

Eating by the Alphabet.
"Have you got anything here beginning with 'k' that's good to eat?" inquired a new customer in a well known local delicacy market, last Tuesday.
"How will pickled kidneys answer?" replied the clerk, after a moment's thought.
"First rate. Give me a dozen cans. The kitchen's life is saved," exclaimed the strange patron, with enthusiasm.
"I told my wife," he continued, "that if I failed to send home a kangaroo, dead or alive, before 2 o'clock, I should expect to find the kitchen served up for supper in the latest Chinese style. But your happy thought saved her."
"You see we all got tired eating the same things day after day, and so last month we agreed that during December we would begin and eat up (rather down) the alphabet, taking one letter a day, with bread, potatoes, tea and coffee thrown in as staples.
"So Dec. 1 we inaugurated the dietary system with a bill of fare consisting of apples in many forms, apricots pickled, asparagus, almonds and the staples. The next day's menu was beef, beans, biscuits, buttermilk, bacon and bonbons.
"The following day we feasted on chicken, codfish balls, clams, celery, cucumbers (fifty cents each), chives, cheese, cake, crackers, cauliflower, carrots, canned currants, canned cherries, citrons, cider, catsup and candy. And so it has gone on.
"The fifth day would have been a fast day had it not been for eggs, but we made an Easter of it. Yesterday we dined, breakfasted and supped chiefly on jellies. Today your kidney suggestion saves us from starvation, while tomorrow we will grow fat on liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc.
"A queer thing about our new food departure is the number of things it has led us to put in our mouths which we never thought of before."—Buffalo Express.

Thread Spools.
Among the peculiar industries which flourish in western Maine is the making of thread spools. They are cut from smooth, white birch timber—a wood which works easily—by various kinds of improved machines. There are numerous mills throughout the lumbering region, where the birch is sawed into strips about four feet long and from one to two inches in width and thickness. These strips, after being cut into spools, are converted into thread. The processes they go through are numerous, and one of them, the method of polishing them, is quite interesting. A barrel is filled nearly full of them and then revolved by means of machinery and belting until the spools are worn smooth by rubbing one against another. Spool manufacturing is the most important industry in several of the villages of Oxford county, and will doubtless continue so until the supply of white birch timber is exhausted. The manufacture of shoe pegs is another peculiar Maine industry, though shared in to some extent by other New England states. These are cut from maple and white birch by machinery, and are worth at the factory from thirty-five to ninety-five cents a bushel. The compressing of sawdust is also a flourishing business in Bangor in that state. There is a firm there styling itself a "compress company," who convert sawdust and shavings into solid bales by compression, which finds ready sale in the large eastern cities.—Timberland.

Horsemanship of Mexican Boys.
One of the finest and most inspiring sights of small town life in Mexico is the horsemanship of the boys from 8 to 17—perfect young centaurs, as much at home in the saddle as Arabs. How they go thundering through the streets, what marvellously short turns they make, and how instantaneously they come to a short, sharp stop in a headlong gallop! These country towns of Mexico are the nurseries, so to speak, of the national cavalry, an arm of the service which Mexico excels. The least sight in the world, one on which the gods must look down approvingly, is a high spirited lad astride a good horse. A Mexican boy takes to the back of a horse as a Cape Cod boy does to a boat. At no age is a rider bolder than in that enchanted period of existence lying between childhood and manhood.
A Mexican lad, in default of a saddle, will enjoy himself hugely bareback. He early learns to use the rope or rita, and, beginning with hissing dogs and pigs, he advances to mules and cows, and finally essays the services of a horse. So expert do they become that in war they frequently drag their enemies from their saddles by a skillful cast of the rope. Some of my younger friends here seem to me to live on horseback. They come home at noontime to snatch a bite, as most boys will, but off they are again on their tireless horses. They have the good fortune to live in a country which enjoys a climate which makes out-of-door life possible all the year round, and the country lad, continually on horseback, grows up straight, robust and daring.—Boston Herald Mexican Letter.

Hunting Lobsters.
For a seaside sport the visitors to a Cuban watering place have devised the safe pursuit of lobsters. The author of "The Pearl of the Antilles" describes the chase:
For this sport a big barge is secured, and after having been furnished with carpets and rugs for the ladies' accommodation we proceed to navigate the shores and creeks of the harbor. Three or four black fishermen accompany us and bear long torches of wood, by the light of which the ground beneath the shallow water is visible.
Our prey is secured by throwing a net, in the meshes of which the lobster becomes entangled; but should this prove ineffectual a long pole forked at one end is thrust over the creature's back, and as he struggles to free himself from the pronged embrace a nimble negro dives into the water and captures him alive.
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The Cat Joined In.
A cat was found in the organ during the services that were being held in the Masonic home at Broad street and Germantown avenue, Gen. Wagner presided at the organ, and while the hymns were being sung the pussy joined in with more vigor than harmony. When the music ceased the cat took a rest also. While the Scriptures were being read the cat broke forth again in a volley of music, her voice pitched in C sharp, and services had to be suspended while Gen. Wagner served a writ of ejectment on the feline. It was supposed to have been locked in the organ since Sunday last and was very much educated.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Advice.
If your hat blows off in the street follow it plainly and with gentle dignity. Somebody else will chase it for you.—Harper's Bazar.

The Play on Words.
A Brooklyn man proposes to import monkeys and train them to become bootblacks. Would the public put up with such monkey shams?—Texas Siftings.

Senator Evarts is sometimes known to work constantly at his desk for ten or twelve hours. During the preparation of the judiciary bill, at the last session of congress, he sometimes sat in his chair writing and dictating from 8 in the morning till 6 in the evening.

The all linen shirt is one of the luxuries of luxury. The man that has once experienced the "feel" of a fine all linen shirt will economize in every other direction in order that he may continue this special indulgence.

He (on a raft in mid-ocean)—There, dear, taste this orange marmalade, and while I scan the horizon wrap my great coat around you!
She—How great! how noble! how self-sacrificing! But, darling, are you sure you will not be too cold?
He—You forget, Maud, that I have on my Ascot tie.—Clothes and Fashion.

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THE MOST MARVELOUS INVENTION OF THE AGE.

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A Complicated Apparatus and the Various Uses to Which It Can Be Put—Its Great Versatility—Its Great Drawback.
A New State of Things.

Little did B. Franklin wot that some day the little start he made when he baited his pen with a good conductor and tapped the iron crow and belching nimbus with his buoyant kite and the pickle jar of electricity thus crudely acquired would be the egg from which inventors and scientists would hatch out a system which could not only enliven the globe with messages swifter than the flight of Pegasus, but that upon the light of day would be filtered through a cloud of cables bonded with destruction sufficient for a whole army and the air teilled with jets of scalding tangling wires.

I am not an old fogey though I may have that appearance, and I rejoice to see the world move on. One by one I have laid aside my own encountering prejudices in order to keep up with the procession. Have I not gradually adapted myself to the necessities for advancement in the most rapid and glorious evolution of the power coil up to the finger bowl, eyeglass and revolver?
To return, however, to the subject of electricity, I have recently sought to fathom the style and motif of a new system which is to be introduced into private residences, hotels and police headquarters. In private houses it will be used as a burglar's welcome. In hotels it will take the mental strain of the bellboy relieving him also of a portion of his burlesome salary at the same time. In the police department it will do almost everything but eat peanuts from the corner stand.

The system is an exhibition in a large room downtown, and the signals or boxes on one side and the annunciator or central station on the other. By walking from one to the other, a distance in all of thirty or forty miles, I was enabled to get a slight idea of the principle.
It is certainly a very intelligent system. I never felt my own inferiority any more than I did in the presence of this wonderful invention. It will do almost anything, it seemed to me, and the main drawback seems to be its great versatility, for it thereby becomes so complex that in order to become all intimate with it policemen ought to put in two years at Yale and at least a year at Leipsic.

An extended course of study would thus present him in this time, but he would not then be content to act as a policeman. He would want to be a scientist, with dandruff on his coat collar and a far away look.

Then, again, take the hotel scheme, for instance. We go to a dining room which is marked room 32. There we find that by treating it in a certain way it will announce to the clerk that room 32 wants a fire, ice water, pens, ink, paper, towels, fire escape, Milwaukee beer, pillow shams, New York World, menu, Croton frappe, carriage, laundry physician, sleeping car ticket, berth mark for same, hair oil, soap, not flat iron for ironing trousers, baggage, blotter, tidy for car or any of those things. In fact I have not given half the list on this barometer because I could not remember them, though I may have added others which were not on the indicator. The message arrives at the office, but the clerk is engaged in conversation with a lady. He does not jump when the alarm sounds, but continues the dialogue. Another guest wins the office that he would like a copy of The Congressional Record.

The message is filed away automatically, and the thrilling conversation goes on. Then No. 7-5-8 asks to have his mail sent up. No. 25 wants to know what time the bus leaves the house for the train going east, and whether that train will connect at Allentown, O., with a tide water train for Cleveland in time to catch the late afternoon train which will bring him into New York at 7:30, and whether all those trains are reported on time or not, and if not, will the office kindly state why? Other guests also manifest a morbid curiosity through their transmitters, but the clerk does not get excited, for he knows that all those remarks are filed away in the large black walnut box at the back of the office. When he gets ready, provided he has been through a course of study in this brand of business, he takes one room at a time, and addressing a pale young "Banister Polisher" of the name of "Frook," he begins to scatter information, baggage, towels, morning papers, time tables, etc., all over the house. For instance, No. 8 wants to know the correct time. He moves an indicator around like the combination of a safe, reads a few pages of instructions, and then pushes a button, perhaps. Instead of ringing for a boy and waiting for him some time, then asking him to obtain the correct time at the office and come back with the information, conversing with various people on his way back and expecting compensation for it, the guest can ask the office and receive the answer without getting out of bed. You leave a call for a certain hour, and at that time your own private gong will make it so disagreeable for you that you will be glad to rise. Again, if you wish to know the amount of your bill, you go through certain exercises with the large barometer in your room, and, supposing you have been at the house two days and have had a fire in your room three times and your bill is therefore \$32.18, the answer will come back and be announced on your gong as follows: One, pause, three, pause, two, pause, one, pause, eight. When there is a cipher in the amount I do not know what the method is, but by using due care in making up the bill this need not occur.

This system is also supposed to keep its eye peeled for policemen and inform the central station where the patrolman is all the time, also as to his temperature, pulse, perspiration and breath. It keeps a record of this at the main office on a ticker of its own, and the information may be published in the society columns of the paper in the morning.

Electricity and Spiritualism have arrived at that stage of perfection where a coil of wire and a can of cream will accomplish a great deal. The time is coming when even greater wonders will be worked, and with electric wires, the rapid transit trains and the English sparrows under the ground, the dawn of a better and brighter day will be ushered in. The car driver and the truck man shall be down together, Boston will not rise up against London, he that heretofore has shag his goat no more to slug, and men shall learn scrapping no more.—Bill Nye in New York World.

A Brooklyn man proposes to import monkeys and train them to become bootblacks. Would the public put up with such monkey shams?—Texas Siftings.

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AN ARAB IVORY RAID.

A Cruel Attack of One Tribe Upon Another in the Wilds of Africa.
Soon after Tippu Tib's occupation of Stanley Falls in 1879 rumors reached Yabuli and the neighboring villages of oppression and persecution by the Manyema. Chiefs met together to inquire of each other the reason of this invasion. Less than three years after Stanley's fight with the Basoko at the mouth of the Aruwimi, the Manyema mercenaries of the Arabs attacked and destroyed several villages higher up the same river, having traveled overland from the Congo through the dense forests below Stanley Falls; and descending the Aruwimi river in canoes they laid waste all the villages by the way, capturing men and women, and imposing fines of ivory for their redemption upon those of the natives who were fortunate enough to escape to the woods.

Although every precaution was taken by the people of Yabuli to guard against surprise, they instinctively felt impending evil and a gloom settled over the village affecting young and old alike. They all appeared to realize their isolated position, escape being impossible as their neighbors were at enmity with them and with each other, and the poor wretches lived in a condition of fear bordering upon panic.

At last the evil day arrived. Early one morning, just before daybreak, they were suddenly startled by the loud reports of the Manyema guns. The forest around the village appeared alive with armed men, who rushed among their dwellings from all sides, firing recklessly, sometimes in the air, into the doors of the huts, and at the panic stricken savages, who rushed toward the woods for shelter. A few of the braver natives stood their ground and hurled spears and knives at their assailants, but one by one they dropped, shot by their brutal enemy.

After firing their muzzling loads muskets many of the Manyema rushed upon the natives and clubbed them with the butt end of their guns. The women encumbered with their children, whom they were bravely trying to carry off to the shelter of the woods, were soon overtaken by the Manyema, who roughly threw them to the ground and bound their arms and legs. Nearly two-thirds of the women and children were captured, including the favorite wife of Loko; but many of the men and a few women managed to escape to the woods.—Herbert Ward in Scribner's.

Was Once the Queen's.
Missing—a literary treasure supposed to have been once in the possession of her majesty the queen! The precious relic referred to is a copy of the original edition of "A Christmas Carol," presented by Dickens to the author of "Vanity Fair," with the interesting autograph inscription, "W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens (whom he made very happy once a long way from home)." The story runs that the queen possessed a strong desire to own the little volume in which the names of these two great contemporary masters of fiction were thus associated; that an unlimited commission was given for its purchase, and that it eventually became her majesty's property for the sum of £25 10s, and was immediately transferred to her keeping.

The original authority for the statement appears to have been the late Mr. Hotten, the publisher; but it is more important to note that Dickens' biographer, Mr. John Forster, has given it additional currency. The strange part of the matter, however, is that the royal librarian knows nothing about it, except that no such book is included in the collection under his care.—London News.

Climate of Southern California.
Winter as we understand it east of the Rockies does not exist. I scarcely know how to divide the seasons. There are at most but three. Spring may be said to begin with December and end in April; summer, with May (whose days, however, are often cooler than those of January) and end with September; while October and November are a mild autumn, when nature takes a partial rest, and the leaves of the deciduous trees are gone. But how shall we classify a climate in which the strawberry (none yet in my experience equal to the eastern berry) may be eaten in every month of the year, and ripe figs may be picked from July to March?

What shall I say of a frost (an affair of only an hour just before sunrise) which is hardly anywhere severe enough to disturb the delicate heliotrope, and even in the deepest valleys where it may chill the orange will respect the bloom of that fruit on contiguous ground fifty or a hundred feet higher?—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Overlooked in the Excitement.
He (on a raft in mid-ocean)—There, dear, taste this orange marmalade, and while I scan the horizon wrap my great coat around you!
She—How great! how noble! how self-sacrificing! But, darling, are you sure you will not be too cold?
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SIGHTLESS BUT NOT HELPLESS.

The Active Business Life of a Chicago Man Who is Wholly Blind.
The wonder of West Harrison street is a blind man, William F. Buschick, who lives at 1113, where he conducts a retail cigar and confectionery store. A casual observer would not be apt to discover that the store-keeper is totally blind from the manner in which he moves around and shows off his goods. Mr. Buschick keeps his own accounts, waits on the customers, takes in money and hands out change as deftly as any saleswoman in a downtown store. He seldom makes mistakes in handling coin, and if any-thing were seen enough to try it would be an easy matter to pass counterfeit coins on him.

His sense of feeling is keen, and perhaps more so as a result of the absence of sight. He hands out any brand of cigars asked for, and his sensitive finger tips light upon the right brand of chewing gum without any fumbling. His eyes, which are not concealed from view, are a beautiful dark blue, and a stranger looking into them would not guess that they were so utterly useless.
Mr. Buschick buys all his stock, going down town on the street cars and about the crowded streets of the business section of the south side without a guide. He never loses his bearings. When ready to return home he waits quietly beside a peanut stand and asks the vendor to tell him when a Harrison street car comes. This car passes his store, and he intuitively knows when it is opposite his home.

He jumps from the car while it is in motion. He walks about his store and turns sharp corners without mishap. He can walk straight to a door and grasp the knob without fumbling it, or trip down stairs as lively and as gracefully as a young woman, and never makes a miscalculation when reaching the last step. He is a candy maker and makes all the candy he sells.

As is usual in cases of blindness, the loss of this man's vision has quickened his sense of feeling and hearing. When his eyes went out of business their available assets appear to have been transferred to his ears and finger tips. His ability to locate objects by sound is wonderful. This was demonstrated one night when a burglar broke into his store. The robber left hastily with a leaden bullet in his anatomy, as spots on the floor proved the next morning. The blind man handles a revolver cleverly and shoots accurately for one so heavily handicapped, locating the object to be aimed at by sound.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Altogether Modern.
The opinion held by many people who have never had their attention especially turned to the work of Jean Jacques Rousseau is not that he was a benefactor of his kind, but in reality he was one of the first apostles of the modern methods of education, and it is only after all this lapse of years that his ideas have come to be widely adopted. It is he who once said that we came into the world ignorant, but with capacity; that education begins at birth; that we learn incredibly in the first years, and that as impressions supply our first knowledge those impressions should be of the best and should be presented in the right order; that the first cry of a child is a request, the second a command; that destructiveness in a child is not cruelty, but activity; that the sin of children is their weakness; that strength brings about virtue, and he who can do all things will never do wrong things.

This we see to be undoubtedly good reasoning in the light thrown on the subject of late years, and understanding now how greatly our children are affected by what they see us to be we comprehend more fully what Thales meant when he said that men must live in the consciousness that all around them is filled with gods, and that this should keep them more chaste than if they were in the holiest of temples.—Harper's Bazar.

When Japanese Children Die.
We stopped one day at a pretty and rather modest temple shrine, where sat a clean polished, benevolent looking priest, with big rimmed spectacles astride his little nose. Before and above and about the shrine hung little children's frocks, their tiny shoes, pretty little belts, dolls, and other playthings.

"What is this?" we asked our guide.
"When little children come to die their mothers bring their dresses and playthings here, and put a little money in this box. Every day the priest offers prayers that the little ones may be made happy after death, and have nice things and pretty playthings when they go to stay up there with God."

As we talked, a heart stricken mother came and tossed her coin into the box, and as she placed the little bundle of her dear one's pretty clothes in the tender priestly hand, we thought there was but one thing better than this, the saying, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—Japan Letter.

DR. WOOD'S LIVER REGULATOR
A VEGETABLE PANACEA PREPARED FROM ROOTS & HERBS, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, CHILLS & FEVER, DISORDERED DIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL OTHER DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH OR AN INACTIVE LIVER. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS.

Our Latest and Greatest Premium Offer!

THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA, IN FOUR VOLUMES.

A Great and Wonderful Work, CONTAINING 2,176 Pages AND 620 Beautiful Illustrations!
THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA has been published to meet the wants of the masses for a universal encyclopedia of the time, practical, useful, scientific and general. The work, published complete in four large and handsome volumes, comprising of 2,176 pages, and is profusely illustrated with 620 beautiful engravings. Thousands of children have been educated to make this the most complete, valuable and useful work for the masses ever published. It is a work for every body, useful to every body, in every occupation or walk in life. The illustrations and beautiful typography, together with the complete and up-to-date information contained in these four, and no more, reports to the work with knowledge of every kind, so filled in with useful and helpful suggestions, that we fully believe that in every home to which it shall find its way it will be regarded as a work of the highest quality. For want of space we can only briefly summarize a small portion of the contents of the great work, as follows:

HISTORY. The Mammouth Cyclopaedia contains a complete history of every great historical event, from the beginning of the world to the present time. It includes the history of the great empires, the rise and fall of the great nations, the lives of the great rulers, the great wars, the great discoveries, the great inventions, the great scientific achievements, the great literary works, the great art achievements, the great moral and religious reforms, the great social and political changes, the great scientific discoveries, the great inventions, the great literary works, the great art achievements, the great moral and religious reforms, the great social and political changes.

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