of the limbs and trunk, and that the walk be taken as far as possible in the fresh country air. In regard to this latter particular, although towns are increasing so rapidly as to make it almost a journey to get out of them on foot, still we have so many suburban tramways and railway lines that in a few minutes we can find ourselves in the country, where the air is fresh and pure. Whenever an opportunity presents itself for a little climbing in the course of a walk, it should be taken advantage of. We gain variety of muscular action, as well as increase the exertion, and we get into regions of purer air and fresher breeze at the same time. What may be considered as the weak point in walking as a mode of exercise is the comparatively small play which it gives to the muscles of the shoulders and chest, while it is still less for those of the arm. This should be compensated for by the use of light dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or some other form of exercise which brings in play the arms and shoulders. One of the forms of exercise which requires the action of the muscles of the arms and shoulders, as well as those of the trunk and legs, is swimming. This, however, for many reasons, can not be used as a means of exercise except by a few, and at certain seasons of the year, but where possible it should always be practised. The great pity is that boys and girls do not learn it, as a rule, while at school. Every large town should be well provided with swimming baths, and if it could be made compulsory for all scholars at a certain age, say twelve, to learn to swim, it would be a great advantage to all, and also be the means of saving many lives.—Herald of Health.

"IMANENJANA."

A Mania Like to Roller Skating that Seized the People of Madagascar.

In looking over a volume the other day that contained accounts of different manias that have taken hold of nations in past years, I came across the following, which I submit to the consideration of roller skaters and other interested parties:

In the month of February, 1863, the Europeans resident at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, began to hear rumors of a new disease, which it was said had appeared in the west or southwest. The name given to it by the natives was "imananjana," and the dancers were called "ramanjana," which probably comes from a root signifying to make tense. The name did not convey any idea of its nature, and the accounts given of it were so vague as to mystify rather than enlighten. After a time, however, it reached the capital, and in the month of March began to be common. At first parties of two or three were to be seen, accompanied by musicians and other attendants, dancing in the public places; and in a few weeks these had increased to hundreds, so that one could not go out of doors without meeting bands of these dancers. It spread rapidly, as by a sort of infection, even to the remote villages in the central province of Imerina, so that having occasion to visit a distant part of the country in company with an Englishman, we found, even in remote hamlets and more wonderful still, near solitary cottages, the sound of music, indicating that the mania had spread even there.

The rapidity of this spread was certainly remarkable, but not to be compared with what is related of the outbreak of the child pilgrimage of Erfort, when on the 15th of July, 1237, one thousand children assembled as if by instinctive impulse, without preconcert, and unknown to their parents.

The dancing was regulated very much by the music, which was the fondest possible. The patients were fond of carrying sugar-canes about with them. They held them in their hands or carried them over their shoulders while they danced. Frequent, too, they might be seen going through their singular evolutions with a bottle of water upon their heads, which they succeeded wonderfully in balancing. The drum was the favorite instrument of music, but others were used, and all were acceptable.

The disease was rarely fatal; still a few cases of death undoubtedly happened, and these only occurred, so far as the writer is aware, where the patient was restrained from joining in the dances. It would seem that these persons actually died from pent-up passion or excitement. The dancing, no doubt, was so far salutary. The music served to regulate and control the wild muscular movements that might otherwise have proved injurious. A most remarkable fact is, that the mere physical exercise, prodigious and long-continued as it is in this disease, seems perfectly harmless, and we know of no fatality connected therewith.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A RICH DISCOVERY.

Observations of a Sailor Just Returned From a Polar Whaling Expedition.

One tribe was new in those parts, and before us whalers had never seen white complexioned men. So eager were they to get woolen goods and metal implements that they had given the whalers who had preceded us the very fur clothing on their backs, and were rigged out ridiculously in clothing of our more southerly latitudes. One fellow in particular—for an Esquimaux, a tall, gaunt man—came running in advance of the others and had on only an army overcoat and a pair of boots. Somebody dubbed him Abe Lincoln. He ran along nimbly and evidently felt warm enough in the sunbeams, but in order to board us he undertook to climb up the shadowed side of the vessel, and oh! how he yelled from the cold. With some little work, we got him aboard and took him back to the warm cabin and the steward got him a pair of heavy trousers. Well, we had a motley crew on deck when the rest of the Esquimaux arrived. The two partially civilized tribes were rich with fantastic ornaments, but the new tribe had old knif blades, pieces of tin and brass tied across their foreheads and various kinds of more refined good jewelry, such as earrings, necklaces, bracelets. They could not speak a word of English, but seemed happy and made themselves at home at once. Abe Lincoln was so delighted with his new trousers, and, in fact, his whole outfit, that he danced about the deck in high glee. He cut such a fancy figure that I just roared with laughter. I threw back my head, opened my mouth wide and my eyes myself. Suddenly they all clustered about me and earnestly peered—into my mouth. I stopped laughing and thought there must be something wrong with my appearance. This was a serious matter to me in those days, as I believed that my trim figure when ashore took many a girl's heart by storm. These half savages stood mutely gazing at me, and after some persuasion my messmates got me to open my mouth again. Each Esquimaux craned his neck forward to get a view. "Yes, there it is, sure enough." They were looking at some gold fillings in my teeth. And they set to jabbering and dancing around me as if mad. I learned that they took these gold fillings to be some new kind of ornament.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

—Animals are capable of swimming great distances, although unable to rest while in the water. A dog recently swam thirteen miles in America to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog, washed over-board in the Bay of Biscay, have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore at the Cape of Good Hope with a letter in his mouth. As a certain ship was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea it was found needful in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard. Upon finding themselves abandoned, they faced round and swam for miles after the vessel.—Chicago Journal.