

## A FAMOUS DUELIST.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the St. Eustache church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and an extensive stock in trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel du Royumont, built by Philippe Hurault, bishop of Chartres and abbe of Royumont. Later on it was occupied by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Bouville, who made it a generous rendezvous for the duellists in Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Cour la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; they were offered a cold collation with wines and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clash of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scores had been wiped off, and the resident surgeon had bandaged the combatants' wounds, were invited, with the duellists and their seconds, to luncheon with the Comte de Bouville.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defunct race of duellists, a race to which Choquart evidently belonged. He must have had ancestors among the exquisites of the reign of Louis XIII, the swash bucklers of the Hotel de Royumont, or the splendid corps of mousquetaires of Louis XV. Choquart's mania for dueling, his ever recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character; and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of liping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee house, take a seat and say to a near neighbor: "After you, The Figaro, please." "Sir," the other would politely respond, "it is not The Figaro but The Constitutionnel that I am reading."

"Oh! you would give me the lie, would you? Take care, sir, or, by God, I'll teach you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:

"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive manner, please!"

"I," expostulated the customer. "Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?" And Choquart would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.

Even the most peaceful person could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like tucking up their sleeves and knocking Choquart down. Nor did he fail, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tarjar. His best known scrape that way is worth relating. Choquart one day entered a courtyard to challenge a master builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master builder looked up surprised, caught hold of Choquart by the scruff of his neck, doubled him up, put him under the pump and soused him like a dead rat.

The story of Choquart's adventures would fill a volume, but I will relate only one, wherein I acted as his second.

One night, at a masked ball, Choquart quarreled with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day Choquart, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening turned out to be a well to do upholsterer, who carried on business in the Saint Martin quarter. On entering the premises Choquart inquired after M. Balu.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like joking in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquart. I come for an affair of honor. A gentleman shouldn't be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill bred dog."

"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went out yesterday to spend the carnival, and it has made him ill. He is in bed, and spits blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquart, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He spits blood, did you say?"

"Alas! yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, "and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."

"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquart, "spits blood. How shall we settle matters, then? Hasn't six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a bad fellow, whatever others may think. Now listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects six months hence. If, in July next, your husband isn't dead and buried, I'll treat him as a knave and deceiver, and placard his name in all the barracks of Paris."

This threat, which constantly fell from Choquart's lips, was a reminiscence of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jingle of a brass fardingal whether his name were placarded or not in all the barracks of the country.

One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquart took hold of my arm at the Varietes coffee house, and said:

"Come along with me, old boy; I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."

We took a road which led toward the Saint Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquart entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of reckoning had arrived, and Choquart was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral draft indorsed six months previously by his wife.

"If," soliloquized Choquart, "the rogue is still alive, I'll cut off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"

"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But, let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, what did the fellow do to warrant such a feud?"

"What did he do, the villain! Just listen

and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance theatre. I walked into the greenroom in my dress suit. I am spare of limb, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me and bawled out: 'Halloo, there goes the Fat Ox! Make way, please, for the Fat Ox!' Everybody roared at this sally. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon to-morrow you shall be a dead man!'

"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but—"

We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Balu, the upholsterer, who, all budding and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquart, as soon as he set his eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then! I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"

"M. Choquart!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, my name is Choquart—Choquart, do you hear, sir—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife—She's young and pretty, but wants to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, avowed that you were on your last legs and would be as dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! M. Choquart," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me don the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"One moment," said Choquart, "not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I don't quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you were a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Aglae, why don't you come! Here is M. Choquart who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

Of course I nodded assent, while it was not over difficult to read on Choquart's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.

"Then, again," added M. Balu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I would like to have your opinion, M. Choquart."

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquart, with a deep frown over his eyelids.

"But—"

"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gesticulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuilleries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the king's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII, his majesty, turning toward the cup bearer, said: 'Hand that to Choquart, and give him my compliments.' Do you hear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquart, I assure you,"—"I say that you have no Madeira, sir," screamed Choquart, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter. "If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquart, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when well roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit! I should say I had," burst out M. Balu, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentlemen, and see for yourselves."

The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like the planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquart, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you baste your leg of mutton?" So saying Choquart took up the ladle and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquart, as he leant over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir, 'twas a severe trial. God, in his goodness, has spared his life. I trust the lesson will be of service to him."

"God, in his goodness!" went on muttering Choquart. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come now, Choquart," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Balu has tendered you his best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquart, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquart recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

Choquart died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received 500 francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went supperless to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters.—Boston Courier Translation from the French of Auguste Villemot.

"Oconomowoc," yelled the brakeman.

"O'Connor may walk, you be!" exclaimed an Irishman at the other end of the car. "An' faith, if yee name me, you'll have a foine time makin' O'Connor walk whin he's paid \$5 for this bit o' pasteboard."—St. Paul Herald.

## CHICAGO'S CHINATOWN.

### ODD AND INTERESTING THINGS SEEN DURING A RAMBLE.

The Stock of a Chinese Store—Celestial Scales and Calculating Machines—Chicago's Only Chinese Baby—Superstitious Wearing of a Bracelet.

The San Francisco and the genial policeman started off together, but soon stopped in front of a window bearing a sign announcing that the combined laundry business and restaurant was carried on within. The door was locked, however, and loud knocks of the policeman's club failed to develop any signs of life. "They aren't up yet," said the clubman. "None of those fellows go to bed before 2 o'clock in the morning, and they don't get up till late. Come across the street."

Across the street they went, and entered the door of a Chinese merchant. The announcement that one of his visitors was from California, and was acquainted with an enterprising and well known Celestial there by the name of Tin Loy, gained for them the freedom of the place and the most hospitable treatment. Cigars were produced by the host, and accepted with a promise to smoke them after the next meal. The stock of his store was found to consist entirely of goods imported from China. It comprises, among other things, queer nuts and dried fruits, japs and bottles of rice vinegar, great packages of herbs of supposed medicinal value, coconut made into long strips and dipped in sugar, dried sea fish, flat and almost transparent, China melons from New Orleans, egg plant, etc. The proprietor claims that the only reason Americans do not buy these articles is that they do not know how to use them. If you ask the use of almost any of the green or dried stuff found in a place of this kind the almost invariable answer is, "To make soup." It is feared that queer looking jars or bottles in such an establishment occasionally contain whisky made from rice. At least the Chinamen seem to be familiar with such an article.

"Heap strong. Makee drink, allee same Melican whisky."

The only weighing apparatus to be found in a Chinese grocery is very primitive. The article to be weighed is put in the basket. One of the strings is taken in one hand, and the suspended weight is slipped along with the other until it balances the article in the basket. Little marks along the arm indicate different weights, and the ring from which the iron balance is suspended marks the number to be read off. This contrivance, of course, gives the exact weight, and hence in this respect is a great improvement on some of the more modern devices in use by many American grocers.

"John," said the Californian, "there is one thing I wish you would explain to me, and that is your system of counting. I have heard it explained, but could never understand it."

The first lesson was cheerfully given, and in so skillful and intelligent a manner that it was understood. The American, who has a decent reputation for expertness in figures, was given a column of dollars and cents to add. There would be a little rattling and a flying of fingers, and before he could even get the figures down he would be giving the correct sum by the Chinaman.

In the back room breakfast was in progress. In addition to the rice there were several mysterious looking dishes discussed with spoons made of chinaware. The merchant informed his visitors that everything on the table except the bowls came from China.

"How many Chinamen are there in town, John?" asked the San Franciscan, remembering his own city and her unspeakable plague spot. He was informed that there are only three or four, and a very ingenious reason was given, but he was unable to tell whether it was founded on truth or on the pride of the wily Celestial. It was, in substance, this: The reputation of the Chinamen who come to this country is, as every one knows, in one sense of the term, unquestionable. The men who come to New York and Chicago are a more moral class, and they will not allow the women here.

Speaking of women reminded the officer that he knew the abode of a celebrated Benedict, and he proposed a visit thither. In the basement of a house on Van Buren street the family man was found asleep upon a peculiar couch made of four short posts, covered with bamboo matting imported from China. In his arms was a bundle that looked like a small bag filled with something, and that's about what it was. When the man started up, somewhat suddenly, the bundle proved to contain, among other things, as cute and ridiculous little piece of humanity as ever lived in the middle of the night. When you said it was pretty his father immediately ceased to be John Chinaman, and became a man. He made it show off in a manner that would have caused a white father of an eighteen months' old baby to turn green with envy. It said things in Chinese and English, threw kisses, made gurgling sounds with its hand to its mouth, and performed other baby feats of a high order. While the father was thus engaged, its mother, who is generally invisible, and who does not speak English at all, was forced into view by her maternal pride and by the fear that the baby was not being shown off to the best advantage. The mother is a Chinawoman, a statement that is not so unnecessary as might at first thought appear. It is a pretty baby—a girl. Its name is Kum Lien, which, when properly pronounced by its mother, sounds musical. Its eyes and long hair are black, and its unformed childish face, as is generally the case, has not taken on yet the distinguishing features of the race.

The father wore on his wrist a ring or bracelet of some kind of Chinese stone, which he has worn for over twenty years.

"You see velly many thing," said he in explanation, "in the day time. Slam loud all night. You sabee slam! Siam alle same diam. Wear this ling, no slam."

This was something new. "Do you mean to say," he was asked, "so long as you wear this ring you won't dream?"

"Well," he replied cautiously, intent upon defending his superstition, "slam some, no slam velly much. No wear ling, slam more."—Chicago Herald.

Someone is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.—New Haven News.

## ECONOMY IN FUEL.

### A New Process by Which Waste Coal is Used—Recent Experiments.

Improved methods for obtaining artificial heat are always a subject of interest, and experiments in this direction are being made all the time to get heat at as low a cost as possible. The manufacture of water gas has been very successful, and as it can be produced at a very low price, without the nuisance of ashes and smoke, it is growing in favor and efforts are being made to run it into houses to be used for heating as well as for lighting purposes.

Another method of heating which is rapidly making its way, if the promoters of it are to be believed, is the pulverized coal process. A company has been formed in Philadelphia within a short time, and within the next sixty days the process will be ready for general use. The claims made for the method are many, and if one-half of them are well founded there can be no doubt of its success. One of the company said to day: "In this country there are about 20,000,000 tons of coal annually wasted, being too fine for use. Of the total coal mined it is estimated that 3/4 per cent of waste is made by blasting and handling, and that 6 1/2 per cent is wasted in the breaker. Many attempts have been made to utilize this immense amount of wastage, and until now nothing has been successful."

"Until now only a very small quantity of this fine dust has been used. The requisites for success are, first, simple and efficient machinery to reduce the coal to dust at a very small cost; second, reduction to an impalpable powder; third, an automatic supply of coal dust and air, each capable of being regulated at will; fourth, the reduction of the coal and the simultaneous feeding of it with air into the fire box by the same machine; fifth, the intimate mixture of the fine particles of coal dust with air, so that each particle shall be surrounded by air as it enters the fire box, thus insuring complete combustion."

"These conditions have been completely fulfilled by a new process. The method of using the dust is as follows: The coal, no matter what size it is, is fed into a pulverizer, by which it is ground to an impalpable powder. This is done by means of the friction of the particles, one against the other. After the coal is ground it passes through the pulverizer, and on coming out it is met by a current of air from a blower, which sends it through a nozzle into a combustion chamber underneath the boiler. This combustion chamber has to be specially constructed, and will last about as long as the ordinary one where coal is used. The arch will last a year and the side walls two years. The supply of coal dust and air is automatically regulated, and complete combustion is the result. No smoke escapes from the chimney, and there is no loss of heat in that way. We feel confident that at least thirty-five per cent of fuel will be saved by using the machines."

"In Philadelphia the past month, experiments have been made with this process in the Harrison safety boiler works, and the engineer made the statement that where 1,400 pounds of coal per day were used under a small boiler, at a cost of \$3 per ton, 900 pounds of dust were used at a cost of about \$1 per ton. The machine for that boiler only costs about \$165, and he thinks there is a saving of at least fifty per cent. The cost of repairs to the machine will not exceed \$10 per annum. One result of using the refuse coal will be that the price of ordinary fuel will have to come down."—New York Post.

The Plebe at "the Point."

"Fall in!" the command was sharply. You should have seen those green boys trying to get in ranks. There were now about 100 "beasts," and they looked like a herd of Texas steers, though more subdued. After a while the "beasts," including my trembling self, were strung out into a long, wavering line, and a cadet corporal commenced to call the roll of candidates. Each one was instructed to answer "Here!" Some who answered "Present" were ripped in the bud and taught a lesson in cadet discipline. One poor fellow, who was rather tardy in replying to his name, was commanded to "step out and answer to his name." "Step out" is the West Point slang to "make haste," and when the "beast" actually did step out of rank he was surprised at the celerity with which he was made to step back. The formation was for dinner, and we were retained until the battalion of cadets had started. They marched off, headed by the drum corps, with all the accuracy and beauty of a vast machine. Finally our time came. The plebes at the head of the column interpreted the meaning of the command, "Forward, march," and the procession started for the large granite structures known as the mess hall.

It was like running the gauntlet. One cadet in the rear of the line hollered at me in a voice of special envy: "Drag in your chin about a yard, mister! I want to see less slouching among you beasts; stand up, sir!" I tried to obey. Each plebe had his coat buttoned full up, the palms of his hands to the front, and all the while his toes digging up the gravel of the area.—Philadelphia Times.

I think my jokes build themselves. They get even into my business correspondence, however bravely I resist their encroachment. Why, I assure you that they have even crept into letters of condolence which circumstances have recently obliged me to write to the bereaved family of a whilom newspaper associate.

I can say, though, that of the different styles of humorous writing, the brief paragraph is the hardest. A column of paragraphs daily would put any man under the sod in twelve months, whereas humorous sketches, especially if they are in a series, are the easiest work a professional humorist has to do. I can write a couple of columns of sketches without any great mental wear, but a half column of paragraphs makes me long to be a popular preacher going to Europe for three months' rest at the expense of an admiring congregation.

Working up ideas for cartoons is almost as hard as paragraphing. It is enough to conceive the general idea, but to make the details harmonious is laborious. Then it frequently happens that before you have the picture complete in your mind, public interest in its subject has died out and your labor has gone for nought.—Alexander E. Sweet in New York Commercial Advertiser.

A California paper states that a petrified tooth of a shark was picked out of a solid rock at a depth of thirteen feet while digging a well at Nipomo a short time ago. The tooth has retained its enamel and is highly polished.

## OVERWORKED BRAINS.

### A POINT AT WHICH LABOR CEASES TO BE STRENGTHENING.

One of the Earliest Indications of Brain Exhaustion—Steps Toward the Verge of Insanity—Burdens Heaped Upon the Minds of the Young.

There is such a thing as mind strengthening work. In truth it is, as every physiologist knows, only by work, minds, or, more correctly speaking, brains can be strengthened in their growth and naturally developed. The exercise of those centers of the nervous system, whose functions what we call consciousness and intellect are associated as essential to their nutrition as activity is to the healthy growth of any other part of the organism, whether nervous or muscular. Every part of the living body is developed, and enjoys vitality, by the which makes the appropriation of food dependent upon and commensurate with the amount of work it does. It feeds in proportion as its work, as truly as it works in proportion as it feeds. This canon of organic life is the foundation of those estimates which physiologists form when they compute the value of food in weight lifting power.

It is, however, necessary to recognize the fact, although these propositions are true in the abstract, they need the introduction of a net integer or combining power before any such results can be worked out. We know that food is practically just truly outside the body after it has been digested, and even taken in the blood current as it is when it lies on the table. Nutrition is a tissue function, and its performance depends on the appetite and feeding power, which is something different from the nutrition of the tissue with which the nutrient fluid is brought into contact. Again, as particular part of the organism may be exhausted by work that it has not power enough left to feed. It is a matter of the highest practical moment that this fact should be recognized. There is undoubtedly a point at which work ceases to be strengthening and becomes exhausting, self exhausting and self destructive so far as the particular issue in activity is concerned.

LEFT UTTERLY POWERLESS.

Work may be carried too far, in fact, such a point that not only the last reserve power for action, but the ultimate unit, so to say, of the force of the nutrition, which is the basis of all activity, is exhausted. In general activity, may be expended in work, and the organism left so utterly powerless that its exhausted tissues can no longer appropriate the food supplied or placed within their normal reach. We have said that it is necessary this should be understood. It has special bearing on the question of brain work in childhood and indolence.

Just as extreme weakness and faintness, the body as a whole produce restlessness as a loss of control, so extreme exhaustion of the brain produces mental agitation and loss of healthy self consciousness. This is how it is that the "overworked" become deranged. One of the earliest indications, or symptoms of brain exhaustion is commonly irritability, then comes sleeplessness of the sort which seems to consist in inability to cease thinking either of a particular subject or things in general; next, the mental unrestful or untractable thought gets the better of the will, even during the ordinary hours of wakefulness and activity, which is a step further toward the verge of insanity than the mere persistence of thought at the hour of sleep. This way lies madness; and, finally, the thinking faculty, or, as we say, the imagination, gets the better of the will and asserts supremacy for its phantoms, those of sight or hearing being the most turbulent and dominant which happen to be most commonly used in intellectual work, and therefore most developed by the individual cerebrum—this is madness.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Such is the story of overwork of the brain or mind; and it is easy to see that at any stage of the progress from bad to worse the mind may be overpowered and the judgment perverted in such manner as to impel the victim of this mind trouble to seek refuge in death, or to so disorder his consciousness that he imposes himself to be acting in obedience to some just and worthy behest, when he commits an act of self destruction or does something in the doing of which he accidentally dies. Such, in the main, is the story of suicide from overwork.

What, then, can be the excuse pleadable by those who heap on the brains of the young adolescent such burdens of mind labor as worry as exhaust their very faculties of help and leave them a prey to the vagaries of a starved brain? We pity the suffering, those shipwrecked sailors who, after exposure in an open boat, perhaps without food, hours or days, "go mad," and, raving of horrors and pleasures, the antitheses of their actual experience, fall on each other or throw themselves overboard. Have we no pity for brains dying of lack of food because we have compelled them to expend their very unit of force in work, and now they are straght in the act of dying?

It may be a sublime ideal, that of a highly educated people; but if it should happen the realization of this beautiful dream of philosophic reformers can only be achieved by the slaughter of the weak, it will secure the national conscience to ride that, after all, "the survival of the fittest" is the law of nature.—Lancet.

A valuable kind of dry pocket glue is made by combining twelve parts of glue and five parts of sugar. The glue is boiled until it is entirely dissolved, the sugar is then put into the glue, and the mass evaporated until it is found to become hard on cooling. Lukewarm water melts it readily, and the article proves excellent in causing paper to adhere firmly, and without producing the slightest disagreeable odor.—Boston Budget.

Bar Harbor's Rich Washerwoman.

Bar Harbor boasts of a \$75,000 washerwoman's house and lot are now estimated at the price, but she cannot be induced to sell, and continues to scrub and polish as she did before the rise in her fortunes, the only change being she has more to do now than then. It is not recorded that her collars are more shining or her handkerchiefs whiter than they were before she was a capitalist, nor that the work is less satisfactorily done.—Kennebec Journal.