

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

-K. V. Moador, a sixteen-year-old boy in Allen County, Kentucky, weighs 252 pounds.
-Every Woman Her Own Boot-black is the subject of a paper to be read before a Boston literary club.
-Little Maggie Hill, of Fayetteville, Tenn., although only six years old, plays the violin almost as well as the best teacher in the State.
-Isaac Murphy, the colored American jockey, is the nearest approach we have to Fred Archer, his annual earnings being placed at from \$10,000 to \$15,000.
-A citizen of Georgia, recently deceased, had ten sons, to all of whom he gave names beginning with the letter A, as follows: Alphons, Andrew, Allen, Alston, Almond, Ambrose, Abel, Alfred and Aaron.
-Captain McMickan, of the Cunard line, has made eight hundred trips across the Atlantic and nine trips to India, having sailed altogether nearly 1,900,000 miles and looked at about \$500,000,000 worth of cargoes.
-One of the many peculiarities of the recently resigned Vice-Chancellor Bacon was his uncomely objection to a mustache and positive loathing for a beard on a barrister.
-Carrie Alice Martin, daughter of a member of the Boston police force, died recently at Manchester, aged about nineteen years.
-Kate Field says that the woman who aims to be fashionable might as well commit suicide at the start.
-Count De Lussigny, when in Washington, was thus pictured by a writer on the East: "The Count was in the best of form. His gray mustache was well waxed and drawn out at the ends as fine as a needle-point. The Count has a great nose, which runs nearly the whole length of his face, like a rabbit's nose, and when he smiles much, which is very often, the nose overshadows every thing else, and his little eyes peer out peculiarly from a focus of wrinkles which seem absolutely to revel in the fun which brings them into play."
-The Presidential widows are much more tenacious of life than the Presidents or Vice-Presidents.
-"A LITTLE NONSENSE."
-"Have a chew?" "No; I don't chew." "Don't you?" "No; I don't you."

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

Gail Hamilton's Idea of Her Trials in This Workaday World.
When woman has to concern herself with the material necessities of life she descends from a higher plane than man. She is often forced to descend. She must often stoop to conquer. Humanity has made immense strides since it was first begot, but it has a great way yet to go before it reaches the repose of perfect harmony and crowns a finished world.
The angel in man has fatally bruised the head of the brute in man, but the brute still bites at the heel of the angel. As between the angel and the brute I think our country leads the world. The unquestionable claim of woman, the deference due to woman, the sacredness of her physical inferiority and of her spiritual superiority, are not only a commanding instinct but clearly-defined ideas in American manhood. A thousand violations on the part of both men and women do not annihilate this fact. Thousands of women earning their own living, thousands of wives working harder than self-supporting maidens, thousands of both doing their work with or without protest, nay, even with rejoicing, do not affect the fact. Even America, advanced as it is, has not reached the ideal life. It is much that we have reached a point where we can catch glimpses of the Promised Land.
At first sight it seems idle to say to women who are wearing themselves out in doing work that should be done by servants, or to a world in which a large part of the household work is not done by outside work as well, is done by women, that ultimately and ideally they ought not to work at all. But in any comparison of their effectiveness with that of men, it certainly should never be forgotten, it should always be kept well in sight, that however unsuccessful their efforts be, it is in a field which they are not made to cultivate. It is better that they cultivate that field than that they be idle in their own, or that they starve in their neighbors'. Many women are not sufficiently developed to discern their own peculiar work. Without discerning it they do a great deal of it instinctively in the lower fields where they are forced to live, but from which they will one day be graduated. But always it should be held up on all sides to the light that woman's real work is on character, her strongest weapon is influence. She can buy and sell, and cook and sew, and wash and iron, because she is still of the earth earthy; but she can not do it so well as a man because she is not so much of an earth creature as he. As a matter of fact, even in this favored country, where men pay to women, as women, not as ladies, or belles, or beauties, an extraordinary deference, the mass of wives work as hard as the mass of husbands. Their spiritual superiority is signified chiefly in this—that the women work for love, the men for money. The spiritual advance made by man is seen chiefly in this, that so much of the money he earns goes to the ministry of refinement, education, embellishment, to the wife and children whom he loves. But the woman sees no money for her toil. Her sufficient, her ample reward is in a husband, content, happy, growing in grace; in children, bounding to gracious maturity. The unmarried woman works for necessity, for love of her dependent ones, for love of some beautiful or beneficent profession, for sweet mercy and charity to the ignorant, for horror of dependence upon those on whom she has no claim—seldom for business, ambition or material accumulation. The woman who fails in her business is not necessarily the woman who sinks beneath the toil of the kitchen, or who pricks her life out with the needle, or who can not make both ends meet in a dry goods establishment or a milliner's shop. Such a woman fails in man's business, not in her own. The woman who makes a real failure, a failure in her own business, is the unloved woman, the ingenuous woman, the grasping, the selfish, the depressive, the unsympathizing, the censorious, the untruthful, the woman who is a centre of discomfort, a source of anxiety, an object of avoidance, instead of being that gentle, consoling, considerate, motherly magnet which draws unto itself all human want, and woe, and bliss, and aspiration.
- N. Y. World.

COUNTING THE COST.

Interesting Facts and Figures from Uncle Sam's Book of Estimates.
The annual book of estimates sent to the House on the opening of Congress gives some interesting facts and figures relative to the cost of running a great Government like that of this country. Congress, for instance, is a costly luxury. The salaries of members amount to two millions of dollars, and the total cost of the Legislative Department for the year is estimated at over five and a half million dollars. It is remarkable how helpless a man gets as soon as he gets into Congress. Put him in a law office at home, and if he has anybody to wait on him it is an office boy at a salary of about \$1 a week. Put him in Congress and give him the privilege of hiring his attendants out of the Government purse and it costs from \$5 to \$20 a day for his assistants. The estimates for the clerks and messengers and other subordinates for the Senate for the fiscal year amount to \$341,000, or about \$4,300 for each member. When you consider that this is for a session that is to last but six or eight months at the furthest, you find that it gets up a pretty large per diem. The estimates for the service of this sort in the House are a considerably larger sum. The cost of the public printing, which is charged in with expenses of congress, is alone about two and a half millions. The President and the corps of clerks employed for his assistants cost a little less than a hundred thousand dollars. The cost of the general departments of the Government varies greatly. The Executive proper is the least expensive, the total being put at but \$125,000, while the cost of the Treasury Department is put at \$140,000,000. In this, however, are included the sum the department needs to pay the interest on the public debt and provide a sinking fund. The total cost of running the Government for the next fiscal year is put down at \$225,000,000, or \$1,000,000 a day omitting Sundays.
The book of estimates is a large volume of 350 pages, and growing larger every year. It contains minute calculations and estimates of the expenses for the year ending June 30, 1888. The details of these estimates are something curious. They tell the number of clerks that every department can have, the amount that each Collector of Internal Revenue may spend, the number of clerks to be appropriated for at the White House, the sum that the President's freeman at the Executive Mansion may be paid, and other minutiae that would astonish you. Yet it is said that the detail is not as great in the case of this Government as is the case in some other countries. "The minuteness of our estimates are nothing to that practiced by the British Government," said Congressman Jackson, of Pennsylvania, to your correspondent, riding down from the Capitol at the close of the session. The big book of 350 pages of estimates had occasioned some remark about the petty details that the Government was asking its law-makers to consider each year. "The details of the expenditures are not nearly so remarkable as those of the British Government," he said. "They have studied the art of running the Government at an economical and prudent rate for a long time, and seem to have it down to a much finer point than we have. Their book of estimates is much larger than ours, and the details which their law-makers consider much more minute."
-Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Reliable Information for Farmers Engaged in Market Gardening.
There is a general misapprehension as to the length of time during which seeds retain their vitality. There is also a general feeling, equally ungrounded, that seedsmen send out old seeds that will not grow. Some "box seedsmen" firms, who put up seeds to be peddled out in the country, may do so; but those in the regular trade send out no seed that will not grow if given the proper conditions for germination. A case in point will illustrate.
A lady of our acquaintance complained that seeds of celery were bad. She knew it, for did she not plant them as deep as the width of her hand—a pretty broad one—to get them in moist earth? Is it any wonder that they did not grow? Minute seeds, like celery, must be sown not more than an eight of an inch deep to insure germination. As a rule the fault is more often that of the planter than the seedsmen.
The practical rule is that seeds should not be planted more than four times their diameter in depth. It is a safe rule to follow. Another safe rule is to press fine earth closely about the seed.
As to the vitality of seeds, the following table may be taken as correct, if the seed has been well ripened and saved in the condition usual with seedsmen:
SEEDS OF VARIOUS KINDS.
Artichoke 5 to 6 Years.
Asparagus 2 to 3 "
Beans, all kinds 2 to 3 "
Beet 2 to 4 "
Broccoli 2 to 4 "
Cabbage 2 to 4 "
Carrot 2 to 4 "
Cauliflower 2 to 4 "
Celery 2 to 4 "
Cucumber 2 to 4 "
Egg plant 2 to 4 "
Lettuce 2 to 4 "
Lemon 2 to 4 "
Melon 2 to 4 "
Pepper 2 to 4 "
Pumpkin 2 to 4 "
Squash 2 to 4 "
Tomato 2 to 4 "
Turnip 2 to 4 "
Watermelon 2 to 4 "
Wheat 2 to 4 "
Corn 2 to 4 "
Onion 2 to 4 "
- Farm, Field and Stockman.

A PERPLEXING ART.

The Variety of Hands Encountered by a Professor of Palmistry.
The latest society craze is palmistry—reading a person's character and fate in the lines of the hand. The lines of the four-in-hand have their significance, also, as a man discovers, when he handles them for the first time.
Palmistry was all the rage in Paris two or three years ago, and it has only recently struck New York, just as the Paris fashions get here after they have ceased to be the mode in the French capital.
The sources of our ultra-fashionables will be enlivened by hand-reading this winter. A very distinguished professor has recently arrived from the other side, and his services are already in great demand among le ton. Aristocratic ladies hold out their beautiful hands to have the lines traced, and he congratulates himself that his lines have fallen in pleasant places. Beaux will grow jealous of him, and study palmistry themselves, so that his services may be dispensed with.
"Complications will arise, there is no doubt of it. A young man will say to a young lady: 'Give me your hand, please.' She will blush, hang her head and whisper: 'Ask pa.' Then he will be compelled to marry her or stand a trial for breach of promise. Or she may cry, indignantly: 'How dare you! You know I am engaged to another.' He can get out of it by saying: 'Pardon, Miss, I asked for your hand to study the lines of life.'
Professors of palmistry are turning up everywhere. Some of them are turning up trumps, others turn up missing when the hall receipts are small, and they are compelled to jump their hotel bills.
It is curious the variety of hands there are, when you think of it. There is the "big hand" that a gambler deems a victim whom he intends to fleece; the little hand, and the little behind hand, so often remarked among clerks in the morning; the "fall" hand, who wants the other hands to knock off and get drunk, too; a raw hand, that must be handled tenderly; a railroad hand, whose lines are trunk lines when he is in the baggage department, a second hand, or a second-hand watch; "hands around" at a ball, and the Dutch waiter in a saloon who hangs around the bar; Will Carleton, who writes a good farm hand; a dock hand, which an expert leader picks out of the deck himself, etc. Then there is the dock hand, employed by the "doc" who cures by the laying on of hands; made by hand, for service; and the handmaid, who goes out to service; the hand grenade, for blowing people up; and the hand-organ that is blown up; the give-us-your-hand" nuisance, who deserves a hand-spike, etc.
When it comes to palmistry you will find us "on hand" as much as though we were brought up by it.—Texas Siftings.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is now in business in the City of Mexico.
-Mr. George H. Pendleton's father was Hamilton's second in the fatal duel with Aaron Burr.
-Mr. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") will remain in his own country this season. The rumor of his English trip is unfounded.
-Mrs. George H. Pendleton was Alice Key, a daughter of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and a niece of Chief Justice Taney.
-Rev. Dr. Ireneo Prime, editor of the New York Observer, celebrates the forty-fifth anniversary of his connection with that paper by giving a luncheon in the editorial rooms.
-The eldest son of Mr. Walter, of the London Times, was drowned in a pond in his father's park just after his return from this country. The eldest by a second marriage died lately in California.
-At the Nob Hill residence of Senator Stanford, in San Francisco, are fifteen pictures of his dead son, eight of which are by Bonnet, of Paris, and twice life size. The portraits cost \$30,000.
-Franz Abt, the German composer, who died recently, was well known in this country, not only through his sons, but personally, as he visited America in 1872 at the invitation of several of our leading vocal societies. He was sixty-six years old.
-Mark Twain is said to have cleared thirty-five thousand dollars from his reading-tour this season. This is doubtless the largest sum ever realized by an author, from readings of his own writings, since Dickens made his famous American tour.—Current.
-"Hoopness" an Indian who deliriously on the Rancho Chico in California, was one hundred and thirty years old. He never knew the year in which he was born, but by calculating back to the "moons" that he remembered his age was placed at the above figures. There are old men in the tribe now who can recall life if a year back, and at that time the age of "Hoopness" was placed at eighty years.—San Francisco Chronicle.
-American heir-esses seem to have a penchant for Italian noblemen. In addition to Miss Mackay, the leading names on the list comprise Miss Field, Princess Banaucior, Miss Lorillard Spencer, Princess Vicararia Conti, Miss Broadwood, Princess Ruspoli, Miss Conral, Marchesa Tendoli, Miss Kanyer, Countess Granotti, Miss Hener, Countess Gherarde, Mrs. Robert, Countess Gall, Miss Fry, Marchesa Torragnani, Miss Lewis, Countess Parbolini Amadei, Miss Gilliland, Marchesa di San Marzanno, and Miss Hungford, Countess Tellier.—N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS.

"My son, why is it that you are always bishindhand with your studies?" "Because, othe, wise I could not pursue them."—Golden Days.
-"Only a match box," remarked Fogg at the theater the other night, referring to the seats where the young lovers sat.—Boston Transcript.
-Dubuque Conservatory girls carry noon lunch in a music-roll. It must synphonize to see them at their humorous rhapsodies.—Chicago Tribune.
-"Doctor," said a man to his medical adviser, my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense of knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."—N. Y. Post.
-A Santiago dispatch reports that a physician of this city has performed an operation by which dumb women have recovered their speech. We begin to think there is something, after all, in the stories we are constantly seeing about the blunders of doctors.—Boston Transcript.
-"I have a large dude trade," said the barber. "And don't your employees find any fault about their wages?" asked the other barber. "Certainly not. Why should they?" "Because if you have a large dude trade you must constantly be cutting down."—Boston Courier.
-"How Love is Made in Persia," is the title of a recent article. It is probably made there of the same eminent parts as here, that is, millionaire's daughter one part, impetuous nobleman one part, desire for title forty-nine parts, desire for wealth, forty-nine parts. Mix.—Boston Post.

A DRY RIVER.

Why an Artist Turned Perfectly Green with Wealth and Horror.
An eminent French art collector once bought in Paris a landscape by a noted "impressionist" which he showed, with much pride in his purchase, to an artist friend.
"But I think," quoth he, "that the picture lacks animation; it wants personages. Now if you would point for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle of the landscape, it would greatly improve the picture."
"That is easily done," said the artist, so he carried off the painting, and sent it back in a week or two with a figure of an old peasant woman going to market with her basket and her red umbrella introduced on the road in question to the great satisfaction of the picture's proprietor. Meeting shortly after with the "impressionist" who had pointed it, the artist remarked: "I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours belonging to M. X. the other day. I painted an old peasant woman walking down the road."
"Down the road? I remember no work of mine with a road in it. I should like to see the picture and judge of the effect of your alteration."
So the artist carried him off to M. X's, and they speedily stood before the landscape. The "impressionist" turned perfectly green with wrath and horror.
"Miserable man! he shouted, 'what have you done? That is not a road that runs through the centre of my work; it is a river!'—Our Truth.

A REWARD FOR VIRTUE.

Emperor William and Princess Augusta have founded a jubilee medal which is in future to be given to worthy, well-to-do married couples in Prussia. Alsace-Lorraine and the Free Towns of the occasion of the celebration of their golden or diamond weddings. The medal is of silver, bearing on the obverse the effigies of the founders, and on the reverse the Biblical words: "Be rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer. Romans, ch. 12, v. 12." To citizens of other countries also the medal may be given in cases where the couples have distinguished themselves by a strictly pure and pious life and by exceptional domestic virtues, thereby setting a good example in their respective communities.—Chicago Tribune.

Could Not Hit Him.

Justice—You say that the prisoner threw stones at you?
Witness—Yes, sir. He threw over a dozen at me.
"Did any of them hit you?"
"No, sir, I dodged them."
"How far was the prisoner from you when he threw?"
"About twenty feet."
"And do you mean to say the prisoner threw a dozen stones at you at a distance of twenty feet and did not hit you?"
"Yes, sir. You see I am a base-ball umpire and am used to dodging."
"Yes, I see; I thought there was some reason for your not being hit."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Powder Magazine.

Sentry—Throw away that cigar.
Stranger—But it isn't even lit.
"That makes no difference, throw it away."
"All right, but is it really so dangerous to smoke in this vicinity?"
"Hangorous to smoke! Why, it ain't even safe to take a pinch of snuff!"—Elegant Bladter.

INEXPENSIVE GAS.

How Water Gas Can Be Produced Nine Cents per Thousand Feet.
Three years ago the value of coal dust as fuel was clearly demonstrated by the United States Government in the Springfield armory. With pulverized anthracite the cost of making steam was reduced one-half. The cheapness of this fuel is due to the fact that the dust is made out of waste coal, culm and screenings, and also to the fact that owing to rapid and complete combustion two pounds of lump or grate coal burned in the ordinary way. Having been mixed with air and supplied to the furnace, the blow-like dust instantly ignites, like gas, and burns with an intense heat. The fire can be stopped completely in an instant and removed in full force as quickly.
But the economies and other advantages of this process are to be enjoyed by the manufacturer rather than by the household. The experiments indicate, however, that in many industries gaseous fuel will supersede solid fuel, and, like the use of natural gas, they have directed the attention of inventors and manufacturers to the value of a cheap fuel consisting of gas manufactured out of coal. Prof. Lowe asserts that from 50,000 to 100,000 cubic feet of water gas can be produced from one ton of coal, and that the cost of this gas, with coal at market rates, would be about nine cents a thousand. The Scranton Board of Trade describes what is called fluid water gas, a combination of hydrogen and carbonic oxide gas, which can be produced at the rate of nearly 100,000 cubic feet to the net ton of coal. This gas can be made from the great deposits of waste or culm as well as from marketable coal, and it can be manufactured in the anthracite region for less than two cents per thousand feet.—N. Y. Times.

Reportorial Gush.

A Fifth avenue young lady recently made her debut in society, and a reporter describes the occasion as follows: "The light shown through delicately tinted globes, and a center-piece of rare orchids and lilies adorned the table. In the drawing-room the mantle was backed with maiden hair ferns and baskets of white, pink and yellow roses, while hyacinths and violets tied with dainty ribbons were scattered about in profusion. The fair debutante received before a screen of snailax, which was shaped like an immense palm-leaf fan and covered with handsome floral offerings. She wore a pretty French dress of silk mill, with pearl ornaments, and carried a bouquet of violets and orchids. Her mother stood at her right and wore a rich costume of yellow brocade. A bevy of pretty girls, nearly all of whom were debutantes of this season, assisted in receiving."—Town Topics.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"Have a chew?" "No; I don't chew." "Don't you?" "No; I don't you."
-Sometimes mothers secrete the erring boy for fear the father will hide him when he comes home.—Boston Budget.
-You seldom hear of accidents at a clam-bake, and yet it is there that you find the clam-fighty.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.
-"Pot that in your pipe and smoke it," observed the stove when it was first lighted up for winter use and the pipe smoked.—New Haven News.
-"Vat's de matter, Ate?" "Mudler has med me a hair-ohf b-bridles and old der old estate carpet, and I gan't shid down, dey are so shuff!"—Puck.
-A new yacht, the Thistle, is being built on the Clyde to contend, eventually, for the America's cup. It should not be difficult for the Mayflower to sail the Thistle down.—N. Y. World.
-Italy is trying to borrow 3,500,000 Hres. We are surprised. Italy is so well supplied with chestnuts that we never imagined that her stock of liars was running short.—Boston Transcript.
-"Bessie, I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?" "I don't know, ma'am. May be it's the diploma." "The what, child?" "The diploma. I heard mother say that she took it at school!"—Philadelphia Call.
-"The shades of night were falling fast," read the teacher, "what does that mean?" And the smart boy reckoned "the women were pulling down the blinds," for which he got ten minutes in the merry birch woods.—Burdette.
-"Do you know that Nigster is so weak that he can't stand alone?" asked the Judge. "Merxy, no," replied the Major, "what is the matter with him?" "Why, I asked him if he could stand a loan of five dollars and he said he couldn't!"—San Francisco Chronicle.
-The New York Mail and Express says it would be a terrible thing just now "if the hands employed in the mince and pumpkin pie factories should strike." They do strike occasionally, if the youngsters persist in fishing the plums out of the mince.—Springfield Enquirer.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE.
Are You Bilious?
The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
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Do You Want Good Digestion?
I suffered intensely with Full Stomach, Headache, etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as I ever was. It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.
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I have had experience with Simmons Liver Regulator since 1865, and regard it as the greatest medicine of the times for disease caused by malaria, malarial fevers, or any malarial disease, and always with decided benefit.
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I have been subject to severe spells of Constipation of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel, which generally led me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gives me relief, without any interruption to business.
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