

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Scenes are now made so delicate that a signature on a piece of paper with a soft lead pencil can be weighed. —A resident of Savannah exhibits one hundred and twenty-four large sweet potatoes, which were grown on a single vine. They completely fill a barrel. —Crows distribute many tree seeds, such as acorns and nuts, by plucking them and carrying them away, dropping them again at some distance from the place of starting. —It is related that a Chicago woman who has had three husbands, all of whom she has "disembarrassed" herself of, is writing a book on "How to Make Home Happy." —Chicago Times. —At the beginning of every dramatic season, the newspapers say that the minstrel show is dead. Yes, the minstrel show is dead, but the people never grow tired of sitting up with the corpse. —In Chesterfield County, Va., recently a colored candidate for office was defeated because he wore a white shirt. It was the only immaculate rag of that kind in the district, but it was too much for his fellow citizens, and they "scratched" him. —Cleveland Leader. —Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, in an interview at Brussels said he had received letters from Emin Bey dated last November. In those, Emin Bey said the routes between Uganda and Wadali were open. Dr. Junker thinks that the success of Stanley's relief expedition is, barring accidents, assured. —A woman in Cuthbert, Ga., is the mother of eight living children, the oldest fourteen years and the youngest six months of age. All her children are blessed with perfect eyesight, and yet neither the oldest nor the youngest ever saw his father, while all the others have seen their father. —San Francisco Chronicle. —A German man of science has taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One was of the red variety, and it was found to contain 90,000 hairs. Next comes the black, with 103,000 hairs to its credit. The brown had 109,000 and the blonde 140,000. —Boston Budget. —Alexander E. Tucker, writing to Engineering, says that he has successfully edged grooving tools for chill rolls by dipping the actual cutting portion in mercury. No more of the steel than is actually necessary should be dipped, as, while imparting extreme hardness, it naturally makes the body of the tool extremely brittle. —Boston Budget. —A peculiar will has been filed in the registrar's office at Pittsburgh by Mrs. Martha Matthews, daughter of the decedent, which reads as follows: PETERSBURG, May 6, 1887. Martha Matthews, my mother, authorized me to collect her money for funeral expenses; balance for her. Her will. ELLEN M. GALESPER, MARK. Witnesses: J. MARTHA GIBBS, ESTHER PLAMING. —Iron says that if a continuous telegram wire were strung from New York to San Francisco, and a rainstorm should be in progress along the entire route, the shrinkage caused in the wire by the rain would amount to one hundred and twenty miles, and for smaller distances the proportion would be the same. "The above shows," says Iron, "that underground telegraphs have become a necessity. —The revived discussions as to the combinations of ink and paper least trying to the eyes of readers has, in this country, brought into public notice newspapers printed with black ink on red and green paper. A German printer, of Arnheim, on the other hand, enthusiastically advocates the use of blue ink on green paper as the least hurtful tints for the eyes to dwell upon. —Public Opinion. —The variable star Algol is so infinitely distant from the earth that it takes thirty years for its light to reach us. So we see it as was thirty years ago, not as it is to-day. When one of its obscurations occurs, therefore, the one that is visible to us occurred a generation ago, and about four thousand such obscurations have taken place, and started on their way hither since the one we see happened. —N. Y. Examiner. —Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the Hartford, is the only one of the old naval hulks at Mare Island Navy Yard which has not been condemned. The sloop Lackawanna, Shenandoah, Wachuset and Cyane have been ordered sold. The Lackawanna was in the bombardment of Mobile, and while ramming the rebel ship Tennessee tore off about twenty-five feet of the side of Farragut's flag-ship. The old admiral looked over the side and shouted: "Go ahead, boys; there are some fire-boards left." —Public Opinion. —There are five hundred thousand more women than men in Great Britain. There is a like disparity in Germany and in some of the United States. Whether this be accounted as a deficiency of the male or as a surplus of the female population, it is a matter more difficult to deal with than the surpluses and deficiencies which puzzle the heads of financiers and economists! The statesman or philosopher who shall restore a proper balance of the sexes will add immensely to the sum of human happiness. —Philadelphia Record.

The Species of Humanity Developed on the Great Plains of the West. The American man, the Drawer imagines, only develops himself and spreads himself and grows "for all his worth" in the Great West. He is more free and limber there, and unfolds those generous peculiarities and largenesses of humanity which never blossomed before. The "environment" has much to do with it. The great spaces over which he roams contribute to the enlargement of his mental horizon. There have been races before who roamed the illimitable desert, but they traveled on foot or on camel-back, and were limited in their range. There was nothing continental about them, as there is about our railway desert travelers, who swing along through thousands of miles of sand and sagebrush with a growing contempt for time and space. But expansive and great as these people have become under the new conditions, the Drawer has a fancy that the development of the race has only just begun, and that the future will show us in perfection a kind of man new to the world. Out somewhere on the Santa Fe route, where the desert of one day was like the desert of the day before, and the Pullman car rolls and swings over the wide waste beneath the blue sky day after day, under its black flag of smoke, in the early gray of morning, when the men were waiting their turns at the slubion bow, a slip of a boy, perhaps aged seven, stood balancing himself on his little legs, clad in knickerbockers, biding his time, with all the nonchalance of an old campaigner. "How did you sleep, Cap?" asked a well-meaning elderly gentleman. "Well, thank you," was the dignified response; "as I always do on a sleeping-car." Always does? Great horrors! Hardly out of his swaddling-clothes, and yet he always sleeps well in a sleeper! Was he born on the wheels? was he cradled in a Pullman? He has always been in motion, probably; he was started at thirty miles an hour, no doubt, this marvelous boy of our new era. He was not born in a house at rest, but the locomotive snatched him along with a shriek and a roar before his eyes were fairly open, and he was rocked in a "section," and his first sensation of life was that of moving rapidly over vast arid spaces, through cattle ranges, and along canyons. The effort of quick and easy locomotion on character may have been noted before, but it seems that here is the production of a new sort of man, the direct product of our railway era. It is not simply that this boy is mature, but he must be a different and a nobler sort of boy than one born, say, at home on a canal-boat; for whether he was born on the rail or not, he belongs to the railway system of civilization. Before he gets into trousers he is old in experience, and he has discounted many of the novelties that usually break gradually on the pilgrim in this world. He belongs to the new, expansive race that must live in motion, whose proper home is the Pullman (which will probably be improved in time into a dustless, sweet-smelling, well-aired bedroom), and whose domestic life will be on the wing, so to speak. The inter-State commerce bill will pass him along without friction from end to end of the Union, and perhaps a uniform divorce law will enable him to change his marital relations at any place where he happens to dine. This promising lad is only a faint intimation of what we are all coming to when we fully acquire the freedom of the continent, and come into that expansiveness of feeling and of language which characterizes the Great West. It is a burst of joyous exuberance that comes from the sense of an illimitable horizon. It shows itself in the tender words of a local newspaper at Bowie, Ariz., on the death of a beloved citizen: "Death loves a shining mark," and she lit a dandy when she turned loose on Jim." And also in the closing words of a New Mexico obituary, which the Kansas Magazine quotes: "Her tired spirit was released from the pin-racking body and soared aloft to eternal glory at 4:30 Denver time." We die, as it were, in motion, and we sleep, and there is nowhere any boundary to our expansion. Perhaps we shall never again know any rest as we now understand the term—rest being only change of motion—and we shall not be able to sleep except on the cars, and whether we die by Denver time or by the ninetieth meridian, we shall only change our time. Blessed be this slip of a boy who is a man before he is an infant, and teaches us what rapid transit can do for our race! The only thing that can possibly hinder us in our progress will be second childhood: we have abolished first. —Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine. America's Gretna Green. Nearly every State in the Union has its Gretna Green, but few has one that so thoroughly deserves the name as Camden, N. J. The clergymen of that town who do so much marrying are J. Y. Dobbins, Methodist; Rev. J. J. Sleeper, Episcopal; Rev. J. J. Heisler, Baptist. Mr. Dobbins averages 140 couples a month, and, as his average fee is \$4 a couple, he makes about \$6,720 a year. Mr. Sleeper unites about 60 couples a month, receiving about the same average fee; but as he has had a diagram photographed showing the most direct route from the ferries to his house he will probably soon be doing a land-office business. Altogether, the clergy of Camden must make fully \$25,000 a year out of the marriage business. —Chicago Times.

A Man, a Grizzly and a Rattlesnake at the Bottom of a Big Hole. One-eyed Zeke, who hunts for a living around Owen lake and along Owen river over in Inyo, came in the other day to beddoctored for a sprained ankle. Spraining that ankle saved his life on this last trip. Zeke has a scheme of his own for killing grizzlies that is very effective if a man has nerve enough to work it and his gun doesn't miss fire. He carries a heavy double-barreled shot-gun and a 44-caliber revolver, but never hugs a rifle even when he goes after bears. When he sights a grizzly he pops at him with the revolver and gets him mad, standing in the open where the bear can see him, and shooting often enough to dispel any possible doubts in the bear's noddle about the annoyance. A grizzly will go his own way usually if not interfered with, but if insulted with pistol-shots he is pretty certain to make a disturbance of the peace. The exasperated bear snaps viciously at the place where the pistol-ball strikes him, concludes that Zeke is responsible for the trouble and goes for him. Zeke waits calmly with a double load of heavy shot in each barrel and the hammers at full cock. Caleb comes right up to him, and when almost within hugging distance rises on his hind legs to throw himself upon Zeke. Then Zeke turns loose both barrels at the bear's chest, and blows a hole as big as two fists nearly through him. The heavy charge at such close range smashes the grizzly's interior works in a deplorable manner, and he dies right away. It is far more effective than an express rifle-bullet. But it requires nerve to face a big, ugly bear and reserve fire until he is within half a dozen feet of the gun. Zeke met a bear in the mountains near Owen lake and played his customary game, but not with complete success. By some extraordinary bad luck, both cartridges in his gun had defective primers, and when he pulled the triggers he was very much puzzled and disappointed by the absence of the usual loud report. It was a critical moment for Zeke. It took him the thousandth part of a second to grasp the situation and spring desperately to the right. Another small fraction of a second was consumed in his unexpected descent to the bottom of an old prospect hole that was overgrown with brush and escaped his notice. Probably that is the only prospect hole in that part of the Sierra Nevada, and it must have been dug by some half-cracked Forty-niner like Marshall, who prospected all the way from Yuma to the Columbia. Zeke vows it was dug by Providence. The sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the old man with a gun surprised the bear, and he had thrown himself forward and plunged into the chapparal several yards before he began to catch on to the fact that Zeke was not before him. As soon as Zeke struck bottom he looked up to see if the bear was coming down, too, and when he removed the bad cartridges and quickly inserted two more in his gun. He knew the bear would smell him out very soon. In half a minute Caleb's wicked snout appeared at the top of the hole. It disappeared, and was at once replaced by the bear's hind legs. Caleb was coming down stern foremost after the noxious person who had fired bullets at him. As the bear scrambled down Zeke aimed just under his shoulder and sent two handfuls of buckshot careering through his vitals in a diagonal line. The wound was almost instantly fatal, and the bear came down in a heap at the bottom of the hole, which was about ten or twelve feet deep. The excitement being over, Zeke realized that he had been injured in the fall, and that standing up was painful. He sat down on the bear to rest and reflect, and to induce reflection he took out his pipe and lighted it. The flare of the match lighted up the prospect hole, and Zeke was interested in seeing a good-sized rattlesnake lying dead under his feet, its head crushed by his boot-heel. He had landed on the snake when he fell into the hole, and the slipping of his foot had sprained his ankle. Zeke had a hard time climbing out of the prospect hole and getting back to camp, but he got there, and sent some men up to hoist the bear to the surface. The grizzly's weight was estimated to be nine hundred pounds. Zeke says he doesn't care about the sprain, because if his foot had not landed just in that spot he would have had more company than he would have cared to entertain at the bottom of a prospect hole. —Culicite (Cal.) Cor. N. Y. Sun. —President Hopkins' ideal of a college was "an institution where a young man, during the critical period of transition from boyhood to manhood, and even later, may have an opportunity to do for himself the best he can do; and also one that shall do for every such young man the best that can be done for him." —Mrs. Livermore has delivered more than eight hundred temperance addresses. For many years she has lectured five nights a week for five months in the year. She travels yearly twenty-five thousand miles, besides working late into the night to maintain her immense correspondence. —During the last year there has been a net gain of 339 members in the churches of the Irish Wesleyan Conference. During the year 412 members died, 488 emigrated, and 844 "ceased to be members" by not attending the weekly class-meetings.

Its Possession the Result of Education and Good Breeding. It is not possible to sit in an assemblage of people and not be impressed with the lack of physical self-control manifested. No matter how eloquent the speaker, how entrancing the music, for but few minutes at a time are they able to control perfect silence on the part of the audience; constantly are there useless and unnecessary movements, revealing the aimless, untrained mind. For, were the mind held, the body would be unrecognized and held by the grip of its power. It is the dual life that causes the constant movement, change of position, arrangement of clothing, movement of hands and feet—all showing that the mind has not sovereignty of the body because it has not been trained to that sovereignty, or the body to yielding to the higher power. Perhaps one—if not the one—annoyance to speakers and hearers is the endless coughing, hacking, clearing of the throat, that is one of the evidences of lack of control physically. The least self-restraint on the part of each individual would reduce the volume of sound enormously. The constant gratifying of an impulse acquired, not innate, the result of nervousness that grows by what it is fed on, is an evidence of untrained intellect. The effect of gratifying this needless impulse by fifty or sixty persons at the same time, in the same place, 's out of all proportion to the individual effort. If a fraction of the effort made in gratifying the impulse were made in restraining it, great good would result to health and comfort. We have associated the idea of self-control with the moral and mental nature, ignoring its immense influence in the development of the physical, and its reflex action on the higher powers through the physical. The woman who can not occupy a rocking-chair without keeping it in constant motion is the woman who can not meet the every-day annoyances with a self-poised calmness. Trifles distress her; and she excuses herself for displays of irritation because of nervousness, when it was nothing but lack of self-control. The mantle of charity is much enlarged by this modern fringe we call nervousness. "I must do something; I can not sit with idle hands," is not the expression of normal industry, but the expression of abnormal activity. It's the physical Martha instead of mental Mary that has gained control. Martha would serve herself and the world better if she recognized the moments when to sit still meant the learning of a lesson that would reveal true serving. One night a boy of sixteen sat in an audience apparently listening to the addresses being delivered. He hung his hat on his umbrella, and, putting his finger in the loosely-hanging silk, swayed the hat back and forth for nearly one half hour. To do this he was forced to make a motion of the right arm from the shoulder. Think of the wasted strength! A pale, thin youth, who needed every bit of strength and vitality in his body to make legitimate effort to accomplish any purpose. The movement simply revealed the empty, unused mind. Restless, aimless wandering about, or purposeless movements should be educated out of a child. All are the result of a purposeless mind. Physical restlessness can be overcome in an adult who will out to acknowledge the tremendous waste of energy, vitality and force in useless, purposeless movements. Compel yourself to sit still in a comfortable position that pays all attention to conventionalities. Do not give to restlessness which is the result of mental activity, and to abnormal physical activity, which results from the mental barrenness and irritability, the name of nervousness, and hug the delusion to the soul that nervousness is an evidence of a "highly-strung nature"—to use a much-abused term. Physical self-control is the result of education and good breeding, and its possession is as necessary to sound health as mental self-control to sound morals. —Christian Union. Type Made from Paper. Type made from paper is the latest novelty. A process has been patented by which large type for printing placards can be made from pulp. Such letters are at present cut on wood. The pulp is desiccated and reduced to a powdered or comminuted state, after which it is thoroughly mixed with a water-proofing liquid or material—such as paraffine oil, or a drying linseed oil, for instance. The mixture is then dried, and subsequently pulverized. In its pulverized state it is introduced into a mold of the requisite construction to produce the desired article, type or block, and then subjected to pressure to consolidate it, and heat to render tacle, or adhesive the water-proofing material. Finally, the type is cooled while in the mold, so as to cause it to retain its shape and solidity. —Boston Transcript. He Was Truly Grateful. "So you've been drunk again," said the judge, severely. "Yes, your Honor." "Have you any thing to say for yourself." "No, your Honor." "I don't see what I can do but give you ninety days and fifty dollars." "Thank ye judge, thank ye." "Thank me for what?" "For the fifty dollars you said you'd give me. It'll be mighty welcome, cos I'm hard up." —Merchant Traveler. —Variety is the best culinary spice.

Pugnacious Little Birds Which Are Driving Out Native Songsters. Just after the war, before the benches in the parks were reserved for the exclusive use of nurse girls and park policemen, a naturalist, who lived in the parks when he had nothing else to do, discovered that the shade trees were being slowly killed by the caterpillars and other insects. He wrote a big letter to one of the newspapers, and somebody advised the Park Commissioners to import English sparrows to check the evil. Acting upon the suggestion, a basketful of the birds was brought over from England in the fall of 1866 and set free in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. They did so well that in the following year another batch was let loose in Central Park. It was not long before it was discovered that the sparrows didn't eat insects at all, and instead of a boon they became a nuisance. Like many foreigners, they acted as if the country was made for them, and they set to work driving out the other birds whose ancestors lived here before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. They bossed the wrens, teased the blue-jays and took possession of all the nice houses which the Park Commissioners had built in the shade trees. They bred fast, and in a few years the army was strong enough to fight all the other tribes of birds together. One by one they drove out the orioles and made it so uncomfortable for the robins that they moved into the country, and soon they had the field all to themselves. In the meantime the caterpillars held high carnival. Then the cry went up that the sparrow was a nuisance and ought to go. Dr. Merriam, who is at the head of the scientific branch of the Department of Agriculture, sent out printed circulars to the farmers all over the country asking them to pass judgment on the sparrow. He received over two thousand replies, and not a single one of them had a good word for the sparrow. Ornithologist Assemblum Erwin was much interested in the matter, and through his efforts the last Legislature passed a bill making it a misdemeanor punishable by arrest and fine to feed sparrows or harbor them. "Something ought to be done to check the ravages of the sparrows," said Mr. C. C. Amery, Secretary of the Audubon Society, "for there's no doubt that they are objectionable. In my opinion it would be best to treat them just like the other game birds—that is, protect them at certain seasons and allow sportsmen to slaughter them at will during the rest of the year. I think it would be well to set a bounty on the sparrow's head, say a cent for each. This would encourage the gamins to kill them and give them a chance to earn a few honest pennies. Restaurants would cheerfully pay two cents more for the birds, which, by the way, are excellent eating and often palmed off for the more gamy redbird. The domestic sparrow is not a migratory bird and never leaves the towns or villages, and only a few journey to the country. They are very pugnacious and can fight any bird of their size. They eat grain and the scraps of food to be found in the ash-barrels and gutters, and a full-fledged sparrow would not condescend to eat the fattest grub-worm, even if he were almost starved. It is a singular fact that the young can only be raised by feeding them with insects until they are big enough to take care of themselves, but after that they live like their parents. They breed from three to four times a year and can stand any sort of climate, hot or cold. Although they have only been in this country a little over twenty years, they have migrated West rapidly, and can be found almost anywhere east of the Mississippi. I remember when they were first introduced into India, where they followed the English army during the war, and in less than five years they were settled in large numbers in the Punjab and Afghanistan. "They have practically driven out all the song birds, and even the swallows that used to build their nests under the eaves of our houses have been forced to seek another home." The writer saw a desperate battle between a big sparrow and a swallow the other day. The swallow had built its nest under the canopy of a tall chimney. One fine morning a sparrow approached, and perching himself on the nest, peered saucily into it, and began to peck at the poor swallow, who was seated on her eggs. A desperate battle ensued. Unable to defend herself in her cramped-up position, the swallow left her nest and flew to the roof to get away from her tormentor, who followed and renewed the battle. The sparrow, being more skilled in the art of warfare, had the best of it, and after cruelly pounding the swallow drove her off, and then returned to the nest and wantonly destroyed the eggs. Even the most ardent champions of the English sparrow concede that he is an enemy to the small American song birds, and unless something is done to check him he will ultimately exterminate them. The farmers also complain that the sparrow destroys the buds of fruit trees and bushes. —N. Y. World.

—Women are the State librarians of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi and Tennessee. —King Humbert, of Italy, never dances. Queen Margaret always takes part in two or three quadrilles at court balls. —Meissonier is engaged on a grand canvas in which he is portraying dragoons galloping past Napoleon with their heads uncovered. —A New York bookkeeper has succeeded in writing on one side of a postal-card 7 poems, containing 3,120 words. It took him 9 hours to accomplish the task. The letters are about the size of "diamond" type. —A young farmer in Georgia hires a negro to plow, and in order to see that no time is fooled away he rides the mule so as to face the plowman, carrying an umbrella over his own head and using a big fan in order to keep cool. —A guide who has conducted many bridal couples through the Capitol at Washington declares that they are his best customers, because "if a man is ever going to throw away money on his wife, it's when he's first married." —In the list of letters advertised as remaining unclaimed in the Perth Amboy post-office on April 29 is one addressed to a gentleman who staggers through life under the megalomania: "Ralyomihaly Tolopisz Alekakovuz Malvasgd Dojehornik." —Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the eminent scientist and astronomer, is hereafter to be a citizen of Florida, having purchased a tract of land on Orange Lake. He says the lower atmosphere of Florida is so clear that constellations stand out in wonderful brilliancy. —Lady Seton has taken great pride in showing to all her visitors at Durham House probably the earliest autograph letter of Queen Victoria in existence. It is in childish print characters and runs thus: "How do you do, my dear Sir Henry? Your little friend, Victoria." It was addressed to Sir Henry Seton. —Mayor Howitt, of New York, received his first money by reading to a rich man three or four hours a day for a year. He was then but sixteen years of age. For his year's reading he received the munificent compensation of fifteen dollars. Ten dollars of this sum was used to buy his student's gown and the other five was kept by his mother for incidental expenses. —Mr. Webster tells a pleasant story concerning his Italian journey. He called on a prominent publisher in Turin, and that worthy upon receipt of his card rushed forth with an effusive welcome. Mr. Webster, rather astonished at so much cordiality in a total stranger, suggested that his name could hardly be known to his Italian brother in business. "What!" exclaimed the Italian, "the publisher of the 'Pope's Life'! And then,"—with a profound bow—"Your beautiful dictionary!" —Argonaut. "A LITTLE NONSENSE." —The rockers on a chair never stiek out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling around in the dark barefooted. —Transformation.— "Was a noble old ash, and most bravely it grew. With nothing its progress to hinder; But a forest fire struck it, 'twas burnt through and through. And that ash now is naught but a cinder. —A young lady having read a very long paper at a missionary meeting showing the triumphs of the Gospel, the minister gave out the hymn beginning "Hallelujah, 'tis done." He wondered why everybody smiled. —Little Lucy, running into the parlor where her mother was entertaining her daughter Mary's beau until Miss Mary could complete her toilet and come down, cried out: "Oh! mamma! Johnny is dot Mary's teef and won't give 'em to her." —"Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leader of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Meddlejohn' over again; it's such an awful favorite of mine; and your father's, too!" —Chicago Herald.



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