DIETETIC EXCESSES.

How Some Case-Hardened Palates Are Tickled and Soothed.

In the Sinclair House restaurant the other morning, a guest was waiting for his breakfast at a table next to a reporter's. He poured some Worcestershire sauce into a tumbler, added as much water, and drank it off. Then he dumped half the contents of a full decanter of catsup on his plate and sopped it up with his bread. When the breakfast came the bread and catsup were all gone, so he ordered a fresh supply of the former, and soaked it in Worcestershire sauce to give it a flavor. "He does it every day," said the waiter, "but he eats a $1.50 breakfast. So I guess the house does not lose any thing. There's a good many cheap customers that's nearly as bad, though. Ketchup is what they most y go for and they go for it so heavy that we never have a bottle on the table and only bring it when it is asked for. Some are very fond of oil. I've seen a man dump a whole cruet of oil into his plate and soak his bread in it and eat it. Another one mixes vinegar with his water and soaks his bread in it. About the only things they let alone are the salt and pepper. Mustard and horse-radish they eat by the spoonful, and when cakes are in season they'll take a whole half-pint pitcher of sirup to a ten cent plate of wheats or flannels. We've got one customer who makes a drink for himself out of sirup, water and vinegar and drinks it before meal. He says it's good for his stomach. I'd like to know what his stomach's lined with." The physicians say that this craving for stimulating codiments and odd compounds is due to diseases of the stomach. Hard drinkers and dyspeptics are guilty of the most extraordinary excesses of this character. Cases are cited of men who make meals off bread and mustard, and the drinking of Worcestershire sauce is by no means uncommon. In Munich, where enormous quantities of beer are consumed, the heaviest drinkers, who absorb quarts a day, are constantly nibbling at raw turnips seasoned with salt and bread besmeared with mustard. The wine topers of France, Spain and Italy consume vast quantities of oil, often drinking a glass of it between a number of stoups of wine, whose intoxicating effects it is supposed to offset. In many Italian drinking-shops in this city a bowl of peanut or cotton-seed oil is kept on the bar, with a dish heaped with cubes of sour bread made from damaged flour, by way of free lunch.—N. Y. News.

A "LOCOED" HORSE.

The Singular Effect of Eating a California Weed.

"Look out, that horse is locoed!" cried a driver, as a couple of policemen stepped up to help get his team out of the way of the cable cars, in front of the Flood building, on Market street.

The horse plunged wildly and struck savagely with his fore feet at every one within reach.

"Yes, he's locoed," assented another horseman, who went to his friend's assistance.

The harness was partly removed, and the horse was unhitched, but it was impossible to get him to move. He would do nothing but stand on his hind feet, and, using his hind feet as pile-drivers, tried to demolish all who came near him, at the same time snapping right and left like a vicious dog.

Four more policemen hastened to the spot, thinking that the two or three thousand people who had gathered betokened the beginning of a mob, or that a glove contest was going on in the street. Although earnestly urged by the crowd to do so, none of the policemen ventured to take hold of the horse.

"What do you mean by locoed?" demanded one of the bystanders, speaking to the driver.

The driver said: "In some portions of California a plant known as the loco weed is common, and when horses or cattle get it in their feet it drives them crazy. Sometimes they recover, but frequently they have to be shot. Loco has been confused with wild parsnip by many, though there is really no great resemblance. Wild parsnip is simply poisonous and is dangerous only to the animals that eat it. Loco, on the other hand, drives the animals into a frenzy, and people have frequently been killed by horses and cattle when thus affected."

The horse was finally crowded off the track by driving a heavy truck against him. He was then lassoed with strong ropes, and these being hitched to a dray, he was dragged bodily to his stable. The cars were stopped for several minutes.

When asked by a reporter where he supposed his horse got the loco weed, the driver said he supposed it was in some hay that was shipped here recently from a southern country.—San Francisco Examiner.

—It is no novelty to find vegetarians capable of long endurance of muscular exertion. In India, where the prevailing religion forbids the eating of flesh food, it is a constant subject of wonder and remark from all newly arrived English or Americans what extraordinary strength and tenacity of muscle is shown by the runners and porters there, who live on rice, and but little even of that.

—At High Ridge, near Stamford, Conn., there is a wife who is the mother of fourteen children, all living, and none of them twins. All but two live at home, and these two, catching the scarlet fever, went home to be nursed. They gave it to the other dozen, and the whole fourteen were sick at once, and medicine had to be mixed in pitchers and bread pans.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

President Gardner Formally Expels Brudder J. X. Caniff.

"Ar' Brudder J. X. Caniff in de hall to-night?" blandly inquired the President as the meeting opened with the mercury in the thermometer touching the figures 99.

"Yes sah," was the prompt reply of Brother Caniff as he rose up.

"Step dis way, please. I want to hev a few words of conversashun wid you. How long since you jined to dis club?"

"Two y'ars, sah."

"Exactly. 'Bout three weeks arter you jined I called at your house an' warned you to quit loafin' around saloons."

"Y-yes, sah."

"A leetle later I had to warn ye dat ye mus' pay yer debts."

"Yes."

"Still furder on I was fo'ced to tell ye dat you didn't own de airth, as you seemed to believe, an' dat if you didn't get down to work you'd h'ar sunthin drap."

"Yes."

"'Bout every two month's I'ze had to talk wid you on dis matter or on dat, an' I'ze finally got tired of it. Two weeks ago you went home drunk an' broke de stove wid an axe. I tole ye nex' day dat de climax wasn't fur off, an' now she's heah. You were drunk agin las' nite."

"I'ze sorry, sah."

"It ar' too late. I reckon Cain was sorry arter he killed Abel, but bein' sorry didn' help de case any. Brother Caniff, your name has been erased from our books as a member, an' you kin take your hat an' depart. You ar' no longer a member of dis club.

Brother Caniff stood like one stunned for a moment, and then sank down in a heap on the floor. The committee on cold storage were quietly ordered to remove the remains, and when Caniff recovered his senses he was lying on a pile of tin-scraps in the alley, with a cold wave from Lake Huron stealing up his spinal column.

AN OWNER WANTED.

It has been a year and a half since the last attempt was made to destroy Paradise Hall, and the janitor had passed from a state of mental anxiety to serene repose, when he was rudely awakened Friday afternoon by the discovery that human hyenas were again on the trail. Sometime between Wednesday and Friday access was gained to the hall by means of the sky-light in the roof, and probably by two or more fiends in human form. Their great object was to destroy the records and the museum; but as they passed down the hallway and turned to the right they encountered bear-trap No 1. Its jaws were wide open and hungry. The villain in the lead must have fairly stepped into it, and he had the closest call of his life. As the jaws started to close he made a spring, and so close was his escape that he left one of his boot-heels between the jagged teeth. The incident no doubt frightened the villains away at once, as nothing was disturbed.

"Dis club will offer a reward of fifty dollars fur de arrest of de pusson who left dat heel behind," said Brother Gardner, "an' if he ar' caught we will do our best to make him feel sorrowful fur de nex' ten y'ars of his life. I hev ordered mo' b'ar-traps, an' by to-morrer noon dar will be fo'teen of 'em guardin' dis hall. Fur de safety of sich members as desiah to visit de library, a map will be issued, wid de locashun of ebery trap indicated by a black and blue spot."—Detroit Free Press.

A FINANCIAL TALK.

Upon What the Valuation of Farm Lands Should Be Based.

Upon what should the valuation of farm lands be based? Farmers have usually priced their farms as much on the ground of arbitrary preference and choice as upon almost any other consideration. Of course productiveness, proximity to market, improvements, etc., have figured to some extent in this valuation; yet after all farms can not be said to have been valued in the same way that other productive property is rated in the market. The time has come, however, when farmers are beginning to look at this matter in a different light. The farmer is now more of a business man than he has ever been before, and he is making an effort to rate his lands on the basis of what they will produce and the dividends they will afford rather than upon what have heretofore been the chief considerations.

To illustrate: A farm of 100 acres which in a term of years can be made to produce a net income of $600 profit would naturally, in business circles, be rated as worth $100 per acre, and the market price of the land would fluctuate above and below that figure according as this income could be increased or was reduced. On this basis, which is coming more and more to figure in the market, a great deal of change in local estimates of real estate would probably be made. Many districts in which farms have heretofore been selling at high figures could hardly sustain their high position, if lands were to be valued according to their production.

This basis of valuation probably has more to do with the present depression in real estate than any thing else. It is simply a question of how much can be gotten out of a given investment in farm lands. The investment will stand about so much, and no more; and values are rated accordingly. Whatever else may figure in determining the price at which a given farm sells, the ruling consideration hereafter will be the ability to realize dividends upon the investment.—National Stockman.

A DROP OF WATER.

No Other Traveler's Journeys Can Compare with Those Made by It.

"It has been more than two hundred years since I passed along here the first time," was the astonishing statement of a stranger who had been paddling down White river, and who stopped in the shade of the old covered bridge at Washington street.

"There were no bridges over the stream then, and no reporters here to interview me. In fact, there is little here to remind me of my first trip. This stream has drawn into its bed like a turtle into its shell since my early days. It used to swell out through all these lowlands. There was no bottom to the water and you couldn't see across it when I was a boy."

"Are you sure this is the same stream?"

"There can't be any mistake about it. I never err in these matters. The course of streams do not change even if they shrink from rivers to brooks. I spent several days in this latitude before, and for a whole week was laid up against a big hill which stood out of the water north of here (now Crown Hill."

"How often do you make these tours?"

"Irregularly. I am always on the go, but I can't control my course entirely. I belong to a roving, restless, irrepressible and almost indestructible race. One year I am in Australia. Another I am up on the Andes mountains, now I am upon Hudson Bay; anon in Yucatan. My periods of rest are few, yet I never tire. Sometimes I am cut off from many of my tribe, but if I can't reach them one way I do another. My favorite routes are down the courses of rivers. I never travel over land, and if I lose my way or get off into a pond or slough that has no connection with living waters, I bide my time with the frog and snake-feeders."

"You mean that you stay with them until a freshet comes, which enables you to sail out into the waterways?"

"No. Sometimes that is the case, but if I get tired of waiting, and become weary of my companions, I shake the mud off my feet, put away terrestrial shape and form, fade into the invisible, and, rising high in the air, seek friends and congenial climes."

"Who are you, that you do these things?"

"I am a drop of water. Now you can understand why I am old without being gray; how it is that I travel constantly by stream or air, range over the wide creation, and, sometimes by chance, as fluid or vapor, make second and even third trips to the same place. But I must be away. I am billed to play a part in a cloud-burst in Cuba on the eleventh of this month."

And the shining drop ran along a drowsy fisherman's line and dropped off on to a black bass' back and was lost among a million fellow travelers.—Indianapolis News.

A NEW PRESERVATIVE.

Provisions Treated by a Novel Sulphur Fumigating Process.

A remarkable discovery has lately been made which promises to revolutionize the provision business. At the present time it is impossible to ship eggs to Southern points, milk to any place more than two days' journey distance, and some of the most delicious game must be eaten in the vicinity where it is killed. The most skillful refrigerator produced serves only to preserve meat and vegetables for a brief period, and leaves them when taken from the freezing chambers in such a condition that they must be cooked at once or spoiled. If a time shall come when the farmer may send his eggs or milk or other produce to Brazil or the antipodes, and Chesapeake reed birds sent to London and Paris, the value of such commodities will be tremendously enhanced, and every corner of the world will be benefited by the change.

A Chicago man claims that he has found a preparation which will do just this for the producer of foods. Having in mind the indefinite preservation of human bodies in the shape of mummies, he has called his production the "Egyptian Food Preservative."

This is a patented article and consists of a powder made up of five or six ingredients, among which are sulphur and cinnamon. This powder, when ignited, smolders slowly and gives out a dense, heavy smoke that sinks at once to the bottom of the room. The process of applying it to any subject is simple. If it be a steak, or a gallon of oysters, or a roast, or any other substance whatever, it is placed in the bottom compartment of an ordinary refrigerator which has been made airtight by lining it with rubber. The powder is placed upon a perforated shelf in the under part of the box and ignited. The box is then closed and not opened until the powder is burned out. This may take half an hour, and it only ceases to smolder when the oxygen contained in the box has been exhausted.

After that the subject of the process is found to be unimpaired in appearance and quality, and rendered permanently sound and wholesome. In the case of meat and vegetables, it does not matter whether they have been cooked or not before being subjected to the process. The result is the same. Even milk, when thus treated, will stand indefinitely without souring and without losing any of its nourishing qualities. Eggs that have been treated are found to have lost simply the vital element—that is, if placed under a hen they will not hatch. A number of eggs that had been thus treated and placed under a hen were left with her for twenty-one days, after which they were taken away and cooked and found to be entirely wholesome.—Chicago Herald.

THE DOG'S EXALTATION.

Quotations Showing That He Was in Former Times Much Despised.

A correspondent of a Boston paper has given much study to the subject of the dog, and discusses thus learnedly on that much petted animal: The fashion of parading the dog belongs to the world of to-day. It is supposedly an English fashion, therefore to be imitated. But how different in England! In vast domains where grooms and lackeys look after them they are admitted to the master's hearth on occasions and attend him out of doors. But one must go out of doors to see the dogs as well as the horses. Animals do not live on equal terms in London with men or women. In what well-bred London house does a bulldog live with a family? With this it is like many other foreign fashions which we endeavor to imitate, but only in part, without regard to the condition, circumstance, or social bearing of the case. A house that one has to enter by way of a dog is not an agreeable one. He is not wholly odorless in a room. This is not his fault, but it is a reason why he should not be thrust upon one's society. It is the attitude and altitude given him by man to which I object; ergo, it is man that offends me—man who is dog-bitten. I confess I share something of the Jewish repugnance to the dog when I see him lifted so entirely out of his natural element and made to play so important a part alongside of man. But considered only in the light of good breeding, is it not a serious offense to this when the dog is permitted a social position which nature never designed him for? I allude to persons so blinded by their dog-love that they hesitate not to call at a friend's house in company with the animal, and hesitate not to walk him into another's drawing-room. Could want of consideration and ill-breeding go beyond this? In our Boston Athenæum, among the printed rules framed and hanging on the wall, is one to the effect that "no dogs are allowed inside the library." Yet day after day visitors enter here with all sorts of dog pets, from the huge mastiff to the terrier!

It is curious to observe how directly derogatory to the dog are the teachings of the Old and New Testaments, therefore it is comfortable to reflect if one does not share the worship given by man to the dog that at least the sympathy of Holy Writ is with him. For example: By the Jewish law we know the dog was declared unclean and was very much despised. The most offensive expression they could use was to compare a man to a dead dog. Christ excludes dogs, sorcerers and idolators from the kingdom of Heaven. How about the idolatry of a dog? The name was sometimes put for one who had lost all modesty. St. Paul calls the false apostles dogs. "Beware of dogs." "Is thy servant a dog?" "My darling from the power of the dog." "Ye shall cast it to the dogs." "Not bring price of a dog into the house." "The dog shall eat Jezebel." "For dogs have compased me." And one might multiply texts of this sort and nowhere find in the Bible any thing different to offset this denunciation of the dog. Shylock, being a Jew, made use of the dog to express his hatred of his enemies, but throughout Shakespeare we find the dog employed to express contempt of persons, such as:

"Blasphemous, uncharitable dog."

"But you'll lie like dogs."

"No more pity in him than a dog."

"But that sad dog that brings me food."

"Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me."

"A plague upon him, dog!"

"He's a very dog to the commonalty."

"Away, inhuman dog."

"You false Danish dogs."

"A semblance that very dogs disdained."

"Dog-hearted daughters."

But enough of quotations in which, nevertheless, I take some comfort, finding that when friends flout me with their dogs I have Holy Writ and Shakespeare to stay by me.

No Small Cups in Chicago.

Several gentlemen who have visited New York told us some time ago that in polite society in that city there obtains a pretty fashion of serving coffee in miniature cups—after-dinner coffee it is called, as we recollect. It is deemed vulgar to serve coffee in large cups, because when a gentleman feeds he should prefer to feed delicately and not out of a trough. We once asked Prof. Fishbladder why it was that small coffees hadn't been introduced in Chicago society and he said that it was because they were regarded dangerous. It seems that the Calumet Club years ago did import a lot of these miniature cups with a view to utilizing them for after-dinner coffee. But at the very start there befel an accident that drove the innovation out of favor. One of the wealthiest and most influential members of the club, while endeavoring to make away with his usual after-dinner coffee, swallowed the cup, and for weeks his life was despaired of. Ever since then in the best Chicago society the regulation coffee cup has been the size of a sitz bath.—Chicago News.

—See that lady putting on her gloves," said a Frenchman, discussing national peculiarities with an American friend. "Do you know that's the first means of recognizing an American lady on the streets of Paris? We would as soon think of buttoning up our vests or putting on our ties after leaving the door for a walk, in Paris. Many and many a time have we picked out Americans in Paris by that sign.

HOGSHEADS OF WINE.

France Has Now a Huge Barrel Which Rivals the Tun of Heidelberg.

The great tun of Heidelberg is to be deposed from its proud supremacy over all other wine casks. There is on the road to Paris a huge barrel (sent by the people of Epernay) which will compel the colossus of Heidelberg to take, in future, a secondary place. The cask was naturally declined as freight by the railways, for the obvious reason that it could not pass under their arches. However its triumphal journey through France, dragged by twelve yoke of oxen and mounted on a lordly wain, was in better keeping with the object it is to serve than any more prosaic mode of dispatching it to the grand exhibition which this overgrown vessel is intended to grace, and an appreciable portion of which it will undoubtedly fill. The good liquor with which it is to be consecrated will follow by a more commercial route. Epernay is understood to be the district which the tun is to advertise in an especial degree. But Epernay, with its vast cellarage hewn out of the limestone rock, is the headquarters of a number of famous firms, each of which would feel that it had suffered irretrievable disgrace if a drop of its precious vintage were mingled with the less noble blood of its neighbor's grapes. How, then, are they to agree on the contents of the great tun which they have sent to Paris?

France has hitherto regarded the huge tun at Heidelberg with mingled feelings of envy and regret. It appeared to the vine-growers of the Gironde and the Cote d'Or that to consecrate such a gigantic vessel to the sour juice of the Rhineland was a degradation of mechanical art from the functions which it was intended to perform. The present tun is comparatively modern. Even the one which Thomas Coryat describes in his "Crudities" was not the first of the series, which, as a matter of fact, was begun in 1343, when it was made to contain twenty-one pipes of wine. When Coryat came to Heidelberg in 1608 the cask he describes was only seventeen years old. It had been begun in 1589 and finished in 1591. As history records that another tun was made in 1664 to hold 600 hogsheads and was destroyed by the French in 1688, the one which is at present moldering away in unhonored emptiness must be the fourth of its race. It was begun in 1751, and in its height of twenty-four feet and length of thirty six the great tun is, as Longfellow has put it, "next to the Alhambra of Granada, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages."

Nevertheless, the fame of the Heidelberg cask is somewhat undeserved. The tun is really much smaller than many beer vats in British breweries, which attract no crowd of gaping tourists and are not described in volumes of nineteenth-century travel. For instance, there is in one great English brewery a cask which is said to be capable of holding twice as much as the Heidelberg tun. At any rate, this vat measures 36 feet in diameter at the top, or 113 feet in circumference, and is 40 feet in height.—London Standard.

A CHAPTER OF JEWS.

One That Is Full of Both Information and Suggestion.

Miss Potter's chapter on the Jews of East London strikes a wholly different note. It tells us of a class well capable of making its way in the world and of adapting itself to the conditions under which industrial success is to be attained. The Jews of East London form a distinct community, numbering from 60,000 to 70,000, of whom 30,000 were born abroad, while of the remainder at least one half are of foreign parentage.

The Jews are a picked race. Persecution has weeded out the inapt and incompetent, and has sharpened the wits of the rest into what Miss Potter terms an instrument for grasping by mental agility the good things withheld from them by brute force. It is thus that the old promise to the Jewish people has been fulfilled in these latter days: "Thou shalt drive out nations mightier than thyself, and shalt take their land as an inheritance." Of social morality among the immigrant Jews Miss Potter can find no trace. They are a law-abiding people; they keep the peace; they pay their debts; they abide by their contracts; but this is the measure of the obligations which they acknowledge to the society in which they live. The struggle for existence and welfare for themselves and their families marks the limit of their interests and the conduct which conduces to success in it the limit of their social duties. We have the picture of the race of brain workers competing with a class of manual laborers, and getting the best of it and steadily rising in the world.

The lesson which it points is on the folly and mischief of indiscriminate charitable relief. The Jew has been sharpened by suffering. Kindness might have made him a better man, but would have left him without the offensive and defensive arts which are the great inheritance of his race. Indiscriminate charity—kindness it is not to be called—has a twofold evil influence. It weakens and it degrades. It unfits its recipients for earning their own living and it deprives them of the wish to do so. Mr. Booth's volume tells us, among other things, how large a part of the misery of East London has been due to this cause.—London Times.

—When a pretty girl turns her head to look at a young man on the street it is almost sure to turn his head completely.—Binghamton Republican.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning That and Other Tall Structures.

William A. Eddy, in writing of the Eiffel Tower in the Atlantic Monthly, gives some interesting facts regarding the limitations upon the erection of high structures of masonry by reason of the great weight of the mass of material. He says:

"Aside from the question of outlay or serious difficulty in the construction of any kind of material to such an altitude, there are questions of pressure and danger that daunt experienced engineers. M. G. Eiffel, constructor of some of the greatest works in France, notably the trestlework viaduct at Gavabit, 407 feet high, concluded that the building of such a tower had not been attempted in ancient times, so far as known, because iron then lacked the lightness, strength and adaptability seen in modern work. The enormous weight of masonry in so great a mass would not only imperil by its tremendous pressure the courses of stone near the ground, but would cause an irregular settling of the foundations, as in the well-known instance of the leaning tower of Pisa. In modern work a pressure of sixty-six pounds for each square centimeter (two-fifths of an inch on each side) is considered dangerous. It is estimated that fifty-five pounds in this proportion is too extreme for safety, although, owing to peculiarites of construction, this has been exceeded in some of the following instances, cited by Mr. Navier:

Pillars of the dome of the Invalides, Paris	42.55 pounds
Pillars of St. Peter's, Rome	36.08 "
Pillars of St. Paul's, London	42.70 "
Columns of St. Paul, Rome	43.58 "
Pillars of the tower of St. Merri, Paris	64.85 "
Pillars of the dome of the Pantheon, Paris	63.94 "

Mr. Navier includes an estimate of 99.25 pounds for the church of La Toussant a Angers, which is in ruins, and so not a convincing example. It thus appears that the resistance in some daring structures is from 33 to 44 pounds and only rises to nearly 65 in two instances. M. Eiffel cites the Washington monument, which, in its simplicity and boldness, he considers remarkable. In M. Navier's estimates given for the greatest feats of architectural engineering in the old world, this huge obelisk stands, high on the list of wonderful structures, the pressure at its base amounting to 58.35 pounds in the proportion above given. With the exception of the Eiffel tower, it is easily a bolder undertaking than any other of its kind known in the world, because it stands upon a relatively small base with no side support, with a weight upon its foundations of 45,000 tons. This immense square shaft, about fifty-five feet on a side, served as an illustration of the danger of attempting to carry masonry to a greater height than before achieved. Fortunately the foundation settled evenly, but to prevent probable demolition, the base was reconstructed and filled in with concrete. Meantime the structure began to lean to an extent that caused great uneasiness, and, finally, the suspension of the work. The reconstruction was begun in 1848, and in 1854, when it reached a height of 152 feet, its dangerous condition became somewhat marked. Its originally intended altitude of 600 feet was then reduced to 500. In 1880, after great difficulties the base had been widened and the foundation enlarged and deepened. Work was then recommenced and the masonry continued upward at the rate of about 100 feet yearly, until the topmost stone was laid December 6, 1884." The monument is 555 feet high.

ROUMANIAN LAOUTARI.

Music that Is Ever Weirder Than That of the Hungarian Tzigans.

An interesting feature of the exhibition will be the laoutari or gypsy musicians whom the Roumanian committee has brought to Paris. A few evenings ago they delighted a select company at a soiree given by Mme Edouard Herve, the wife of the well known Orleanist journalist, and last night they earned golden opinions at a private performance to which they treated a party of very competent judges at the headquarters of a leading Parisian newspaper. The band is composed of about a score of members, not one of whom can read a note of music; yet the style in which they played a variety of their native airs, throwing in Viennese waltzes and scraps of operatic music, perfectly charmed their hearers. Violins and stringed instruments of the zither type predominate in these gypsy bands, but the piece de resistance is a species of pan-pipes, in the manipulation of which they are remarkably proficient. Hungarian tzigans have already performed both here and in London, but the appearance of these Roumanian laoutari is a new departure which will be highly appreciated by visitors to the exhibition, where they are to play every afternoon and evening. It is from their earliest childhood, even before they can speak distinctly, that these musicians begin to be initiated by their progenitors into the mysteries of their art, the talent being hereditary in certain families. In their native country they are in high request in the cafe-gardens on a summer's evening; at fairs, and on festive occasions like weddings, though they also figure at funerals. The music of the Roumania laoutari is more wierd than that of the Hungarian tzigans, and is probably heard to the best advantage among the mountains of Transylvania, the minstrels of the hills being less affected by surrounding influences than their brethren of the plains.—London Telegraph.

—Strange that when the dyspeptic is forced to give up his desserts he but gets his deserts.—Hotel Mail.