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Lurid.

[Lowell Citizen.]

The Chicago Tribune has seen Irving and says that "his intellectuality is luminous and widely horizoned." Gosh! Sounds like a description of one of the red sunsets! Henry will send home a copy of that paper.

Peculiar.

A great many people have a very peculiar kind of religion. It resembles the portrait which the young girl wanted to have painted, which was to be a perfect likeness of her lover, but not recognizable to any one else.

DISCONTENT.

[Lillian Maud in Atlanta Constitution.]

I said in the tender spring time
When the flowers had bloomed awhile,
I am weary of this wild beauty,
And I long for summer's smile;
The glorious, passionate summer—
All glowing with fervent heat,
When the winds come up from the southland,
And the days are long and sweet.

The summer slept on the hill tops,
The south wind wailed and sighed,
The robin's song grew drowsy,
While the roses bloomed and died;
'Twas then I thought of the autumn,
And I longed for the thoughtful days,
When the trees should don their purple,
And the hill tops hide in haze.

Then autumn came in her grandeur;
The grass grew old and brown,
And splendor lay in the forest,
And the leaves came drifting down;
'Twas then I longed for the winter,
The winter cold and pale,
And my restless heart grew weary,
And the autumn's charms were stale.

And now in the heart of winter,
I sigh for the spring again,
And I think in wild impatience
Of the flowers on hill and plain;
And yet, ere the spring has vanished,
My heart will tire, I know,
While the jewel, Content, I seek for,
Will never be mine below.

SIGHTS IN HONG KONG.

Frightful Dissipation of the British Sailors---Never-Ceasing Revelry.

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

One of the first things I noticed upon landing in Hong Kong was the dissipation which is always going on. At first I thought some celebration must be in progress, but upon making inquiries I was assured that this was not the case.

"It is always so," said an American citizen. "Every day a certain number of sailors are allowed to come on shore, and they avail themselves fully of this privilege. As there are some two thousand of these sailors at present on board of the men-of-war in Hong Kong harbor, this city is quite lively most of the time. It is the men aboard these war-ships who get the wildest, for the enforced idleness of their life breeds recklessness when they once get ashore."

These sailors are beardless young fellows for the most part, and though they have a swaggering and tyrannical mien, I should not think that they would impress the Chinese as very formidable. Walking about the streets last evening in company with a citizen I saw literally hundreds of these sailors, crowding the saloons so thick that you could not see the counter. Outside the saloon the street would be packed with rickishas, for a sailor gravitates toward a rickisha the first thing upon coming ashore. He does not have to gravitate far, for the Chinese runners almost attempt the perilous feat of walking on the water in their eagerness to meet the sailors half way.

Soon after landing the sailors gravitate toward a saloon, and, numbers breeding reckless jollity, it is not long before they cease to be free moral agents. Then they curse and beat their rickisha men, and ride about with scarcely any cognizance of whither they are being carried. As I have already intimated, I am implacably opposed to the Chinese; yet my indignation was kindled in their behalf at first when I witnessed the brutality with which they are treated by these sailors. But my commiseration was all dissipated when my friend said:

"Don't pity them. John Chinaman is under now, but he will be on top pretty soon. Wait till the sailors get stupidly drunk, and they will be ignominously dumped out by the wayside, while these long suffering heathen Chinese will proceed complacently to go through their pockets. Don't misplace your pity."

"Don't the English make any effort to check this evil?"

"O no, it is so common they don't care to interfere. Once in a while, when a man gets to mashing things too generally and endangering people's lives, he will be locked up until he gets sober. But so long as they only injure themselves, no matter if they do break the peace, nothing is done about it."

I notice that very frequently, almost always, the sailors will give the order, "Go to the temperance hall," when they are well under "the influence," and there sleep off their booze. By the way, curious though the statement may seem, the manager of the Hong Kong institution is getting to be a confirmed sot. He has been inebriated now for a full week. The moral sentiment that will tolerate such a thing puzzles me.

Despite all the abuses to which they are subjected, however, these temperance halls of the Orient are institutions, and really do a great deal of good. They may be found in Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Yokohama, Kobe, and, for aught I know, in all the cities of the far east. For $1.25 a day sailors and travelers who want to economize are entertained in first-class style, and at the end of the year the citizens make up the deficit in the running expenses.

Queen of the Costermongers.

[Chicago Herald.]

An old woman named Robinson, well known as the queen of Costermongers all over London, was buried there the other day. She had been for years a vender of cat's meat, and made a fortune in small usury. By direction of her will, her remains were borne by four men wearing white smocks, followed by twenty-four young women, wearing violet dresses, Paisley shawls, hats with white feathers and white aprons. The corpse was shrouded in white satin, with a handsome wreath round the head. Free drinks and pipes were served at public houses named. There was an immense attendance, including numbers of pony carts and donkey barrows crowded with costermongers.

Floors of Glass.

[Chicago Tribune.]

In the stores of Paris glass is taking the place of wood for flooring. It costs more than wood, but it lasts longer, and, besides being easily kept clean, allows enough light to be transmitted through its roughened surface for the employes to work by in the floor beneath. The glass is cast in squares and set in strong iron frames.

THE WITCH'S RING.

["F. R. H." in San Francisco Argonaut.]

A very curious, straggling, sleepy old village is Adlingtune. Half a century behind the rest of the world, it still sits between the green hills of an eastern state, with its elbows on its knees and its chin in its hands, musing on bygone days, when old King George held the land under his sway, and when, as its old folk sagely remark, things were not as they are now. There are a great many old people in Adlingtune—in fact very few die young there. The atmosphere is so dreamy and peaceful that excitement cannot exist, and the wear and tear of the busy world is unknown, or at most only hums faintly over the hills, like the buzzing of a fly on a sunny pane on a summer day. And so they still sit in their chimney corners from year to year and muse, and doze, and dream until they dream their lives away and take their final sleep. It was to an old crone of this description that I was indebted for my adventure.

In the course of my idle ramblings about the village I chanced one day to peer over a crumbling wall and discovered an old, disused burial-ground. The brown slabs were broken, prostrate and scattered, with only here and there a forlorn, unsteady stone standing wearily, and waiting for the time to come when it, too, might fall down and rest with the sleepers beneath. Scrambling over the low wall, I stooped about among the grass, pushing away the tangled masses of vines and leaves from the faces of slabs that I might read the inscriptions there. But the suns and storms of over one hundred years had obliterated nearly all the letters, so that only portions of names and dates remained. Finally, down in a deep corner of the inclosure, where the weeds grew densest and the shade was darkest, I found an old stone which, leaning forward, had protected its face from the storms, and on this stone I read the words:

BARBARA CONWAIL.
BORN 1670, DIED 1730. AGE, 60 YEARS. HAVING BEEN LAWFULLY EXECUTED FOR THE PRACTICE OF WITCHCRAFT.

My curiosity was at once aroused. I inquired of several persons as to the history of this woman, but without success for a time. Finally, however, I found an old woman, who told me the history of Barbara Conwail, as it had been handed down by her ancestors:

Living in an old stone house at the edge of the village, she was rarely seen—for no one ever crossed her threshold—save when she was occasionally met by a frightened party of children idling away a summer afternoon's holiday in the woods, when she would scowl and pass away, stooping along over the fields, gathering herbs with which to brew her mighty potions. No one ever interfered with her, however, until a sad year came to Adlingtune.

An epidemic broke out and raged with a fury that nothing could withstand. People began to mutter that Barbara the witch was the cause of it. Passing along the road she was stoned by a party of boys, to whom she turned, and, shaking her bony hand, shrieked that the curse was upon them.

Two of the lads sickened and died in a few days, and though scores were carried away in a like manner, an especial import was attached to their death. Barbara began to be watched. They looked through her windows at midnight and found her bending over a seething cauldron, throwing in herbs, muttering cabalistic words, and stirring the mixture with what they reported to be a human bone. Old Barbara was working her charms.

So when one morning a man came into town, bruised and covered with mud, and testified that as he rode past old Barbara's house at 12 o'clock the night before, he saw the arch fiend and the witch in conversation upon the house top, surrounded by flames and laughing fiendishly in the lurid glare as they shook their fists at the plague-stricken village sleeping below, his tale found ready credence. The fact that he was an habitual drunkard, and had on more than one occasion rolled from his house in a drunken stupor and passed the night in a ditch, dreaming wild dreams, did not in the least detract from the belief of the villagers in his account of this scene; and when he related how this pair of demons had pounced upon him, and had first tortured and then thrown him senseless into a ditch, their indignation became uncontrollable.

Old Barbara was tried, condemned and hanged, though she protested in her innocence to the last. The little sum of money found in her possession was used to buy that gravestone—as no one would dare appropriate it—and to this day if any one were bold enough to go to her grave at midnight on the same day of the year on which she was hanged and say, "Barbara, I believe you were innocent," at the same time stretching out his hand over the grave, she would appear to him and place in his hand a talisman.

This talisman would bring good fortune as long as he retained it, but at some time in his life the witch would return to him and claim her own.

The old woman ended her story in a low, impressive monotone, which, with her earnestness and sincere belief in what she said almost carried conviction to me in spite of reason. As I sauntered away, ridiculing these ignorant and superstitious village folk, I found myself almost unconsciously wandering back through the old burial ground to the witch's grave. Carelessly glancing at the inscription, I was surprised to find that very day was the 150th anniversary of her death, and still more surprised when the thought occurred to me of watching at her grave that night. I ridiculed and scoffed the idea. Where was my boasted common sense and incredulity? But, still returning ever, came that wayward thing called fancy—and it conquered.

The world was wild and weird that night, when I stole forth from the village. The wind was moaning through the trees and sobbing piteously; the black clouds were driven in broken patches across the sky, now letting down the moonshine, and again shrouding all in blackest night, and making the shadows chase each other about and steal around corners upon one in a manner that made me wince in spite of myself. Climbing the low stone wall—rather nervously, I confess—I stole away through the old, down-trodden graves, pushing through the weeds and briars as silently as possible, and making my way towards that dark, dreary corner where the old witch reposed. A graveyard at noon is a very different spot from a graveyard at midnight, especially if one is there to seek an interview with a spirit.

I reached the place and stood by the tomb. It still lacked a few minutes of 12, and as I stood there watching the moonlight flitting over the graves I longed for a little ray to creep in with me. But no—approaching and receding and wavering all about me, it never touched this grave, but fled away as often as it approached, as though frightened at the black shadow forever lurking there.

By and by the village clock tolled 12. As the slow, tremulous tones stole out on the night the wind ceased moaning, the clouds covered the face of the moon, the insects stopped chirping, and when the last stroke was finished the almost unbearable silence was broken only by my own breathing, which I strove in vain to suppress. The darkness was intense and I could see nothing. A terrible feeling of guilt and terror seized me, that I, mortal, should be intruding there at such an hour. Mechanically I strove to speak the words I had been told, but my lips refused to form a sound.

Still I stood in that awful black silence, chilled with fear, until with a mighty effort I reached out my arm over the grave and grasped—a hand.

It was only for an instant—not that, for it was jerked away in a twinkling—but long enough to feel how warm and velvety it was and how small. Not that I lingered there to reflect upon these novel qualities in the hand of a ghost, and an old witch at that, for you altogether mistake my bravery in supposing it; but it was after I had cleared the old wall at a bound and was out on the moonlit road, walking at a rattling good pace toward town, that I recalled it.

From a state of intense cold I had changed to burning heat. The touch of those soft fingers thrilled me through as with an electric shock, and I walked faster still in my excitement. Gradually the consciousness forced itself upon me that I held something in my clenched hands. There was first a glitter and then a sparkle, as the moon fell on the hollow of my upraised hand, and I saw there a glittering ring set with flashing stones. The icicles began slipping down my back again, and I hurried on.

Some persons may be inclined to deride my nervousness on this occasion, but I assure such that I am not naturally a timid man. I have a medal hanging in my room at home which asserts that I am not a timid man, and above all, I had always been particularly void of superstitious fear; but truth compels me to say that I not only lighted all the lights on reaching my room at the little inn that night, but turned them very high into the bargain; and that I made a systematic inspection of all the closets and removed from its peg a long cloak that was hanging in a very suggestive position on the wall. This done, I sat down—with my back against the wall—and examined the ring.

It was a quaint old ring, curiously carved and massive. The setting was composed of several small colored stones set in a circle about a large diamond. My financial circumstances had rendered it unnecessary for me to acquaint myself with precious stones and their values, so that I could only surmise that the ring was somewhat valuable. Considering the excited condition of my nerves by this time, it was not strange that I should start when my eye fell upon the name that was inscribed in quaint letters inside the ring—"Barbara."

I sat and mused upon the whole adventure; what the crone had told me—the graveyard, the ring and (this was returned to me the oftenest) the thrilling touch of that soft hand in the darkness.

Perhaps I should say right here that I called myself an old bachelor, and had never been in love—that is, with any mortal. I did not think that I was devoid of sentiment or feeling, for I often dreamed of love, and worshiped beautiful things of my own fancy, but my life had been thrown among boys and men, and woman was far away and a mystery. A motherless home, a stern father, a hard working student's life at college, a stranger struggling for bread and reputation in a large city—one can perceive how it could be that I made few acquaintances among women. In reality I was only 25, but much experience and a busy life had made me feel older; so, as I said, I called myself an old bachelor.

I have given this brief history of myself in order to prepare the way for another confession. I was falling in love with the owner of that soft, warm hand. It is preposterous, but it is true. I began to doubt my reason. In vain I tried to remember that Barbara, the witch, was an old, ugly woman. The only picture that I could call up was that of a beautiful young girl with—but words fail me; only she was far from ghastly, but was as warm and substantial and full of life as that hand had seemed to be.

The fire-irons fell with an unearthly clatter and startled me out of my dreams. I went to bed to soothe my nerves with sleep, and lay awake most of the night with the lamps burning.

Fortune smiled upon me from that night. Two years of busy city life had passed, and old Barbara's talisman was still unreclaimed, when one day—do you believe in love at first sight? Well, if the first appearance of Walter Wyman's sister had not conquered me as she stood under the parlor lamps, a revelation of beauty and youth, the touch of her hand when she welcomed her brother's friend would have enslaved me forever. Never had a touch so thrilled me since—since I held the witch's hand in the graveyard. The same peculiar shock passed through me, and the memory of that spectral night came over me like a flash.

But I did not start out to tell a love story. Let me briefly say that I fell in love, hopelessly and ridiculously in love, and that I acted just like all lovers have done since the world began. It doesn't matter much about a man's age. At 27 he will conduct himself pretty much as he would have done at 17, and so I wrote verses and sighed, and tormented myself with a thousand hopes and fears, and grew hot and cold by turns, and wonderfully timid, and prided myself upon concealing it all, when, as a matter of fact, the state of my feelings was perfectly apparent to all my acquaintances.

Matters were in this interesting state, when one day an opportunity occurred of which I availed myself with a degree of skill and presence of mind that I am proud of to this day. It all came about through my asking the young lady if she believed in ghosts.

"I suppose I should," said she, laughing, "considering my experience."

Leave a woman alone to make an evasive answer. Of course, I implored an explanation and she related to me the following story:

"It was about two years ago when a party of girls, just home from school, were visiting a friend down in the country. One of the girls had heard a foolish old story about a witch's grave, and some nonsense about her annual appearance, and a talisman, and when I expressed my incredulity, they braved me to put it to the test. What is the matter? The place? A little town called Adlingtune.

"Foolishly I accepted their challenge and received a terrible fright. I carried out the instructions and stretched my arm over the grave. It was so dark I could see nothing, but some one seized my hand. I was so benumbed with fear that I could not cry out, but could only fly through the lonely graveyard to where my trembling companions were awaiting me in the field. It was a foolish adventure, for I fell ill, and it cost me a valuable ring, which was left to me by poor Aunt Barbara. 'For her little namesake,' she said when she sent it across the sea to me. You see, the ring was a little large for my finger and was pulled off by—by—"

"By me," I interrupted, taking the lost ring from my pocket.

It was time for Barbara (I forgot to say that was her name), to be startled now. I hope I may say that I came out strong on that occasion. I told my story in a very impressive way, lingered over the effect of the witch's hand on my heart, spoke of the good fortune the talisman had brought me, made a very pretty allusion to Barbara the witch reclaiming her own—for she was a witch, after all, as I could testify, having felt her charms—and finally not only offered to return the ring, but to give myself into the bargain.

She took both.

BRAIN OVERWORK.

Using Up and Living on Brain Capital Means Brain Bankruptcy.

[Dr. W. A. Hammond in Youth's Companion.]

Not long ago a gentleman in a state of great excitement came into my consulting room. His face was flushed, his eyes staring wildly, his speech was jerky, and so indistinct that I could with difficulty understand him. I begged him to be seated, but he strode several times up and down the floor before he could sufficiently command himself to sit down and tell me coherently the object of his visit.

"Doctor," he said, at last, "for God's sake put me to sleep. I have not closed my eyes in sleep for five nights, and if I have to pass another night like the last I shall go mad. Night after night I have gone to bed weary and, oh, so sleepy! but the moment my head touches the pillow I am wide awake, and all night long my mind is just as active as in the day. When I get up in the morning, my head is aching, my thoughts confused, and I am utterly unfit to go to my business. Now, if I could get one night's sound sleep, I could make $100,000 before the week is out. Can you give it to me?

"Yes, upon one condition."

"Oh, I'll do anything you want. I'm not afraid of medicine. You see," he went on in an excited manner, "I've got hold of a good thing. I've followed it up and have almost settled the whole matter, but my mind is in such a state from want of sleep, that I can't work it as I used to. Why, I can't even add up a column of figures correctly."

"You do a great deal of brain work, I suppose?"

"There isn't a man in Wall street that can beat me when I'm at my best."

"How long have you suffered from want of sleep?"

"Well, as I have said, for five nights I have not slept a wink, but then I have had more or less headache and wakefulness for a year or more."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, except dyspepsia and palpitation of the heart, but I don't mind them. I want my head set right, and I want sleep."

"And you are perfectly willing to do exactly as I advise?"

"Good heavens! I'll do anything to get right again."

I examined him, and wrote him a prescription.

"But this is not all," I said, as he folded up the paper and was about leaving the room, "not by any means the most important part of your treatment. You have a sore brain, and it is no more sensible to overwork a sore brain than it is to walk too much on a sore foot. You must go away, and at once. Get out of the city to the mountains, where letters and telegrams will not reach you; take a gun or a fishing-rod with you, and stay away a month."

"This is simply impossible" he exclaimed. "If I did that, I should not make my $100,000. I am willing to take your medicine, but as to breaking off in the abrupt way you speak of, it is out of the question."

"Now, my friend," I said, speaking slowly and deliberately, so that he should understand and appreciate every word, "I thought just now that you were a sensible man; I find, however, that you are the very reverse. It is, perhaps, none of my business to argue the matter with you. You came for my advice, and you have got it. But I feel compelled to tell you not only for your own sake, but that of your wife and children, that if you keep on in your present course, you will be in a lunatic asylum before the week is out."

"You surely don't mean that!"

"I mean every word of it. Your brain is now in a state of extreme congestion. You are using it up faster than you make it. You are living on your brain-capital instead of your income, and as a financial man, you know that means brain-bankruptcy some time or other. Night and day you are consuming your mental forces. You cannot sleep because your brain blood-vessels are gorged with blood, and hence there is no chance for rest and recuperation. It is a mere question of time, and a short time at that. I do not think you can stand it a week longer, for you are on the verge of an attack of acute mania. You profess to have common sense. Suppose you were a surgeon and a man came to you with a burnt hand—you gave him a salve to put on it, and straightway the man plunged his hand into the fire again. Would you expect the salve to do him any good? If you have quite made up your mind—the little that is yet left to you—to keep on in the attempt to succeed in your speculation, straining your mind to its utmost and depriving yourself of sleep, I tell you frankly to save yourself the annoyance of taking the medicine prescribed, for it will do you no good."

He then looked at me stolidly for a moment, then started to his feet, rammed his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, and paced the floor rapidly for a couple of minutes. "I'll go," he exclaimed at last, "if it makes a beggar of me!" and without another word he left the house.

He did go, remained about a month in the Adirondacks, and returned a wiser and better man. He slept every night after leaving the city, and though he did not make the particular $100,000 for which he was struggling, he has made many more since by using his brain properly and giving it its proper periods of relaxation and repose.

Figs and Sneers.

[Chicago Herald.]

Moscheles relates a droll blunder he made when at dinner in London. "To-day I was asked at dessert what fruit I would have of those on the table. "Some sneers," I replied. The company were at first surprised, and then burst into laughter, perceiving the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I, who at that time had to construct my English out of guide-books and dictionaries, had found that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person.' So when I wanted some figs, I thought figs and sneers were synonymous."

A grain of strychnine will embitter 600,000 grains of water.

Hauling In Flotsam.

[Cor. Chicago Times.]

While the high waters are raging, and while so much is afloat, there is a class of people which makes its living by hauling ashore whatever may be found that is valuable and what may properly be called flotsam. First in importance, of course, comes driftwood, and the amount seems endless; next comes barrels, filled and empty; then boxes, planks, bales, goods of all kinds, and sometimes houses. The man in his skiff makes a rope fast to any piece of property he may discover, and pulling on his oars with all his might, soon has his prize landed. I have noticed that there is generally but one man in these boats, possibly because he does not wish to have any question about the right of property. I asked one of these men if his pursuit was renummerative.

"O yes," said he, "sometimes we get away with a good deal of swag, especially in times of high water."

"Is what you find yours?"

"Sometimes there is a question about it, and if the rightful owner comes I give it to him, he paying for my trouble, but generally what I find is without an owner, and I keep it as a matter of course."

"You get hold of queer articles sometimes."

"You bet I do. One time I took in a barrel that was floating along as innocent as could be, and after knocking out the head found a dead body in it. I left that barrel severely alone, and went out to find something else."

"What pays best?"

"Boxes, by all means. I tell you it makes a man's eyes bulge out of his head to see the fat takes we rake out and the fine things we handle. The water rusts the metals a good deal, but still things themselves are worth a good deal of money."

"Do you have any trouble about disposing of your things?"

"Not the least. You see all men love money, and if they can get what they want cheap they don't care if it is a little off color. They pay for their things and take them away, and that is all there is about it. They don't stand long about it either; it is different from standing behind a counter and making a bargain. The wind cuts here like a knife, and a man's feet get wet, and he soon clinches his purchase and carries it away."

In this way the waterman went on telling the secrets of his calling, and feeling an honest pride in saving many articles from the greed of the great river.

Peru's Railroad King.

[Inter Ocean.]

There is rather a good story told of Henry Meiggs, the railroad king of Peru. He ordered a magnificent set of silverware from Tiffany's. One day a young man, son of wealthy parents living at Long Island, entered Tiffany's to buy his mother a present, and was shown Meiggs' order. Returning home he described it to his parents, and expressed a regret that he had not been able to duplicate the order for them. "You could," said his father, "if Meiggs would pay me what he owes me." He then told how in 1832 he had brought a quantity of lumber down the Hudson for Meiggs, and been paid in notes for $7,500 on which he had never got anything.

Unknown to the father the son secured the notes, wrote a letter to Meiggs on the basis of the old friendship between his father and Meiggs, and sent them to Peru through a banking firm. In quick response there came from the contractor an affectionate letter inclosing a draft for $15,000, principal and interest. This event was celebrated by the purchase of a silver service identical with the one that led up to the payment, and Meiggs was notified of the use made of his money. He thereupon wished to reimburse his old friend for the present, but that was declined. The old friendship has been resumed, however, and a new one established between the sons.

The Negro's Way.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Two old negroes become acquainted in a way that shames formality. Meeting for the first time, they look at each other. Then one remarks so the other can hear him:

"Doan' belebe I knows dat man, but his face is mighty 'miliar."

Then the other one says: "Seed dat man somewhar, but I kain't place him. Howdy do, generman?"

"Porely, how is it wid yesse'f?"

"Porely, thank yer. Whar does yer lib?"

"On de Pryor place. Whar does yerse'f 'zide?"

"On de Avery place. How's all yer folks?"

"Porely, thank yer, how's all wid yesse'f?"

"Porely, 'bleeged ter yer."

After this they are old acquaintances, and never fail to greet each other as friends.

Remarkable Experiment.

[Medical Journal.]

Mons. Ogata, a French physiologist, has made some remarkable experiments, showing that the process of digestion may be quite satisfactorily accomplished in animals without the aid of the stomach. Nearly the whole of the stomach was removed from a dog, the free edges of the alimentary tube being then sewed together. The dog completely recovered from the operation, and remained in perfect health, with good digestive powers, until killed six years afterward. In other experiments upon dogs it was found that albuminous substances were as speedily and completely digested by the fluid of the intestine below the stomach as by the secretions of both stomach and intestine together, but other foods were less readily digested in the intestine.

The Japanese Way.

According to Japanese custom age is counted from the first day of the January succeeding birth. At that date a child is 1 year old, whether born the previous January, at midsummer, or on the 31st of December.

The "boss orator," a tramp who makes speeches on any subject for a dime each, is on a tour through Texas towns.

CHINESE DUDES.

A Glance Into and Around the Gambling Dens in Mott Street.

[New York Times.]

"Do you know," said Mr. Ah Wung, late editor of The Chinese American to a reporter, "that there are at present in New York, and all within one block in Chinatown, just about 300 of the most civilized Chinamen on earth, who accomplish more work than their American brethren would give them credit for. They are gentlemen of leisure, seemingly, but they are making money, and enjoy life better than any of the hard-wosking Chinamen who day and night swing their polishing irons all over the city. This class is called by the Chinese Kwong Queens, or Long Sticks, because they own nothing and yet possess wealth. They may be found by the scores in Chinatown every day, either smoking opium or chatting in any of the grocery stores or various shops. They pay exorbitant prices to the store-keepers for the privilege of lodging and occasionally eating among them, and thus pass themselves off on strangers as attaches of the place. These gentlemen never retire until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and they rise at about the same hour in the afternoon. They live and dress in the prevailing Chinese style.

"About twenty or thirty of these Chinese dudes are gamblers, and each owns a small American safe, and in these are tens of thousands of dollars in ready money. These are the men who run the Fan Ton shops, or gambling houses, of Mott street. The attaches of these twenty to thirty Fan Ton bosses, or gamblers, constitute the main portion of the Chinese dudes. They are generally shrewd, smart men, who consider manual labor of any kind a degradation and a sin. They do not live quite so luxuriously as the Fan Ton bosses, but still their clothes are imported from Canton, and they eat good food. These attaches are divided into four classes—'Do Shos,' 'Nid Wens,' 'Han Tons' and 'Ton Sans.'

"The 'Do Shos' play openly and directly against the bank, and they are generally gamblers from China, of experience and skill. Many of them come here from China with only a few hundred dollars and go back again in a few months with thousands. Notwithstanding that they are opposed to the Fan Ton men, these latter repose the utmost confidence in them in regard to money matters. I have frequently known a Do Sho to run short of cash while gaming at the table, and have seen the dealer take his word for amounts as high as $1,000. When he wins he either pays back on the spot or sends it to the dealer by a servant the next day. The Nid Wens, or loafers, are generally habitual opium smokers, who gamble only when they can get hold of a little money, and are generally broke about 300 days in the year. The Han Tons are 'steerers,' who stand outside of the Fan Ton dens every afternoon and evening, calling to the Chinese passer-by: 'Tan la fa chi la!' or 'The Fan Ton within! Go and make your fortune!' They are paid by the Fan Ton bosses about $5 per week, with a percentage on all the 'suckers' they seduce inside, and occasionally a winner gives him a dollar or two. The Ton San, interpreted into English means a 'pull coat-tail fellow.' These are the hangers-on, who look like Pekin beggars. They can be seen at all hours crouching against the gaming table. They watch the game closely, and are invariably the first to know which way the game goes and to announce the winners. They also play for beginners and those who are green in the business, and the 'pull coat-tail fellow' gets a small commission when his client wins. There you have the two or three hundred Chinese dudes or gentlemen of leisure accounted for."

"But where does the money come from that keeps the bank running profitably and allows the Do Sho to take thousands of dollars back to China?"

"From the stupid green laundrymen and the 200 or 300 Chinese sailors and cigar-makers. Many of them make handsome salaries and large profits annually and then lose all their winnings in the Fan Ton shops. Any one who doesn't believe me can see for himself."

Society Nomenclature.

[New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

Society nomenclature is undergoing a change. There are no longer any "parties;" nobody has given a "party" these twenty years. In fact, "balls" are becoming fewer and fewer, and soon, I fear, will vanish altogether.

A young lady of Madison avenue said to me the other day: "Just think of it? Only two private balls this winter!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, enumerating a half-dozen on my fingers.

"Oh, dear no!" she interrupted. "Mrs. Astor's and Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts' entertainments were not balls."

"Not balls?" I persisted; "a thousand or two people dancing like mad till morning and it isn't a ball?"

"Certainly not," she repeated, calmly. "Those were merely receptions, with dancing."

"What is a ball, if you please?" I inquired, meekly.

"A ball," said she, "is an evening party where the german and round dances occupy the whole evening."

So you see there are hardly any balls nowadays.

Blood Cure for Gunshot Wounds.

According to The Australasian Medical Gazette, pious New Zealanders do not fail to pray earnestly to their gods for recovery after they have received gunshot wounds, but this does not prevent their using their own scientific methods of cure, which consists, in these cases, of drinking hot dog's blood. Professional observers say that the percentage of cures effected by native doctors is very large, and is attributed to the abstemious habits of the people.

A Suggestion.

[Norristown Herald.]

While scattering a few crumbs for the sparrows this severe weather don't forget to throw out a lot of old tomato-cans, barrel-heops and cast-off shoes for the poor goat, which has as much right to live as the imported feathered biped.