

LONDON DAY BY DAY.

The smoke in vaster volumes rolls. The fever, heat takes larger toll. And sin a fiercer grip of souls. In London day by day.

The Wrong House.

He was a keen, sharp looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall.

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing."

"What suit?" she asked. "Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have them?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?" "Why, certainly."

"Look and act natural?" "Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject!"

"I—I have made a mistake, perhaps?" stammered the young man.

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. You may have better luck in the next block with the old fashioned confidence game. Good morning!"—Detroit Free Press.

Age of Parents and Vitality of Children. Mr. J. Korosi, director of the Hungarian Bureau of statistics, recently read a memoir before the Hungarian Academy of Sciences upon the "Influence of the Age of Parents Upon the Vitality of Children," and in which, taking 24,000 cases as a basis, he reaches the following conclusions.

Children whose father is less than 29 years of age have a weak constitution. The issue of fathers of between 25 and 40 years are the strongest, while the descendants of fathers of over 40 years are weak.

A Surprised Clergyman.

The following incident is related on the authority of W. L. Bright, M. P.: "Mr. Bright went into an agricultural district one day, and he had to walk from the station a long way into the village."

"Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech." "And what was it about?" asked Mr. Bright.

"Why, so-and-so and so-and-so," and he went on to relate the incidents of the speech. They discussed the topic and Mr. Bright said:

"Well, it is just possible that Mr. Bright may have been right, and that he was only expressing his honest convictions. There may be something in it."

"Oh, no, there can't be," said the irate clergyman. "If I had him here I'd feel just like shooting him."

"Neither revealed his identity, but before they separated the clergyman invited Mr. Bright to go to his church next morning, and Mr. Bright promised to go."

"No," said the clergyman, "I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog cart and called him a rascal and execrated him in all the moods and tenses and he never said a word. He kept perfectly calm and cool. I have insulted him. I must go and apologize at once."

Not Real Live Frogs. A good story is told concerning the proprietor of the Hotel Bellevue and one of the well known wits of the Clover club.

"Oh!" said he, sweetly, "if you want frogs, that's all right. I have two dozen large ones in the fountain on my place in Germantown. You can have them if you like."

"Weren't there any there?" inquired the Clover club man, meekly. "Shure there was, sor," said the other.

The Work of Modern Chemists. Some years ago, in the course of a conversation with an eminent mathematician, I asked in all seriousness whether he could give me a definition of mathematics that would convey to my mind even a faint idea of the object in view in mathematical investigation.

Reformed Pronunciation. The question of "What's in a name?" has been the subject of discussion around one of the principal hotels for some time, and an Englishman named Pugh is the cause of it.

Surprised Young Ladies. Miss Geta Childs, of Seattle, was surprised, to say the least, when somebody dashed a bucket of cold water in her face as she was standing in a drug store.

A New Allment from Wheat. According to Le Genie Civil, Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz recently exhibited at the Paris Academy of Medicine a new alimentary substance—"fomentine"—which is obtained from wheat by the aid of special millstones.

Testing Diamonds. It doesn't require an expert to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple, and can be made in any place and in a moment.

The Rod. The advocates of whipping as a means of family discipline are accustomed to quote Solomon as saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

HIGH HATS IN THEATRES.

A Manager Attributes the Nuisance to Imperfections in the Playhouse. Some people contend that the evil of high hats is aggravated considerably by the defects of our theatres, where sufficient slope is not given to the rows of seats.

By way of contrast, look at the conveniences proposed in a new London playhouse. The visitor will find his allotted seat a center of convenience and comfort.

We live in hope that one-half of these agreeable attractions and sweet boons may be realized, for the play going public has been long taught by bitter experience not to expect too much.

Buried Alive. An instance of buried alive is reported from Syracuse. For one such case which, through extraordinary circumstances, comes to light, it is only reasonable to assume that there are many known only to the all seeing eye and hidden from all human ken in the depths of an unviolated grave.

Forty Wagons Hauling Pies. There are many other details connected with the business that have not been spoken of. For instance, in one department seven women are employed all day long washing tin plates, which are dried by an improved steam apparatus.

Her Monthly Shopping. Farmer—How many yards of that truck will it take ter make ther ole woman an dress?

Clerk—About twelve, I should say. "At three cents er yard it comes ter thirty-six cents. I reckon twelve's er little more'n she'll need. Just cut off six yards. Times is mighty close, an' we hev ter be er little savin'."

"Any buttons or thread?" "No, I reckon not. She kin scratch up eruff of them at home. Craps wa'n't extry this ye'r, and we kain't erford ter fool no money erway."

"Is there anything else?" "I guess yer may wrap up er quarter's wuth er sugar an' er dollar's wuth er chawin' terbacker. 'Pears like a sin ter fool erway money for sugar, but ther ole woman thinks she kain't live thoutin it, an' ther habit o' usin' it's got sech er hold on'er that she gits erway wuth er quarter's wuth er money."

The Rod. The advocates of whipping as a means of family discipline are accustomed to quote Solomon as saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

But taking the average sales per day, say 17,500, it makes the weekly production (allowing six days to the week, for no work is performed on Sunday) 105,000; the monthly 455,000, and the yearly 5,477,500 pies.

And all this from only one pie foundry! Is it any wonder that the Americans are a race of dyspeptics?—New York Evening World.

PIES BY THE MILLION.

FACTORIES THAT PRODUCE THE GREAT AMERICAN STAPLE.

Fruit Peeled, Mince-meat Chopped and Dough Rolled by Powerful Machinery. Scores of Ovens Filled with Pies of All Sizes and Shapes.

Americans are great pie eaters, or have the reputation of being such, any way. For a great many years the consumption of these savory edibles has been looked upon as one of our most distinguished characteristics.

But where do they all come from? is a question that is frequently asked. The majority of them are manufactured in small bakeries around town, but there are several concerns, each of which is kept going day and night, and produces from 15,000 to 25,000 pies of all sizes daily every day of the week.

The entire building is divided into separate departments. In one department the manufacture of mince-meat is carried on by machinery; in another the fruit is prepared, while in a third the immense quantity of dough that is used is made.

In the room where the pies are made there are several long tables at which several men stand. The dough is brought to them in large buckets holding about thirty pounds.

The plates are then placed in rows in a wooden tray and taken to the fruit counter to receive their "insides."

There are a half score of ovens in this place, each of which will hold 400 four cent pies, or 126 fourteen cent pies. The four cent pies are retailed at five cents and the fourteen cent article sells for twenty cents.

It requires two men to run an oven, one man stands at the door of the oven and directs his partner where to put the next consignment. The man who places the pies in the oven holds in his hands a long, shovel like arrangement with a handle fifteen or twenty feet long.

These are twenty minutes, and when finished the hot and juicy dainties are removed, put in cases and sent to the wagons.

What He Would Have Said. A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and literati of the day.

What a little way we are, after all, from the dark ages! How many of my readers are aware that it is only 100 years this month since the last criminal was burned at the stake in London—and that criminal a woman? Here is the account of that event which a correspondent has sent me.

There is every variety of pie, chief of which are apple, mince, peach, plum, lemon, cocoanut, rhubarb, pineapple and custard. Berry pies are made when berries are in season.

To manufacture such an immense stock it requires not less than 20 barrels of flour, 1,200 quarts of milk, 8,000 eggs, 3,000 pounds of lard, 12 barrels or about 4,000 pounds of sugar, besides all the fruit.

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Contagious Diseases.

The French government has made a grant of \$25,000 a year to defray the expenses of the Pasteur institute, in Paris, the cost of founding which—several hundred thousand dollars—was contributed by various governments and private individuals.

If we could destroy their germs, they would cease. But to do this would necessitate universal co-operation on the part of all individuals in the community, which is practically impossible.

It cannot be denied that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but certainly it would not be as available for poetry if called by some pretentious, scientific term.

Two young men were studying, under the microscope, the bacteria found in ditch water, and one of them proposed that they should take their work home from the class room, after the usual hour for remaining there.

"Why don't you look at your live things at school, and leave them there?" she inquired, with manifest distaste for the whole subject.

"Because we've found such beauties today, we can't bear to stop looking," said her nephew. "Let us have the table, won't you?"

"Ye-yes, you may have the table," was the somewhat grudging response, and the young men, wondering why auntie was so peculiar, set to work.

"What, the bacteria?" "Yes. Don't let any of the creatures get out, and hide about the room, so that you can't catch them."—Youth's Companion.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Fannie Macaulay, who died a few days ago at Brighton, England, at the age of eighty, was the last surviving sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

—Assistant Doorkeeper Bassett has been in the employ of the United States Senate for fifty-eight years. He recently celebrated his golden wedding, and was then made the recipient of a handsome present from the Senators.

—E. B. Ball, the nearest living relative of George Washington, occupies a stall in the south corridor of the Pension Building at Washington, where he sells cigars and fruit to the clerks.

—Philip Armour, the Chicago meat king, ascribes much of his success to good memory. He is said to carry the details of his enormous business in his head, can remember dates as well as transactions, and never forgets a man's face or name.

—John Wanamaker's country place at Jenkin town is said to absorb his attention as completely when out of town as business does at the store in Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Stanley Brown, formerly Miss Mollie Garfield, daughter of the dead President, is described as a singularly beautiful woman, with a slender but almost faultless form.

—Miss Breckinridge, daughter of the Kentucky Congressman, said to a Washington writer, recently: "We once lived at the same hotel with General and Mrs. Harrison."

—In Emador it is understood that the employer shall board the cook's family. The case is similar in America, only the employer doesn't understand it.—Deake's Magazine.

—The last words of great men are all recorded in the books, but the last words of women, great and small, have always been too much for the historians.—Journal of Education.

—Rescuer (to man he has just cut down)—"The boys lynched yer, and left yer fur dead, did they? Well, how do yer feel now?" Half-hanged man—"Quite unstrung."—Boston Beacon.

—Dullard—"Now this is outrageous. Here's Caskey has charged the widow Jones \$500 for her husband's funeral."

—Family meatman—"I understand, Mr. Smith, that your eldest daughter was married yesterday. Permit me to tender my congratulations." Smith—"Thanks; if you would do the same by your meat, however, it would be more gratifying."—Burlington Free Press.

—Stranger—"How are base-ball prospects in Terre Haute?" Terre Haute citizen—"Bad. All gone to the dogs, so to speak."

—A gentleman meeting a friend on the street stopped him to condole with him on his emaciated appearance, and inquired anxiously as to the cause.

—Dear Charles," she said, softly, "you have been very kind to-night. Is there any thing (nestling closer) that I can do for you before you go?" "Yes, Mabel, was his eager reply, as he looked at her rosy lips: "you can, if you will, lend me ten cents to pay my car-fare home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—A Modest Request.—They were going home from the opera, and as she had occupied the most prominent seat in the box, carrying his \$12 bouquet and been seen by every one she knew, she was in a most amiable mood.