FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Hydrophobia is unknown in Lapland, but Pasteur has just shown that dogs may be inoculated with the disease.

—M. Galignani's alms-house for broken-down men of letters is nearly finished at Neuilly, at a cost of several million francs.

—It is estimated that at least 25,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually. Of this amount London alone manufactures 10,000,000.

—A daughter of Richard Cobden was chosen to unveil a statue of her distinguished father, which has just been erected at Manchester, Eng.

—M. Pasteur, being urged by his family to rest for a time from his labors, replied: "When I am not working I seem to myself to be committing a theft."

—Marcus Jordan, of Bielefeld, Rhenish Prussia, is the oldest man in Germany. He has completed his 107th year in sound health, and reads the crabbed German letters without spectacles.

—The Raphael "La Vierge au Sein," which was discovered about a year ago in a dealer's shop at Lausanne by Prof. Nicolie, who bought it for £8, has been sold at Geneva to a French collector for £8,000.

—Princess Louise has a particular charm of manner in dealing with young children, who meet her overtures with the instinctive confidence of little ones who know they have found a friend.

—One of the largest bird shows of the season is a great bird-cage show in London, in which the total number of birds exhibited is more than 1,200. The crested canary forms the chief feature of the canary exhibit.

—Previous to 1879, when the city obtained its water from the Danube river, typhoid fever was almost epidemic in Vienna. In that year they put up new water works, and since that time not one case has developed.

—M. Paul de Cassagnac can fight or not as he pleases. An offended fellow-editor recently telegraphed to him: "I shall have the honor to send you my seconds to-morrow," and the fire-eater coolly replied: "You need not send them, for I shall not receive them."

—Several Russian engineers were recently tried on a charge of having defrauded the Government. Among those who were found guilty was the chief of the department, Colonel Bernard. When he was put into the prison suit and his decorations were removed from his breast, he was struck with apoplexy and died on the spot.

—"Grape cure" is practised in France and Germany in the Autumn, and is regarded as a cure for many diseases due to high feeding. The patient is given a pound of grapes to eat the first day. This amount is added to until the person can eat five or six pounds a day. The other food is gradually lessened, and the diet at last consists entirely of grapes. It cures obesity and many other complaints, and starts the person off on a new lease of life. Fruit is necessary in a rational diet, and of immense value in dietetic medicine.

—It is said that whenever an eruption of the Bromo Volcano, Japan, takes place, the natives, as soon as the fire (the molten lava no doubt it meant) comes down the mountain, kindle at it the wood they use as fuel for cooking. They keep in the fire thus made for years, and whenever it goes out, through neglect or for any other reason, they never kindle it new from matches, but they get a light from their nearest neighbors, whose fire was originally obtained from the volcano. The fires in use, up to the latest outbursts, in the native cooking places were all obtained from the Bromo eruption of 1832.

EGYPTIAN LUXURIES.

The Delicious Coffee and Soothing Narghileh of the Khedive's Subjects.

Inquiry into the method of preparing the delicious coffee of Egypt—coffee served in minute cups, even smaller than the after-dinner coffee cups of France and of the same straight-sided shape—brought to light the following facts:

First, the coffee should be pure Mocha from the little island so near out in the Mediterranean and, by the way, it is almost impossible to get the real article since it is all engaged years ahead. Then the coffee is ground as fine as flour. Next, a small amount of the coffee and the necessary amount of sugar is put into a brass or copper vessel shaped exactly like an ordinary baby's tin rattle, with the cover taken off of one of the feet ends. The cup thus formed and containing the mixture of coffee and sugar is filled nearly full of water and is held by the handle over the fire until the coffee boils; then it is withdrawn and allowed to cool a moment, and is then held over the fire and the coffee allowed to come to a boil again; once more it is cooled and after the coffee comes to a boil the third time it is ready and is poured into the little cups. The brass coffee boiler generally holds enough for two cups, though larger ones are sometimes used, some holding four cupfuls. The liquid is thick and brownish-black with a light colored froth on the top, and it is delicious. After the coffee is drank, at the bottom of the cup remains about three teaspoonfuls of sediment that is like thick mud and is the coffee deposit. This coffee and a glass of water and an amber mouth-piece on the end of the ten feet long flexible stem of the narghileh are the sights above the tables in all directions, and, searching below, we find scattered around the glass vessels half filled with water to which the snakey stem may be traced.

It is decidedly a lazy man's smoke, as the tobacco is very mild and half an hour is required to get half a smoke, and how long a pipe will last know one knows. An hour and a half is as long as I have smoked on one, and then it was puffing away better than ever. It may take an inveterate smoker to enjoy one of these water pipes, but when the inveterate does get one he obtains a real treat after he has gotten the hang of it and does not tire himself out drawing too hard. Smoking a narghileh differs from other kinds of smoking in that the smoke all goes through the water below and is thus purified, and also in the method because in place of short puffs is substituted a deep breath and the smoke is taken into the lungs. It is not possible to smoke the narghileh as a pipe is smoked, so that those fearing to inhale tobacco should never attack this water pipe, also called the "hubble-bubble," which seems a very good name and appropriate, too, as it expresses the noise made by the separate bubbles as they rise to the surface of the water from the bottom of the vertical pipe that leads up to the tobacco.

The natives take their coffee and a strong pull at the pipe, which is a regular piece of furniture, as soon as they get up in the morning, and seem to keep at it all day, too. They claim also that the narghileh is good for colds, and they deserve credit for having found an agreeable thing that is good for any ailment, and that will replace fried onions around the neck of the unfortunate soul with the cold.

The cafe is as great an institution with the people of the Orient as it is with the French, and the warm climate makes the shaded out-door tables the popular ones, and they are crowded all day, whether along the Mohammed Ali square and in the crowded business places or in the back alley-ways where the visitors sit or recline on cane-bottomed lounges and meditatively draw long draughts of peace. Where all these men get a living is a mystery, as thousands of them seem to do nothing all day but drink coffee and smoke. The shop-keeper in his little 10x10 store smokes his narghileh while waiting for a customer. The thing is as necessary to an Egyptian as his hat, and possibly more so; and the comfortable expression on the face of one of these smoking is good to see.—*Alexandria (Egypt) Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

EUGENIE'S CROWN.

The Magnificent Imperial Bauble in a New York Jewelry Store.

"This is xe-Empress Eugenie's crown," said a prominent Broadway jeweler to a reporter, as he held up a diamond-decked crown.

This interesting and valuable souvenir of the Napoleonic dynasty has a most interesting history, and the manner in which it came into the possession of a Yankee jeweler is a most unique and remarkable story.

Shortly before the Waterloo of Sedan the Empress came to the conclusion that the old crowns lying around the house were hardly up to the requirements of the latest styles in crowns and she decided to have a new one made, and so she sent to Duriquet, the leading jeweler of the gay city, and ordered him to get up a crown entirely of diamonds, beside which all the other crowns of the effete monarchies would pale their insignificant fires.

The Empress had the usual royal disregard of other people's money, and told him not to mind the expense. The crown in the Broadway jeweler's window was the result.

The Empress thought the crown the nicest one she had ever worn, but she was finally obliged to part with it after many years. She kept it, in fact, until after her son, Louis, was killed while fighting the Zulus. Then, despairing of further use for the insignia of her royal rank, the costly toy was returned to its maker at the original price, $40,000.

Duriquet was a zealous Royalist and adherent of the house of Bonaparte, and preserved it sacredly as a relic of the monarchy until one day an intimate friend gave Duriquet a surprise party by offering to buy the crown just as it was and making an advance on the price paid by the Empress. The crown was sent to the American's hotel, and a few days after was brought by him to the United States.

The gentleman was a well-known man about town, and especially noted as an opera-goer at the Academy during Colonel Mapleson's management. He was said to have been an especial admirer of a prima-donna, and after having for a long time paid her assiduous attention he one day sent a letter to the fair prima-donna offering to place the historic crown upon her brow. She showed the letter to her husband and he intimated indirectly to his wife's adorer that he had best transfer his affections to a more congenial soil.

The news that the prima-donna was wedded was news to the wealthy owner of the crown, and in the confirmation of its truth he was taken suddenly ill, and has since been a confirmed invalid. Recently he has placed the tiara in the hands of the jeweler mentioned to dispose of.

The jeweler showed the precious bauble to a reporter. It is composed of two thousand fine-cut, old mine stones, set in old-style silver, with gold lining, the stones averaging from one-quarter carat to eighteen carats each. The center stone in front is fifteen carats weight.

The crown is twenty inches in circumference, designed in a wreath of violet leaves, with a blossom of the violets as a center ornament, in the center of which is the fifteen carat gem. —*N. Y. Journal.*

A NOTABLE JUDGE.

A Western Court with the Largest Criminal Jurisdiction in the World.

Of the many eminent and learned jurists in the United States, none perform more arduous duties than Hon. Isaac C. Parker, Judge of the United States Court for the Western district of Arkansas, which is, perhaps, the largest criminal court in the world. His court is in session the year round, there being four terms annually. To administer justice properly under the laws governing this court requires extraordinary firmness, a quality which Judge Parker possesses to a high degree. All classes of people are brought before him for all manner of crimes, and during his term of office he has tried upwards of six thousand criminal cases, and passed sentence of death upon eighty-two murderers. Of the latter thirty-eight have been executed, three died in jail while under sentence, one was killed near the court-house in attempting to escape while being taken back to jail after receiving sentence, two were discharged for want of jurisdiction, one granted a pardon, and twenty-nine had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life.

Judge Parker has held the position he now occupies for eleven years, and during nine years of that time the court over which he presides has had criminal jurisdiction over the whole of Indian Territory, a part of which jurisdiction has now been transferred to the District court of Kansas and a part to the Northern District of Texas. The laws of the United States for the punishment of crime are extended over the Indian country when the crime is committed by or upon a citizen of the United States. Because of its extended jurisdiction and the great number of crimes committed in Indian Territory, this court is one in which are tried more cases of murder and other high crimes than in any other court in the whole United States, if not in the world. Judge Parker is a judge who knows what a crime is, and who also believes in punishing crimes by the laws of the country, fully recognizing the fact that by this means alone can protection for the rights of the people be secured.

Many difficulties attend the administration of the law in the Indian country, yet amid all these difficulties no court in all the land is such a terror to evil-doers as the United States Court for the Western district of Arkansas. It is the great protecting power thrown around the Indian country, giving protection to the law-abiding people, and keeping under restraint the class from which desperadoes and criminals are recruited. A large portion of the criminal class in that country is made up of refugees from justice in the States and Territories, and if it were not for the vigorous manner in which the law is administered in Judge Parker's court, life in the Indian country would be scarcely endurable. He deals out justice to rich and poor alike, and the man brought before him who commands thousands of dollars and has influential friends present to lend him the weight of their moral influence, has no better showing, so far as the judge is concerned, than the man who has not the means of even employing an attorney, and receives no more favors. He is as courteous to the poor as he is to the rich, and deals out justice without fear or favor. He renders his decisions with discretion as well as firmness, and when they are once rendered they are seldom, if ever, reconsidered. His decisions in regard to the status of the Indian country are quoted as the best authority in every quarter of the Union, and most of them have been rendered after weeks of careful research and much labor.—*Fort Smith (Ark.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

VISITING THE SICK.

How Poorly Most Persons Discharge This Inevitable and Important Duty.

It is a curious fact, and one not quite creditable to the good sense of the human race, that the one duty which is sure to devolve on every body first or last is so often ill done. Every body, from the roughest frontiersman to the most luxurious city-bred woman is pretty sure, in the course of years, to be called on to visit some person who is ill. Having been brought, through circumstances, somewhat in contact with invalids, I have never ceased to be astonished to see how poorly, on the whole, we discharge this inevitable and most important duty.

The first error is in regard to quantity, the second in regard to quality. We can not, perhaps, visit the sick too much, if we have time for it; but we can easily visit them a great deal too much at any one time. Many a sick-room would be helped and gladdened by a glimpse of a friendly face every few days, for three minutes at a time. But wait for a month, and consolidate these scattered minutes into three-quarters of an hour, and how different the result! The new face soon becomes a burden, the new sensation an old one; the news is told, the excitement is gone by. The patient's face, at first bright and eager, becomes tired and jaded and long; and still the visitor sits. At last she, too—in case it be a woman—notices the change in her friend's look, and she springs to her feet and says, with sincere but tardy contrition: "I am afraid I have tired you." "Oh, no," says the patient; "not at all." It is her last gasp for that morning; she can scarcely muster strength to say it; but let us be polite or die.

Brevity is the soul of visiting, as of wit, and in both cases the soul is hard to grasp. As some preacher used to follow a sound maxim for his sermons, "No soul saved after the first twenty minutes," so you can not aid in saving the sick body after the first five. Harriet Martineau, in her "Life in the Sick-Room," says that invalids are fortunate if there is not some intrusive person who needs to be studiously kept at a distance. But the peril of which I speak comes not from the intrusive but from the affectionate and the conscientious—those who bring into the room every conceivable qualification for kind service except observation and tact. The invalid's foes are they of his or her own household, or, at any rate, are near friends or kind neighbors. The kinder they are the worse, unless they are able to show this high quality in the right way. If they could only learn to plan their visits on the basis of Sam Weller's love-letter, which was criticised by his father as rather short. "She'll wish there was more of it," said Sam; "and that's the whole art o' letter-writing." For want of this art, the helpless invalid is hurt instead of helped; she can not, like other people, assist the departure of the guest by pleading an engagement, or even by rising from the chair; she must wait until the inconsiderate visitor is gone. Under such circumstances she really needs to be saved from her friends. I remember a certain Colonel in the army who was sometimes suspected of shamming, and of whom his sub-officers would say, sarcastically, some morning: "He is very ill—too ill to see his surgeon." There are really many invalids who are too ill to see their friends and sympathizers and cousins, except with the aid of a three-minute glass, like that by which eggs are boiled.

But there is a difficulty of quality more serious than that of quantity. What is there in the outer world from which it is the hard lot of invalids to be excluded? Sunshine, fresh air and the healthy life of mankind. These, then, are what the visitor should bring, figuratively at least, into the sick-room. Instead of these, how many bring very opposite—clouds and shadows, and that which is unwholesome and unhealthy! They keep the invalid talking about the very thing she needs to forget—her own symptoms. They discuss the varieties of medicine as topers debate the merit of different wines; and is dear Amelia quite sure that it would not be best to change her physician? Worst of all, they tell the distressing symptoms of others; the mournful cases, the bereavements, the approaching funerals. Strange to say, professional nurses themselves are very much given to this sort of talk, and would be much more beneficial companions were they dumb. Perhaps the visitor chimes in, and joins with the nurse in a melancholy duet. It is, I take it, almost impossible for any one in health to appreciate the hold that these things take upon an invalid. The visitor goes away into the outer air and the very breeze soon carries away all memory of the untoward conversation; but the invalid remains anchored to one spot, and broods, and broods, and broods. She is fortunate if her sleep is not broken that night by the odious phantoms for which her dear friend has, with studious care, furnished the materials.

There are other ways in which a visitor may hurt while intending only to help. There are the cross-questioners, who make the invalid do all the talking; the fingerers, who displace her cushions, drop her orange, and leave her glass of water just beyond her reach; the gazers, who fix their eyes scrutinizingly on her, and never take them off. But enough has been said to show that there is a way to do every thing well or ill, and that the art of visiting the sick is not one of the things which are so absolutely easy as to require no thought or apprenticeship. It is one of the finest of the fine arts; it must have disinterested kindness at the foundation; and then implies, like all other forms of good manners, the most delicate observation, and that prompt and clear judgment which can neither be dispensed with nor described.—*Harper's Bazar.*

War on Aniline Dyes.

Strong measures are being taken in Persia to prevent the importation of aniline dyes for use in textile manufactures, such as carpets and brocades. It is maintained that these dyes are not only less artistic and stable, but also that they are positively injurious to health as compared with indigenous dyes. A similar movement is being felt in India, where large quantities of aniline colors are used; and it is expected that, unless action be speedily taken, Indian fabrics will lose much of their reputation.—*Science.*

—Arbor day has been observed in Colorado, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Indiana, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, Kansas, Minnesota, Michigan and Ohio. The observance of the day, promoted as it has been by State school superintendents, has been a wonderful stimulant to tree planting. In Nebraska, the banner State, there are growing over 700,000 acres of trees planted by human hands.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—In Boston is being erected a gymnasium to be used exclusively by women. It is one hundred by seventy-nine feet, has six bowling alleys, a good tennis court, a perfectly-appointed gymnasium hall, a running track of twenty laps to the mile, made of a patent composition of glue and felt; hot and cold water baths, and, indeed, every appliance that women could desire in a gymnasium, even to a piano. Miss Mary Allan was the author of the project.—*Boston Journal.*

LIFE AND WEALTH.

A Well-to-Do Miner Loses Both in an Effort to Find a Silver Deposit.

Antelope Charley, a noted Indian hunter and trapper, brought into the Shoshone Agency, in the northern portion of this Territory, not long ago, a human skull and a handfull of silver specimens almost pure in their character. The ghastly relic and the bright silver the Indian had found in a deep mountain gorge of the Owl Creek Mountains, in the vicinity of those noted local landmarks, the Washaku Needles. The skull was lying with its kindred portions of a human skeleton, and the silver ore was contained in a moldering and rotten buckskin sack, yet held in the grasp of a bony hand. The Indian lifted the sack from the hold of the skeleton's fingers and it fell apart, the glittering ore rolling upon the ground amid the dry and bleaching bones. Antelope Charley gathered up the ore specimens, and taking the skull to verify his story, brought both skull and ore into the agency. The Indian's tale aroused the recollections of several old-timers at the agency, and furnished the key to a half-forgotten mystery of the mountain frontier. In the spring of 1873 there appeared in the camp of a party of prospectors located in the shadow of the Washaku Needles a man well equipped for prospecting. He was a stranger and a German, and soon became known to the camp he joined as Dutch Joe. Like most of his race he was industrious and steady, and it was not long before Dutch Joe became the most indefatigable prospector of the party.

No distance was too long for him to traverse, no mountain journey too lonesome for him to undertake; scaling precipices and descending into canyons, he searched the mountains far and wide for the glittering ore on whose possession he had centered the hopes of his life.

At last, late in the summer, he returned to camp one evening from one of his wild and rugged trips, wearing an elated look, and it soon became buzzed around that Dutch Joe had struck it rich. Beyond a certain repressed triumph in his manner he was reticent. He was watched closely, however, and a prospector, dogging his steps from camp the day after his return, saw him take from his bosom a buckskin sack and pour it on a fair spot of soil a mass of silver specimens, whose brittleness and evident purity took the astonished watchman's breath away. The lode those specimens came from must have been of fabulous richness. Dutch Joe was now watched closer than ever, with the intention of tracking him to the mountain treasure. But the successful prospector was wary and suspicious, and one day the spying camp found that he had eluded its interested vigilance and was gone. In vain he was searched for. Not even a trace of his departure could be found, and when a few days afterwards a furious mountain snowstorm set in the disappointed plotters were forced to abandon the hunt and bid farewell to the hope of enriching themselves at Dutch Joe's expense. But Dutch Joe was never seen or heard of afterward. He and his mountain treasure had alike vanished. The next spring came around and brought neither Dutch Joe nor any tidings of him. The belief became general that he had perished in the mountain storm immediately following his disappearance, but the story of the lost prospector was long told around frontier camp-fires, with many speculations on the value of the silver treasure, of which he alone knew the location. And now, thirteen years after his disappearance, the discovery of the Shoshone hunter comes to confirm the fate of the lost prospector. He had really perished in that winter storm, and had kept with him to the last in the grip of his horny fingers the buckskin sack, with its precious contents. A party of men went from the agency under the guidance of Antelope Charley, and gave the bones of the lost discoverer of the treasure Christian burial. A strong effort will be made to find the rich silver deposit for the sake of whose riches Dutch Joe perished amid the snows of the Owl Mountains.—*Laramie (Wy. T.) Boomrang.*

A Good Story from France.

There is a good story still told in the French War Office to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage-way leading to the minister's private apartments, with orders not to let people touch the walls. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new Minister of an inquisitive turn of mind, who determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light; not even the chief clerk, nor the subordinates who had been in office half a century. But a certain door-keeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted, and the Minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.—*Truth.*

—The pre-eminence of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and other "giants in those days" overshadowed men who would otherwise have proved themselves masters. Ability of the first class is now dwarfed and cramped for similar reasons. Capable leaders will spring up when given an opportunity. How many of the great Generals of the late wa were known outside of limited circles a quarter of a century ago? Whenever needed the man and the opportunity will step forward and shake hands.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

EX-PRESIDENTS.

Historical Facts of Interest to Every Citizen of the United States.

Mr. Hayes is now the only living ex-President of the United States. When President Cleveland had taken the oath of office in March, 1885, there were three ex-presidents, but the death of General Grant in the summer of 1885 and that of Mr. Arthur in November, 1886, has reduced the number to one.

Washington, as is well known, died December, 1799, during the Presidency of his immediate successor, Mr. Adams. Then the long period of a quarter century elapsed before another ex-President died. At the beginning of 1826, John Quincy Adams being President, four ex-Presidents survived: John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. The number was reduced to two by the death of Adams and Jefferson on July 4th.

Monroe died July, 4, 1831; Madison June 28, 1836; Harrison died in office April 4, 1841; and Jackson died June 8, 1845. From 1826 to the close of Tyler's administration there were at all times at least two ex-Presidents living, and during much of the time there were three, from March 4, 1845, to Jackson's death in June of the same year, there were four, namely, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler.

Jackson's death again reduced the number to three, and when the second Adams died, February 23, 1848, there were but two left. Polk was President at the time. His term expired March 4, 1849, and he died three months later, June 15; so the increase of the number was transient. Taylor's death in office, July 9, 1850, made no change in the number. Then come a long period of over twelve years during which no President had a second term and no ex-President died.

From March, 1861, until the beginning of the year 1862, five ex-Presidents were living: Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan. This was the largest number in the history of the country. But Tyler died January 17, and Van Buren July 24 of that year, and reduced the number to three.

Lincoln's death in office April, 1865, made no difference in the number, but when Buchanan died June 1, 1868, only two ex-Presidents were left. The expiration of Mr. Johnson's presidency in March, 1869, was followed October 9 of the same year, by the death of Pierce, and again there were only two ex-Presidents living.

Fillmore having died March 8, 1874, and Johnson July 31, 1875, there was left no living ex-President, for the first time since March 1801. General Grant, however, became an ex-President in March, 1877, Hayes in 1881, and Arthur in 1885. President Garfield's death in office in 1881 made no change in the then number of two ex-Presidents. But, as we have said, Mr. Arthur's death, following that of General Grant, has brought it down to one.—*Youth's Companion.*

THATCHED ROOFS.

A Warm Shelter That May Be Made at Trifling Expense.

A thatched roof makes a warm and durable shelter, and may often be made at little cost.

Rye straw threshed with a flail and kept straight with the short or broken straw raked out, is the best material for thatching. Wheat or even oat straw would do, and possibly long straight grass. The roof is made ready for thatching by nailing strips of board or laths, one by two inches, across the rafters, putting them a foot apart. The pitch should be steep (a third pitch) to insure a water-tight or durable roof. Cut the straw of uniform length and have it straight; to begin, tie the straw in bundles four inches in diameter. The band should be quite close to the upper end, one which is fastened to the strip. Twine may be used by passing it around the butt end of the bundle; others prefer straw with which to tie the bundles on. This is done by taking a few straws from each side of the bundle, after it is laid on the strips, and pass them over the next laid and under the strips, and again, then adding more straw to the bundle just tied. In this way a continuous rope is made until the end of the course is reached. The courses should overlap so as to make the thickness of three bundles, or about eighteen inches, and the pitch should be one-third. The side of a barn may be thatched in the same manner, and in this way very warm poultry and hog houses may be made. Horses, cattle or sheep would be liable to eat the thatching of any portion within their reach.—*Farm and Fireside.*

The Effect of Drink.

A minister with a rather florid complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to drink, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity:

"You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink."

"Aye," replied Thomas, with the utmost composure, "it makes the skin tender."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A man from Michigan went to Springfield, O., and offered to start a bank if the citizens would give him a brick building and one hundred thousand dollars in cash. We are happy to add that his offer was not accepted. We can not afford to lose such an enterprising, liberal-hearted man as he.—*Detroit Free Press.*