BRAZILIAN GIRLS.

The Colorless Life Led by Dom Pedro's Fairest Subjects.

A girl is never permitted to go out, not even to church, unless chaperoned by one of the family, or some other lady, generally of mature age. Nothing could be more colorless than the life of a young Brazilian woman; she has no taste whatever for reading, her education is of the most meager description, it not being considered worth while to educate girls. The necessity for educating boys is understood by parents, and those who are able do so, but a girl, what need has she for an education? They would laugh at such high-flown ideas, should any one suggest that their daughters be given the benefits of an education as a resource at hand for their own enjoyment, or that they might be intelligent companions, capable of stimulating the intellects of their children, and husbands, too, for that matter.

A very large majority of the Brazilian girls could not tell who is the Emperor of Germany, or that President Garfield and the Czar of Russia were assassinated; the Soudan or General Gordon are riddles to their minds. They are even ignorant of some of the most important historical facts relading to their own land, and of a thousand and one other topics that the women of America and other countries are generally conversant with. They embroider, crochet and study music, but usually lack the patience and application necessary to excel in the latter. If they want a drink of water, or their shoes changed, they call a slave to do it. Many can sew and do their own dressmaking, being very convenient with the needle, their natural antipathy to work being overcome by their love of dress. Their conversation is utterly frivolous, and when with familiars they talk very loud, and in the most animated manner, gesticulating and beating the air with their hands and arms, all talking at once, with seldom any thing worth saying.

If the Brazilian girl does not marry at the age she ought to be playing with her dolls, she frequently continues to play with her dolls until she does not marry. The writer remembers seeing a young woman apparently about eighteen years of age, in a street car, in the city of Bahia, with a doll in her lap, which she cared for and handled the same as a girl would do, and it is no unusual thing for young married women to own and play with these and similar fixtures of the nursery. One young woman named Marie, had five or six dolls, upon whose garments she spent much of her time. When she married she insisted upon taking them to her new home, but when this home became invaded by less tractable babies, she was finally obliged to bury her inanimate, quondam friends, with all their finery, in a trunk, probably to be resurrected by other little Maries, when they will again be nursed and made confidants of.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

A LAND OF LIARS.

How the Persians of To-day Evade All Truthful Statements.

After speaking of their parental and filial affection, their respect for the aged and their politeness and hospitality, a writer on Persia winds up apropos of the people of the country with the following phrase: "But as a race they are very untruthful and procrastinating." About these two traits of the Persian character I'd like to say a word. You've often heard of the champion liar, and many people in the United States even at this present day pretend to believe that the book agent, the lightning-rod man and Eli Perkins are the three great lars of the world. But these people don't know the Persians. With our liars at home mendacity is an acquired science and has taken years and years and much hard study to develop, and even then they often—at least occasionally—speak the truth. With them artistic lying is an effort. It takes thought and pains to produce it to perfection. Not so with the Persian. The modern Farsee is a natural liar. It goes against his grain, against all he holds most sacred in this queer world, to speak the truth. It is born with him, this inveterate love of prevarication, and it is bred in the bone for generations and generations.

I have noticed with the interest the student of human nature is liable to feel in such cases, how astonished the Farsee is when he has caught himself unawares telling the truth. He then is out of his role, and feels so abashed and ashamed of himself that he looks sheepish and guilty; much as American might after getting off an awful fib. Even with such a people, however, when the noble art of romancing is carried to such perfection, moments will arise when it is desirable to know and hear the truth. And for such occasions the stock of Persian adjuration, oaths, curses and appeals seems almost inexhaustible. One of the funniest is *Rishe mera Kaffan Kerde!* (Literally, May you put my beard in the winding sheet.) I do not know where they get their lying propensities from, these Persians; but that they are the most invidious, insidious, unconscionable story-tellers in the world there is no doubt. It is true that every race which has suffered for many centuries from oppression and has been trampled under the foot of despotic rulers of foreign blood has become steeped in insincerity, and that Punic faith has taken with them the place of the genuine article. The people of Persia have been so down trodden, misruled and frightened out of their wits for a thousand years past that that fact may explain all I don't know. I leave that for somebody else to find out.—*Teheran (or. San Francisco Chronicle.*

No Longer Under Obligations.

Man (to friend)—You didn't seem to treat that gentleman with politeness.

Friend—I spoke rather roughly, I admit.

Man—You have changed toward him. The other day I saw you cordially shaking hands with him.

Friend—Yes, he owed me then, but he has paid me, consequently you see that I am no longer under obligations to him.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HE DEVOURS STONES.

A New Hampshire Glass-Eater Who Is No Professional and No "Fake."

"This is Harry Ollis, of Keene, N. H.," said Thomas Linsky of Main street, Charlestown Neck, "and I want you to sit down a moment or two and see him eat glass and devour stones. Mr. Ollis is not a professional man, but an ordinary citizen like ourselves. I did not believe until I saw the act performed by him that a human being could actually make a meal off of glass and small stones. Now, if you are ready, I shall be pleased to fill your orders. Mr. Mr. Ollis. What will you first eat?"

Ollis smiled and said: "I guess I'll try a lamp chimney."

The article was brought and the man, who sat opposite the reporter at the table, began to break the chimney with his right hand. After he had got several pieces of the size he desired, he said: "You are a reporter and have probably seen a good many fakes. Some of my friends go so far as to say that I can, in addition to eating glass and devouring small stones, eat tacks and telegraph wire and drink kerosene oil, but I can't. I can practice the arts of the prestidigitator and make some people think I do all these things, but when I say to you that I am going to eat pieces of this glass which you see before us, I mean it. That's glass, isn't it? You won't deny that?"

The visitor took a piece of it in his hand and said he was satisfied. Ollis again began to break the glass with his fist, and in doing so cut one of his fingers, which required a little attention.

Finally he said: "Bring me a glass of water, and I'll eat my luncheon." The water was brought, and Ollis began to chew and swallow glass, with an apparent disregard for results which was astonishing in the highest degree. He did not attempt to swallow without taking a drink of water. The first piece of glass cut his mouth and some blood followed, but he continued with his lunch till the chimney was nearly all eaten.

"If a man would give me fifty dollars in gold I wouldn't swallow a piece of that glass," said Arty Johnson, vice-president of the Alligators' Social Club. "I don't understand how others can do it and live."

"Neither do I," said Linsky, "for if you give a dog powdered glass on a piece of meat you'll kill him."

"Well, I chew and swallow glass," continued Ollis, as he began to eat a tumbler.

"I should think you would find a lamp chimney and a tumbler pretty heavy food," remarked the reporter.

"Oh," replied Ollis, "when I don't want a heavy meal I eat a light of glass. Wait a minute and I'll chew up a window pane."

After concluding his lunch on glass a half dozen or more of small stones were laid on the table, and after carefully dipping each in water Ollis swallowed them and then remarked: "The reason why I swallow these stones is because I sometimes have a sour stomach and don't want to have the glass come up in my throat."

"How long have you been eating glass and swallowing stones?" inquired the visitor.

"Since I was ten years old," replied Ollis. "Allow me to tell you how I came to do it. When I was about the age I spoke of, my uncle, who used to read to me frequently in the evening, took up a copy of the New York *Herald* and read aloud a story of a Count residing in Paris, who, after drinking a glass of champagne, would eat the wine glass. I listened attentively to the narrative and at its conclusion I said to myself if a Count can eat glass I can. A day or two later I tried the experiment. I was pretty well scared and kept thinking I might die, for you know a boy will sometimes do things that frighten him, but nothing serious came from my first attempt and so I continued to do it. I suppose you can do it as well as I can. I don't know as there is any thing different in our internal organization.

"You want to know how I came to devour stones. I will tell you. You notice that I say I swallow glass and devour stones. I can't chew a stone; I can devour it; you see the difference. As I was about to say, I began devouring stones, that is, stones not larger than the end of my thumb, after I had had a talk with a sword-swallower. He said it was easy enough, and that the stones would not hurt me. He put a stone in his mouth, and then pushed it down his throat with the point of the sword. I came to the conclusion, the same as I did in the case of the Court of Paris, that if he could do it I could, and consequently I added stones to my bill of fare. I am thirty-seven years old."

"Would you be willing to submit to a scientific examination."

"Would I? I should be only too glad. Of course the doctors will not believe that I actually chew and swallow glass. I recollect meeting Dr. Griffin, of the quarantine department, in a hotel on one occasion. He doubted that I could chew and swallow glass and survive, and went so far as to say that if I could really do it then medical and surgical science had been greatly at fault. I told the doctor if he would send and get a piece of glass that I would demonstrate to him the correctness of my assertion. He did so, and I ate and swallowed the glass. What I have eaten has never hurt me, and you can see for yourself that I am fat and healthy-looking."—*Boston Globe.*

—Husband (mildly)—You must remember, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived was a man. Wife (impatiently)—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of Job! Think of Mrs. Job! The patience that poor woman must have had to put up with such a man!—*Toledo Blade.*

—An immense drove of rats recently took possession of the premises of S. Gaines, near Scio, Ga. Although he has killed about one thousand, there are many left. They have killed about five hundred dollars' worth of chickens and other fowls.—*Chicago Times.*

—The beautiful red plumage of a South African species of birds has been chemically examined and found to be due to copper. When the birds are kept from food containing copper they entirely lose the tint produced by that material.

PITH AND POINT.

—If the safety of the great Brooklyn structure were questioned, 45,000,000 persons would praise the bridge which carried them safely over.—*Brooklyn Union.*

—When a coil of lead pipe in front of a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue a Dakota man knows it is time to swear off.—*Estelline Bell.*

—"The barbers in some cities are striking for a rest on Sunday." Well, why don't they let their customers do all the talking one day in the week.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Fashionable mother—"You must never use the word 'tony,' Clara. It is only used by common people." Clara—"What word shall I use mamma?" Fashionablemother—"'Swell.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Little Tony, aged eight, asks his little playmate:—"How old are you, Lucille?" "I'm six, Tony." "Oho! six years, indeed! Are you quite sure? You women are always making yourselves out to be younger than you are."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"Is he a man of much calibre?" said a Connecticut avenue girl to a Dupont Circle belle about a certain gay and giddy Congressman. "O, yes," was the confident reply, "he is the greatest bore I ever saw."—*Washington Critic.*

—The oldest newspaper man in New York has been on duty continuously, on the same paper, for thirty-five years, and is called the "dean of the press." We have been on duty running a paper for thirty-five weeks, and have only earned the title of "durn Southerner."—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

—A minister has been lecturing recently on "Suicide; Its Causes and Cure." We believe he is right, but still it is a pretty impossible task to cure a man of suicide. Nearly all the cases thus far reported have proved fatal.—*Burdette.*

—Our little Johnny, who has just attained his fifth year, listened attentively to a lady visitor who gave an account of the late appearance of her wisdom tooth, and then astonished her by asking: "Do foolish persons also get wisdom teeth?"—*Babyhood.*

—The reason the man who minds the other man's business doesn't get rich is because the other man whose business he minds generally isn't grateful enough to be reciprocal and mind the business of the man who minds his business. See?—*Somerville Journal.*

—"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister, pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."—*Exchange.*

—First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)—I flatter myself that is not a bad story. Second newspaper humorist (without smiling)—Yes, it will do. F. N. H.—Then why don't you laugh? That is a nice way to treat a friend's joke. S. N. H. (laughing)—O, I didn't know this was a social matter. I thought you wanted my professional opinion. Pray pardon me.—*Puck.*

ODD ADDRESSES.

Some of the Curiosities Which Have Passed Through English Post-Offices.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-offices. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London:

Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere:
He needs not ask, whose wide-extended fame
Is spread about our earth, like light and air,
A local habitation for his name.

Charles Dibden, the naval-song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address:

Postman, take this sheet away,
And carry it to Mr Hay;
And whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the Theater, Bolton;
If in what county you inquire,
Merely mention Lancashire.

A letter addressed as follows was mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London:

Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bulle, lifts its head and lies,
There dwells a citizen of sober fame,
A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name.

The letter was delivered without delay to a Mr. Batlaam, a fishmonger near the Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction:

Mr. ——, Traveling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Persha (Pershore), Worcestershire. Please find him if possible.

Another envelope bore the following:

This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies, 30 Sheriff street, off Prince Edward street, Liverpool.

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered:

"To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburgh. She has a wooden leg.

The other was addressed:

"My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest.

"In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde, "the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst."—*Home Chimes.*

Looking at Samples.

"If I pick out some wall paper right away, can you send a man to my house to hang it this forenoon?" she asked in a paper store three or four days ago.

"Yes'm."

"Very well; you may show me some samples."

She sat in a chair before the sample rack until a quarter of twelve, and then went to dinner. She was back at one and remained until almost five, when she finally heaved a long sigh and said to the patient clerk:

"Dear me, but it's such a task and so late in the season that I guess I won't get any at all. Much obliged, and I'll probably buy of you next spring.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A Column Devoted to the Interests of Farmers and Stockmen.

Six hundred tons of honey will be harvested in Ventura county, Cal., this season.

With hay above $10 per ton it is very poor policy to feed cattle that when sold will not bring top prices.

Good ripe fruit is never too plentiful for use, but it may be so abundant that marketing will not give profit.

Nobody has seen ground harrowed too much as a preparation for wheat, for it is hardly possible to get too fine tilth.

If swine are to be kept on the farm the best profits will be found in the finest breeds that run into matured meat the first year.

The agricultural distress in Germany is so great that it is proposed to divide large estates for planting in the colonies among German peasants.

In Marion and Polk counties, Oregon, the hop crop has not turned out as well as expected, and in some places there is not more than half a crop.

Deep tillage is the privilege to which latent fertility in the lower soil responds with alacrity where the exercise gives invitation, so multiplying fruits to the measure of enlarged resources.

The methods of wheat farming in these days of hurry and worry to get work done cheaply, are much inferior to those employed a few years ago when hindrances were less troublesome than now.

Despite the numerous chapters on weed encroachments that have filled reams upon reams of agricultural papers their extent increases, and each succeeding year finds them more firmly established.

Mr. George Graham, of Beaver Creek, Clackamas county, Oregon, threshed an average of 40 bushels of grain, wheat and oats, off of 25 acres. The most of this land has been in constant use for the last 25 years.

It is said that a tablespoonful of powdered alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water and stirred, will in a few hours, precipitate to the bottom all the impure particles and leave the water clear and pure as spring water. Four gallons would need but a teaspoonful.

Keep dairy salt and all other that is to be used for human food in clean packages and away from all foul odor, for salt will absorb impurities from the atmosphere and afterward impart it into food with which it comes in contact. Serious losses have occurred from ignorance of this fact.

A blacksmith who does not perceive the requirement that the foot of a horse must be pared to natural shape after long wearing of shoes until the heofs are overgrown, has an important lesson to learn, for no horse can travel easily with projecting toes and relatively shortened heels.

Catnip is one of the most valuable plants for bees. The flowers are rich in honey, and for several months, commencing with June of each year, yield it freely at all hours and in every kind of weather. A patch may easily be raised from the seed, sown the latter part of summer or early in the spring.

The turnip crop in all parts of this country and in Canada is reported as very poor. The dry weather and insects have interfered with the growth of the plants. Roots that grow underground, like carrots and parsnips, have done much better, as they have not been exposed to the dry air and the heat of the sun.

Apple, peach, pear, plum and cherry trees set along boundary lines of farms interfere very little with cultivation, and their fruit is produced almost without cost after the trees are well established, while at the same time they may serve a useful purpose as screens to mitigate the force of driving storms.

PRESERVING EGGS.—The following is the "Havana process" of preserving eggs, the formula for which has been kept a secret or sold to persons who were willing to pay $2 for it: Take twenty-four gallons of water and put in it twelve pounds of unslaked lime and four pounds of salt. Stir well several times a day and then let it stand and settle until perfectly clear. Then draw off twenty gallons of the clear lime and salt water. By putting a spigot in the barrel about four inches above the bottom you can draw off the clear water and leave the settlings. Then take five ounces of baking soda, five ounces of cream tartar, five ounces saltpeter, five ounces borax and one ounce of alum; mix and dissolve in a gallon of boiling water, which should be poured into your twenty gallons of lime water. This will fill a whisky barrel about half full, and such a barrel holds 150 dozen eggs. Let the water stand one inch above the eggs. Cover with an old cloth and put a bucket of the settlings over it. Do not let the cloth hang over the barrel. As the water evaporates add more, as the eggs must be kept covered.

Female garroters are numerous in the City of Mexico.

A leading citizen of Hagerstown, Md., Mr. George W. Harris, had suffered for some time with facial neuralgia and toothache, when he tried St. Jacobs Oil He says: "It gave me instantaneous relief, and I consider it a wonderful remedy."

The Connecticut onion crop is a failure this season.

Prof. Chas. P. Williams, Ph. D., of Philadelphia, says there is neither morphia, opium nor minerals in Red Star Cough Cure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

A COMPLEX CASE.

One of the most widely known men in the United States, particularly in the extending circles of Temperance organizations, is the Prohibition candidate at the recent election for Governor of the state of New York, A. A. Hopkins, Esq., of the City of Rochester. He did not receive sufficient votes to elect, but one thing is certain, from the test of his qualifications in the editorial chair of a very widely circulated newspaper, he possesses the ability to have filled the position with credit had he been chosen. The physicians to whom he writes the following letter, therefore, have reason to value it very highly as a voluntary testimonial:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1885.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—*Gentlemen:*—Permit me to express my hearty recognition of the good your Compound Oxygen treatment has done in my own household. One of our family has been several years afflicted with a combination of lung, head and nerve difficulties very severe, and resisting every form of medical application. He had tried physicians literally by the score changes of climate South and West; and had grown hopeless nearly altogether. You know how *complex* was his case, and how apparently beyond help, for he visited you in person when but just able to be off is bed. You did not think him curable. Nor can I say that he was cured; but he was amazingly helped. He tried the Compound Oxygen with little faith in it, and his cough grew less, his strength greater. His nervous condition improved steadily. Whenever the Oxygen was intermitted for a time he lost ground. Last Spring he had become so well and strong that the Treatment did not seem necessary, and he gave it up. He had regained his former weight; his cough was rarely ever heard, by night or day; he walked about with vigor, and attended actively to business. His wonderful improvment surprised himself and all who knew him.

Yours, etc., A. A. HOPKINS.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, the dispensers of this remarkable curative agent, will send, without charge, their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving all desired information in regard to it, to any applicant.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Mathews, 615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

Seven Hungarians were burned to death near Hughesville, Pa. Twenty-two were sleeping in a small shanty when a stove fell over and set fire to a new building. The men were employed on a new line of railroad.

EVERYTHING GOES WRONG

In the bodily mechanism when the liver gets out of order. Constipation, dyspepsia, contamination of the blood, imperfect assimilation, are certain to ensue. But it is easy to prevent these consequences, and remove their cause, by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the biliary organ and regulates its action. The direct result is a disappearance of the pains beneath the ribs and through the shoulder blade, the nausea, headaches, yellowness of the skin, furred look of the tongue, and sour odor of the breath, which characterize liver complaint. Sound digestion and a regular habit of body are blessings also secured by the use of this celebrated restorative of health, which imparts a degree of vigor to the body which is its best guarantee of safety from malarial epidemics. Nerve weakness and over-tension are relieved by it, and it improves both appetite and sleep.

Nearly 25,000 bathers use Brooklyn's free baths each week.

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillfull Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of Medical and surgical skill in America, for the Treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, piles, tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

During the past twelve years 370 earthquakes have been recorded in the United States and Canada.

NEURALGIA OF THE HEART.

Neuralgia of the heart is a common affection, and one which is not only extremely painful, but very dangerous. Its paroxysms can be relieved and the disease cured by using DR. FLINT'S HEART REMEDY. At all druggists. $1.50. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address J. J. Mack & Co., S. F.

THE CONFLICT

Between disease and health is often brief and fatal. It is better to be provided with cheap and simple remedies for such common disorders as coughs colds, &c., than to run the risk of contracting a fatal disease through neglect. DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM is a sure and safe remedy for all diseases of the lungs and chest. If taken in season it is certain to cure, and may save you from that terrible disease, Consumption. It has been known and used for many years, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is the best remedy in the world for Coughs, &c.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron removes languor and loss of appetite.