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— BY —

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Theodore Tilton is sojourning in Paris, where he is engaged in writing a book.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An old publisher says that not one book in five hundred reaches a second edition.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Alvan Clark, the telescope-maker of Massachusetts, though eighty years old, is still at work. He and his sons are the leading telescope manufacturers of the world.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood is the second woman who has formally run for the Presidency of the United States, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull being her notorious, if not illustrious, predecessor.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mrs. Garfield, the mother of the late President, can be seen almost any day walking about the grounds or sitting in her arm-chair on the shaded veranda at Mentor. On Sundays she is generally at church with other members of the family, and is able to take a seat in, or alight from, the family carriage with little assistance. She has passed her eighty-third birthday, and seems to be in the enjoyment of her usual good health.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, is now upward of eighty-four years of age, and is yet strong and vigorous. He has grown somewhat peculiar, however, about his eating, never touching anything not prepared by his own cook, or coming from his own house. If he expects to be absent from home at lunch time he carries a hearty luncheon with him, which he takes out and eats at the proper time with great relish.—*Washington Post.*

—Joe Jefferson, the actor, who ought to know the effect of the constant repetition of one part upon the actor, says that after playing one part for a great length of time an actor is apt to forget his lines and take up wrong ones. An English actor who forgot his lines in this way was blamed by the manager. "It's very strange that you are not perfect in that part by this time. You have been playing it two hundred nights." "Do you expect me to remember it forever?" said the actor.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Cyrus W. Field is the youngest son of a clergyman of Stockbridge, Mass. His brothers, Dudley, Henry and Stephen, were sent to college, but Cyrus, at an early age, received twenty-five dollars and the paternal blessing. He became a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store at a salary of two dollars a week, and on entering into business for himself as a dealer in paper, his fellow-clerks presented him with a diamond pin. It took him twelve years to make a fortune. Since then he has been a capitalist and has made several fortunes—say $20,000,000.—*N. Y. Times.*

HUMOROUS.

—In the Empire of Morocco there is only one subscriber to a newspaper. He is the Emperor. As soon as there are two or three more it is likely some Yankee will happen along and start a paper.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"I laughed," he said to his wife, "I laughed until my mouth fairly stretched from ear to ear." "You don't have to laugh very elaborately to accomplish that distance," replied the lady, with a yawn. "Ha! Ha! Very good, my dear, very good: capital, I—e mouth, eh?" "No, large ears!" she said, with another yawn!"—*N. Y. Dial.*

—A much-vexed question is now settled. For a long-time it has been wondered why women turn around to look at each other on the street. A wife retorted when reproved by her husband: "Didn't the woman look at me?" "Yes," replied the husband. "All right then: one good turn deserves another."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—A short time ago Jones and Robinson were dining out together, Jones being one of the most absent-minded individuals in existence. Quoth Robinson to Jones: "I say old fellow, what do you think? A man asked me the other day whether your name was Smith!" "Really," answered the absent-minded one, "and was it?"—*Whitehall Review.*

—"Remus, how fur am de sun f'om de earf?" "Well, Clem, idees differs 'bout dat. Some tinks hit's furder and udders tinks 'taint so fur." "Um! jesso. But what's yo' idee 'bout dem spots on de solarum dat folks talks 'bout?" "Why, Clem, dem spots am nuffin mo' dan de heads of de nails dot hol's de sun onto de sky."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—"I wants you to bay me pack dot $2 I loaned you last spring. Money is worth twice as much now as it vash den," said Mose Schaumburg to Gilhooly. "Is that so?" inquired Gilhooly, pensively. "Is it really worth twice as much now as it was when I got that $2?" "Shertainly it was." "Well, then, here is $1. That makes us even, I believe.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Old Mosquito—There, now, you must have been disobeying me. What made you so sick? Young Musquito—Dunno, ma; I don't do nothin'. Old Mosquito—Yes, you did. Have you been eating anything I told you to avoid this weather? Young Mosquito—No'm. Old Mosquito—Yes, you have, or you wouldn't be sick. Now, mind—I will give you a regular thrashing if you ever again touch veal or dudes in the summer time.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Wouldn't Take Him.

"Will this road take me to Atlanta?" asked a traveler of a "cracker."

"No, sir-ree," replied the countryman, "narry a time."

"That's strange," mused the first speaker. "A man told me a few hours ago that it would."

"He lied, stranger; I've been hyar twenty y'ars, and I hain't seed it tuck nobody annywhar yit; and I don't s'pose she ever will long as folks kin ride an' walk."

"Well, if I follow the road I'll get there, won't I?" smilingly asked the traveler.

"Not much; fer ye kain't foller it, kase she don't move, an' ye kaint foller nothin' what don't move along in fron't of ye."

"But if I travel this route I'll soon reach the city, I reckon."

"Then ye struck it, mister; jes' keep a movin' the way yer go'n' an' ye'll git thar after awhile. Mornin' to ye."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Cod, Herring and Mackerel.

One of the most important of the fisheries, whether we regard the number taken, the size of the fish or the commercial value of the product, is the cod fishery. The cod is a deep-sea fish, never met with in fresh waters, and leaving the deepest parts of the sea for the shallow banks only in spawning time, and returning after the season is over. The cod is found on the English and Irish coasts, in most northern seas, and last but not least, on the banks of Newfoundland, which seems to be its great spawning or breeding grounds. The number of fish actually caught on the banks of Newfoundland is almost past calculation. It was estimated last year at 157,000,000, and the catch in the rest of the world was perhaps quite as large, making the total almost beyond belief. The cod is relished by all nations living in the tropical parts of the world, and is consequently in high demand for food, and the supply has never been equal to the demand. From the cod come several products—the roe, each of about 2,000 eggs, the sound, as it is called, or air-bladder, composed of almost pure gelatine, the oil and several others.

Perhaps next in importance to the cod is the herring fishery, the common herring being found on nearly every coast of Europe and America. The number of men employed in the herring fishery is about 100,000, and other nations of Europe combined have perhaps as many more. The abundance of herrings in the sea is wonderful; in the season, the shoals where they go show the water for many feet deep actually thick with them. The schools are often ten miles long by five miles broad and of unknown depth, the track of the school being indicated to the fishers in the daytime by the presence of vast swarms of birds and voracious fish which prey upon them, and at night, by the phosphorescence of the water. The abundance of the herrings on the fishing grounds is not always the same. In 1872 they appeared in such profusion that at a single cast of the nets as many as 50,000 were often secured, while last year the fishermen of Lowestoft caught in two days 22,000,000 fish, so great a catch being far beyond the curing power of all the people of the town, and hundreds of tons had to be sold for manure. The herrings are caught with nets, and it is not usually practicable to use steam power to any great extent in the fisheries, though it may be applied to the purpose of hauling in the nets, drying the fish and in some few other ways. At present many of the fishing boats take out carrier pigeons with them to bring back intelligence of the catch, so that the people who work on shore shall be able to make arrangements for caring for the fish as soon as the boats arrive. The herring fisheries of North Carolina are very important accessories to the wealth of that State, the catch being generally very large. The seines used are sometimes as much as a mile and a half long, and are drawn in by steam power, as many as 300,000 fish being often taken by one seine in a single day.

The mackerel fisheries are of steadily growing importance, the value of the fish for food and its delicacy rendering it every year in greater demand. Mackerel are found in the localities usually frequented by cod and herring, and are caught by means of hook and line. Like herring, they move in schools, but not in the same numbers. The method of detecting their presence is very curious. The mackerel is a greedy fish, and when it finds its favorite food rushes upon it without delay; and the style it has of seizing the small fish causes a number of circular ripples in the water exactly resembling the fall of hailstones. The lookouts are on the watch for this appearance of the water, and as the small fry always make for the shore when attacked by the mackerel, the boats are made ready and put off to meet the fish as they come in. In fishing for the mackerel the fishermen first throw overboard great quantities of chopped fish very finely cut to attract the mackerel, and they soon find fish in abundance if there are any in the neighborhood, the mackerel biting with great eagerness, and coming quite close to the surface, so that they are not hard to catch. Each fisherman can therefore easily manage two lines, and sometimes more.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Sights in Central America.

At eight o'clock in the morning we started on the Ferro Curril Railroad for Rio Sucio. We rode until four in the afternoon through a wondrous country. On either side for miles were hundreds of banana plantations in different stages of growth. One can form some idea of the vast number of bananas consumed when they see these plantations and hundreds of thousands of bunches ready for shipment. As we whizzed through the woods fresh beauties would greet the eye. The tallest trees I ever saw, with apparently no bark, loomed up against the sky; then a forest of cocoa palm, cactus and many other beautiful trees, and below a perfect jungle of shrub and undergrowth. In these very tall trees are the orchids, or air plants, so choice and expensive in the North. Their scarlet blossoms are very conspicuous in the midst of so much green. From Rio Sucio we started for San Jose on horseback and immediately began the ascent of the mountain. There was something about our situation so awe-inspiring that for a time we rode on in silence. The dizzy heights above, the high wall on one side and gulf or valley on the other revealed by the dim light of the lantern which light our pathway. The scene was grand beyond description. As we ascended we could see the mountains high, high above us, and looking down, the valley far, far beneath. Now and then we crossed a mountain stream rushing and tumbling down the precipice. The foliage on the mountain side is dense and beautiful. Finally we began the descent, and for twelve miles this was a most trying time. Finally we were met by Father Lewkowicz eight miles from San Jose, with carriages, and a few miles over rough roads brought us to the little city. Narrow streets and buildings very compact greet you on every side.—*Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

A FIREMAN'S LUCK.

Engineer Crockett Draws $15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery.

"I don't believe it," was the reply of engineer Frank Crockett of steamer 12 of the fire department of this city, when he was aroused from his sleep the other night by a brother fireman, who breathlessly informed him that he had won $15,000 in the Lousiana State Lottery in the drawing of the 11th inst.; "what's more I won't believe it until I have had positive proof."

"Supposing I should advance you $100 on the strength of your chances, would you believe it then?" asked his comrade.

"Yes, I might."

The fireman went out and procured the $100 and handed it to Crockett, who for the first time began to realize his great good luck. Then, in the language of a friend, "he got up, dressed himself and tried to stand on his head in the corner."

"Crockett never had $300 at one time before this lucky strike," said another fireman to the reporter. "To be sure he gets $140 a month as engineer, but he isn't much of a hand at saving. The ticket that won the money was No. 68,980, and it captured one-fifth of the first capital prize of $75,000.

"Has Crockett received his money yet?"

"Yes; but, strange to say, he still sticks to his job. We all thought it would paralyze him when he heard the news, but it didn't. He isn't a man who drinks or gambles to any great extent. He is about 35 years of age and married. I heard that he intends to go back to New Jersey, where he came from, and buy a farm and settle down.

Crockett was interviewed, but no amount of questioning could make him say anything further than that he "didn't care for notoriety," and that he "didn't want anything published about the matter."

No. 68,980 was the first ticket Crockett ever bought in any lottery and his fortunate experience adds another scrap to the history of lucky lottery players in this city.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Nov. 26.*

Railways in China.

The Imperial Government has come to a decision of great importance—that, namely, of sanctioning in principle the introduction of railways into the country. The Empress called upon the great functionaries of state to submit plans for the construction and management of strategical and commercial lines. Proposals were accordingly made by the Viceroy Li Hung Chang and other representatives of the progressive school, to be carried out on the conclusion of a definitive treaty with France.

Li Hung Chang is now convinced by experience that no public work requiring organization and financial accuracy can be undertaken by the Chinese themselves. Consequently the railways must be constructed and managed by skilled foreigners.

But the Government has a natural dread of the inroads of foreigners, and is unwilling to assign them rights over the soil of China. There will, therefore, be a strong disinclination to grant concessions, whether for making railways or for mining, except to natives. But since the Chinese people lack the requisite intelligence, the railway problem will probably be solved by the Government itself assuming the responsibility of making State lines. This can only be done by the creation of a new department, to be managed by foreigners in the Chinese service, this department to have complete control over the construction, working, and financing of the railways.

Fortunately the Government, which does everything by precedent, possesses proof of the efficiency of such service in the admirable organization of his own maritime customs. Like all reforms in China, the customs system was forced on the Government by the pressure of necessity. The principal seaport, Shanghai, having fallen into the hands of the Taiping rebels in 1853, the functions of Government were suspended, and Sir Rutherford Alcock, then British Consul at Shanghai, in conjunction with the Consuls of France and the United States, collected the duties by means of inspectors appointed by themselves; Sir Thomas Wade, then English Vice Consul, being the first executive officer in the service, lent for the emergency by the British Government.

This system has spread under new treaties until its ramifications now extend to twenty seaports. I may, without flattery, describe it as probably the model of a customs service for the whole world; the most efficient, the most accommodating to merchants, absolutely incorruptible, yet extremely popular. It furnishes the Government with the only portion of its revenue which can be relied on to come in. The system has been matured by its chief, Sir Robert Hart, who has been Inspector General for twenty years, and has exercised absolute control, the high Chinese functionaries never interfering with him.

The service contains able men. Mr. Detring, for example, who suggested the Franco-Chinese negotiations, would be well qualified to establish a new State Department of Public Works, having the same status as that of the maritime customs. Should the construction of railways be undertaken in China it will probably be upon some such basis.—*Cor. London Times.*

Scotland's Sea Harvest.

The "harvest of the sea," so far as it is gathered in Scottish waters, has just been made the subject of an official valuation by the officers of the Fishery Board, by whom it is estimated as amounting in money to a total sum of £3,286,242. The larger portion, a little over two millions sterling, is derived from the herring fishery, which has for a long period been the most important fishing industry of the country. The haddock is taken in vast quantities by the Scotch fishing boats; 543,568 cwt. were caught during the last twelve months, the estimated value of the catch being £340,693. The Scottish oyster beds, like those of other localities, have largely fallen off in productiveness, only 6,456 hundreds of oysters (of 120 each) having been gathered from the once productive "scalps" of Scotland. The total value of the shellfish taken is set down as amounting to £82,945.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Breaking in Horses on The Pampas.

The young animal selected to undergo the ordeal is lassoed, and a headstall having been put upon him he is tied up to a strong post firmly secured in the ground, and there left without food and water till he is well nigh exhausted. Then a native saddle, or, rather, a series of pads and rugs, is put upon him and secured by a surcingle; next comes a strong bridle, provided with a bit of the most powerful kind, having a ring attached to it passing through the mouth and under the lower jaw, and acting as a curb worked with great leverage. The horse is then freed from the stake, and led about if he will go quietly; the trainer, after a turn or two, springs onto his back with great agility. An attendant mounted upon a steady horse rides up alongside, and tries by the inducement of companionship to coax him to go quietly along, which as a rule, he seldom does just at first; and then the real struggle begins. Fair means not succeeding, the jockey drives the huge rowels of his massive spurs into the horses flank and is answered by a "buck" that is terrific to behold, followed by a succession of similar desperate efforts of the frightened and infuriated animal to free himself from his unwelcome rider. Every time that he stops the attendant pushes up against him and bumps him along till at last he starts off in a gallop, madly at first, "bucking" as he goes; but soon he gets blown and finds the pace to fast to last. His merciless tormentor, however, has no notion of relaxing speed, and flogs and spurs him to increased exertions till he is almost ready to fall down. There are no fences or obstacles in the way, and by a skillful use of the whip always on one side of the head, the horse is gradually worked round until he faces towards home, and back he comes after a couple of hours, jaded and blown, scarcely able to stagger along, his head down to the ground, with nostrils dilated, heaving flank, and quivering in every muscle, up to the post to be tied to it again, but not so close this time as before, and with a little grass thrown to him, as if in mockery of his misery. Exhausted nature can stand it no longer, and in a few minutes he sinks down upon the ground and stretches himself out as if about to die, lying in that position sometimes as long as twenty-four hours without moving. When he is able to stand up the process is repeated, but with very much less spirit on the horse's part, and after half a dozen lessons of the kind his education is finished.—"*Across the Pampas and the Andes,*" *by Robert Crawford, M. A.*

Acorn Bread.

The Indians scattered along the foothills of the Sierra are a quiet, inoffensive people. They do not appear to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adhere to many of their old traditions. One or two men of superior ability and industry form a nucleus around which others less ambitious gather. Here they fence with brush and logs a tract sufficient for their requirements of haymaking, pasturing, etc. Although they often indulge in the food of civilized nations, the acorn is still a favorite article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting this bitter nut into bread is curious. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found them at work. They had shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of the acorn meats. A number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil, much in the shape of a punch bowl. Into this vat was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several large clothes baskets filled with water, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they carefully ladeled the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A buxom muhala stood by each vat, and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skilfully removing any speck that floated upon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm, white substance, of which they made bread. I asked to taste it, at which they said something in their language, and all laughed. I asked again, and after more laughter I was handed a small particle on a fig leaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They began to remove it, and so adroitly was this done that but a small portion adhered to the soil. They spread it upon the rocks, and in a short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, put it into tins in cakes and bake before the fire.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Microphones.

It is through the help of the microphone that telephony has become so practical and so extensively adopted. The Blake transmitter, the Ader, and many others by which music and speech are now conveyed so many miles, are all varieties of the carbon microphone. In some churches, microphone transmitters are now applied to the pulpit, so that the sermon can be transmitted by telephone to invalid members who cannot leave home. At the Electrical Exhibitions of Paris, Vienna, and the Crystal Palace, the music of an entire opera was transmitted from the stage by wire to other buildings where great great numbers of persons sat and listened to it. The transport of music and other sounds in no way directly connected with the wire, is frequently effected by what is termed induction or leading-in. Over and over again persons listening into telephones for the purpose of hearing what a friend is saying have heard the strains of this music—aside, communicated by induction from some neighboring line to theirs. Not long ago a telegraph clerk in Chicago was listening in a telephone early one morning, and to his surprise heard the croaking of frogs and the whistling of birds. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that a loose joint in the telephone wire where it passed through a wood, acted as a microphone, and transmitted the woodland chorus to his ears. Messages in process of transmission are sometimes drowned by the rumbling noise of street traffic induced by the wire.—*Chamber's Journal.*

—The longest flight in this country of a homing pigeon yet recorded has recently been flown from Atlanta, Ga., to Keyport, N. J.—725 miles.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Rain Tree.

The attention of the Hon. J. B. Abbott, Minister for Mines, has been drawn to a notice in *Land and Water* respecting the "Rain Tree," which grows in South Australia, and, according to this notice, is so remarkable that travelers, when traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, have been struck with the strange contrast of seeing on one hand a barren desert and on the other a rich and luxurious vegetation. The tree, this notice states, grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and it possesses the power of attracting, absorbing and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere so strongly that water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a vegetable marsh. Mr. Abbott has called for a report on the subject from the Inspector of Forests, Mr. J. Duff, who has written the following:

"FOREST CONSERVATORY BRANCH DEPARTMENT OF MINES, SYDNEY, June 13, 1884.—SIR: In accordance with your instructions on Mr. Godhard's memo., numbered as per margin, I have the honor to inform you that I have obtained the following information respecting the habitats and uses of the rain tree or guango, Albizzia saman (P. Von Mueller), or Pithecolabium saman of Bentham; Baron Mueller states in his work on 'Extra Tropical Plants,' published in 1861, that the 'rain tree or guango is a lofty tree, particularly valuable for wet saline country, and it extends from Mexico to Brazil and Peru. It attains a height of seventy feet, trunk six feet in diameter, the colossal branches extendig one hundred and thirty feet, and it is of quick growth, in outline not unlike an oak. It forms a magnificent feature in a landscape. It thrives in the dry salt-pond districts of the West Indies, and likes the vicinity of the sea. Rain and dew fall through its leaves, which are shut up at night, thus allowing grass to grow underneath. It thrives best where the rain-fall fluctuates between thirty and sixty inches a year—one of the best trees in mild climes for road or shade lines. The wood is hard and ornamental, but the principal utility of the tree lies in its pulpy pods, which are produced in great abundance, and constitute a very fattenning fodder for all kinds of pastoral animals which eat them with relish.' Mr. John Smith, A. L. S., Ex-Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, London in his 'Dictionary of Economical Plants,' published in 1882, states that the Zamang is the Spanish name of the tree, and it is a native of Venezuela.' He quotes Humboldt's description of the tree, which is as follows: 'We saw in the evening at a league distant an object which appeared in the horizon like a round hillock covered with trees. It was neither a hill nor a group of trees close to each other, but one single tree—the famous Zamang-del Guayre,' remarkable for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispheric head five hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference, the diameter of the stem being nine feet near the ground. It belongs to the mimosa section of the order of Leguminase, and is a species of the genus Pithebolium (P. Saman.)' Seeds taken from the tree were raised in the botanic gardens, Trinidad, in 1820. It appears to be fast growing when young, a tree forty years old measuring fifteen feet in circumference near the ground. It has thick, flatish, curved pods, about eight inches in length and one inch in width, containing a sweetish pulp. They are in common use for feeding cattle, and for that purpose the tree is now cultivated in different countries. It is also known as the rain tree. I may further add that a few years ago a number of seedling plants of the rain tree were received in the Sydney Botanic Gardens from the Botanic Gardens, Ceylon, on receipt of which they were placed in a bush-house where they grew well during the summer months; but the whole of the plants perished in the winter, which would indicate that the climate of Sydney is not sufficiently warm for the cultivation of this tree. The rain tree evidently requires a moist climate near the sea, and it might succeed in some of the northern coast districts, but it is doubtful if it would grow in the interior, or in the districts subject to droughts and frosts, the latter being the localities where such a tree would be most required for shade and stock feed. The statements made by travelers in South America in *Land and Water*, attached hereto, that 'water is constantly dripping from the trunk of the tree in such quantity as to convert the soil into a veritable marsh,' is, I think exaggerated, and requires further reliable confirmation. Should steps be taken to ascertain if the rain tree can be procured in the colonies, and if so, to procure plants and test its suitability for various districts of New South Wales? I have, etc. JOHN DUFF."

Mr. Abbott has directed that steps be taken to procure some of the trees with a view to their introduction into the colony.—*Sydney Herald.*

Proverbs About Life.

The comparison of human life to a flood has ever been a favorite figure in every literature, and the proverbs which deal with life and expound its problems under this figure are past numbering. In Japan, the significance of man is forcibly put in the proverb, "As the stars, so man is little in the distance," while the Persian says, "The world is like an old building on the banks of a stream—is carried away piece by piece; in vain you stop it with a handful of earth." The passage of life is like the growth and decay of a flower, and this fact forms the burden of many proverbs. The Turk asks, "Have you ever seen a day which ends not in evening?" and the Arab answers, "Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history." The Afghan philosophically remarks, "Life is not such a mouthful that a man should gulp it down whole." The changing state of man is beautifully set forth in the Syrian proverb, "Happiness of life is like crystal—when it shines most it soon cracks," and a Japanese proverb pronounces life, "Like a moth falling on a lighted candle"—an image to be compared only with that of Job, who pronounces life "a light before the wind."

The friendships of life are a fertile source of proverbs. The Urdu says, "The frie[illegible] of the base is a wall of sand," [illegible] b relieves his mind in the s[illegible] by observing, "A bad f[illegible] smith, who, if he does n[illegible] h fire, will injure you with s[illegible] e Oriental origin of "Two so[illegible] but a single thought," [illegible] the Turkish provero[illegible] soul in two bodies," and the [illegible] declares, "A man without a friend is a left hand without the right." The folly of forming friendships with some people is illustrated by the Afghan proverb, "The ass' friendship is kicking," while the Chinese affirm, "Without a mirror a woman cannot see her face; without a friend a man can not see his actions," but the Japanese correctly appreciate the situation when they say, "A friend at hand is better than all your relatives at a distance."—*St Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A lady living in the suburbs was pestered by a patent churn agent who was anxious to demonstrate that the machine would make butter in ten minutes. Upon his third or fourth call the other afternoon, she filled the churn and the agent worked it for ten minutes, then very briskly for ten more. He confessed that he was at a loss to know what was the matter until the lady remarked: "I guess I churned all the butter out of that milk this morning." The agent "flew."—*Exchange.*

Mexican Habits.

Women with heavy burdens on their backs, unmindful of either dust or sun heat, slip every now and then along the paseo. They are all bound for the same place—the city market—with their loads of green produce. They are bareheaded, many of them are barefooted, barelegged and barearmed. Now and then one, with a fifty pound weight on her back, has a fifteen pound baby in her arms. Or, if the burden is smaller and the child larger, the former is carried in the arms and the latter on the back, sitting in a sort of cradle or pouch of cloth attached to the mother's shoulders, its bare legs bestriding her side and its brown armes clasping her shoulders or vainly clutching the air. Laboring women invariably carry their infants thus upon their backs, revealing their Indian descent and character at a glance. The garment used for this improvised cradle is generally the familiar zebozo, the only outer clothing worn by girls and women of the lower order in this country. It is a plain strip of some dark material—doubtless cotton—two or three yards long and not over one yard wide. The zebozo is worn much as a Northern woman throws a shawl over her head and shoulders for a moment's run out doors. It is both headdress and outer garment for the upper part of the person. Thrown back from the head, but retained by the ends in front, it may be a couch for a child or a sack for a considerable bundle. On the street and the plaza, in the market and at church, zebozos may be counted at any hour of the day by scores and even by hundreds. Many travelers do not admire their appearance, but they seem to me graceful and attractive. Women of the Indian race are seldom seen without them, and for aught I know, they sleep and are buried in them. For the rest, one cotton upper garment and a cotton skirt or two complete the feminine outfit. The men wear only cotton shirts and cotton pantaloons. Bare feet are vastly more numerous than those clad with sandals or shoes. The men wear a similar, but heavier, warmer and often gaudy wrap, the serape, or szarape. This is a sort of blanket, often costly. It is worn much like a shawl, the outer ends being brought from behind over the right shoulder, carried in front of the person and thrown over the left shoulder, where it hangs fast as if glued. How the serape is prevailed on to stay in place is one of the great Mexican mysteries. It is not fastened, at least ordinarily, but somehow or other it stays in place. The serape is worn more in the colder North than here. It is one of the most striking objects in the field of vision at Chihuahua. A dozen men digging for a horse railroad track, with red and white blankets thrown loosely over their shoulders, as if they had just crawled out of bed and forgotten to leave the covering behind them, is a comical sight. I witnessed such a spectacle in a rural city the other morning. The bright, inconvenient trapping appears less out of place in the afternoon sun at a gay bull fight. The serape, zebozo and leather sandal distinguish Mexican low life. The sandal is simply a piece of leather, cut to imitate roughly the shape of the foot, and held in place by coarse thongs which pass over the foot and around the instep. Mexicans of the upper class, of both sexes, wear clothing which rivals in richness and taste the best efforts of the tailors of St. Louis, London or Paris. The world contains no gentlemen and ladies more faultlessly dressed or better bred than they.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Curiosities of Definition.

There was a fiction that crocodiles wept over their prey; hence the tears of a hypocrite were named. Bullokar, in 1616, made an English dictionary in which under the word he says: "A crocodile will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eate up the head too. * * * I saw one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about two yards long."

Bullokar was followed by Minsheu, who issued in 1617, second edition 1626, a polyglot, but yet true English dictionary, remarkable as the first effort at English etymology, as the first book giving a printed list of subscribers to it, and giving an amusing account of the origin of the word Cockney:

"A Cockney or Cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of Bowbell, that is, within the city of London, which tearme came first out of this tale: That a citizen's sonne riding with his father out of London into the country, and being a novice and meerely ignorant how corne or cattel increased, asked when he heard a horse neigh, what the horse did; his father answered, the horse doth neigh; riding farther he heard a cock crow, and said doth the cocke neigh too? and therefore Cockney or Cocknie, by inversion thus: incock q. incoctus, i. e., raw or unripe in countrey-mens affaires."

But the dictionary of this period is what its author Henry Cockeram, when publishing it in 1623, was pleased to call "The English Dictionarie; or an Interpreter of hard English words. Enabling as well Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schoolers, clarkes, merchants; as also strangers of any nation, to the understanding of the more difficult authors already printed in our Language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue, both in reading, speaking and writing."

"Is this work in six or eight folio volumes," does the reader ask? No, it is hardly if at all, larger than the Primer of English Literature. It is, moreover, divided into books, the first giving "choice," the second, "vulgar" words, and the third, a singular jumble of natural history, mythology, and biography. Among the "choice" words is found "bubulcitate," with the meaning, "to cry like a cow-boy." The word "actress" is defined, since this book was published before the practice of women appearing on the stage sprang up, as a "woman-doer." In the third part it is stated of a little beast called the "ignarus," whatever that may be, that "in the night it singeth six kinds of notes one after another; as, la-sol-fa-mi-re-ut." "The Barble," Henry Cockeram assures us, "is a fish that will not meddle with the baite until with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."—*British Quarterly.*

Sugar In Mexico.

Sugar-cane was unknown to the Ancient Mexicans, who made syrup from honey and maguey juice, and sugar from cornstalks—much after the manner so extensively experimented upon of late in the United States. Sugar-cane was introduced by the Spaniards from the Canary Islands—first to Santa Dominigo, thence to Cuba, and soon after, by natural sequence, to Mexico. The first sugar-canes were planted in this country in 1520 by Don Pedro de Atienza. The first cylinders were constructed by Gonzalo de Velosa. The first sugar-mills, used at that time by the Spaniards, were worked by hydraulic wheels, and not as now, by horses. Baron Humboldt, who examined the will of Cortez, tells us that the conqueror left several flourishing sugar plantations near Cuyoacan, in the valley of Mexico, where now (owing, it is supposed, to the cutting down of the trees) the cold is too great for one to grow. The hacienda of Atlacamulco, like many others, in Mexico, is a little kingdom within itself, quite independent of all the world. Its fort-like walls are strong enough to stand sieges, and within them are buildings enough to form a respectable village. Beside the usual number, the hacienda adds a house for boiling sugar, whose furnaces blaze night and day; a house with machinery for extracting the juice of the cane, refining rooms, drying sheds, etc., all on the largest and most generous scale. This being also a coffee plantation, there is a great mill for separating the beans from the chaff, sheds in which the coffee is dried and assorted, and a distillery where aguardiente (rum) is made from the refuse of the sugar mills. Men, peons and horses are counted by the hundreds here, and the owner is absolute monarch of all he surveys. Besides fields of sugar-cane stretching away as far as the eye can reach, are coffee groves containing fifty thousand young and vigorous plants; plains upon which unnumbered horses and cattle range, beside miles of uncultivated land where deer, quail and other small game find a "happy hunting ground." About eighteen miles from Cuernavala are the temple and fortress of Xochicalco, one of the most remarkable ruins in Mexico. They lie upon a rocky eminence almost a league in circumference, which is cut into regular terraces faced with stone. The temple on its summit is seventy-five by sixty-three feet in area, of hewn granite, beautifully sculptured, and was constructed in the usual pyramidal-terraced form. But, sad to say, this temple of unknown gods, where pagan priests performed their sacrifices, has been desecrated by modern vandals, and is used as a sugar factory. In this favored region everybody's thoughts turn to sugar-making, as naturally as spooks fly upward. It is asserted that here crops may be reaped within a year after the cuttings are planted.—*Cor. St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Dust and Dusting.

Dusting is one of those domestic infelicities which every housekeeper shares. It is a thankless task at best; nobody thinks of remarking that a room is carefully dusted, but who fails to inveigh against the untidiness of her whose furniture shows the faintest touch of the insidious foe, which in summer every wind conspires to lodge in the crannies of the house, behind the books in the library shelves, in the vases, or wherever it is most inaccessible and unhandy? It perches on the chandelier, hides in the photograph album, powders the piano keys and the visiting cards. In winter the furnace and open fire furnish us with the uncoveted article, and, wrestle with it as we may, we never have the pleasure of fairly routing it. It is only an old-fashioned superstition that dusting is of any service; we believe it was Thoreau who emancipated himself from this fetich of the duster, and threw his specimens of minerals out the window because they demanded daily attention. What housekeeper will ever have the courage of her convictions, and follow his example? It almost seems, instead, as if we collected bric-a-brac on purpose to accommodate this ancient dust, and provide it a tenement. Bridget flings her feather broom hither and yon in desperation, flirts the dust into the atmosphere, where we may conveniently inhale it, instead of allowing it to remain innocently shelved, in spite of Florence Nightingale's injunction to use only a damp cloth; and who shall estimate the costly bits that have fallen a sacrifice to the slippery fingers of the house-maid? Indeed, we suspect that dusting is an art that should be taught as well as cooking, that should have its Prof. Blot and its Miss Corson. It requires patience, eyesight and determination, but we are apt to believe that anybody is equal to it, even a green girl who has never contended with dust, and does not know its ambushes, its force and strategy. The sincere duster, however, like the poet, is born; she loves her vocation; she would be miserable in a world where there is no dust to dispute with, if such a place exists; even gold-dust would seem a little discreditable to have about her. She "scorns delight and lives laborous days" in its service, and is jealous of the servants' interference with her prerogatives. In the meantime there are other people who are obliged to dust their dwellings, as there are those who feel obliged to write poetry, without any special talent for the work, because others do, because it is expected of them, but who do not pursue it as a mission which no one could so thoroughly accomplish as themselves, which if unfulfilled, would throw society into chaos—people who are not specialists in the craft, but only general practitioners.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—At Lake Butler, in Louisiana, the other day lightning struck a tree on which was perched a yellow hammer. The flash stripped the bird of every feather from its wings and back and singed its wings so that it could not fly, while its skin was not broken in a single place nor the bird killed.—*N. O. Times.*

—Prince Bismarck means to establish German colonies for emigrants to go to. He does not like to have so many come to America to be "absorbed" by the Anglo-Saxons. Where he will plant his colony is not suggested, but probably in Africa. That is a vast field for colonial enterprise.