Owing to a disagreement with their customers as to the price of milk, the cow owners of Rappoltsweiler, an Alsatian dairy village, are pouring their entire product into the river.

There is one place in France in which gravestones and funeral epitaphs are unknown. This is the village of Boreias in the Maritime Alps. The dead are not buried, but are thrown into a bonehouse.

The recent riots in Paris cost the government something. Troops to the number of 20,000 were brought into the city to strengthen the garrison, and their maintenance there amounted to $15,000 a day.

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Beauty In High Backed Chairs.

"There is a certain chair in the Tuxedo clubhouse," said a New York man, "that all the women seem to go for. It is not particularly comfortable, but it has the reputation of being very becoming, having a very high back which serves as a distinctly good background." It is a well known fact that a high backed chair is much more becoming to the figure and face than a low one. One of the most successful patterns in the way of dining room chairs has a high leather back reaching several inches above the head when the occupant is sitting down. The dull coloring of the old Spanish leather is wonderfully efficacious in bringing out the fresh tints of a pretty woman in her best attire as she sits framed, as it were, in a beautiful setting studded with antique nails and quite separated in effect from the rest of the room. There is something very reposeful and aristocratic in such isolation besides being eminently becoming.

"How well Mrs. Blank's white head and fine features look against that old leather," said a young artist who was present at a dinner where the chairs were like the model described. "I feel as if we were all a collection of Vandyke portraits."—New York Tribune.

Men Blush More Than Women.

On a work on criminology the learned investigator says that out of 98 young men criminals 44 per cent did not blush when examined. Of 122 female criminals 81 per cent did not blush. If our novels are to keep up with science, they must change their indicis of emotion. It must be the men who blush and the other sex whose sensitiveness must not be a regular feature. Leander blushes as he declares himself or is suddenly brought up against a sentimental outcrop, but Hero takes it calmly. The scientist also notices that women blush about the ears rather than on the cheek. This also requires a change in the novels. It is a pointer, too, for the ladies' man who is watching for signs that he is making an impression. If he fastens his gaze upon the left ear, he may see something that will tell him he may consider himself happy.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lightning at Marseilles.

A party of gentlemen were discussing the singular effects of lightning in the hearing of a Marseillais, who broke in with: "The effects of lightning! Just fancy the trick I saw it play only last week. I was having my lunch at Cabournat's—you know Cabournat at the corner of the Canebiere bridge, Cabournat, the best hand in all the province for preparing a bouillabaisse? All of a sudden the electric fluid invaded the restaurant—it double locked three doors and opened four dozen oysters! Opened them, I tell you, as clean as with a knife! There, that'll give you an idea how the lightning goes to work at Marseilles."—Almanach Drolatique.

Moonstruck Sailors.

There is no doubt that persons are often moonstruck, particularly in the tropics. There is in port today the master of a vessel whose face is horribly distorted by a shock from the moon's rays while he was crossing the equator on his way north. On warships no one is allowed to sleep on deck, and the lunar rays therefore cannot reach them, but on merchant vessels, where there is less discipline, especially in hot weather, tars sleep on deck and are often picked up insensible in the morning.—Philadelphia Record.

A Juvenile Opinion.

An observing little girl, who lives in the upper part of the city, does her own thinking and speaks right out with juvenile frankness, was looking at some pictures the other evening and came across one which represented a woman in a full sized hoopskirt, such as was worn when the style was at its height. She studied it as a rare curiosity for a second, and then exclaimed: "Mamma, just look at this lady with an umbrella on."—Detroit Free Press.

To Investigate the South Pole.

Professor Nordenskjold, of arctic fame, will soon start from Australia in two small sailing vessels, having auxiliary steam power, for an exploration of the antarctic ocean. The vessels will be thoroughly equipped with every device found useful in ice navigation. The locality has not been visited since James Ross' expedition in 1841, although the English ship Challenger went as far south as latitude 65 degs. 42 min. in 1874.—Exchange.

The Bear Scares the Ranchers.

There is a bear roaming the river bottoms in the vicinity of Linda that, when it sees a man, rises on its hind legs and begins to dance. It is thought the creature must have escaped from some gypsies who recently passed through the town. Many of the ranchers living near there are so frightened that they sleep in their windmills at night.

Not Interested In the War.

I was riding up through Arkansas with Price's army. We were on our way back to Missouri. The Yankees had let us alone so long we thought maybe they had quit fighting or had forgotten us. We were getting anxious about it. Along toward night I met a man who had lived up there in the mountains. He had been fishing and had his string of fish with him. He was going home. I was pretty full of patriotism and notions about duty. You see, I had studied the relations of the states to the nation, and the relations of the states to the states, and the relations of the states to the territories, and the relations of the citizen to the states and to the nation. I thought I knew all about it. I said to this man away up in the mountains of Arkansas:

"Why aren't you in the army?"

"What army?" he asked.

"The Confederate army, of course," said I.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I did hear something about such an army."

"Yes," said I, growing a little hot, "I thought so. And why aren't you out with it fighting the battles of the country?"

"What country?" he asked.

"This country," I said.

He looked all around him at the mountains, and then he said:

"Stranger, suppose you lived in this country, and owned all you wanted of it, and had all the use of it you wanted, and some other fellow was paying the taxes and the expense of keeping up the government, wouldn't you think you was a derned fool to go to fightin about it with that other fellow?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Battleground of the Azores.

In 1580 the Azores came under the power of Spain, and in the history of the next 20 years their name is frequent as the favorite battleground of the English and Spanish fleets. The partiality was indeed mainly on the side of the former and for a good reason. These islands lay right in the track of all vessels sailing to and from that enchanted region known to all men as the Spanish Main.

On the highest peak of Terceira, whence in clear weather the sea could be scanned for leagues around, were raised two columns, and by them a man watched night and day. When he saw any sails approaching from the west, he set a flag upon the western column—one for each sail. If they came from the east, a similar sign was set on the eastern column.

Hither in those days came up out of the mysterious western seas the great argosies laden with gold and silver and jewels, with silks and spices and rare woods, wrung at the cost of thousands of harmless lives and cruelties unspeakable from the fair lands which lie between the waters of the Caribbean sea and the giant wall of the Andes. And hither, when England, too, began to turn her eyes to El Dorado, came the great war galleons of Spain and Portugal to meet these precious cargoes and convey them safe into Lisbon or Cadiz before those terrible English sea wolves could get scent of the prize.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Health of Harvard Students.

Harvard's sanitary condition is the subject of some adverse comment just now—groundless, it would seem, because for the present it is authoritatively denied that the health of the college is anything but the best; for the future any demand for revision is anticipated by measures already in hand. The desire to keep expenses at a minimum causes the demand for cheap lodgings, and therein lies the greatest danger. The right of a student to live in any locality is still subject to the permission of the faculty, and an inspection of students' quarters has begun with a view to blacklisting unwholesome houses.

In one department at least every student's room will be visited. Where such a course seems necessary a physician and sanitary expert will prescribe measures necessary to obviate any suspicious conditions, and unless these are complied with the places will be declared untenantable for those connected with the university. This may lead to an advance in the lowest rents, which, however, will be more than offset by the feeling of security against avoidable illness.—Boston Transcript.

Who Was Doing the Calling.

William came to see the small boy's sister oftener than anybody else, but George and one or two others appeared between times. Several evenings ago the small boy came in about 9 o'clock, and meeting his older brother in the hall asked who was in the parlor.

"I don't know," he said; "some young man. I heard his voice, but didn't see him."

"What are they doing in there?"

"Oh, billing and cooing, I presume."

"I guess not," retorted the boy. "They may be Georging and cooing, or something like that, but no billing. I met Bill on the street as I came in, looking as black as a load of coal."—Detroit Free Press.

A Boon For Women.

Imagine the bliss for women if they could go in and order a gown and then go back and have it fitted once or twice and sent home complete, ready to be worn in all sorts of weather and on nearly every occasion for six months to come. Of course, with a certain class of women (and a large class I must admit) it would be a case of "Othello's occupation's gone." But for those of the weaker sex who fondly imagine that they have brains and would like to cultivate them, and have a higher aim in life than shopping, it would be a great boon.—Chicago News-Record.

The Earth Was Round Before Christ.

Between 380 and 276 B. C. Aristotle, "the Stagirite," observed an occultation of Mars by the moon, and Eratosthenes of Cyrene computed the circumference of the earth by measuring an arc of the meridian. It seems strange that such experiments as this last should have been successfully carried out 276 years before the birth of the Saviour, and yet the scientific (?) men of the world refuted the doctrine of the earth being round for nearly 1,500 years afterward.—St. Louis Republic.

The Price of Mr. Astor's New Home.

I have reason to believe that the £350,000 which I mentioned last week as having been paid for the Cliveden estate by Mr. Astor to the Duke of Westminster was the sum which his grace asked and not the amount which he eventually accepted. I am given to understand that the figure at which the deal was actually effected was £300,000. It is said that the relations and friends of the duke are not at all pleased that his grace should have parted with the seat.—London Figaro.

Thousands of Dollars For Dances.

Since the first ball of the Patriarchs, arranged by Ward McAllister in 1872, those "American aristocrats" have expended for their annual entertainments of the beau monde nearly $400,000. The average cost of a Patriarch ball is about $6,125, which means an assessment of $125 for each ball from each of the Patriarchs.—New York or. Chicago Times.

WHOM DO YOU LOVE?

"Whom do you love, my love?" she said
As I bent my face above her.
And I tried to calm her and held her hand,
And again in the same sweet voice she said,
"Whom do you love, my lover?

"Look in your heart tonight and see
If there is a shadow in it,
A shade of thought that is not for me,
And tell me truly if there should be—
"Whom do you love this minute?

"Whom do you love?" and her trembling hand
Left wandering caresses
Upon my face, and all the land
Was lit with love, and the night wind fanned
Her brow and shook her tresses.

"A woman's love is a priceless prize,
And if you should want to win it"—
And again I looked, and to my surprise
I saw two tears in her deep, dark eyes:
"Whom do you love this minute?"

"Whom do you love?" and I caught the swell
Of her breast her grief had given,
And I touched her lips, and I smelled the smell
Of the passion flower and the asphodel,
And the earth was changed to heaven.

"To me there's just one world, my dear,
And just two people in it.
And now tonight, as we stand here
And I hold your hand, have not a fear,
For I love you every minute?"

—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

The noisy and boisterous boy may be very dear to his mother and well beloved by all the members of his family, but the neighbors are not of his family.

Easter is the Sunday which follows that fourteenth day of the calendar moon which falls upon or next after the 21st day of March.

"What claim has this place as a health resort?" Resident—Well, nobody has come here yet that ain't lost their health in no time.