WIT AND HUMOR.

"Treat her up tenderly,
Treat her with care;
The banana peeled tripped her,
And you know she can't swear.
—Philadelphia Times

The glass filled to the brim at night will fill the hat to the brim in the morning.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Men's sins, it is said, always find them out. That isn't so bad as if they found them in.—*Berkshire News.*

If men wore their hair as long as the women do it would not last a week after the wedding.—*Dallas News.*

Before you do anything wicked, remember that the papers will propably want to mention it.—*Atchison Globe.*

The nickel-in-the-slot machine never robs itself. When it is not working it keeps the nickel.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When a man is convinced that he owes anything to himself he is always very anxious to pay it.—*Binghamton Republican.*

The poet's remark about "sermons in stones" recalls the lesson that David taught Goliath with a slung-shot.—*Washington Post.*

"So your intended is really a beauty, eh?" "A beauty? Yes, indeed. Why she even looks handsome in an amateur photograph."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is a sign that her husband is making money when a woman begins to get the look on her face of looking at you without seeing you.—*Atchison Globe.*

Mrs. Fidgett—"Going to church didn't improve your father's temper any. He came home like a wild beast." Dutiful Son—"After his prey!"—*N. Y. Herald.*

The reason why they kill spring chickens is because they are of no earthly use except in an ornamental way after they quit laying.—*Binghamton Leader.*

"Did he whip him?" "Whip him? Why he knocked him into the middle of next week!" "Then, of course, he knocked him out of time."—*Philadelphia Times.*

There is a strong resemblance between the friend who pats you on the back in a quarrel and the man who says "Sick 'em" to a dog in a fight.—*Atchison Globe.*

The man who howls loudest about the "equality of man" is invariably the man who is most firmly convinced that the world contains no one equal to himself.—*Puck.*

There is no record of the Good Samaritan distributing tracts. He made tracks, but they led in the direction of the man who had fallen by the wayside.—*Texas Siftings.*

After you have weighed your neighbor in the balance drop a nickel of fairness in the slot of self-examination and ascertain your own moral avoirdupois.—*Dover Sentinel.*

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay 10 guineas for a diamond ring for your wife?" Not at all; you seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill."—*Spare Moments.*

"Uncle Abe, what is your idea for having the camp-meeting held in another place this year?" "Wal, sah, the chicken cholera been ragin' pow'ful in de ole neighborhood."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Miss Ann Fulton—"In my day the girls wore one-buttoned gloves and dresses buttoned up to the neck; now they wear one-buttoned dresses and gloves buttoned up to neck."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"I trust," said the love-lorn young man, "that the poem I sent you touched you, even if only a very little." "It did, it did," she murmured. "I made curl papers with it."—*Washington Post.*

A Lightning Interview: Reporter—"What is your candid opinion of the Emperor, Prince Bismarck?" Bismarck—"Vor a Gotillion he vas O Gay, Vor a Cherman leadter he vas N Chee."—*The Epoch.*

Bliffers—"Hello Whiffers! How goes it? Still working for Harde Cash & Co.?" Whiffers—"No. I'm in business for myself now." "You don't say so?" "Yes, I married an actress."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

League Manager (to applicant)—"What makes you think you would make a good pitcher? You say you have never played ball." Applicant—"I have worked in a tar factory all my life."—*Drake's Magazine.*

"Tom—"So you did not propose to that dear girl last night, as you intended to. Ah, my friend, I am afraid you were not fired by the divine spark of love."—Dick—"No. I was fired by her father."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Wife—"You dance a great deal better than you did when we were married. Then you always tore my dress in dancing, but you don't now." Husband—"Humph! Then I didn't have to pay for it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Jimmy—"Them two Jones boys is mighty lucky to be twins, ain't they?" Bob—"Why?" Jimmy—"They can keep up three or four different Sunday-schools at the same time, and take in all the picnics and Christmas trees."—*America.*

"Pa," said Willie, who had been reading the newspaper, "who are the sulphur refiners?" "I guess they are the heterodox people," replied the old gentleman, who takes a great deal of interest in religious matters.—*Washington Post.*

The Rev. Dr. Rubitin—"Picture rejected, eh? Ah, well, all that will be as nothing if you are not rejected at the last great exibition—the Judgment Day." Mahlstick (discontentedly)—"Well, even if I'm not rejected, then I'll be skied."—*Racket.*

Father (who wouldn't give his daughter a new hat)—"Good sermon, Sophy? What was the text?" Daughter—"I cannot remember the words exactly, dad, but something to the effect that if you have one spark of generosity in you water it well."—*Buffalo Express.*

Judge Peterby—"Where is your son now?" Col. Yerger—"He is with Silverstone." "Isn't that the merchant who has failed several times and been burned out a time or so?" "Yes, that's the man. I want my son to get a practical business education."—*Texas Siftings.*

"There was a very interesting thing happened in the House of Representatives to-day," said the chatty youth to a young woman on whom he was [illegible] "Is it," she inquired in a [illegible] tone, "anything that you could tell me without impropriety?"—*Washington Post.*

"But, my dear," said Frau Meyer to her husband in the restaurant, "we have been here only a quarter of an hour, and already you have ordered three glasses of beer!" "But yes, child, what do I pay such a tip for if not to keep the waiters active?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Two mechanics visited the art gallery a few days ago and stood before "The Angelus" in silence for a few moments. "That's a fine picture," said one; "that's the real thing." "Aye, so it is," rejoined the other; "you can almost hear the whistle blow to quit work."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A fashion writer says that the person who is well shod, well gloved, and whose headgear is what it should be is always certain of consideration. It may be remarked with still greater truth that the person who is "well-heeled" has a mortgage on the entire visible supply of that article.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cholly Fashun (to Custom-House officer)—"Now that you have discovered those English clothes in my trunk and examined them I should like to know how in time you found I was trying to smuggle them. How did you know they were in my trunk?" Custom-House Officer—"They are so very loud that I heard them throbbing inside the trunk."—*Lawrence American.*

PUNISHING ANIMALS.

A New-England Dog Tried and Hanged for Witchcraft.

In the middle ages the lower animals were frequently tried, convicted, and punished for various offenses, says *All the Year Round.* Mr. Baring-Gould has collected some curious cases of this kind. In 1266 a pig was burned at Fontaney-aux-Roses, near Paris for having eaten a child. In 1386 a judge at Falaise condemned a sow to be mutilated and hanged for a similar offense. Three years later a horse was solemnly tried before the magistrate and condemned to death for having killed a man.

During the fourteenth century oxen and cows might be legally killed whenever taken in the act of maraunding, and asses, for a first offense, had one ear cropped; for a second offence the other ear, and if after this they were asses enough to commit a third offense their lives were made forfeit to the crown. Criminal animals frequently expiated their offenses, like other malefactors, on the gallows, but subsequently they were summarily killed without trial, and their owners mulcted in heavy damages.

In the fifteen century it was popularly believed that cocks were intimately associated with witches, and they were somewhat credited with the power of laying accursed eggs, from which sprang winged serpents. In 1474 at Bale a cock was publicly accused of having laid one of the dreadful eggs. He was tried, sentenced to death, and, together with the egg, was burned by the executioner in the market-place amid a great concourse of people.

In 1694, during the witch persecutions in New England, a dog exhibited such strange symptoms of affliction that he was believed to have been ridden by a warlock and he was accordingly hanged. Snails, flies, mice, ants, caterpillars, and other obnoxious creatures have been similarly proceeded against—mostly in ecclesiastical courts. And, stranger still, inanimate objects have suffered the same fate.

In 1685, when the Protestant chapel at Rochelle was condemned to be demolished, the bell was publicly whipped for having assisted heretics with its tongue. After being whipped it was catechized, compelled to recant, and then baptized and hung up in a Roman Catholic place of worship.

Probably similar absurdities may have been penetrated in our own country, for it must be rememberd that only in the present reign was the law repealed which made a cart-wheel, a tree, or a beast which had killed a man forfeit to the state for the benefit of the poor. It had been said that punishment is not likely to be efficacious unless it swiftly follows the offense. This was improved on by a Barbary Turk, who, whenever he bought a fresh Christian slave, had him hung up by the heels and bastinadoed, on the principle, it is supposed—though the application is decidedly singular—that prevention is better than cure.

The Sex Are Queer.

There were four passengers who got off at a country junction to wait two hours for the train on the other line—two men and two women. None had ever seen each other before. The station was a little better than a barn, with no house nearer than a quarter of a mile. The women gave each other a look and entered the waiting room, where they sat down as far apart as possible.

"Well, old boy," remarked the strange man to me, "have a smoke?"

"You bet."

And in five minutes we were well acquainted, and playing euchre under the shadow of a box-car. He didn't take me for a thief, and I never suspected him of being a murderer, and the two hours went by in a hurry.

Not so in the depot, however. For the first half hour the two women glared at each other. Neither would speak first. Each was afraid of the other. One looked out into the turnip field and the other into a swamp. Now and then one or the other mustered up courage to approach the door and look out, but always to return to her seat again. Only one had a watch. She consulted it every five minutes, but the other dare not ask what time it was. As an offset, however, a wooden pail, half full of warm water, stood near her, and though the other lady was dying for a drink she dared not go over to the pail. One had a novel and the other had a bundle of shells and curiosities, and they could have chatted and visited and read and had a good time. But they dared not. They had not been introduced. What an awful, awful thing if they had spoken and acted civilized, and then one had found out that the other was only a hired girl.—*Chicago Journal.*

Discovery of Anthracite.

The proposition to erect a monument to Philip Ginder, who discovered anthracite coal on Summit hill, Carbon county, in 1791, has given rise to a number of claims for the honor of discovering coal in Pennsylvania. The Wyoming valley people claim that anthracite was known in that section of the state as early as 1756. There is a tradition that hard coal was burned in the Valley Forge about the time of the French and Indian war. Nevertheless the Mauch Chunk promoters of the Ginder celebration refuse to be turned aside from their plans. They point with pride to the fact that the Lehigh Valley Coal-Mining company began practicing mining in Carbon county in 1792, in immediate consequence of Ginder's discovery, and it was only then that the possible importance of coal as a fuel began to be appreciated. They claim, therefore, that Ginder is entitled to a monument, and they propose that he shall have one, on the just grounds that the discovery of anthracite is not the individual who knew that the ground contained black stones without knowing their use, but he whose discovery led to the use of coal as fuel.

Ginder seems to be as much deserving of the honor of being called the discoverer of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania as Fulton is of being called the inventor of a steamboat, or Isaac Newton the discoverer of differential calculus, or Robert Raikes the founder of Sunday-schools.

Clock Renting.

Renting clocks is a new business in New Haven. Over 1,300 clocks of this kind have been placed already in that city at a rental of 75 cents a month. In some cases where the time of operatives in a factory demands careful adjustment an employe of the company visits the place daily and regulates the clock so far as be necessary.—Ordinarily the clocks are gone over once in six days, and the company attends to that.

A TRICK THAT WAS DARK.

How a Kansas City Pawnbroker Cleared $500 in a Shady Way.

A devious individual not long ago presided over a pawnshop on Main street. His name was not Schmeltz, but that name will answer as well as any other in this truthful chronicle. When trade was dull and time hung heavy on his hands many were his ways to trap the shy and restless dollar.

One day a man like himself, a Hebrew, who maintained a second-hand store in the Bottoms, told him that very often men came to him with watches and other jewelry for sale and that he hesitated about buying, as he was no judge of such articles. He wanted to arrange with Schmeltz to bring the articles to him for his opinion as to their value.

"All right," said Schmeltz, "if a man brings you a watch tell him you'll show it to me for my opinion and afterward give him what it is worth."

Then Schmeltz evolved a brilliant business idea. The next morning, selecting a watch worth perhaps $40 and of a kind of which he had about a peck, he sent a stranger to sell it to his friend. The stranger wanted $20, but made no objection to the Bottoms dealer taking it to his "friend for his opinion," and agreed to return it in the afternoon. When Schmeltz was showed the watch he told the other that it was worth $40.

"I'll give $20 apiece for all I can get of 'em," said Schmeltz. "Ask him if he has any more. If he has, you get them if you can for $17 or 18 apiece and I'll pay you $20 for every one in the lot. Take a hundred of 'em if he's got 'em."

Going back, the Bottoms merchant made inquiries and found that his customer had about forty watches altogether—the same being furnished by the intelligent Schmeltz—and after a little haggling he purchased the lot at $18 a watch. He put his wife in charge of the shop and hurried to Schmeltz with his prizes.

"Those are all right," said Schmeltz, as he carefully looked over the timepieces, "and I'll give $20 each for 'em; but there's one thing I must see about. Since you were here, two detectives have been in and report a large number of watches stolen. I don't want to burn my fingers with these, if they are the ones. I've taken the numbers from the officers and we'll compare them with these."

So Schmeltz produced a list of numbers, and, to the horror of the Bottoms dealer, they exactly compared with those of his purchases. He was stricken with terror and asked Schmeltz what course to take.

"I wouldn't care to say," said Schmeltz. "I don't want any penitentiary in mine for fooling in any way with stolen property. I don't see how you can get out of it, as the detectives are 'dead sure' to 'turn them up.'"

This reduced the other to an abject state. At last Schmeltz professed to take pity on him. He reflected that he had very good standing with the police and might get rid of the stuff, although he ran great risk. As a favor to his friend, he would take them and pay $5 a watch for them. The victim joyfully acceded and Schmeltz paid him $200, clearing in the neighborhood of $500 by the enterprise.

The Art of Sweeping.

In sweeping, take long light strokes, and do not use too heavy a broom.

"Alice," said Lois, "do you honestly think sweeping is harder exercise than playing tennis?"

I hesitated. "I really don't know. One never thinks of hard or easy in tennis, the game is so interesting; and then it's out-door exercise, and there's no danger of inhaling dust."

"Well, for my part," said Marjorie, "I like doing work that tells. There is so much satisfaction in seeing the figures in the carpet come out brightly under the broom! Alice, what did you do to make your reception-room so splendiferous? Girls look here! You'd think this carpet had just come out of the warehouse."

"Mother often tells Aunt Hetty," said I, "to dip the end of the broom in a pail of water in which she has poured a little ammonia—a teaspoonful to a gallon. The ammonia takes off the dust, and refreshes the colors wonderfully. We couldn't keep house without it." I finished rather proudly.

"Did you bring some from home?" asked Marjorie, looking hurt.

"Why, of course not! I asked your mother, and she gave me the bottle, and told me to take what I wanted."

"A little coarse salt or some damp tea leaves strewed over a carpet before sweeping adds ease to the cleansing process," said Mrs. Downing, appearing on the scene and praising us for our thoroughness. "The reason is that both the salt and tea leaves being moist keep down the light floating dust, which gives more trouble than the heavier dirt. But now you will all be better for a short rest; so come into my little snuggery, and have a gossip and a lunch, and then you may attack the enemy again."—*Harper's Young People.*

Oysters for Dessert.

Did you ever hear of oysters for dessert? I used to know a bon vivant who never eat them except after dinner. He boarded for many years at one of the famous hotels in this city, and during the oyster season every year, as soon as he had finished his dinner in the salle a manger, he used to walk directly to the oyster counter on the ground floor and eat a dozen blue points on the half shell which the watchful attendant always had selected for him. This experienced epicure scorned to begin a meal with oysters. "What!" he would say, "put cold bivalves on an empty stomach? Such a practice must ruin digestion. Begin your meal with warm soup, which gently stimulates the stomach and gives it a tone. When you are through with a hearty meal your stomach craves something cooling. It should be gratified. Not with a viand hard to digest, but one which dissolves easily with the heat of the stomach, imposing no labor upon the digestive faculties. Oysters are just the thing—cooling, of delicious flavor, refreshing; they settle the appetite and make the whole system feel at ease. They are the scientific climax to a banquet, and the man that does not know it is not a finished epicure." The old gentleman proved that oysters after dinner were healthy, anyway, for he lived to be more than fourscore and kept up his practice to the last.—*N. Y. Star.*

Italians in Buenos Ayres.

Two hundred thousand Italians are now living in Buenos Ayres. From time to time the native inhabitants speculate on the events which might arise in case these 200,000 strangers should undertake to assert their nationality, and take possion of the city.

Electric Railways.

The latest and most trustworthy statistics show that there are in operation in this country and in the course of construction at the present time no fewer than 179 electric railways, operating 1,884 cars, with 1,260 miles of track. The number of passengers carried annually it would be difficult to estimate, but it cau not be far from 100,000,000.

TAMING A FLOCK OF QUAILS.

Buckwheat and Gradual Advances Conquer the Wildness of the Birds.

Several weeks ago Mrs. D. N. Snyder of Jefferson township saw a lot of quails dusting themselves under some currant bushes in the back end of her garden, says the Scranton, Pa., correspondent of the N. Y. *Sun.* The birds looked so happy and contented that she thought it would be too bad to disturb them, so she returned to the house without pulling the weeds out of a patch of onions that she had gone there for the purpose of doing. In an hour or so the quails had disappeared in the tall timothy of the adjoining meadow, and Mrs. Snyder scattered some buckwheat around where they had been wallowing. On the following day the birds came there again, gobbled up the buckwheat, and had a good time. Every day for a week or so Mrs. Snyder scattered grain among the bushes for the quails to feed on, and the birds soon got so that they looked for food in the garden as regularly as they did for a resting place at night out in the woods, back of the big meadow lot.

One morning the kind-hearted woman forgot to throw the buckwheat, but the quails reminded her of her negligence by appearing at the usual hour and making a great fuss and noise because there wasn't any grain in the garden for them to pick up. Mrs. Snyder let the birds hunt for other kinds of food that day, and for several mornings after that she didn't fail to give them a good feed of buckwheat. Then she missed a morning on purpose to see how the quails would act when they didn't find any grain near the currant bushes, watching from a second-story window for them to make their appearance.

Promply on time the whole flock crept under the garden fence from the meadow, ran among the bushes, and began to dodge and flutter about where they had been in the habit of finding the buckwheat. When they had searched long enough to learn that no grain had been put there for them the birds piped in low tones, fluttered uneasily, scattered into the vegetable beds, and appeared to be very much disappointed. In a little while the quails gave up the search, assembled under the currant bushes, and went to dusting themselves in the soil. Mrs. Snyder counted fourteen in the flock, and then she went down-stairs, got a basinful of buckwheat, and tiptoed her way into the garden. When she had got as near to the quails as she could without scaring them Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat toward the quiet little flock. It fell among them and they all scampered under the fence and went out of sight in a hurry. Then she threw some more of the grain on the ground where they had been and secreted herself behind a row of peavines. Presently one of the birds ventured to crawl under the fence into the garden. It soon found the buckwheat, and set to filling its crop, and at this the other birds took courage, filed from their hiding places, and went to picking up the grain as though each was determined to get its share.

From her place of concealment Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat into the air so that it fell into the midst of the flock. It scared the birds a little, but they quickly resumed their feeding, and Mrs. Snyder began to whistle to them, flinging more grain into the air as she whistled. That excited their curiosity just enough to make them look up for a moment, and Mrs. Snyder emptied the basin and stole away without letting the birds see her. She fed the quails in this way for a few days, gradually got them used to her whistle and voice, and let them get sight of her by degrees. Inside of a month from the time she first saw the birds in the garden she had them so well tamed that they fluttered out of the meadow whenever she called them, ate in her presence, and did not seem to fear her at all. Since then Mrs. Snyder has taken a good deal of comfort with her strange little flock, and she said the other day that the confidence the birds have in her pays her many times over for all the trouble she has made herself in getting the wild little creatures to be as tame as they are.

A Bride Who Was Coy.

At a small station on the Georgia Pacific road a bridal couple boarded our train. They were of the "cracker" variety and their greenness at once attracted attention. They had tickets for Atlanta and were going on a "tour." They hadn't been on the train ten minutes when the bride was noticed to be weeping, and pretty soon the groom came back to where I sat with the conductor, and said:

"Conductor, I wish you'un would go'n speak to Mary."

"What's the matter with Mary?" was asked.

"She'un's a-weepin' fur her ma. Says she'un wants to go right back home."

"She'll get over it," said the official, and the groom returned to his seat. It wasn't over ten minutes, however, before he returned to say:

"Conductor, she'uns a'takin' on like smoke. Says she can't abide to be mar'd, nohow, and her wishes her dun hadn't done it."

"Well, she'll have to make the best of it," replied the conductor, and the groom returned to console her. She turned away from him, however, and pretty soon he was back to say:

"Conductor, she'un declar's she'll go home to ma on foot. I never dun see anybody so onery."

"Wasn't it a marriage for love?"

"Your shoutin' it was! We'uns hev dun luved for mighty nigh three y'ars."

"I guess she's a little coy. That will all wear off in time."

The groom went to the rear of the car after a drink of water and just then the train stopped at a station. The bride was up and out on the platform like a flash, and the car had not ceased its motion when she leaped to the ground, fell head over heels, and scrambled up and started back up the track on a run. The groom rushed out of the car and jumped to the platform, and as he caught sight of his fleeing bride he turned to the conductor and said:

"Dog-gone her, she'un's puttin' in her best licks to git back to ma, and I've got to foiler! You'un dun said she'un was coy, and I dun depended on you and let her git away! Coy! coy! Why, she'un's got my fo'teen dollars an' is runnin' like a skeered rabbit!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Instructions to the New Messenger.

He was a new messenger boy untaught in the practices and ethics of his chosen profession. He was being broken in by the veteran in the business, the boy who had his particular line of work so well in hand that he could use up any required amount of time in passing a given point. The two were going up a stairway when they were observed. The small boy, the inexperienced one, started up on a run. With a look of intense disgust No. 2 restrained him and gave him the following business advice: "Aw, wot yer hustlin' that way for? You just want to fall upstairs, like this. See?" And he proceeded to give a correct imitation of a man 90 years old "falling" up-stairs.

There are seven millionaire editors in New York.

[illegible] jurisdiction, North Carolina and Tennessee.

Thirty thousand dollars a month is paid out for lottery tickets in Key West, Fla.

The whole world's produce of salt per annum is 7,300,000 tons. England produces the most.

Mrs. Eunice J. Jose, a ninety-one-year-old Saco, Me., woman, is cutting her third set of teeth.

The aggregate debt of all the colonies of Australia is $215 per head of the population, or $688,000,000.

Tomatoes are eaten in London for biliousness. They are proposed also as a remedy for chronic throat troubles.

The father of a family was seen lately bearing eight overshoes of assorted size "nested" like Chinese puzzle boxes.

Fish Commissioner Stanley, of Maine, believes that there is more than enough gold at Swift River, Me., to pay for the digging.

There is an unclaimed letter in the Grass Valley, Cal., postoffice for Mr. I. You, hog merchant. Mr. I. You is probably a Chinaman.

A boy at Nevada City, Cal., catches lizards with a hook baited with flies. He throws his line on the rocks and the reptiles spring eagerly for the fly.

A bell, cast recently for the Kharkow Cathedral, contains 68 per cent of pure silver. It weighs 646 English pounds, and its vibrations last several minutes.

A vicious stallion at Rochester, Ind., bit its owner in the shoulder, then attacked a passing dairyman, and finished up by biting off the ear of the latter's horse.

The export of canaries from Germany is very large. Every year about 130,000 of these birds are sent to America, 3,000 to England and about 2,000 to Russia.

A single orange tree in Florida has been known to bear 8,000 oranges in a year. Such a yield is excessive, as a grove that will yield 1,500 to the tree is considered excellent.

It appears that the great majority of persons committing suicide in Japan are over fifty years of age. Next on the list come persons between twenty and thirty years of age.

Now that it is decided that the mosquito can transmit yellow fever and malaria by the puncture with his little bill, society will wage a more deadly war than ever upon him.

The largest reservoir or artificial tank in the world is the great tank of Dhetar, twenty miles southeast of Udaipur, in India. It covers an area of twenty-one square miles.

Ninety years ago Mr. Palmer, an actor, fell dead on the Liverpool stage. The moment before his death he had exclaimed, "O God, O God, there is another and a better world."

The Primrose League of England is nearing the millionth member. When the returns were made up at the close of last month the registered members numbered 939,180, and the habitations 2,103.

It is told of a young man in Hancock, Me., that, though he goes to meetings, parties and other gatherings, he has never been known to speak to anybody but his parents. No reason is assigned for his silence.

A sycamore tree near Newtown, Conn., is said to be 85 feet high and 21 feet in diameter, while its branches shade an area extending 80 feet from the trunk. It produces large and abundant white blossoms.

A bill will be introduced into parliament next season which proposes to restrict the public performances of hypnotic experiments. According to medical testimony much harm is done by amateurs dabbling in this science.

The Chinamen of New York have given to their joss, at 16 Mott street, a [illegible]ulation is a punishment which should be reserved for males.

The island of Tristan, in the south Atlantic, is inhabited by eighty people, the patriarch of the party, Peter Green, a veritable Robinson Crusoe, having been there for fifty-two years. He has just sent a letter complaining that some of his grown-up children show a desire to leave their lovely island home.

The religion of Dahomeyland is to the effect that any soldier killed while new umbrella, which they had brought over from China. It is covered with dragons and other monsters with glittering eyes, and is said to have cost $400.

I. N. Blankinship, of Marion, Mass., has a clock which was made in 1732. The works are of brass, and the clock keeps as good time as it did when it was made, 158 years ago, but the accounts vary as to the kind of time it kept in 1732.

The population of the Dominion of Canada, according to the census of 1881, was 4,324,800, and it is estimated that by 1891 the figures will have increased to 5,270,377. Preparations are in active progress for taking the census of next year.

The "Old Witch House," in Salem, Mass., is still standing just as in the days of Hawthorne, and by a sort of grim wooing of circumstance, almost opposite it there is, on a door, a sign which reads like this: "Clairvoyant and Business Medium."

In Austria the hangman is a man named Seigfried, who wears a black uniform, with a cocked hat and white gloves. He has never had to hang a woman, for the emperor thinks strangling white men goes straight to heaven to become a handsome young man of twenty-five, who is provided with fifteen beautiful wives and all the wine he can eat for 1,000 years. Under this belief hundreds of them do their best to get killed.

Miss Elizabeth Miles, of Colera, Ala., is the victim of a remarkable delusion. She imagines that she is Mrs. Grover Cleveland and that her husband is still president. Miss Miles met Mrs. Cleveland three years ago and became attached to her. She fell from her horse a year ago, since which time she has been possessed of the hallucination.

A new "cure" has been invented in Germany, which may be adopted as a greater novelty than the mind cure or the faith cure. Its basis is the hardening of the human organism, which has been disastrously enfeebled by civilization. The patients imitate the noble savage and the gypsy, and the system includes going barefoot as one part of the cure. One German parish contains 1,400 patients.

Colonel Webb, of Chester, N. J., is in the ninetieth year of his age. He can stand upon a chair, bend backward, touch his head upon the floor and rise up again without the aid of his hands. He goes fishing nearly every day in the Black river, stands in the water up to his knees from morning until night, and oftimes lands as many as fifty catfish a day. Who of that age can beat this record?

A sweet girl graduate, says an exchange, thus described the manner in which a goat butted a boy out of the front yard: "He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against the boy's afterward with an earnestness and velocity which, backed by the ponderosity of the goat's avoirdupois, imparted a momentum that was not re-

The most expensive coffee [illegible] to this market comes from Blue Mountain, Jamaica. The whole product of the region is small, and only a few thousand bags reach New York. It is usually bought by Delmonico at a very high figure. At the same time the Delmonico coffee does not contribute to the restaurant's reputation. Quite as good coffee is served at half a dozen less famous places.

A BABY AND HENRY CLAY.

One of the brightest of the new United States senators is Nathan Fellows Dixon of Rhode Island, a bright-eyed, dark-faced man 43 years of age, says F. G. Carpenter in *Wide-Awake.* He comes from a line of statesmen. His grandfather was in the senate when John Tyler was president, and his father brought him here as a 3-year-old baby during his first congressional term in 1849 and 1850. Senator Dixon stopped with his father at this time at the National hotel, and young as he was he is able to remember some of the incidents of this part of his life. Henry Clay was stopping at the same hotel and he was very fond of children. Senator Dixon says he distinctly remembers one day going down the steps and meeting Henry Clay coming up. The great Kentuckian grasped the Rhode Island baby by the arms and lifted him up to his face. Little Dixon yelled out:

"Let me go!"

Mr. Clay, however, putting his arms around the boy and holding him to his breast said: "I can't do that because I want to kiss you, and I wonder if you know who I am."

"Yes, I know," said the boy, "but I want to go."

"Well, who am I?" said Clay.

"Oh," said young Dixon, "you are Mister Harry Clay. Now let me go."

With this the great statesman kissed the boy, gave a hearty laugh with his big mouth, and put him down.

From that time on Baby Dixon and Senator Clay continued their acquaintance, and Baby Dixon often came into Senator Clay's rooms and was made much of by the senator. One day, however, he was present when Henry Clay had some important callers. He had no time to talk to Baby Dixon and he took him from his knee, placed him upon his feet, and said: "Now, Natey, run down-stairs to your mamma."

The future senator was rather indignant at this treatment, and he slammed the door heartily as he stamped out. Senator Clay told the story a number of times afterward. He said he could hear little Nathan's footsteps as he went down the stairs. At first his tread was loud and boisterous. As he went toward the bottom it grew fainter and fainter, and at last the noise stopped. A moment later he heard the little feet pattering back again, and a gentle knock was made upon the door. Henry Clay called out:

"Come in, sir!"

The door opened and little Nathan Dixon's pretty face looked in and his cherry lips voiced forth the words:

"My love to you, Mr. Clay!"

With this he turned and ran down the stairs to his mother. He had evidently appreciated that his action in slamming the door and leaving the room was ungentlemanly, and though only a boy of 3 years he had repented before he had reached the foot of the stairs and hurried back to make his baby apology.

Senator Dixon told this story in conversation the other day, and he ought not to object to seeing it in print, as it is certainly complimentary to him.

Crossing a Swollen River in the Andes.

After examining the works of the line in the vicinity of Punta Negra, where I overtook the paymaster, Don Carlos, I started off in his company to the next camp of Vermejito, which is 2100 metres above the level of the sea. Here we spent the night; and the next morning, after admiring the grand black basaltic rocks that render the scenery in these parts all the more dismally impressive, we started, together with two of the engineers of the camp, who volunteered to see us safely across the Rio Blanco, which was reported to be dangerously swollen. When we reached the bottom of the deep ravine through which this torrent flows, we found the report to be only too true. The water, white as milk, was foaming and dashing over a part of the narrow planks which had been anchored across the stream below the best fording-place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the other an Italian—succeeded in raising one of the planks a foot, so that it could be crossed with comparative safety, the dash of the water over it remaining only about six inches. The human element of the party then felt reassured; but how would the mules get over?

The "arrieros" were in a state of great agitation, and the paymaster was anxious about the thousands of dollars that he had in his money bags. However, every man lent a hand. The mules were unloaded, and, with the aid of cries and whirling lassos, they were driven into the turbulent torrent, and waded or swam across bravely, one only getting carried away for a few minutes, and losing a big piece of his flesh against a sharp bowlder. The next thing was to carry over the baggage and saddles. A lasso was flung across the stream, and held on one side by the two engineers, and on the other by the "rigilante," or gendarme, who accompanied the paymaster, "to prevent him running away with the company's money," as we used laughingly to tell him. This taut cord served as a hand-rail, along the narrow plank, and by means of repeated journeys, and with incessant risk, the baggage was finally all carried over, the mules loaded and saddled, and the journey resumed, Don Carlos and his party leaving me behind, for they were well mounted on strong horses.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.*

Killing and Cooking a Turtle.

"I was surprised to learn the other day," said Charlie Schweickardt, "that very few persons not engaged in the restaurant business know how a turtle is killed and prepared for the soup. Please enlighten mankind by telling them that a turtle is killed by cutting its head off. You know that at the least sign of danger the turtle will draw his head into his shell, and then you have to resort either to strategy or brutality to make him put out his head again. This object may be accomplished by hanging the turtle by the tail. This will cause his head to drop down and then a sharp knife will do the rest of the work. Some people have an idea that the turtle as soon as he is killed is thrown right into the pot and boiled into soup. When the turtle is dead the breastplate is sawed in two and an opening to insert the scouring knife is made. Then the expert deftly curves the knife in such a manner as to remove the back plate without taking a particle of meat with it. The entrails are secured and then the real body of the turtle is put in the pot and the vegetables and other accessories added with hot water. Then let it boil and you will soon have good turtle soup."—*St. Louis Republic.*

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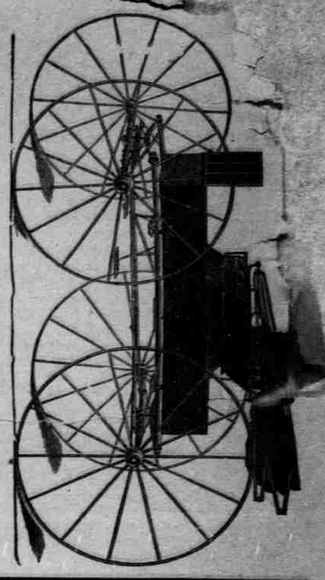

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