

AN OCCULT SCIENCE.

Remarkable Experience of a Man Who Head His Fate From His Hands.

For many years past I have been a firm believer in the truth of palmistry, but I recently made an experiment which has shaken my faith in the art of hand-reading, in a measure. For the benefit of the public, I have kindly consented to relate my experience so that the matter may be satisfactorily explained, if such a thing be possible. There are a few slight contradictions in the result my experiment brought out, which I am somehow unable to reconcile. I will therefore give my readers an opportunity to see what they can do to restore the lost harmony.

A few days ago, after attending a lecture upon hand-reading, by Prof. A. Stork-Edward, the famous British savant, at Pickering Hall, I bought a book containing a key to all the lines of the hand, defining them and describing their significance for weal or for woe. I then made an exact chart of the line of my hand, showing the precise location of each lump on my palm, and all the other distinguished characteristics of its surface. Then I consulted the book with the following extraordinary result:

I am nervous and sensitive, and my feelings can never be hurt. I shall live to be ninety-seven years of age, six months and five days. I shall die before I am forty from cholera infantum.

I shall marry a rich woman when I am twenty-one. I shall be the mother of twins. My husband will have red hair and a wooden arm. He will not be rich, but my eldest daughter will marry a rich Italian nobleman.

I shall never be a parent, but my wife will be a widow with eight fatherless children.

I shall never marry, but my second cousin James will go out West and be a Mormon.

I have no second cousin James, but if I persevere in living, I may have one before I die.

I am best fitted for the ministry or for bank-burgling, and will make a great success at either.

I am very talkative, but as I never say anything of importance, I need not worry about this symptom.

I shall never be President of the United States, but the czar has it in his mind to make me Prince of Bulgaria. I had better not accept the position, though, because the trident on the Mount of Jupiter warns me that I would suffer from cold feet, if I ever became Prince of Bulgaria.

I shall always be rich.

My will will be contested by a lawyer with one glass-eye, and a sallow complexion. I need not worry about that, though, for he will not win the case.

I shall die in a poor-house and in testate.

I shall be drowned in the Arctic Ocean while I am traveling there to see my daughter, who has eloped with an Eskimo seal-hunter.

This is all. Do you blame me, gentle reader, for being suspicious?

Can you reconcile the contradictions? If you can, you have my best wishes. —Benjamin Northrop in Puck.

AN INFANT IDEA.

Little Ethel's Disgusting Description of a Reginald at Society Lady.

"Mamma, I think I will be fashionable," quothed the youngest daughter of a society woman.

"In what way, Ethel?"

"Oh, in the usual way."

"Do you know what constitutes a fashionable life?"

"Oh, yes, mamma. I shall just go to a lot of luncheons and receptions in the daytime and eat a whole lot of stuff that does not agree with me. Then in the evening I shall dress as immediately as possible and go to a ball and hop around a room until I get all tired out. Then I'll eat a lot more stuff that does not agree with me and hop around some more. About two o'clock, when I'm very warm, I'll throw a little wrap over my shoulders and come home. In the morning I'll have breakfast served in bed, and spend the day on the sofa telling my friends what a lovely time I had, and wondering what I have done that should give me a headache and a bad cold. After a year or two I will get pneumonia or consumption, and wonder how I got it. Oh, I know how to be fashionable."

And then the mother went off and thought very hard. —Chicago Rambler.

The Chestnut Didn't Work.

A young man with an expression of confidence on his face entered a Michigan avenue clothing-store yesterday and asked:

"I am a straight business. I want a suit of clothes. There are seven of us who will buy our clothes at the same place. I have been sent on ahead to get prices."

"Humph!"

"If I bring the other six here to buy what will you make this \$20 suit for?"

The clothier went over and sat down by the stove with a disgusted look on his face.

"You didn't answer my question."

"My friend, please go out. You make me wery tired!"

"What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to bring the party here?"

"No, my friend, I don't. All my sales-to-day goes to an orphan asylum, and I like to keep 'em down to a summer coat and a pair of second-hand pants! Better try der man two door below." —Detroit Free Press.

PERSIAN JUSTICE.

How the Shah's Son Convicted the Murderers of an Englishman.

On the side of the high road to Shiraz, thirty miles before the city is reached, going north, stands a bare pole. This marks the place where the body of Sergeant Collins was found after his murder.

Sergeant Collins was an inspector of the telegraph line, a man of great personal bravery. Accompanied by his wife, two servants and two muleteers, he started on his inspection duty. Collins was hardly convalescent from a fever attack when he started, and he had no choice in traveling but to lie on a mattress flung on a loaded mule.

At early dawn one day a muleteer suddenly cried: "Sabih, they have blocked the road!" and, looking ahead, the sergeant saw some men in front who were covering him with their guns. At the same moment these men ordered him to dismount. Now, the sergeant was the best shot in Persia. "Be off!" he shouted, firing his revolver twice. The robbers rushed in, firing as they came, and Collins was hit in two places, death being instantaneous. After heating the lifeless body with their iron-headed sticks, the robbers blindfolded and carried off the wife and two servants, detaining them in a dell until after midnight.

The English Minister at Teheren the Persian authorities arrested the three principal robbers. Another of them committed suicide to avoid capture; another had died from a gunshot wound, apparently inflicted by Collins. But the Persian authorities, though they had got the criminals in jail, seemed very loth to bring them to justice. But at length Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C. S. I., our agent at Shiraz, succeeded in goading the Prince Governor, H. R. H. Zil-es-Sultan, into trying the prisoners.

The proceedings were very curious. There was no doubt of the guilt of the men, but there were no witnesses of the murder. The sergeant was dead; his wife and his two servants had been frightened out of their wits, and the muleteer declared that he could remember nothing. The Zil-es-Sultan, finding that the English Minister would not remain satisfied, ordered the robbers to be brought before him. The Prince Governor himself embodied the law. Half a dozen courtiers leaned against the wall, their arms respectfully crossed upon their breasts. Seated on a silk mattress in the corner of the room, his back supported by gold-embroidered cushions, the young Prince twiddled his moustache, or played with the jeweled hilt of his saber, or toyed with the buckle of priceless brilliants which formed the central ornament of his plain leather waist belt.

The three men were dressed as peasants usually are, in tall felt caps and long felt coats. When they were hustled into the hall of audience they were still heavily ironed, for these men are often desperate criminals, and would hesitate for a moment to murder their jailers if they thought they would thereby secure a chance of escape. On entering the royal presence they bow almost to the ground. "Salaam!" they shout in a kind of chorus; your villager or tradesman never speaks—he always shouts. "How do you like prison?" says the Prince, nodding to them with a smile. In reply the bandits assert their innocence, calling at every sentence upon Heaven and the Prophet.

"Are we not harmless tradesmen, we who live in your Royal Highness's shadow? May we be your sacrifice?" The Prince still smiles blandly. "Ah, my friends," says he, "I, too, am a Mussulman. We are all Mussulmans here; and—and, in fact—an unbeliever more or less doesn't much matter. You have truly done a good deed. I shall not really punish you, but reward you. That you killed the Feringhi there is, of course, no doubt; and so I must punish you nominally. What I propose to do is to cut off a joint of one finger of each of you. But what is that? Nothing. Your dresses of honor are ready. You will put them on and will be instantly liberated. And now, my children," says the smiling Prince, "tell me all about it. How did you manage it, eh?"

The astonished prisoners received this speech with a burst of joy. All shouting at once they hastened to give the Prince full particulars. "The European fired twice from one pistol—may we be your sacrifice!—and then we all fired together, rushing in on him. He was but a European—may your shadow never be lost! We trust in the clemency of your Royal Highness! May we be your sacrifice?"

The smile faded from the face of the young Prince-Governor, his likeness to the Shah, his father, becoming very apparent as his countenance darkened into ferocity. He had got at the truth, and without more ado nodded with appropriate significance to his chief of police, the Farrashbashi, a burly, black-bearded man who stood behind the criminals. The prisoners were removed; they were hurried into the public square, in which the palace stands, and their throats were cut. The bodies lay exposed till sunset, a terror to evil-doers.

A red granite tablet in one of the Christian churches at Julia, subscribed for by the engineer officers and non-commissioned officers in Persia, commemorates the death of Collins. —St. James' Gazette.

—The editor of the Jewish Messenger, in an article entitled "The Modest Life," expressed the wish that the American Jew should lead in a crusade against loud, noisy tendencies, against more pomp and glitter, and take his stand for a quiet, modest, unassuming existence at whatever cost.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—Dispatches from Havana to the New Orleans Times-Democrat state that the sugar crop of Cuba is expected to amount to 2,000,000 tons, and exceed the largest crop hitherto raised on the island.

—This year's crop of broom corn is estimated at 22,000 tons, which is 4,000 tons greater than last year's. With 1,500 tons left over from last year's crop, the available supply is 23,500 tons, and we shall be able to keep the house clean at a moderate expense.

—During the last few years some attempts have been made to cultivate cotton in Mexico, especially near Monterey. The experiments appear to have been fairly successful, and a stock company has now been organized in Monterey for the purpose of going into the cultivation of cotton on a large scale. The incorporators expect to make a fortune in a few years.

—Raisin-making is becoming an important industry in Southern California. As an instance one firm engaged in that business in Los Angeles County has already this fall shipped East twenty-one carloads, or 21,000 boxes of raisins. It is expected that the firm will cure and ship fully 100,000 boxes of the delicious fruit before the season closes.

—A method by which the immense deposits of iron sand which abound on the coast of New Zealand can be successfully utilized has lately been discovered at Auckland. The feature of the new process consists in mixing a quantity of scoria with the sand when put in the blast. This has the effect of preventing the iron from oxidizing, an obstacle that has heretofore never been successfully overcome in smelting iron sand.

—Chill has gone into the business of the manufacture of woolen cloth extensively, with the view of driving imported cloth out of the market. Large quantities of wool are being bought in Peru and Bolivia, and new factories are being erected. The Government has given an order for 18,000 woolen blankets, and 21,000 yards of woolen cloth to be used in supplying the police and the army.

—Mr. Dodge, statistician to the Department of Agriculture, in the October report on the condition of crops, states that the area of Indian corn in the United States has increased twenty per cent. within the past six years, with very little stimulus from exportation, which has been but three per cent. of the quantity produced. Corn occupies more than half the area in cereals, and produces greater value than any other crop, except grasses for hay and pasture. —Washington Star.

—The estimate as made by the principal canners of vegetables of the tomato pack of New Jersey shows that it will exceed the heavy pack of 1884. The number of cases packed is 60,000; each case contains two dozen cans; this makes the pack of 1886 represented by 12,000,000 cans. New Jersey pack has generally been a mal to the combined pack of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, but this year it will be several thousand cases short, owing to the fact that the two former States have increased their facilities. Tomatoes were unusually plentiful this year. —N. Y. Herald.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The Buffalo workmen have established a labor lyceum and expect to make it a feature of the city. —Buffalo Express.

—Irate person—"See here, did you call me an 'old celebrator' in your paper yesterday?" Editor—"No, I called you an 'old reprobate.'" Irate person—"O, that's very different." —Life.

—The name of a poem just received is "Evermore to Thee I'm Mute." If the poet will make an affidavit and attach it to the poem we will then consider the amount it will be worth to us. —Yonkers Statesman.

—It is said that William D. Howells collects material for his novels by shopping with his wife. Few authors secure sufficient money returns from their novels to adapt such an expensive mode of collecting material.

—One of the hardest things for a man to understand is why those women who own seal-skin sacks would not be without them for the world, and why those who don't wouldn't wear one of the horrid things for anything. —Chicago Tribune.

—"Yes, Mr. Oldboy," she simpered, "I have seen twenty-seven springs. Would you think it?" "Well, yes, ma'am, I don't know but what I would," Mr. Oldboy said, "and I guess some of them springs must have been very backward." —Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Green—"Timothy, what have you done with the letter that was lying on the bureau?" Timothy—"I put it into the letter-box, ma'am." Mrs. G.—"O, provoking! Didn't you see there was no address on the envelope?" Timothy—"Yes, ma'am; but I thought you didn't want nobody to know who you was wraint to." —Life.

—Miss Ethel—"Yes, indeed, we girls are fully alive to the justice of the popular criticism on chattering women, and that is the reason we organized our Thought-Club." Mr. Blank—"Thought-Club?" "Yes; and it's doing us such a world of good." "I don't doubt it." "No, indeed. Why, at the last meeting we talked for five whole hours on the advantages of silent meditation." —Boston Bulletin.

—"Mary, suppose you sing something." "O, it's so late, Charlie; I'm afraid it will wake every one." "That's too bad," exclaimed Charlie, with every appearance of distress. "But why do you want me to sing, dear?" she tenderly inquired. "Why, you see," he replied, "a fellow I owe five dollars to has been waiting outside all the evening for me, and I thought if by you'd sing a little he'd go away." —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Mrs. Noorich—"Benjamin, I wish you would inquire into the antecedents of young De Twiriger, who comes here so often to see Jane." Mr. Noorich—"What's the matter with him? He seems to be a gentleman." "So he is; Benjamin; but what of his family? I know his father is in the Legislature, and that is all I do know." "Well, my dear, we might overlook that if the young man is honest himself." —Philadelphia Call.

HUNTING SEALS.

Tricks and Deceptions Practiced by Experienced Esquimaux Hunters.

Seal hunting on the ice is another standing source of amusement. During the entire winter these animals keep holes open through the shore ice, but on account of the depth of the snow they are not seen until the mild weather exposes their hiding places. The Esquimaux, however, has a way of finding them out before this. He harnesses a dog that has been trained for the work and leads him out to the snow-covered field, where the two walk backward and forward, making a zigzag course over the ice. Probably before long the dog catches the scent, and then takes his master straight to the seal's house.

Under the hard, thick crust of the snow there is quite a large room, which at the time of the discovery may or may not be occupied; but if occupied, will very soon be vacant on the arrival of the hunters. In either case, the Esquimaux ascertains the exact position of the hole, and then, placing a little pinnacle of snow over it awaits the arrival of his victim. The native becomes aware of the seal's return by hearing a peculiar blowing noise, and as soon as this commences he thrusts his spear down vertically through the snow into the hole and secures his prey. Sometimes when the snow is very deep the dogs are not able to find the holes, and then it is that the poor Esquimaux has his hard times. In the spring, snow disappears from the ice, the seals are exposed to view. Then the hunter takes another way of getting at them. First of all he notices the direction of the wind, and then keeping his enemy in it walks to within four or five hundred yards of him. From there he begins to crouch down and to advance only when the seal is not looking. The wary animal is in the habit of throwing up his head quickly every few seconds and looking about, and so when within about two hundred yards the native lies down flat upon the ice. It is only now that real sport commences. Seal takes Esquimaux, who is able to talk seal perfectly, to be one of his brothers, and indeed there is a great deal of resemblance between the species, for the genus homo is dressed in sealskin and, living largely upon its flesh, is similarly odorous. The two lie on the ice for perhaps half an hour, keeping up a sort of broken conversation, part of which is conducted in the ordinary way and part by means of peculiar gestures, until the Esquimaux has crept to within about thirty yards of his outwitted companion. The animal's eye, then being clearly visible, is no sooner turned from the hunter than he presents his rifle and fires. The seal, if shot through the head, is killed instantly; but if hit in any other place defeats his enemy by disappearing through the ice. —Toronto Mail.

THE GREAT WALL.

Something About China's Most Marvelous Object of Historic Interest.

Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. This country abounds in great walls. Her mural defenses were most extensive—walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here some forty miles away. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in the solid rock cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great, frowning, double-bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission, the great wall of China, built two hundred and thirteen years before our era; built of great slabs of well-burnt stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high and then topped out with large, hard-burned bricks, filled in with earth and closely paved on the top with more dark tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprang far up the mountain side—now straight, now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each three hundred feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by forty thick, twelve hundred miles long, with room on top for six horses to be driven abreast. Nor need I tell you that for fourteen hundred years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that, in the main, the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wide streams, netting the river aridways with huge hard bars of copper, with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid, were toys. The great pyramid has eighty-five million cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the one hundred thousand miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known. —Cor. Milling World.

Couldn't Fool Him.

An Onion Creek dorker visited the establishment of an Austin jeweler.

"I wish, boss, you would regulate dis heah penjulum."

"How can I regulate the pendulum without the rest of the clock?"

"Dars nuffin de matter wid de rest ob de inarls ob de clock, so I Jess luff 'em at home. Jess you fix up de penjulum. Ef de penjulum goes all right, de rest ob de clock goes all right, too. I know dat much, eben ef I ain't had no book-larin'." —Texas Siftings.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

A Problem Toward Whose Solution Housewives Can Largely Contribute.

The perennial discussion of the question how women dependent upon their own exertions can best gain a livelihood is being argued with more animation than usual. Essays are being written on the subject, unnumbered sermons preached and interviews had with philanthropists and those interested in bettering the condition of women. There are two points, however, upon which all who discuss the question seem to agree. One of these is the fact that the many avenues of employment opened to women in recent years have not solved the problem. Telegraphy, type-writing and clerking have been added to sewing and factory and domestic service, and yet there is a great army still unemployed. All the lighter and more attractive employments are overcrowded and this fact acts as a constantly depressing weight upon the wages paid to women and gives opportunity for those exactors and extortions which the public are so often called upon to condemn and commiserate.

The other point of agreement is that a larger diversion of women into domestic service would go far towards solving the difficulty. Nineteen men, or women, out of twenty when asked what unemployed women are to do for a living will point to the good wages paid to household servants and will cite the fact that trustworthy servants are always in demand. Many women will give these facts as the excuse for refusing to aid in any movement for bettering the condition of working girls, declaring their inability to sympathize with those who refuse honest well-paid work. As the facts can not be disputed, there must be some reason for them. And, perhaps, if women will study carefully the manner in which they treat their servants a little light will dawn upon them. Let them for a moment put themselves in the servant's place and be compelled to work and eat in the kitchen and sleep in poorly ventilated rooms, and they will understand one of the chief reasons why girls will work ten hours in a factory or bend over a needle half as much more time, earning barely enough to keep body and soul together, before they will enter domestic service.

The servant girl in the city is treated much as the farm hand is in the country. The one is confined to the kitchen all day, and if any other quarters are accorded her they are most probably a garret at the top of the house, while the other is banished to the field or the barn in the day-time, and, is considered lucky if he is allowed to sit by the kitchen fire in the chill winter evenings. And yet housewives wonder why all the bright, quick girls go into factories and shops and farmers marvel why the smart boys prefer trades and clerkships to working on the farm. If domestic service is shunned the housewives are largely responsible for it being so. Let some of the women who are striving over some impracticable scheme for widening woman's sphere, ask themselves if they would not be laboring more to the purpose by devoting less space to parlors and guests' chambers and more to letting some of God's light and air into their servants' quarters. Then perhaps there would be fewer lamentations over the army of unemployed women and less cause to regret the smallness of the number of trustworthy helpers in the household. —Vindictive Press.

SHEEP IN WINTER.

A Course of Feeding Which Will Improve the Thrift of the Flock.

There is a difference of opinion as to what sheep should be fed in winter. The old-time idea that sheep would do plenty well enough on bean-stalks and buckwheat straw has been pretty generally abandoned in these enlightened days, when stock-growing and breeding keep pace with other lines of progress. There are some who still adhere to the old traditional notion, but they are mostly in the minority and rapidly becoming fewer.

To be sure there are some kinds of fodder—the bean-stalk for instance—that sheep will readily eat, while no other animal will touch it, if given a choice in the matter; but that is no proof that a sole diet of bean-stalks, or other coarse fodder, is the best thing in the world for sheep. Sheep do not thrive best on woody, fibrous fodder, nor does any other farm animal. The slighter grinding power and smaller capacity of sheep render them less capable of consuming such fodder than larger animals are. In proof of this look in the mangers of sheep and cattle and make a comparison. But little "orts" is left in the cattle manger, while a large amount is left in the sheep racks. The woody stems of timothy hay and the clover stocks are nearly all left, unless indeed the poor sheep are starved down to such diet.

Sheep and young calves should, we are satisfied, have the finest, tenderest hay that the place affords. Early cut June hay, well cured, is very much relished by them and will be eaten up quite clean. Sheep like the heads and leaves of even the coarsest grasses, for there is much grain in the heads, but they should not be expected to eat the coarse stalks.

Perhaps, more than any other animal, sheep need a little grain in winter. Especially the ewe with lamb needs a supplementary ration of grain. The strain upon her system must be met and supported by good rations. The demands upon her vitality and enduring powers in the midst of a cold, hard winter must be sustained by the proper amount of fuel. The animal machine has only a certain fixed capacity, and hence bulk can not be made the substitute for quality. A small portion of condensed grain food is necessary to the welfare of the ewe under these conditions. A pint a day each of corn and oats will work wonders in the thrift and appearance of a flock. —Scottish Agricultural Gazette.

—A good way to save cabbage seeds is in a cold frame under glass. This protects the young plants from severe winter cold. —Detroit Tribune.

HARMLESS THIEVES.

American Platoocrats Who appropriate the Coats-of-Arms of English Nobility.

It is not generally known but it is nevertheless a fact that every large carriage manufacturing establishment in this country has a library. The works of only two authors are in this library, and these are the productions of Mr. Burke and Mr. Lodge. Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," Lodge's book of the same title, and Burke's "General Armory" are all that are needed, but they are indispensable.

A man on whom fortune has smiled is having a carriage built. It is to be a heavy lumbering affair, and guaranteed to have a look of ancient respectability about it before it comes out of the shop. Now he, sensible man, had intended to have his cipher on the panels, but the ladies of the family are more ambitious and keep at him until, in a moment of weakness, he consents to decorate his family carriage with a coat-of-arms. The next question is how to get one. Heretofore he and his ancestors have struggled along without armorial bearings and never especially felt the need of them. But now things are changed. If he lived in Brazil he would endow a hospital, and the Emperor would make him a baron with a coat-of-arms of great complexity. If he were an Englishman, he might do a hundred things less expensive and get a pedigree and coat-of-arms from the College of Heralds and write Sir before his name. But being an American, there is no way for him to get a coat-of-arms except to steal it, and so the respectable old gentleman is driven to the first theft of his life. The New York College of Heraldry being no longer in existence, he confides in the carriage manufacturer. The carriage man brings out his library and in the seclusion of his private office the coat-of-arms of some more or less noble lord is appropriated, to be subsequently transferred to the rich man's family coach. These people are rather particular about their arms, when they once get started in the selection. Say, for instance, that the man who wants a coat-of-arms is named Smith. The carriage man opens his heraldic record and reads: "Smith, Edward Augustus Patrick Peter, First Baronet of Miltowne, County Kerry, Ireland." "No, no," says the rich man. "Our family are English by descent."

A few more pages are turned over and then under a menagerie of heraldic animals the carriage manufacturer reads: "Billingsgate, Marquis of (Smith-Fitz Plantagenet). James Augustus Douglas George, Marquis and Earl, Baron Smith, of County of York. The Marquis assumed in 1876 by royal license the additional surname of Fitz Plantagenet for himself and his issue and quartered the Plantagenet arms with his own."

"Ah! that must be the one," says the seeker after a coat-of-arms. "I have heard that our family came from Yorkshire."

And so the arms of the Marquis of Billingsgate blaze on the panels of the new carriage when it rolls along the avenue.

Appropriators of coats-of-arms would make themselves less absurd if they would read a rudimentary book on heraldry before they made the appropriation. For instance, Mr. Smith, in appropriating the coat-of-arms of the "Most Honorable the Marquis of Billingsgate," takes not only the arms of Smith, but the arms of Fitz Plantagenet and likewise the supporters which can only be used by a Peer of the Realm. He surmounts the whole with the cap and coronet of a Marquis, and any one versed in such matters would suppose that a Peer was riding in the carriage instead of plain Mr. Smith. Now, if Mr. Smith did really belong to the family of the Marquis, as he did not, he would be entitled only to the arms of Smith, without the coronet, the supporters or the motto.—Y. T. Tribune.

STIES ON THE EYES.

Suggestions for Mothers Whose Children are Afflicted With Them.

Usually the child will complain of itches at one portion of the lid, and will be seen to rub this part constantly, and on examination the mother sees a small, reddish elevation, which she soon learns to recognize as an approaching sty; at this stage cold applications for several hours will often serve to dissipate the coming evil, and no further annoyance will result. Should it have advanced, however, and a small yellow spot in its center shows that matter is forming, we can not hope to prevent its progress, but must then hasten the formation of matter and its discharge.

To do this hot applications by means of water, at as high a temperature as can be borne, should be applied for several hours. The child should lie down, and small pieces of linen, folded several times, wrung out of hot water, applied so as to cover the eye, over this a layer of cotton is applied, and the whole protected by a piece of oiled silk. By these means heat will be retained in the compresses a long time, and they will need to be changed only every ten or five minutes. Such applications are more efficient and cleanly, than are poultices of slippery-corn bark, flax-seed meal or bread. Soap and sugar, a popular application, should never be employed; the mixture is irritating, uncleanly and inefficient.

After the matter is formed and the sty distended by it, the pain may be lessened and the cure hastened by picking the yellow elevation at its most elevated point two or three times with the point of a needle, at the same time discontinuing the warm fomentations and simply applying a little purified cotton to absorb the discharge. —The Household.

—A few evenings ago several Indian bucks at Truckee, Cal., made up a purse for the purpose of getting some fire-water, and gave the money to a white man to invest for them. This he did by buying the whisky as directed, but instead of giving it to the noble red man he consumed it himself. This made the braves mad and they half killed the fellow.