

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Adolf L. Reichenheim, a wealthy citizen of Berlin, has willed to that city 1,000,000 marks (nearly \$250,000) for charitable purposes.

—M. Pasteur says it is easier to cure temperate men who have been bitten by a mad dog than it is to cure those who are addicted to the flowing bowl.

—To visitors at the Edinburgh Exposition Mr. Lloyd's exhibit of five miles of "news" paper in an unbroken web is one of the most striking examples of modern paper making.

—Experiments in Austrian garrisons prove that where the floors of barracks are painted with tar the collection of dust in cracks is prevented, and there is a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye. There is also a great diminution of parasites.

—At the entrance of a restaurant in Pesth, Hungary, where young ladies are employed, is posted a notice reading: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as this is a fruitful source of breakage and impedes the service."

—The King of the Belgians is about the only European sovereign who was born to a throne and reached it. The kings of Prussia, Portugal and Sweden were born younger sons, the King of Denmark a distant cousin and the Queen of England but fifth in succession to the reigning sovereign.

—The proprietor of a menagerie wrote to the Liverpool Post that he succeeded in saving a lion cub that had been deserted by its mother by putting it with a female dog to suckle. Now the young lion takes freely of any cooked food, especially vegetables, but refuses raw meat. It follows the keeper's wife like a dog.

—According to English statistics the death-rate among doctors is large and on the increase. It is about twenty-five per thousand among doctors, twenty among lawyers and sixteen among clergymen. In proportion to their numbers there are more deaths of doctors from contagious fevers and diphtheria than the average of the mass of the people.

—The latest accounts state that the new island which has sprung up in the Friendly group, in the South Pacific, is about nine square miles in area, and rises from two to three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The volcanic eruption which produced the island threw up a column of water and steam fully a mile in height.

—A curious experiment has lately been made in Italy. A couple of swallows, the proprietors of a nest of little ones, were conveyed from Pavia to Milan, where they were set at liberty at a certain moment previously agreed upon. Thirteen minutes later the parent birds reached their nests together, having performed the distance at the rate of one and a half miles per minute.

—Some very attractive specimens of paper slippers, sandals and other coverings for the feet—a substitute for leather, etc.—have been brought to notice in London, where their manufacture has been recently undertaken. For this purpose paper, paper pulp or papier mache is employed in making the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size; the sole is made of paper, pasteboard, leather board or other adapted paper material, a union of this sole to the upper being effected by means of cement, glue or other adhesive material. The plan is to have the upper creased, embossed or perforated at the instep and sides so as to prevent any breaking or tearing while in use. The sole may be made with or without a heel.

AT SANTA ANITA.

A Sunday Spent at the Pleasure Resort of the City of Mexico.

Santa Anita, the first village on the Vega beyond the City of Mexico, is the universal rallying point on Sundays, both for natives and sight-seekers from the capital. There is always a fiesta at Santa Anita, and the Indians are forever fandangoing, pulque-drinking and ballad-singing. On arriving at this village, the first business of every body is to secure a wreath of poppies and corn-flowers, which the women wear upon their tangled hair and the men upon their sombreros—though, perhaps, the "human form divine" thus beautifully crowned may be but partially covered with scurf and dirty rags. Lovely wreaths sell for a *medio* (six cents) apiece; and the woman, young or old, who is not wreathed before the day is over is either deep in disgrace or hopelessly out of fashion. This innate love of flowers is a direct heritage from the swarthy founders of the floating gardens. History tells us that the most valuable gift which Montezuma presented to the Spanish ambassadors who came to his court, was accompanied by a rare bouquet—and a strange anomaly it must have seemed, the love of the beautiful combined with their blood-curdling religion! Baron von Humboldt remarked upon the same peculiarity centuries afterward, and so have other writers on Mexico. To-day those who sit in the market-places must embower themselves in green branches garlanded with flowers, while some prosaic pulque barrels are wreathed with roses, and mugs and pitchers are similarly adorned. The poorest village church has its floor strewn with blossoms, and fresh bouquets are always arranged upon the altars before services begin. The babe at its christening, the child at its confirmation, the bride at her wedding and the corpse in its coffin are alike adorned.

At the Indian village next above Santa Anita is a rare old church, which was built by Cortez more than three hundred years ago, but is still in daily use. It is well worth a visit, and if the doors chance to be closed, a few cents will induce the custodian (who lives conveniently near) to produce the key and reveal all its treasures of antique ugliness. In the rear is a weed-grown graveyard with rows of grinning skulls ranged along the arms of its central cross, which is surrounded by the usual heap of human bones. In front of the church, facing the plaza fountain where the women collect with the *Indian water-jars* and linger to gossip, as even Indian women will—are several blue-painted

adobe tombs. The vaults are mostly empty, except a few moldy bits of coffin (as any one may see by looking in), but each is graced by the owner's skull and cross-bones, placed carefully on top. There is something charmingly grotesque in the idea that these long-dead folk have come out to watch the little world they left, and listen to the endless gossip at the fountain; and each eyeless "dome of thought" seems to wear a cheerful grin, as if appreciating the situation.

Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than the evening home-comings down the Vega—the happy-hearted natives singing on shore or in their boats, or fandango dancing to twanging guitars, while the dusky gondoliers keep time to the music with their paddles. Meantime the sleepy water is glowing purple beneath the willows, and the soft twilight of this marvelous climate is throwing its glamour over all. Everybody, of whatever age or color, sex or station, wears a poppy wreath, and since it is "better to be out of the world than out of fashion," Betsy and I don them also, and enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion.—*Fannie B. Ward, in Boston Transcript.*

RELIC-HUNTERS.

How They Are Victimized by Professional Relic-Hunters.

"Why is it that the East Room of the White House is kept so bare of furniture?" asked a visitor to this city of a White-House official.

"Because if it was filled with small pieces of furniture, bric-a-brac or knickknacks, it would present a most dilapidated condition," was the answer. "As it is, the relic-hunters cut off tassels from the fringe of the furniture, or tear off pieces of the curtains. If there was any thing portable handy, off it would go as a memento of the visit."

Washington is perhaps the greatest place for relic-hunters in this country. Here they have full swing at all sorts of historical places, and each visitor thinks that he or she must carry something home to the old folks. Just at present pieces of the Washington Monument are the most salable. Everywhere you go you see a piece of white marble, some with rude sketches of the monument on them, others plain; but there is enough still on sale to raise the monument fifty feet higher, and the greatest part of the joke is that all of the stone for sale is said to have been chipped from the cap-stone!

One would hardly believe that relics of Guiteau still exist, but they do, or, at least, some people are made to suppose they do, and they find a ready market. Talking to a well-known "relic fink" he spoke of some interesting things in regard to his trade. He managed soon after Guiteau tried to suicide to have mentioned in a paper that the improvised knife with which Guiteau tried to commit the deed was in his possession. He was soon overrun with requests from relic hunters for the knife, but he had an eye to business. He remembered a friend who was hawking in New York and wrote to him: "I send you the knife which Guiteau used in his attempted suicide. Use it to your best advantage, and return it to me within a month." The friend sought a well-known dime museum manager, made a bargain to exhibit it for a few weeks, earned a lot of money, and got a lot of advertisement for the relic dealer here. Soon after, a man came from England especially to see the dealer in this city. He was delegated by one of the Government museums to purchase relics. Among other things he wanted the Guiteau knife. The dealer told him he could have it, and thereupon went into his workshop, took a piece of steel, sharpened it, bound one end with cord, and had a duplicate made exactly as he had made the so-called original knife exhibited in New York. "That's nothing," said the dealer. "When Guiteau was hung, I bought a lot of common rope, cut it up in small pieces, and sold it all over the country. I came very near making a fortune in it, only one thing happened—my rope gave out, and, besides, I had worked all the snickers." This same man has since a thriving trade in Cleveland wedding cakes. He has some relics in shape of unused boxes and plate pieces of cake yet at his house.—*Washington Letter.*

HARVEST MONTHS.

Fair Luna Constantly Shining Upon Ripening Fields of Golden Wheat.

It is an interesting fact that wheat-growing has now become so widely extended over the surface of the earth that the moon never fails to find a ripe field to shine upon. When the growth of this grain was largely confined to one latitude, the regular occurrence of the "harvest moon" was considered by some a special arrangement to lengthen the day for the hurried reapers. As now grain is falling somewhere every month of the year, many must have to get along without this helpful phenomenon. No doubt a statement of the continual harvesting, and the time when different countries accomplish their in-gathering, will be of general interest. We find the following in an exchange:

It is harvest in January for Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentina; February and March for East India and Upper Egypt; April for Lower Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and Cuba; May for Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco, Texas and Florida; June for Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of France, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Utah, Colorado and Missouri; July for Roumania, Bulgaria, Austro-Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, South of England, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New England and Upper Canada; August, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Lower Canada, Columbia and Manitoba; September and October, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and North of Russia; November, Peru and South Africa; December, Burmah.—*Rural Press.*

—Cardinal Gibbons' red hat is said to have cost him no less than twenty-five thousand dollars.

PRESIDENTIAL LOVES.

Something About the Sweethearts of Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and Others.

President Lincoln's first love was a golden-haired blonde, who had cherry lips, a clear blue eye, a neat figure and more than ordinary intellectual ability. Her name was Anne Rutledge. She was the daughter of a tavern-keeper in Salem, Ill. Mr. Lincoln met her when he was about twenty-three, and after a romantic courtship, became engaged to her. She died before they could be married; and Lincoln was so much affected by her death that his biographer, Ward Lamon, says his friend pronounced him crazy for a time. He was watched carefully, and became especially violent during storms, fogs and damp and gloomy weather. At such times he would rave, declaring, among other wild expressions: "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain and storms to beat upon her grave." At this time he began to quote, it is said, the poem which is so well identified with him, beginning:

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? It is supposed that he was thinking of his first love during the times he so often repeated it. Years afterwards, when he had become famous, he was asked by an old friend as to the story of his love for Anne Rutledge, and he said: "I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife."

Lincoln's next love was a tall, fine-looking woman, named Mary Owens, with whom he became acquainted about a year after Anne Rutledge died. Upon her rejection of him, he wrote a letter to his friend, Mrs. O. H. Brown, saying that he had been inveigled into paying his addresses to Miss Owens, but on being refused he found he cared more for her than he had thought, and proposed again. In this letter he says:

"I most emphatically in this instance have made a fool of myself. I have come to the conclusion never more to think of marrying, and for this reason—that I can never be satisfied with any one who would be fool enough to have me."

Still, it was not long after this that he was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, a well-educated, rosy brunette, of Lexington, Ky., who was visiting at Springfield, where Lincoln was a member of the Illinois Legislature. Both Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas proposed to her. She refused Douglas and accepted Lincoln. Lincoln became suddenly ill, and it was more than a year before the marriage was consummated. It took place finally in Springfield, and the couple began their married life by boarding at the Globe Hotel at four dollars per week. Lincoln was thirty-three years old at this time and Mary Todd was twenty-one.

A number of Presidents have been in love more than once, and several have suffered the pangs of love unrequited. Washington Irving says that General Washington had a serious passion at fifteen, for some unknown beauty which made him really unhappy for a time. The son of President Tyler, who is distantly related to the Washington family, tells me that the General tried to win the daughter of Colonel Cary, of Denby, Warwick County, Va. Colonel Cary was very wealthy, and Washington, who paid attention to none but prospective heiresses, was much attracted by one of his daughters. He was a poor Major then, and he rode on horseback to Warwick County, and called upon Colonel Cary. Cary, a stiff old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and much dignity, asked Major Washington, as he alighted from his horse: "May I inquire, sir, what has caused you to honor me with a visit at this time?"

Major Washington blushing replied that he had come to ask permission to pay his addresses to Miss Cary with a view to marrying her.

"Well, sir," responded the stately Colonel, "I would have you understand that my daughter rides in her own carriage; and if that be your business you may as well mount your horse, sir, and return."

Miss Cary afterwards married a man named Ambler, a member of one of the noted families of Virginia. She was present at the celebration which took after the surrender at Yorktown, and it is said that when she saw Washington so highly honored she fainted away in the realization of the great mistake she had made in not marrying him.

A year or two after this, when Washington had become a Colonel at twenty-three years of age, he fell in love with Mary Phillips, a rich New York heiress, at whose house he spent a week. The authorities are divided as to whether he proposed to her or not. All concede, however, that he was slighted and went away very angry, and it is charged that he carried his anger to the extent of aiding in the confiscation of the Phillips estate after the revolution had become a success and his love had married his rival.

John Adams' love affairs were numerous. In 1764, the year in which he was married, he writes in his diary: "I was of an amorous disposition, and very early, from ten to eleven years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I shall draw no characters nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be considered no compliment to the dead or the living. This I will say: they were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of or regret her acquaintance with me. These reflections, to me consolatory beyond expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity, and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education."

time are still in existence. He sighed for a year before he broached the subject of marriage in a stammering way at a ball. Miss Burwell did not give him an explicit reply, and a short time afterwards he found she was engaged to another.—*Frank G. Carpenter, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

SPIDER-LIFE WONDERS.

A Noted Monarch's Complete Suit of Finest Spider-Thread.

The female is much fiercer and larger than the male. There is peril to the latter in paying his addresses. "Love me or I die" is not a phrase of poetry or sentiment with the male spider, but often is a literal statement of the tragical fact, and his usual experience is that he loses some of his legs in the rebuffs which he receives. In one tribe of spiders the female is 1,300 times larger than the male. Accordingly, there is never any occasion among them to hold a woman's rights convention. The spider's thread is composed of innumerable small threads or fibers. One of these small threads has been estimated to be one two-millionth part of the thickness of a hair. The spider spins three kinds of thread. One kind is of great strength, and of this the radiating or smoke-lines of the web are made. The cross-lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious; that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even inter-spaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the prey is held secure by threads hung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3,480 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silkworm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.—*Boston Advertiser.*

DOES GOLD GROW?

The Somewhat Novel Assertion of Poetical Joaquin Miller.

Years ago I wrote and published in a London magazine an article in which I undertook to prove that gold-grows—grows the same as grain or potatoes or any thing else. I reckon I did my work crudely, not knowing any thing about chemistry or even the ordinary terms of expression about such matters, and so my earnest and entirely correct sketch was torn all to pieces and laughed to scorn. Well, I have at last found positive proof of my general statement right here in the mountains by the Pacific Sea. Briefly and simply, I have found a piece of petrified wood with a little vein or thread of gold in it. How did that gold get into this piece of wood? Was it placed there by the finger of God on the morning of creation, as men have claimed was the case of the gold found in the veins of the mountains? Nonsense! Gold grows! Certain conditions of the air, or certain combinations of earth and air and water, and whatever chemicals may be required, and then a rock, a piece of quartz, or petrified tree, for the gold to grow in, and there is your gold crop! Of course, gold grows slowly. Centuries upon centuries, it may be, are required to make the least sign of growth. But it grows just as I asserted years ago; and here at last I hold in my hand such testimony as no sane man in this world will be rash enough to question—a portion of a petrified tree with a thread of gold in it.—*Joaquin Miller, in Chicago Times.*

GLORIOUS AMERICA.

An Elderly Traveler Compares American and Italian Politeness.

"Yes, I've been in Yurrip," said an elderly passenger, "and they have some curious customs over there—some that seem purty strange to us Americans. An' then agin' they have some that have evidently been borrowed from this country. For instance, I was taking a trip by stage-coach in Italy one day—me an' some more tourists—when a parcel of ugly looking men, wearing masks over their faces, stopped the kerriage an' put up a few guns an' said we had to give 'em a lot of money fore we could travel any further on that road."

"But we've paid for our passage already," said the man sittin' next to me.

"No matter," replied the swarthy man with the gun, "fity lire all around, please."

"And we had to whack up, too. Didn't mind the money so much as I did the insolence of the cusses. Just compare their brutal way to the delicate politeness of our sleeping-car porters in America. Of course the furriners borrowed that idea from the Pullman porters, but just see how the loafers bungle it up when they try to play it. It takes an American for true politeness, after all."—*Chicago Herald.*

Uses of the Card.

The card is the epitome of civilization. A lady's visiting-card is representative, and implies far more than the mere data of name and residence. Giving you her card, a lady gives with it her social recognition, her good will, her remembrance, the entree to her house. The card being thus representative should stand for more than it often does. A call is a call, and save among special friends it is the most desirable form of a call. It implies that you are held in kindly regard, and that future meetings will be agreeable. It does away with any possibility of mistakes, or with any awkwardness of chance meetings. In fact, the card is the sign and symbol of social enlightenment, and deserves to be canonized.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Analyzing the Baking Powder

"Royal" the only absolutely pure baking powder made.—Action of the New York State Board of Health.

Under the direction of the New York State Board of Health, eighty-four different kinds of baking powders, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. CHANDLER, a Member of the State Board and President of the New York State Board of Health, assisted by Prof. EDWARD G. LOVE, the well known late United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream of tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream of tartar was analyzed and found to contain lime and other impurities, in some samples to the extent of 93 per cent of their entire weight.

All the baking powders of the market, with the single exception of "Royal" (not including the alum and phosphate powders which were long since discarded as unsafe or inefficient by prudent housekeepers) are made from the impure cream of tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

The only baking powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined and prepared by patent process of the N. Y. Tartar Co., which totally remove the tartaric lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream of tartar is much greater than any other, and on account of this greater cost is used in no baking powder but the "Royal."

Prof. Love, who made the analyses of baking powders for the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, says of the purity and wholesomeness of "Royal":

"I have tested a package of 'Royal Baking Powder' which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates or any injurious substances.

"E. G. LOVE, PH.D."

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Advertisement for METROPOLITAN SAVINGS BANK, PORTLAND, featuring a drawing of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for HAMBURG 25¢ AT DRUGGISTS, featuring a drawing of a hand holding a glass and a bottle of FIGS J.J. MACK & CO. SAN FRANCISCO.