

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

One hundred million cubic feet of gas is used in London in one day of fog.

A skipping-rope has been patented in England which sets in motion a small musical box in one of the handles.

The Parisians are so dissatisfied with the weight of the English high hat that their hatters have invented a silk hat weighing little more than an ounce and a half.

The little town of Klingen, in Bavaria, is a perfect example of a Socialist community, all the land being the property of the citizens in common.

In England a four-wheeled cycle has been invented for military use, which will carry three riders, and is fitted with a Maxim gun at the rear and a rifle inside the right-hand front wheel.

The Bible carried by General 'Chinese' Gordon during his sojourn in the South, is open in an enclosed enamel and crystal case in front of the marble statue of the General in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

It takes a long time for a man to get into a London club. A gentleman was recently elected to the Athenaeum who had quite forgotten that his name had ever been proposed, so long had it been up.

In Sydney, Australia, according to reports, if you want to use the telephone, you must ring the person up with whom you would communicate and then take a cab and go and see him. An answer by telephone is never expected.

At an inquest recently held at Holborn, England, on the body of a domestic servant, aged twenty-six, who had died while under the influence of chloroform administered for the performance of an operation, the jury returned a verdict of 'Death from misadventure.'

Black and muddy rain fell at Naples recently. Prof. Palmieri, of the Vesuvio Observatory, says that the strong winds from Africa raise into the air any amount of dust, and the rain, passing through those clouds of dust, falls down blackish, colored by it.

A unique election recently occurred in a small community in Germany. The vote was taken to decide who was the 'best man' in the community. Only one man, a shoemaker, voted, and as he voted for himself, he was declared to be unanimously elected to the position of 'best man' in the municipality.

King Theebaw's revenue from the famous ruby mines of Burma, it is said, did not average \$150,000 rupees annually. All precautions which were practicable were taken to prevent smuggling, and stones of the value of 2,000 rupees were royal perquisites, but they were generally secured or broken up by the fliters. The English have stopped all work at the mines since they conquered Burma.

Several mail routes in Outer Mongolia have had to be altered on account of the appearance of swarms of rats, whose burrows are very dangerous to the mounted couriers, and whose ravages have destroyed all forage for the horses. The pastures have suffered severely from the vermin during the last two years, and last season nearly every blade of grass was eaten up in the infested districts.

AN UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

He Had Only His Muscle to Help a Lady, and Knew How to Use It.

They came slowly along Lafayette place, New York—a tired, bony horse, drawing a wagon with an old body with the paint worn off the wagon filled with kindling wood. On the wagon sat a boy about fifteen years old. He had no overcoat, a felt hat with the brim more bent and dented than the most extremely-fashionable hat you ever saw. The old, tired horse drew up close to the curb and seemed to be glad of the opportunity to rest. The boy on the wagon seat jumped down and soon was shoveling the wood into a barrel, which he delivered in a neighboring basement. He presently returned with his empty barrel, whistling. As he threw his barrel into the wagon a lady started to cross the street over the snow, but when she reached the middle of the street she found a broad, deep puddle of soft slush. She stood perfectly still and apparently very much puzzled. The boy took in the situation at a glance; he ran to the back of the wagon, got his shovel, and, with a bright smile to the lady, began shoveling the slush up on to the snow-bank. He made a clean path to the stones, and then, without giving the lady an opportunity to say a word, sprang on to the seat of his wagon, threw the shovel into the bottom of the wagon, gathered up his reins, and, with a cheery 'Get up!' drove away. Now, did not that act prove that boy a gentleman? The picture of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his mantle at the feet of Queen Elizabeth came into mind, but at once the thought came, 'Why, this boy is a greater knight than Sir Walter Raleigh, for he knew that it was the Queen at whose feet he laid the elegant cloak, but this boy did not have the faintest idea who the lady was that he served so nobly, and did not permit her even the opportunity of thanking him, but acted through-out as if there was nothing else to be done.' He had only his muscle to help a lady, and he laid it at her service. It takes more than handsome clothes, a pair of kid gloves and fashionable hat to make a gentleman. —Christian Union.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The Value of Perseverance Set Forth in True Texas Style.

The great trouble with many young people, and likewise with some who are not young and who are not going to be young again very soon if they keep on, is that they lack perseverance. This criticism, of course, does not apply to all young people. There are quite a number who are notable exceptions to the rule.

Of remark in regard to lack of perseverance was not intended to wound the feelings of the worthy young man who gives up the whole of his mind to raising with difficulty a young mustache. There may be a lack of hair, but there is no lack of perseverance on his part. His efforts to induce the shy and downy mustache to protrude from its hiding place out into the bright glare of the noonday sun, where it can be seen and admired, are unceasing. In fact, as too much kindness once killed a cat, we are afraid that the extraordinary amount of fondling the incipient mustache is subject to is perhaps one of the reasons why the crop yields so little to the art-cultivator.

But we will let up on the mustache, as it is down already. The small boy seeking to perpetrate an eclipse of a pie, whose circumference apparently exceeds that of the boy, is another extension to the rule of young people not having sufficient perseverance. In fact, he has more perseverance than pie. There is, on such occasions, no such word as fail with the small boy of the large appetite.

The class of citizens to whom we refer as lacking in perseverance is composed of those who start out with enthusiasm, but either fly the track or allow themselves to be distanced in the race. With these persons, if a calculated exertion fail, they immediately become discouraged, and follow suit by making an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. Success depends upon perseverance, except where a party is yearning to achieve success as a lamentable failure, which is the only kind of success that is ever captured by the man who allows himself to be bluffed by adversity.

We do not desire to do any injustice to the gifted editors who run the party press, but the greatest inventor of the age is undoubtedly Edison. Edison is a great inventor, and he himself says that if it were not for his perseverance he would not amount to a row of pins. Edison says that when you start out to accomplish any thing, you must concentrate yourself upon it and not allow any thing to disturb you. If you allow your attention to be divided from your work, you will be unable to recover the lost ground. An intruder may offer you unrivaled opportunities to pay the bill you have been owing for years. Heed not his siren song. Do not allow yourself to be disturbed, but persevere in your labors and success can't help crowning your efforts.

If you have cramp-colic and a book-agent whispering in each ear, do not allow yourself to be disconcerted. We do not mean to say precisely that the cramp-colic could whisper in your ear, but only the book-agent. Under no circumstances allow yourself to be put out. He that endureth to the end will inevitably get there.

What Edison says applies not only to the field of invention, but the same principle holds good in any department of human industry. The statesman, the burglar, the life insurance agent, the journalist, the train robber, the New York alderman, the hack driver—in fact, success in any and all of the learned professions depends mainly on perseverance. —Texas Siftings.

GRINDING HIM DOWN.

Why the Colored Race Has No Show in This Country.

'I does think I got de trifencest boy dat eber libel in dis vaze country,' said an old negro who had met a white acquaintance. 'What is de matter with him?' 'Oh, he ain't no 'count, dat's what de matter wid him. Come an' stole my chickens, he did, an' sold 'em, an' gin de money to me wif.' 'It was wrong to steal de chickens.' 'Yas, it wuz, an' he knowd dat. Yas, he did; he knowd how I wuz 'rested on account of dem chickens an' tuck up 'fo' de don't, an' how I come mighty nigh goin' ter de penitence-house. He knows dat I had ter keep dem chickens hid fur er munt', an' den he come an' steal 'em dat way. It makes me mad ter think dat er boy will treat his daddy dater way. Chullan dez days ain't got no revance nohow. Come er stealin' my chickens.' 'Where did you get de chickens?' 'Whar I git de chickens?' 'Yes.' 'What you waster come foolin' wid me dat way fur? Is I done or any harm dat you waster come er slanderin' me?' 'I morely asked you.' 'You morely wants ter slander me, dat's whu yer wants. Kain't er man, hab chickens widout you come roun' yare cuzin' him o' stealin' 'em?' 'I didn't say that you stole them.' 'Mout ez well, Come axin' me whar I git dem chickens. I's had eruff trouble 'bout 'em already widout you come roun' tryin' ter make me feel bad. I ain't no fool dat you should come at me in sies er way ez dat. I's er houses' man, an' I gwine hab you tuck up fur slander er yer down watch out whut yer doin'. No wonder de chullan gen'nerman ain't got no show in dis country when de white folks all time tryin' ter grin' him down.' —Arkansas Trade'er.

FANCIES IN CLOCKS.

The Expensive Craze in Which Some Wealthy People Take Delight.

To own beautiful or curiously-designed clocks is as strong a passion with some as the collecting of bric-a-brac is with others. Fortunes are expended in the purchase of clocks. A few Chicago individuals of wealth have time pieces in every available place from garret to basement.

Clocks are to be had at every price from \$1 to several thousands. The average good clock ranges in price from \$25 to \$50. The kind most used at present is the plain French marble, with its mantel-piece ornaments. They are about a foot and three inches across and a foot and a half high. They are very popular for gifts, and cost from \$35 to \$50. Ten unique designs are offered under \$150. One novelty for \$3 is exhibited in a State street shop. It is a bronze dog, with chain and collar of brass, to which a red-look is attached. It is a nickel-plated clock, with silver dial.

A beautiful French clock, bought the other day as a wedding gift, was of white onyx in a fancy design. It cost \$195. Peacock porcelain plaque clocks, that found such high favor as bridal presents for a time, are now pushed aside for plain and fancy creations in white onyx and bronze. The conceptions in bronze are innumerable, and there's almost as great variety in the prices of bronze clocks as in the style. One of the most artistic shown in the city is an ideal figure of 'G-nius' upon a pedestal. The diminutive black onyx dial, with figures of white onyx and polished brass hands, is set in the pedestal. The figure is that of a youth, a herald on the run. The horn he uses is the most unique part of the conception. It is a dragon-headed serpent, with wide-open mouth. It encircles the figure about the waist, coming up the back and forming an arch above the head. The tail of the reptile is grasped in the right hand. The price for this bit of art is \$600. Another elegant bronze work represents two warriors. The clock in this instance is also set in the pedestal. Ajax is a favorite figure to stand guard above the pedestal-set mantel time-piece.

Antique bronze is mostly employed in library clocks. One very handsome specimen was recently sold for \$300. They can be had from \$175 to \$500. The once-a-year clock, which is wound up only once in twelve months, is sometimes bought by lazy people. Their price is \$110. Square rose-wood and brass clocks, with the eight-bell Westminster chimes pealing each quarter of an hour, can be had for \$300. Little brass and silver affairs, about four inches across and ten high, with side ornaments for a bracelet, cost from \$200 to \$300. 'Grandfather's' clocks there is no end. They are used in halls, and cost from \$200 to \$3,000. Generally they don't run above \$500.

Statuary in Italian marble is rather superseding bronze. Bronze is most susceptible of expressive results when the figures employed are of the Ethiopian type. The Caucasian race is not as available for artistic realizations in bronze. The best realizations in bronze are always in mythological or Ethiopian subjects. In the treatment of delicate feminine conceptions Italian marble is a far superior material. Refined artistic development now manifests itself in the selection of partially-draped Italian marble female figures instead of bronze Greek boys of manly stature and ancient fighting men. B-ques are still in demand, although not to as great extent as a year ago. Choice in biques runs to dainty bits of suggestive femininity. The diminutive size prevents their offending prudish uncultivated Western ideas. A Venus, draped with a few drops of spray, resting languorously in a pink shell, that is only a foot long, can be placed in a drawing-room with impunity. It will win the encomium 'Just too cute for any thing,' when a three foot erect figure of the same sort would be declared 'Just shameful, you know.'

Window vases are seen in every handsomely appointed house. They cost from \$150 to \$200. Porcelain plaques, the subject of the picture being either pastoral or mythological, with frames of antique brass, are seen upon many walls. The head of Dr. Faustus is a favorite subject for porcelain painting. These pictures cost from \$50 to \$150. —Chicago News.

Some Curious Discoveries.

A well-known Paris scientist, Dr. De-launay, has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher developments; centrifetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. —Science Gossip.

THE RULING IMPULSE.

It Is Strong in Womankind Even When Burglars Abound.

An amusing incident of the strength of involuntary impulse was recently afforded by the visit of burglars to the home of a certain well-known official of this city. About three o'clock in the morning he and his wife were suddenly aroused by the appearance in their bedroom of three masked men. Two of them stood at the head of the bed, and with revolvers cocked and pointed at the temples of the bed-fellows, ordered them to lie still and save their lives by so doing. They complied with the request while the third ruffian began to explore the room. He took a candle from the bureau and lighting it began to ransack closets, drawers, boxes and bureaus. While so engaged he carelessly let the paraffine taper drop in swift succession he drops all over the floor. The housewife, although bound to the pillow by the muzzle of a revolver, could not restrain her impulses despite the blood-curdling threat of the burglar at her side. She half rose in bed and cried out:

'Shame on you, don't you see that you are spilling my carpet?'

An unintelligible grunt was the only answer.

'Now, look here, you villain,' again cried out the housewife, 'I want you to stop spilling grease all over my carpet.'

The startled thief, who could not have heard her command, turned around and met her blazing eyes.

'Y-s-m'm, I will do it, sein' as how we can't take it with us,' he gently remarked.

The scoundrels at the bedside only chuckled. At that moment an alarm clock set up its call for an early-rising servant up-stairs. The thieves became suspicious at once. They snuffed out the candle and threw a big bag containing their plunder over their shoulders, closed the door behind them, and stole down the stairs, out the front gate and decamped.

And then it was that the good housewife fainted. —Washington Letter.

ALIEN PASSENGERS.

The Number of Those Who Have Landed at New York Since 1847.

This interesting table has just been compiled by the Emigration Commissioners showing the number of alien passengers arriving at this port each year since the establishment of the commission:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of passengers. Data points include 1847 (229,000), 1848 (189,176), 1849 (229,630), 1850 (212,790), 1851 (239,641), 1852 (294,581), 1853 (309,928), 1854 (343,641), 1855 (343,641), 1856 (343,641), 1857 (343,641), 1858 (343,641), 1859 (343,641), 1860 (343,641), 1861 (343,641), 1862 (343,641), 1863 (343,641), 1864 (343,641), 1865 (343,641), 1866 (343,641), 1867 (343,641).

A glance at the report of the nationality of the alien passengers landed at the Garden during 1887 will show who some of our new neighbors are:

Table with 2 columns: Country and Number of passengers. Data points include Germany (81,864), Ireland (56,861), Mexico (56,861), South America (56,861), Central America (56,861), Portugal (56,861), China (56,861), Great Britain (not specified), Sweden (56,861), Norway (56,861), Austria (56,861), Denmark (56,861), Bohemia (56,861), France (56,861), Netherlands (56,861), Wales (56,861), New Zealand (56,861), Finland (56,861), Belgium (56,861), Roumania (56,861), Quebec and Ont. (56,861), Greece (56,861), Luxembourg (56,861), Spain (56,861), West Indies (56,861), Malta (56,861), Syria (56,861), Burma (56,861), Turkey (56,861), Armenia (56,861).

HANDSOME AFRICANS.

A Splendidly-Formed Race of Natives of the Dark Continent.

The Bangalas are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful and splendidly formed, with features by no means of the negro type; the women are the handsomest I have seen in Africa. Their dress is scanty, consisting for the most part only of a waist cloth for the men and a short kilt of woven grass for the women; but men of high degree often wear mantles of dressed goat or other skins. They cicatrize their arms, shoulders and busts in patterns by cutting the skin and injecting some irritant. Sometimes the result looks very well; but in other cases the process is not successful, and raises huge unsightly lumps of flesh.

The chief of Iboke, when I arrived, was an old man over eighty—his age was reported by some to be eighty-four, by others eighty-six—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed fifty wives. He was over six feet in height, with a fine, well-developed figure, and, but for his dirty white hair and shriveled skin, would have passed for a man of half of his age. He was much attached to Captain Coquilhat (named 'Mwafa' or the 'Eagle' by the natives), and never undertook any thing without consulting him. The scene just after our arrival at Bangala, when 'Le Roi des Bangalas' being announced as we were all sitting over our afternoon coffee, Mava Bwyki entered, wearing his royal hat of leopard skin and attended by several of his wives, and unfolded Captain Coquilhat, gold-spangled uniform, and all, in an ample bear's hug, was really worth seeing. —Blackwood's Magazine.

THOUSANDS OF MOTTOES.

How Mercantile Signs About Credit and Other Things Are Made.

It is something a little startling to hear a man say that he has 3,000 mottoes. Just one good all round, working motto for every-day use is about as much as any body ought to try to have and live up to. But a manufacturer on Canal street claims to have 3,000, and all different, the largest stock in the world, of various sizes, in all colors and styles. At that point the thing begins to look a little clearer. He doesn't keep so many in order to live up to them himself, or pretend to, as he might if they were glittering generalities, such as 'I'd rather be right than President,' or 'God bless our boarding-houses.' He constructs them for other people, and they have a directly pertinent bearing upon trade interests that keeps them in constant demand; as, for instance: 'Poor Credit is dead, but Cash still lives;' 'Credit tomorrow, not to-day;' or the outburst accompanying a picture of a man dangling from a gallows:

This man was hung. He don't you fear. For changing up? Is played out here.

Sometimes he descends from those painful fancies to such presumably matter-of-fact statements as 'Our goods are unsurpassed,' 'come in and see our new stock,' 'Our prices are the lowest,' and he calls those mottoes, too. He is not quite positive that 'This style, \$3,' or 'Simply elegant, 75c,' should not be classed as a motto, by reason of the words added to the figures raising the inscription to a dignity above that of a mere 'price card.' Call it what you like if you only buy it, and you must be hard to suit if you can't find in his stock the trade motto you want. But if you can not he will produce it for you in a few minutes. His mottoes are painted upon cardboard of various colors, and upon black or white oil-cloth, and are in almost infinite variety of tints and styles. They are executed with very rapidly-drying paints, water colors when laid upon card-board, and a more durable preparation when put upon oil-cloth, which is intended to make a wet-weather sign. Out-of-town merchants buy his largest and gaudiest products, country clothiers especially affecting styles that seem to be a cross between a circus poster and a Good Templar's regalia. The opposite extreme is reached in the big square black-lettered legends, in plain black and white, 'Foster's Ice Cream,' or 'Hussell's Ice Cream,' for city use. These he paints literally by the thousand.

Cardboard 'mottoes,' 11x14 inches, in assorted tints, are sold for \$2 a dozen, and for \$6 per dozen in card-board. They are made in a size and of such gorgeous variety of colors as would discount Joseph's famous coat. Oil-cloth signs come rather higher, but last longer. One that is 21x27 inches cost 75 cents, and a very big one, 21x54 inches, \$1.50. The little price cards are so cheap that their prices hardly seem to cover the cost of material.

He employs four men to lay out the letters in outline, and a couple of boys to fill in the solid colors in the larger letters; work that is done with surprising rapidity, accuracy and taste. From the facts that he has been called upon to supply considerable quantities of his pretty-colored cards for use in England, and that English painters he has employed tell him their never saw such work done over there, he believes that our American style of cardboard color decoration for commercial use is practically unknown in Great Britain. His business amounts to about \$10,000 per annum, and is good all the year through, except in the months of July and August, when it temporarily wifits. It is his boast, which seems to be sustained by the facts, that there is not a trade or business, or hardly even an office requirement for any thing in his line that he is not ready to meet at any moment from his stock. The principal strain on the intellectual department of his establishment is in the invention of new and forcible ways of presenting the 'No credit' idea, and he has done so much in that line that he has come to regard that as the principal one of his 'three thousand mottoes' for his own observance. —N. Y. Sun.

A Jail-Bird's Cruel Joke.

'I had a funny experience once,' said a young farmer. 'When a boy I confess I was pretty green. I lived with my father upon a farm near Columbus and used to haul wood into the city and sell it for him. One day I had entered town with my customary load, when, as I passed a large building, some one poked his head partly out of a window and asked if the wood was for sale. I replied in the affirmative. 'Well, throw it over the fence,' came back from the upper window. The house was surrounded by a high wall, but I managed to pitch it over, and then went around to the front gate for my pay. I could not get in. I hammered and called in vain, when some passer-by, attracted by my frantic efforts to gain entrance, inquired what was the matter, and informed me that the building was the jail. One of the prisoners had played a joke on me. I could not get my money or the wood back and returned home with empty wagon and pockets.' —Atlanta Constitution.

VALUE OF EXERCISE.

The Only Safe Way of Restoring a Worn-Out Body and Mind.

In the summer of 1885, I had under treatment a young professional man much given to hard intellectual work, of sedentary habits, extreme disinclination for physical exercise, possessed of an ever-present, feverish restlessness, and who was for years a sufferer from insomnia. His appetite, though for years voracious, gradually failed and left him a dyspeptic. He was tall, thin and flabby, had a weak heart, and quick, feeble pulse, of an erratic character. He was strongly urged to exercise in the open air. He impatiently gave it an unfair trial, consisting of over-exertion at irregular intervals. In the fall he developed a bronchitis that persisted despite the best treatment and a rest out of town and away from all care. In the latter part of February, 1886 he again took up his outdoor exercise, and kept it up steadily, with the result of getting in a fine physical form at the end of the season, when he was wily and minus fat, and when stripped reminded one of a race horse. All his muscles were hard, his girths and weight had increased slightly; his mental and physical vigor had undergone a revolution; his appetite was very good and his insomnia gone. This is but one instance of a general restoration by suitable exercise of a worn-out body and mind. —Dr. Leuf, in Medical and Surgical Reporter.

A St. Louis hotel clerk claims to have made the discovery that tall men sleep later in the morning than short men, and that persons of a dark complexion invariably require more rest than blondes.

THE WHIPPING COUNTESS.

Alleged Extraordinary Confession of a Reformed Female Criminal.

A court spon-dent, who gives her name and address and declares her statements to be true in every particular, sends us the following narrative of her criminal experience:

'I am the daughter of a poor man, who, I am sorry to say, used oftentimes to get drunk, then return home and abuse his wife and children. For some time the former bore with meekness the rough treatment of her spouse, but ultimately she, too, sought to drown her cares in liquor. With parents who both quaffed the intoxicating cup is it any wonder her children (three girls and a boy) went to ruin? The son went from one degree of iniquity to another till ultimately he ended his days on the gallows for the murder of his sister. Of the two women then left, one of them was transported for life for burglary, (repeated), and the other (i. e. myself) fast followed in her footsteps, but succeeded in escaping with a few months' imprisonment for each offense, until the last of my parents was laid in his grave.

'About a week after I went one night and stealthily opened the drawing-room window of a widow, the wife of an Earl. I entered the room and stole money, together with many valuables, to the amount of about one hundred pounds. As I lived near to this residence and my character being well known, the lady, on discovering her loss, at once hastened to my poor abode, and was not long in finding part of the money—I had willfully spent about twenty pounds—and most of the jewels. She at once brought me by force to her home, made me follow her up-stairs to an attic with only a chair and a wooden bed for furniture; then she spoke to me serious and kindly about this and other misdemeanors, and told me she would not give me into custody, but I was to remain in that room for two months, be fed on bread and water, and she would come three times a day, at morning, noon and night, and administer the birch with her own hands. At first I felt inclined to rebel, but after all I thought any thing better than gaol. The next morning after breakfast, which was given to me at six o'clock, I was brought into an adjoining apartment, where I was stripped of all my clothing by the lady and one of her servants. Then I was stretched on a cushion as soft as down, after which my hands and feet were securely fastened by means of leather straps, so that I was utterly unable to repeat the strokes of the rod, which fell swift and smart.

'At first, although I was whipped till I cried (for my lady would never cease the chastisement till the tears came to my eyes in earnest), when I was released I at once declared I would leave and go to prison, when the lady said she was quite willing I should do so if I preferred it, but I dreaded gaol too much from my former experience, so decided to continue as I was; but after the punishment I began to give a mock laugh and thank my lady ironically, but whenever I did so I was always again fastened and repunished, which was repeated once as often as three times. Another time I resisted and would by no means allow myself to be so treated, when two more female servants were called up, and I had to submit. The servant who helped always went away before the punishment. Ultimately, I used to undress and lie in position myself, as the lady after that came alone, though the whipping was as severe as ever. When the two months were expired I was released, with much prayer and advice, and I never after stole any thing to the value of a pin, and I am now the wife of a respectable mechanic, and bless God for the experience of those two months. I was at the time twenty-three years of age.

'I relate this circumstance, as I believe if the 'cat' is beneficial in preventing men from committing atrocious crimes, that castigation might also be performed with good results on the female prisoners by some of the female warders.' —Liverpool (Eng.) Courier.

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