

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Count von Moltke wears a yellow wig.
-The Nova Scotia gold mines yielded about \$500,000 last year.

Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, is now the largest city in South America, the census of 1887 giving it a population of 484,000.

There are thirty-seven tunnels of more than 1,000 yards in England, the longest being that of the Severn—7,664 yards.

It is stated that the number of youths of noble rank in Italy, studying for the Roman priesthood, is smaller to-day than ever before within the memory of man.

Tea-drinking is rapidly increasing in France, especially in the wine-growing district. It is recommended as not only the best digestive, but as the surest means of sustaining intellectual energy.

Alpine guides are in demand in the H. malayas, in the Caucasus, and among the N-w Z aland Alps; and a British mountaineer recently asserted that our own Mount St. Elias would never be ascended without the aid of a few professional Swiss climbers.

Electric light has been put in the Paris morgue, with an idea of increasing the effect produced upon murderers upon being confronted with their victims. Under the effect of the light the "confrontations" are expected to be much more effective.

M. Bapst, a Paris jeweler, in a recent lecture alleged that the sacredly-guarded scepter of Charlemagne is nothing more than a musician's baton, and that underneath the red velvet surrounding the handle are engraved the words: "This baton is my property."—singer in Notre Dame, 1280.

The czar of Russia is said to do much more work than any of his ministers, and can be found at his desk at almost any hour of the day. He rises before any of his household, attends mass every morning, and is scrupulously exact in the performance of all his religious duties.

Schneckenburger, the author of "Die Wacht am Rhein," is to have a monument at Tuttingen, Germany, expressing the sentiment of his song. A fund of \$7,500 has been raised for the purpose, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is president of the monumental committee. German-Americans have contributed liberally to the fund.

A most admirable charity is that of the Salvation Army in London, which has opened a restaurant, where a meal may be bought for a farthing. The small coin pays for a bowl of soup or a half loaf of bread, and two farthings secures a cup of coffee or cocoa and a slice of bread and jam. Thus for about two cents a wholesome meal can be bought. Terebinthe brings meat and potatoes and a halfpenny a dish of rice.

JAPANESE HAND-STOVES.

Device That Ought to Be Adopted in This Country. A great institution that one learns to appreciate now is the kairo, or Japanese hand-stove, a little tin or copper box covered with gay-patterned cotton cloth, and about the size of an ordinary purse.

It is an innocuous-looking thing, but glows with a steady heat that does not waver, and stops just short of burning or scorching. The hidden fire is supplied by means of a stick of fine charcoal incased in paper, that when lighted at one end burns with a steady glow for four or five hours, leaving behind a soft white ash. It is said that this pulverized charcoal is made from bamboo and persimmon leaves, but if so it is probable that they are charred more for economy's sake than for any special qualities they possess.

The kairo is centuries old in Japan, but a great improvement upon rubber bags and hot-water bottles of Western people. With a kairo in the pocket or in the hand one can brave the coldest ride, and for ailments there is nothing like it. Foreign physicians use the kairo with all hot applications, keeping poultices steaming for hours at a time, binding kairo to the head and neck of neuralgic patients, and on the chests of those afflicted with colds.

In traveling the kairo is the comfort of life, a hatch being all that is required to start the tropical glow for one's fingers; and when wrapped up in a rug with kairo properly distributed about, one can remain on deck in the coldest weather. When the deathly agony and misery of seasickness assails one, the kairo is better than all the bromides and powders compounded, the little firebox remaining at its post when nothing else can be kept on the stomach. In damp and milder seasons and places the shrewd housewives scatter kairo in the beds, the trunks and the linen closets, as with one stick of carbon the little stove keeps up its gentle heat for more than four hours, and by putting in two pieces it burns for six and eight hours. The little box of perforated tin or copper, with its calico covering and sliding top, costs from three cents to ten cents, and the carbons, that come in a paper like firecrackers, are only one cent for ten. The Japanese carry a kairo in their long sleeves, where they can hold it in their hands or slip it in their broad girdles, where the warmth will spread and generally cheer them the most. Why the exporters have never taken up the kairo with enthusiasm is a mystery. Next after tea the kairo is the greatest blessing Japan can give to the world.—Cur. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MARKETING BUTTER.

Mistakes That Are Frequently Committed by Dairy Farmers. Tubs or packages should be neat, of proper size, with covers fitting close and suitably fastened. The gross weight and tub weight or tare should be marked on plainly in pencil or otherwise. The address of the party to whom it is sent should be neatly put on either by stencil, tag or brush; the former is most desirable. They are usually furnished by all commission men, each stencil having its special number, which is registered to that particular shipper; for instance, No. 1 is registered to Smith, No. 2 to Brown and so on. All goods received with No. 1 stencil mark are credited to Mr. Smith, while all with No. 2 stencil brand on, are credited to Mr. Brown, etc. Therefore no mistakes can well occur.

It should be remembered that it is a drawback to the price of butter to have churning of different colors in one tub. If you can not fill a large tub at a churning, or gauge the color better use a size suitable to your make. Many think if they only get a nice churning on top the poor or light colored one in the bottom won't be seen, but the "trier," which is used most invariably to examine and sell by, tells the tale and shows it plainly from top to bottom, even to the salt between the churning or on the bottom. It also shows any surplus brine that may be stored away in the loose packing of the butter. When the butter shows streaked or mottled on the trier we know the salt or brine never struck those light spots, consequently the butter was not properly worked. If the butter comes out sticking to the back of the trier, tough and soft on the front of it, we know the butter was over-worked.

Should the butter come out crisp and short, breaking up roughly in places because of the friction in drawing the trier, we know it had been only worked once, and a surplus of brine left in the composition. While such butter will show in this style in winter, in summer it can scarcely be got hard; at least not solid. Some who salt the butter by saturated brine often make the mistake of packing when the granules are so hard that they do not adhere to each other, and as the spaces are all filled with the brine, the trier drags them out in the same form they came from the churn, while the buyer wonders if there is not corn-meal amongst it.

There is another trouble in salting by saturated brine alone, because of some lacking conditions the butter does not take the salt as usual; therefore, your butter has much less salt than you think; it has remained in the brine. If butter smells cheesy, we know the cream has reached too high temperature, and expect such butter to get rancid quickly. Smoky rain water, when used by the cows, or in washing the butter, is detected by smelling the trier of butter, so is the use of onions from the early pastures. Parched coffee within reach of the cream or butter imparts a decidedly bad flavor to it. In fact, any thing that emits a decided smell and is allowed to remain near the butter or cream, is liable to show up on trying the butter and effect its sale and value. If there is a peculiar bitter smell and taste to correspond, we know the milk was subjected to a temperature under fifty degrees at most.—W. N. Tiley, in Rural World.

THE CURIO CRAZE.

Japanese Bric-a-Brac Made in Modern American Factories. I have known the time when a brozo catch for a Japanese coolie's tobacco pouch was worth a great deal, and any man who had a piece of Japanese lacquer or a vase, was a man about the common. Now they make Satsuma ware in America, and export Chinese bronze josses for popular worship from Birmingham to China.

Curios? What's the use of paying big prices for curios, when you can lie about them just as easily. I know a lady who has a beautiful set of china, which is the admiration of her friends. She says it came from Japan, and is eight hundred years old. I know she bought it in Okiand, and it never saw Japan. Another has an old lamp that was supposed to have burnt in the Temple of Diana, goodness knows how many centuries ago. She fished it up in a second-hand store on Third street, and the proprietor of the store bought it with the effects of an Irish woman who made a fortune in a mine and sold out of the old truck she brought from Ireland.

I have myself seen the Japanese curio merchants pay one dollar apiece for brass imitation Japanese hair-pins, made in Birmingham, and sold by Nagasaki; and I've seen the wily foreigner pay them five dollars for the same pin and send it home as a great curio. Every thing seems to grow plentiful, even the oldest kind of relics.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Considerate Husband.

Husband—I never rebuke my wife except in two cases. Friend—What are they? "In the first place, I am rude to her when she reproaches me." "And under what other circumstances are you rude to her?" "Well, when she don't reproach me."—Amalibus.

AN ALBANIAN ROMANCE.

The Sad Story of a Girl Captivated by a Handsome Marksman. During a visit to Albania, one of the small independent Balkan states, I saw some remarkable deeds of marksmanship and heard a strange story regarding the skill of the Albanians.

There was a young man of some twenty-four or twenty-five who was not only remarkably handsome among all these handsome men, but was one of the most expert marksmen they had. He finally was persuaded to visit some cities to show his skill, and with him he had a young man who used to assist him by holding different objects for the other to shoot at. They finally reached this place after a very successful tour, and as he was about to give an exhibition at his own birth-place of his powers, his helper was found helplessly intoxicated.

Among the disappointed audience was a slender and pretty young girl of only sixteen who had loved this young man in secret ever since she could remember. He offered five hundred drachmas for a volunteer, man or woman, who would take his man's place, and this young girl stepped out and up to the platform. He accepted her and she stood without moving or finching while the balls almost grazed her delicate flesh on their way where he sent them. Her courage captivated him and they were married, and together they visited many countries and in France made a great furor. They had been married two years, and he had perhaps grown weary of such utter devotion, or he was dazzled by a woman of rank in France, and he neglected his poor little wife, and every night the temptress sat in a box and watched the handsome Albanian who looked up to her for approval after each feat.

These Albanian women have little mind and no education, and they live only in their love, and when that is wrecked they have nothing to fall back on and they die. That was all that she could do, and life was not worth the living without his love. So she wrote a poor little misspelled letter, telling him that she was broken-hearted and was going to die, so that he could be happy with that beautiful woman who loved him and whom he loved, that she did not blame him in the least, she was only sorry, and that she was but young and could not die unless she died by violence, and so, not to have the sin of suicide on her soul, she was going to let him kill her that night. She would welcome death from his hand.

And that evening at the performance, as she held a rose by a short stem, she waded in until too late for him to save her, and threw herself forward receiving the ball in her brain and smiling at him as she died. They found the poor little note, and he took the dead body of his wife home to her native hills, and she lies in the sunshine on the slope near the lake she loved in youth. His career was closed. He is now quite gray, and shuns all gay company, and has never touched a gun since that night in Paris.—Olive Harper, in Philadelphia Press.

TWO RICH MUSICIANS.

Millionaires Who Enthusiastically Love Music and Its Exponents. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire manufacturer and author, adds an enthusiastic love of music to his other accomplishments. He is a connoisseur in the matter of voice, and has a fine taste as to the involved compositions of modern musical writers. Before his marriage there was no more ardent patron of amateur talent than Mr. Carnegie. He never lost an opportunity of being present when invited to frequent the somewhat harrowing musicals which prevail in society. Many an ambitious singer and pianist of these exclusive circles have glowed with pleasure when praised in the energetic way of the author of "Triumph of Democracy."

One of the country's wealthy men who may be said to have the musical craze is Alfred Corning Clark, only surviving son and heir of the late Edward Clark of Singer Sewing Machine Company fame. The elder Clark died some eight years since, leaving an estate, the present value of which is at least \$50,000,000. His son, the virtual master of all this great wealth, is a most modest and unostentatious man. He lives quietly, gives no expensive entertainments, and his philanthropies are rarely published. There is, however, scarcely another wealthy man in the city who does more good with his money than Alfred Corning Clark. One of his favorite schemes of charity is the helping along of struggling musical geniuses who lack the where-withal to pursue a course of European study. A young man of this city, now studying at Leipzig, whose compositions have already forced attention in the musical world, a young man who is spoken of as one of the few coming masters of the organ, was several years ago about to abandon the struggle to educate himself and return to America because of lack of money. The case was mentioned to Mr. Clark by a common friend, himself a musician of culture and experience. Before an hour had passed the Atlantic cables were weighted with a thousand dollars for the young man's immediate needs, and also assurances of more to come. This is merely a single instance. Mr. Clark is himself a musician of no mean attainments. Every Wednesday evening during the winter he conducts a double quartet composed of some of the best male vocalists in the city, who are as fearful of his adverse criticism as so many boys at school.—N. Y. Sun.

ARTISTIC CONTORTIONS.

How Little Boys and Girls Are Trained for the Profession. The other day I called on a bender, a lady, not a gentleman, who is well known as a most serpentine contortionist. I wished to ask Miss Vonare a few questions about her art, with a view of throwing some light on the training of little boys and girls for the profession. The lady was sitting before the fire with her sister, who has abandoned bending herself, and exhibits a troupe of highly-educated poodles. A huge wicker basket contained her dress and other stage habits. From its depths she produced a bundle of photographs of herself, tied and knitted into all manner of curious folds.

That is the business of a bender. The body is thrown into a score of unnatural postures, which appear to the audience to be achieved by dislocating every joint in the human frame, and to be effected at great risk to limb and life. Artists are generally enthusiastic about their callings, and I must say that Miss Vonare declared she would rather be a bender than a queen, or something to that effect. She began at four years; at five years and eight months she was before the public, and remains a bender still. "My father saw a contortionist one night on the stage, and he asked himself why he should not teach me, aged four. I was put into training at once, and enjoyed the fun, as a child will enjoy any thing new. Was I beaten? Was I starved? No. I seemed to take to it like a little duck takes to water. You see, we were a family of athletes, and besides, I was a daughter and not an apprentice. If the father is the trainer he may not spare the rod, but he is cruel only to be kind. My experience is that less rod and more kindness is the best plan. Father used to bribe us into doing the difficult tricks. To be successful means years of hard work, practice and performance. I am nineteen now, and my performance keeps me in capital training."

In the business of contortion the first lesson is the backward bend, first with the arms, and then without. You stand on a long mattress, so that there is no danger, and at first your teacher controls your movements with a belt. It is much the same with other forms of acrobatic work, and the cruelty often takes the form of taking away the mattress, which creates a sort of panic in the pupil's mind. If he has really tried his best and failed, he is so terrified that he is almost certain to fall unless he has a great deal of pluck. If he has only been skulking, it may bring him to his bearings. Of course children are often stubborn, and try the patience of the teacher to its utmost limit.

"The art of contortion," continued Miss Vonare, "is learned by degrees. First the backward bend, then the 'dislocation,' then the 'splits,' and so on. What we call 'closeness' distinguishes the best bending. To the audience bending seems most difficult; but I experience no discomfort or inconvenience. I was a puffy child. You see me now." The lady bender was certainly most healthful and cheerful, stout in body and ruddy in complexion, and she strongly maintains that all women would be greatly benefited if they took to bending. "It is quite a mistake to think that we put our limbs out of joint, or that we suffer from the curious nature of our performance. Of course, after one or more difficult positions, one may suffer a little pain, but it goes in no time. In some attitudes I may remain for twenty seconds, as the breathing becomes difficult; but these are trifling inconveniences. I practice a few minutes every day to keep myself loose, here in my room, and that is about all I need do."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Source of Napoleon's Genius.

Napoleon, as all the world knows, ate very plain food and little of it, though always with hunger and rapidly. A little claret was all he drank; a single glass of Madeira would flush his whole countenance. He was neither an eater nor a judge of eating, wrote Carême, but he was grateful (was he?) to M. de Talleyrand for the style in which he lived. He differed widely from that poor Stanislas of Poland, who fondly studied onion soup in the inn kitchen at Chalons. Napoleon had a strange theory about his bile. There is no personal defect that a man can not get himself to be vain of for one reason or another. "Don't you know," said he to the Comte de Segur, "that every man that's worth anything is bilious?" 'Tis the hidden fire. By the help of its excitement I see clear in difficult matters. It wins me my battles!" Carême himself ate sparingly and drank nothing—a sort of Moses of the Promised Land by choice.—Saturday Review.

The Most Courageous Wins.

If a man does a thing bravely and well, even though it be directly at variance with our habits of thought and action, it is impossible to withhold from him a certain sort of respect. He has courage to assert himself and, say what we will, we all secretly like that quality, even when it tells against us. A person who goes creepingly and self-depreciatingly through the world, like a shy dog in a strange place, momentarily expecting a pursuing stick or stone, will generally get it, but let him "show fight," and he may choose his road, free from cowardly interruption. The most courageous wins. Our moral is—that this courage should have the right direction conveyed.—N. Y. Ledger.

CHICAGO FASHIONS.

Summer Costumes for the Economical and Extravagant. For every-day wear may be seen little fine-checked gingham, and a material called Oxford shirting, which are made in almost as severe a style as the tailor-made cloth garments. It is even predicted that they will take the place of the latter for traveling costumes. It can be easily seen that these materials will make a very good substitute for cloth, which has always been considered the proper thing for that purpose, as the dirt can be so readily removed, and the effect is really about the same. These come in all the shades of tan bordered off with white, red or blue, and there are some cloret colors with lines of blue and white which are very attractive looking. The challies brought out this season are superior in quality and color to any seen before, and some of them are not more than twenty-five cents a yard, and are to be found in dark blue and medium shades of browns, both serviceable colors for ordinary use. These are usually made quite simply and have for a finish velvet collars and cuffs or sometimes the addition of a little velvet in the skirt or a waist girdle. There are, of course, better qualities of challies which are very soft and durable, and besides these there have been some old-fashioned materials revived for summer dresses, such as Bengaline and brillantine. The former is a light-weight Irish poplin, and the latter is simply a very fine quality of delaine. The Bengalines come both in plain and flowered and are frequently used for combination costumes, with a petticoat of the flowered and the plain above. These trim themselves and require very little else, but gowns made of the plain color have to be more elaborately made. One of the newest things is to dye lace exactly the same shade as the goods and insert it in lengthwise bands on both skirt and waist. Ribbon is also used in quantities on dresses of this kind, but only as a flat trimming and not in bows or loops. Sometimes there are from three to five rows of ribbon used on the bottom of a skirt, put on plain and afterward plaited in with the goods, and this same is used on the drapery. The waist may have a yoke formed entirely of ribbon, or it may start from the waist line in front, or the shoulders to the same in the back. These ribbons are nearly all fancy ones, either with light or dark colors in stripes, flowered, or worked in gold thread. These last are very pretty, but are rather gay and only suitable for home toilets.

There is evidently to be a total change in black costumes for this summer. Worth, the dictator of the feminine world, has announced that lacagnons, both of French or Chantilly, are decidedly passe, and that he will no longer make them up. Of course this is will undoubtedly settle their fate, and other materials will have to be substituted in their place. Brussels net makes very pretty costumes, and it is said that the time-honored iron-frames are once more coming back into favor, and will be par excellence the dress for luncheons, teas, and receptions. Of course they are to be elaborately trimmed either with watered ribbon or jet, and some seen lately have had velvet used on both skirt and waist.—Chicago News.

YOUNG MEN, READ THIS.

Don't Measure Your Work by Your Pay; Always Do Your Best. It is very common for young men, I think, to determine the quality of their work by the price which they are paid for it. I only get, says such a one, five dollars a week, and I am sure that I am giving five dollars' worth of service; if my employer wants more, let him pay more; if he wants better let him give better wages. This is spacious reasoning, but it is false; and it is destructive to the best work, and therefore to the best manhood. No man can afford to do any thing less well than his best. He who always strives to do his best work, in the very process of a striving will grow better and better. Not only will he grow more skillful in that particular workmanship, but he will be better equipped for other workmanship. This is an absolutely universal law. It is the absolutely universal road to promotion.

The man who is careful to give nothing more than he gets rarely gets more than he gives. The man who works for his own sake, who puts the best part of himself into every blow that he strikes, who mixes all his work with brain and conscience, who studies to render the largest possible service regardless of the compensation which it brings, sooner or later will find his way on and up. The world learns his worth, and calls him to higher service. Nor is this all. By stirring his self up to do always the best he can, he grows into a power to do better and ever better.—Chautauquan.

Didn't Show It a Bit.

Kansas Traump—What town's this, Kansas? Kansas Farmer—Oklahoma. Traump—Where they've elected a lot o' women to the offices? Farmer—The same. Traump (shouldering his bundle and preparing to take the back track)—That's all I want to know. I won't have nothin' to do with no such durned town. I was raised in a country where men was capable of runnin' things themselves.

Farmer (relative of member of City Council)—Goll you don't show it a bit!—Chicago Tribune. Similar experiment.—Bombay Letter.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Though They May Not Be Lovable, They Are Always Likable. What a boon to all his friends and acquaintance a pleasant person is! It may be hard to define pleasantness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always by any means the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting; for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthy of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which make against his agreeableness as a companion; and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are likable; we perhaps have no desire to make friends of them, in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interest of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant, because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drails on their patience and sympathy.

If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may perhaps say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions, slowly acquired and grown in us; for the first, nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second. It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much "shut up in his own individuality," to use the phrase of an English writer. That is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are, and what they are worth to him for the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily, and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hardworking, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests beside his personal and professional ones. None of these were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other persons' ideas, his interest in literature and art as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diverse sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man, how pleasant he must be to himself—how comfortable to live with every day!—Atlantic.

EASTERN JUGGLERS.

Some Queer Tricks Whose Secret No One Could Make Out. Without paraphernalia of any description, devoid of dress except a cloth around his loins, he performed tricks of legerdemain the recital of which would bring a shrug of unbelief from the reader, and will, therefore, not be attempted, and yet one example must be related just to give the imagination a chance. A common wash bowl was placed in the center of the room. Four hen eggs procured in the hotel were deposited in the bowl. The little assistant of the juggler, in the presence of spectators who could plainly see the eggs on the bottom, slowly filled the vessel with clean water. The Hindoo placed his bare hand on the rim of the bowl and the eggs disappeared from view, returning when his hand was removed. This was repeated several times, but he kept the explanation of the trick to himself. A female contortionist about twenty years of age, splendidly formed, but of rather small stature, was our next visitor. She went through a series of exercises tying herself into so many peculiar knots that we doubted if nature had provided her with a backbone, but were convinced when she commenced her eyelid performance. A dagger, about a foot long, and as sharp as a razor, was fastened to the floor, point upward. The performer laid a small cambric needle horizontally across the fine point of the weapon, and standing before it bent backward until she moved the needle from its position with her eyelids, without touching the floor with any thing but her feet, unfolding a wrinkle of female eye capacity we had never dreamed of. Before we understood the design a proof of her dexterity was given which chilled the circulating medium in our veins. A little babe of about ten months (judging by American standards), was laid upon a cushion, and a small orange placed upon the naked baby in the vicinity of its commissary department. The woman then took a sharp sword, shaped something like a gimlet, and with a swift downward blow cut the orange without harming the child. No one envied the child's position, or volunteered to take its place in a similar experiment.—Bombay Letter.