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SEED SOWN WILL SPRING.

We scatter seed with careless hand, And dream we never shall see them more, But for a thousand years, Their fruit appears In weeds that mar the land, Or beautiful store.

EMOTIONS TO ORDER.

A Novel Discovery which Prints on Tap the Various Emotions of the Soul.

[Detroit Free Press.] About ten years since a German physiologist discovered that by the mild application of electricity to various muscles of the face, expressions denoting fear, anger, mirth, melancholy, sadness and disgust could be produced at the will of the operator, while the subject of the experiment continued in a perfectly calm and unexcited state of mind.

In the wider uses to which electricity is being applied we may expect to find this receiving due attention. How convenient to have a little battery in one's pocket to produce the right look at the right moment. Provided with his "electrode" the father, wearied with the day's work, harassed by the wrong balance on his ledger, cross with the mistakes or stupidity of his employees, could freely indulge the right look at the right moment.

But, entering the house, he might, with his little instrument, greet his wife and children with a laughing and most cheerful countenance. To this the mother, with nerves well worn by fretful and mechanical emotion, could respond with most serene smile and tender look, recalling to the apparently merry husband those ecstatic days of courtship when neither laugh nor smile required any artificial stimulus.

Women, too, instead of expressing terror at insults from ruffians and "mashers," could turn on such looks of fury and scorn as to make the villains flee in terror. The defeated presidential candidate could order a smile big enough to cover a whole country and give himself the reputation of a philosopher. Skeptical clergymen could express in their faces the horrors of that future state in which they themselves might only half believe; and school teachers command silence and order by an unearthly frown conveyed to the pupils.

With this little instrument actors could be hired at day-laborers' wages, and display with far more accuracy and better artistic effect than now the emotions appropriate to the scene and the text. The instrument conveys to "claqueurs" in the audience could produce artificial sorrow or mirthful laughter at the right moment, and so by contagion of sympathy set the whole audience to weeping or roaring.

In brief, the imagination becomes fatigued in speculating upon the wide usefulness of this novel instrument for putting on tap the emotions of the human heart, as one now secures his light and his water.

Europe's Great Cities. [Exchange.] Berlin in 1816 had a population of 195,000, London had one of 958,863 and Paris one of 713,966. Sixty years later Berlin had 1,250,000, London 4,000,000 and Paris nearly 2,500,000. Berlin therefore increased more than sixfold, London about fourfold and Paris about threefold.

Alaskas Chilly Side. [Chicago Herald.] In Alaska everything freezes solid by the middle of October. The mercury in winter falls to 55 degrees below zero, and often lower. There are only about three months that gold can be washed, from May to August. There is not so much timber as generally supposed, and it is often poor quality, a recent prospector reports.

TRAINING BLOODHOUNDS.

Practicing the Pupils With a "Trusty" Convict—Something More Efficient Than Shotguns.

A correspondent of The Houston (Texas) Post, who has been visiting the prison at Huntsville, in that state, writes about the bloodhounds used there as follows: "And these are the bloodhounds I hear so much about?" I remarked to my conductor.

"Yes, they are the famous bloodhounds; that is, as much bloodhounds as you will find in Texas. They are simply foxhounds, trained to hunt men."

"Do you keep them shut up all the time?" "Yes, they would make it lively for the boys if they got out."

"How often do you have occasion to use them during the year?" "Not more than two or three times. Convicts will not leave when they know good hounds are on hand to catch them."

"Could you not dispense with the hounds and depend upon your guns?" "No, indeed, you can't hold convicts with shot-guns. It is the fear of the hounds that keeps them quiet. Destruction is useless when recapture is a moral certainty, as is the case when good hounds are employed."

"Oh, no; that is about the only sport there is. Here come the puppies. We will give them a run and let you see how it is done."

The trusty was sent down the lane and over the fence, through a large field, on a run for dear life. When he had accomplished about half a mile, or half his circuit, the dogs, which were put on his track, and one started, nosing the ground and yelping as they ran. On they kept, over fences and through stubbles and ditches, never ceasing their noise. Sometimes they would run over the trusty, but the trusty had an abrupt turn, but soon they would return to the spot where they lost the scent and cautiously feel their way until certain they had the trail, when they would off again. The trusty was a long distance runner, but the soft ground made his impromptu track heavy, and he lagged as he approached the end of his run, evidently fatigued.

The dogs gained on him rapidly and were yelping close upon him. He was ordered to run to a tree or fence and get out of their way, so they would have to find him by the scent. He first tried to climb a high gate-post, but the dogs, which were on the ground, were upon him almost and forced him to take shelter in a wagon standing in the yard, where he hid himself in the bed just as the dogs came in the gate. They looked up the gate-post and smelled around a tree, but they did not follow the trail direct to the wagon and discovered their prey, lying panting like a tug-boat. I looked at the perspiring convict, and my heart smote me for being the cause of his race, but I soon found out that it was a great privilege, enjoyed by few, and giving the puppies a race was considered by them the very essence of pleasure. The convict took an old blanket in his hand and slighted on the ground, where the dogs found him, making vicious springs for him. He repulsed them by buffeting them with the blanket, jumping away and thwarting them in any manner without hurting them. Finally, one of the dogs fastened his teeth in the trusty's coat, at a point where the most cloth was used in making, and, holding on with unyielding tenacity, was swung round and round with vigor, until tired. The dogs were then taken by a guard, and the convict went away highly pleased with his sport.

They Laughed at Last. [Exchange.] The most unfortunate attempt at reproducing another's wit was made by an Englishman who didn't understand the pun, but judged from the applause with which it was greeted that it must be excellent. During a dinner at which he was present, a waiter laid a boiled tongue slip off the plate on which he was bearing it, and it fell on the table. The host at once apologized for the mishap as a lapsus linguae (slip of the tongue). The joke was the best thing that had happened at the table. He accordingly invited his company, and instructed his servant to let fall a roast of beef as he was bringing it to the table. When the "accident" occurred he exclaimed, "That's a lapsus linguae. Nobody laughed, and he said again, 'I say that's a lapsus linguae,' still no one laughed. A screw was loose somewhere, so he told about the tongue falling, and they did laugh."

The Head of the Claque. [Exchange.] Pere David, for forty years the head of the claque at the opera in Paris, and who died a few weeks ago, was born in the year of Marie Antoinette's execution (1793) and was present at the battles of Lutzen, Bantzen, and Leipzig. Figaro thus describes his claque operations: "Seated in the front row of the pit, having a part of his forces around him, while the others were placed in the second gallery, he directed from his seat, by his stick, the intensity and the duration of the applause. A short, sharp rap on the floor made the claque was to confine itself to a moderate clapping of hands. But when he gave a rapid and prolonged movement of rotation to his stick his followers knew that they were to indulge in an outburst of enthusiasm, repeat the actor on the stage, and give him an 'ovation.'"

Mexico's Anti-Nickel War. [For New Orleans Times-Democrat.] For a foreigner to learn the names and value of Mexican coins is almost equal to becoming familiar with the nomenclature of the streets, and this latter is a feat worthy to be ranked with the acquisition of the Chinese language. Imagine having to encumber your memory with the following denominations: A mediocentavo, or half cent; a centavo, or cent; a tiaco, or 1 1/2 cents; a quatrilla, or 3 cents; a lio,

or 6 cents; a real, or 12 1/2 cents; a peseta, or 20 cents; a medio-peso, or 50 cents; a peso, or \$1, etc. The main objection seems to be that the introduction of the new currency was made awkwardly, and, many say, unfairly. Instead of allowing the people to become gradually accustomed to the new coins, and establishing them upon a firm basis as the old, all at once the whole country has been flooded with nickel; in the course of a few months it has rained down about \$4,000,000 worth of this base metal, which has been made the object of such invidious speculation that its value has depreciated to almost nothing.

UNCLE SAM'S RAG-BAG. An Interesting Sale of Quartermaster's Condemned Stores in New York. [New York Times.] A red flag waved listlessly in the mist over the iron gate which guards the entrance to the state arsenal at Seventh and Thirty-fifth street yesterday morning. The stone floor of the basement of the building was in an unusual state of disorder. There were piles of gray army overcoats in various stages of decomposition, some well worn and some new, and others nearly new but badly moth-eaten; heaps of military hats, with dilapidated gilt bands, dingy military dress-coats, trousers and blouses and dry goods boxes filled with empty metallic shells, some bright and brassy and others as green as several coats of verdigris could make them. They were condemned quartermaster's stores which were to be sold at public auction. Around the equipments there were a score or more of junk dealers, and second-hand clothing merchants, who examined the goods with critical care, digging their canes into the heaps and drawing out garments which were looked over with great interest and commented upon with rare judgment and experience. At 11 o'clock the auctioneer mounted a box of pompons, an absurd little article of military ornamentation which resembles an apricot-stemmed hat, mouched on a brass wire handle, and the sale was begun.

There were 113 dress coats, which were offered by the pound. The bids were started at 1 cent, and after a brief but spirited competition the lot was sold to Andrew McFarlane, a junk dealer, for 4 cents. The military hats, of which there were 751, were bought for 74 cents each, and were sold to W. S. Kirk, of Philadelphia, who also purchased the entire lot of 953 pompons for \$3. J. W. Frasier, of this city, bought 1,000 blouses for 15 cents each, 2,000 pounds of shells for 94 cents a pound, and 1,811 overcoats for 14 cents each.

"What will you do with the goods you have bought?" I asked Mr. Frasier, the heaviest buyer. "I will sell the overcoats and shells to foreign governments, such as Hayti and Liberia. They are in great demand for such purposes. The shells will be cleaned and reloaded. Those that are too badly rusted to be used will be sold for old brass. The blouses I will probably have to sell for old rags, as they are almost worthless. I may sell some of the coats to local military companies in the south composed of colored troops. They want goods that are cheap and make a good display. They are not as particular as the northern troops are."

"I will sell the dress trousers," said Mr. Kane, "to military companies or to theatrical companies for military pieces. The hats and coats will also be used for that purpose. There is a big demand for such goods, and they find a ready sale."

"There isn't much money in this sale," remarked a veteran dealer, who took no active part in the bidding, "but I have seen dealers make very handsome amounts out of these purchases. A few years ago there were sold at the Philadelphia arsenal 10,000 ambulance flags made of the brightest yellow cloth. They brought 2 cents each. The buyer dyed them green and red and sold them to the Pennsylvania railroad company for 6 cents each. It only cost him 1 cent apiece to have them colored. But sometimes money is lost. Not long ago a dealer bought a large lot of army overcoats for about \$1.50 each. They are now on sale in this city for 80 cents apiece. Mr. Frasier would lose on his purchases if he didn't know a place out of the country where he can put them."

The Delighted Doctor. Tom Moors has a funny story of a sick man who was telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each new item of disorder, exclaimed: "Charming! Delightful!" "Pray go on," when he had finished, said with the utmost pleasure: "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

Ripening Wines by Electricity. [Chicago Herald.] Ripening and purifying wines and strong liquors is done by the Electric Liqueur company, of California, by means of an electric current. By this process the liquor is freed from all its poisonous essential oils, and the work of from three to six years is done in a few hours. Light clarets are treated in three to six hours; brandy requires sixty.

Bad for the Patient. [New Orleans Times-Democrat.] Two doctors were disputing by the bedside of a patient. "I tell you the liver is diseased," said one. "Nonsense; it is the stomach. It is the spleen." "Very well; we shall see at the post mortem who is in the right." The great sensation on the part of the patient, whom in the heat of the argument they had quite forgotten.

Noiseful Police. [Chicago Herald.] The authorities at St. Giles, in Belgium, have supplied the police on night duty with cloth boots having India rubber soles. With these boots the police are so perfectly noiseless that they are at least placed on a footing of equal advantage with burglars.

The Arabian legend traces the cat to Noah's ark, and declares it was sneezed out of the lion's nostrils.

COME WITH THE CROWD.

A Few Paragraphs of First-Class Advice for "My Son" to Stow Away in His Memory.

See here, my boy! The bells have rung the old year out and the new one in, and a new watch has come on deck. If you think you are going right along in the same old groove, while the rest of us are making changes, you are up a tree. You've got to toe the mark along with the remainder of the world. Now, then; you are beginning life. You are from 16 to 21 year old. You think you know all about it, but the fact is you aren't more than half-baked yet. What you don't know would cover all Lake Erie, while you worldly wisdom wouldn't knock an owl off his perch. Suppose you make a resolve to begin by not knowing more than half as much as Plato, Diogenes and other wise men. If you should condescend to admit that you didn't even know more than your wastes money, but it doesn't affect your general standing with the world.

Perhaps you smoke and chew. What for? What's the use of paying out \$100 a year to insure bad breath, headache, red eyes, decayed teeth and nervous debility, when you can secure a broken leg, which is far nicer, by a tumble down stairs? Chewing is a vicious, nasty habit. Smoking affects the brain and nerves and stomach. We admit that a young chap of your age looks like a great statesman when he comes down the avenue puffing away at a 5-cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Have you got such a skinking as will last you your life time. Let gambling alone. Fight as shy of gambling-rooms as you would of a mad dog. People tell you about luck. That's all bosh. The gambler has you by the throat the moment you enter his door. You can't make any money out of him, but he will see to it that you add to his capital.

Now, as to your personal traits. You may have come naturally by your egoism, but keep it in check. The world in general looks upon it as a disease. Even if you know all you think you know the rest of us won't admit it. Men hate boasters and braggarts.

Bluntness is a good thing sometimes; sometimes it isn't. Civility and good feelings are trump cards in the game of life. Be charitable without encouraging vice; be honest in your opinions, but don't imagine that it is your duty to speak up for a family or start a church scandal; in your dealings be square. You may lose by it for a time, but when the public comes to understand that you are a just and upright man you'll make money and keep friends as well.

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THE PROBABILITIES OF PERSONAL HOPE.

[Detroit Free Press.] At half-past 7 o'clock the triangle sounded, the Glee club sang an ode entitled "Don't You Lick a Lamp Post," and Brother Gardner said:

"De 'yar 1883 an passed an' gone. Its cyclones, earthquakes, floods, fires, joys an' sorrows an' no mo'. De 'yar 1884 has been bo'n, an' de chile an' do'yr as well as kin be suspected under the circumstances. At de present time we all feel what po', contemptible sinners we am, an' we resolve to do better. A New Year's resolution am not worf de powder to blow it across de sidewa'k, but at de same time if I can 'lar of a single member of dis club who hasn't resolved to live a better life from dis time hencefoth I'll fine him \$10,000. Let us now agitate de reglar program of bizness."

Brother Hamilton Smith arose to make an inquiry. He had often been asked if it was correct, under the constitution or by-laws of the Lime-Kiln club for a member to hold a position under the state or United States government. "I should reckon it wasn't!" replied the president, as Smith sat down. "De constitution of dis club, under any sort of position dey kin get, from sellin' red lemonade in de big circus tent to conductin' de pension bureau at Washington. De only by-law on dis subject an' to forbid de club, as a club, from givin' bonds for de honor of any member holdin' no position whar he kin do any stealin'."

Major Chappulte Green secured the floor to inquire if the president intended to be understood as doubting the honesty of the members of the club? That is, if Wadsworth Baboe, for instance, was a clerk in the city treasurer's office and had a chance to lay his hands upon \$10,000, would he do it? "He probably would, sah! Dat is, 'dar' an' so, most probably, dat he would pocket de money an' skip fur Yurrap dat de club wouldn't go on his bond. When white men all ober de kentry am daily sellin' out dar reputation fur honesty fur a few hundred dollars, dar wouldn't be safe to leave a black man alone wid a package countin' up into de thousands."

Gambling. [Gath in New York Tribune.] Gambling may be the unanticipated destroyer of modern civilization. The riots of 1877 have sometimes been debited to stock gambling. San Francisco, rising like another Hinn, let in the Trojan horse of the Commodore lode, and next was Kearney, Killoch and the sand lots. Another insurrection in Spain lately was charged to a stock gambling coteries between Paris and Madrid at the same instant we were apprised of it. The French war in Annam, which may be a string to pull all Asia together, is charged to schemes to launch stock projects on the Paris Bourse and pluck France of her pliethoric wealth. Maximilian died for the stock bubble, and for the same the Napoleons went out. Egypt revolts and Alexandria turns to ashes when a French "projector" tempts the son of Mehmet All into his broker's shop. The vast indemnity Germany took from France was burnt up in limited liability companies. Great maritime corporations no competition could put down have yielded in England to operations in the directory and stand limp and sick. Peru and Bolivia nearly perish under a conquest begun from speculations in nitre and guano. Our own land was the basis of a speculation that overthrew the French monarch seventy years since, when for dukedoms and marquisates Arkansas Law's Louisiana shares went up 4,000 per cent. Tocqueville, fifty years ago, considered division of labor in the factories the only influence probable to subvert democracy with finality. He did not see gambling, though Biddle and the bank had just been ruined.

A Messenger Bumped. [Baltimore Sun.] A bright faced, red-headed boy, 14 years old, dressed in the uniform of a messenger lad, called at a pawn store Saturday and threw a pawn ticket for a gold chain on the show case and said: "Gimme that centime high."

Mr. Lewyt looked at the ticket, which he at once recognized. "The man to whom this ticket belongs is in New York," he remarked to the boy. "Well, that's just where I came from," said the little fellow. "I'll follow you said that on Saturday afternoon a call came to the Seventy-second street office, east side, New York city, for a messenger. This lad was sent to a well-to-do gentleman's home in answer to the summons. The caller had pawned a valuable chain, an heirloom, during his visit to Baltimore a few days ago, when he was out of money. He wanted to wear the chain on Sunday, but could not reach him on that day. The boy was to bring the pawn ticket here, pay the \$25 advanced on the chain, also the interest, and get back as soon as he could. The gentleman was to pay his fare here and back, incidental expenses, and give him besides 6 cents an hour extra pay."

The boy was back in New York Saturday night with the chain, fifteen hours after he started.

How Joaquin Miller Works. Joaquin Miller, the ever tuneful poet of the Sierras, is a hard worker. He writes his graphic Sunday sketches for the Courier-Journal, guides the destinies of a serial story in Wakeman's Current, will be represented in the coming St. Nicholas, drops into poetry for the leading magazines, in his odd moments writes a play, and on off days runs down to Washington from New York and superintends a new house he is building there.

Effect of Mineral Waters. [Medical Journal.] From experiments upon dogs, Lewaschew and Kikowitch have concluded, that the effect of ordinary natural mineral waters is to increase the quantity of bile to make it more fluid and watery. This increased flow is beneficial in freeing the gall-bladder from stagnant bile. The action of artificial solutions of alkaline salts, as well as of hot water, was found to be similar to that of the natural mineral waters.

THE SNOW-CAPPED PLANET.

The Development of Mars—Have Our Martial Neighbors Casualty—Mapping the Planet.

Perhaps the most interesting celestial event of the year will be the opposition of Mars at the end of the present month. There is so much about this remarkable planet that suggests a close resemblance to the earth, and so many of its surface features and of the natural processes occurring upon it are visible with telescopic aid, that every time it comes to opposition, that is, gets into a line with the earth and the sun, the earth being in the middle, a battery of telescopes is turned upon it with eager expectation of interesting news if not of important discoveries. At opposition Mars appears with small telescopic power like a full moon of a ruddy tinge. As the magnifying power is increased one detail after another of the irregular surface of this distant world comes into view, until it hangs in the field of the telescope a real globe, marked plainly with continents, oceans, and islands, and partially covered with clouds.

The first physical features of Mars that come into view are the snow-caps surrounding his poles. The southern pole is now inclined toward the earth, and a small telescope, say of three inches aperture, will plainly show the circular, glaucous patch of snow that covers the antarctic region of the globe of Mars. The dark ring surrounding the snow-field and sometimes called Philip's sea is almost equally distinct, and some of the other seas or spots that are believed to be seas can be seen with the same telescope. With a larger telescope more details are visible; and with the largest and best of one detail after another of the irregular surface of this distant world comes into view, until it hangs in the field of the telescope a real globe, marked plainly with continents, oceans, and islands, and partially covered with clouds.

Large telescopes will, during the present opposition also, be able to show the two tiny moons of Mars, which revolve close to the planet, so rapidly that the inner one goes through all the changes from new moon to old moon in less than a day.

Another interesting thing about Mars which can now be studied in the new network of so-called canals which cover a large portion of the planet's surface, particularly in the equatorial regions. The idea that there are canals constructed by inhabitants of the ruddy planet can hardly be entertained when it is known that they are sixty miles and more in width.

One thing seems to be pretty certain: Mars has reached a much larger stage of planetary development than the earth, and if it has inhabitants they may possibly have attained a degree of civilization incomprehensible to us. At any rate, it is a wonderful world that now beams as a ruddy star in our winter midnight sky.

Sunday in Constantinople. [Foreign Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] The Turkish people are not step its wheels on a Friday, the Turkish Sunday is a gala day for the women, the idlers and the tourists. Early in the morning the narrow streets leading out of Pera are crowded with people going in the direction of the great avenue that leads to the winter palace. Their picturesqueness alone makes bearable the fact that they do not smell good. As I saw them, high state dignitaries passed in open carriages, pashas and officers, followed by the crowd, which scattered the crowd as they galloped by. By them ran beggars in all stages of profitable disease and disfigurement, who screamed dolefully for alms and only desisted as their wind gave out. These same beggars garnered a very pretty harvest of piasters in the course of the morning. Turkish women were plenty, in the most gaudy colors, their faces veiled and their dainty yellow slippers kept out of the mud by patterns six inches high.

Omnipresent were the vendors of water, coffee and sherbet. The Turkish law allows no stronger drinks to be sold in public, and these fellows reaped rich harvests from their wares, which were sold at a quarter-piaster (about an American cent) a glass to the thirsty crowd. Equally a nuisance were the dealers in nuts and anise-seed cakes—the latter wares made round and carried along in the direction of the great avenue that leads to the winter palace. Their picturesqueness alone makes bearable the fact that they do not smell good. As I saw them, high state dignitaries passed in open carriages, pashas and officers, followed by the crowd, which scattered the crowd as they galloped by. By them ran beggars in all stages of profitable disease and disfigurement, who screamed dolefully for alms and only desisted as their wind gave out. These same beggars garnered a very pretty harvest of piasters in the course of the morning. Turkish women were plenty, in the most gaudy colors, their faces veiled and their dainty yellow slippers kept out of the mud by patterns six inches high.

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THE NEW YORK CREMATORIUM.

[Caspar in Detroit Free Press.] There is a revival of talk about the incineration of a building crematory in New York. The latest rumor is that they have secured a suitable piece of ground up town and are now arranging for the edifice itself. The chief object in the way of the going ahead with a rush is the same on the stands in the way of a great many other worthy enterprises, viz., a lack of funds. My impression is that the New York Cremation society, which was organized over a year ago, and which includes Prof. Felix Adler and a chaplain of the United States navy among its members, is not exactly in a flourishing condition. None of its stock has yet been "placed" in Wall street