

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

It cost \$300,000 to harvest the immense cranberry crop around Cape Cod (Massachusetts) this season.

The culture of tobacco in Germany is progressing, 1,985,597 acres having been planted this spring.

It is estimated that 300,000 head of mutton sheep have been driven from Oregon this year to Wyoming and Nebraska to be fattened for the spring market.

The census of the Island of Cuba shows "1,200 sugar plantations, 5,000 tobacco plantations, 160 coffee plantations, 25 cocoa plantations, 5,000 grazing farms, 20,600 small farms, 90,000 warehouses, factories, etc."

Persons who are undertaking to raise carp in artificial ponds must be careful to keep other kinds of fish as well as aquatic animals and turtles out of them.

Prof. Roberts, speaking of the great efficiency of modern labor-saving implements and machines, says: "The boy of to-day, with his sulky-plow and self-binder, can rob the soil of more plant food in a year than his grandfather could in all his lifetime, though his muscular grandfather might have carried off with ease two such boys, one under each arm."

The Territory of Alberta, in the Canadian northwest, contains, it is computed, 76,325 cattle, 10,225 horses and 21,300 sheep. Thus, at \$40 per head, \$3,053,000 is invested in cattle, \$801,500 in horses at \$40 per head, and \$852,000 in sheep at \$4 per head.

An idea of the extent of the milling business at Minneapolis, Minn., can be got from the following extract, taken from the Northwestern Miller, of November 3: "The flour output touched high figures last week, being the largest for any single week of the year—137,270 barrels, averaging 26,211 barrels daily, against 90,500 barrels for the preceding week, and 161,650 barrels for the corresponding time in 1885.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Lientenant Henu caekleates to bring the Galatea back next year and enter for all the races.—Lowell Courier.

The scold waxes as very trying," said a man to his wife this morning when she raised him for not building the fire.—Washington Critic.

A happy thought is one that has escaped from a melancholy man and is certain that it will not be obliged to go back.—Picaresque.

A man had much rather be fined fifty dollars for fast driving than be told that his horse couldn't trot fast enough to break the statute.—Burdette.

Daughter—"Mamma, I'm crazy about this palmyrist!" Mother—"The pa mystery I'm crazy about is where your father spends his evenings."—Chicago Journal.

"You can always tell a man who has once been a clerk in a hotel," says an exchange. Our experience has always been that you can't tell him much. He thinks he knows it all.—Somerville Journal.

"Say, mister, don't you want a boy?" "Are you out of work?" "Yes." "What did you do during the summer?" "I stuck flies onto fly-paper in drug-gists' winders, but fly-time's over now."—Philadelphia Call.

"They eat horses in France," observed Joggins; isn't it horrible?" "I think you ought to be the last to say so," rejoined Snooper. "How is that?" "You have been known to consume a great many ponies yourself."—Tel-Bits.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "O, mothers, hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature." Mothers often do—with a shoe.—Chicago Mail.

The new teacher at Bitter Creek, a smart young fellow from Boston, who thought he knew all creation, was downed at the first spelling school in his new district on the first word. Old "Squire Pollock gave out 'pussyle,' and the new teacher spelled it 'purslane.'" "Set down," said the "squire, and how everybody did yell."—Burdette.

Country Uncle—"Next summer, Fannie, you must come out and spend a month with us on the farm, and see us every morning go out into the field with our hoes on our shoulders." Fannie—"Humph, that's the last place in the world I'd think of wearing my hose."—Texas Siftings.

Catharine Owen has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now, but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt she will find that about ten dollars more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but the trimming and making cost like sixty.—Norristown Herald.

DELICATE SURGERY.

Successful Removal of a Portion of a Hospital Patient's Backbone.

One of the rarest and most dangerous operations in surgery has been performed at the Cincinnati hospital. It consisted in removing about three inches of the backbone and exposing the spinal cord. The patient was a young colored man about twenty-one years of age. When first admitted to the hospital he was suffering from disease which had broken out over the head, neck and back in the form of large abscesses, the chief one of which was about the middle of the back, and had eaten away the backbone to a considerable extent.

The poor fellow could not lie in a recumbent posture nor on his side, in consequence of the extreme pain attending such a position, and was compelled to lie all the while on his face. Slowly he had lost the power of motion and of sensation in his legs, so that he was completely paralyzed from the body down. It was decided that his only chance of life lay in an operation for the removal of a part of the backbone, so as to stop the process of decay. He was then turned on his face, and the plucky surgeon made an incision right down on the spine. A large quantity of pus was revealed, and the cavity was sponged out carefully in order to see just where the knife was going.

MASCULINE BEAUTY.

The Man Who Poses for Admiration Declared to Be a Desperate Boor.

Somebody has found out that winsomeness is impossible in a man possessed of physical beauty. He may be a handsome fellow, perhaps a beauty, and yet that fine and suitable charm which attaches itself to female loveliness can never be his. The mere beauty of manliness, of character, and brains carries a heavy weight in its power of personal attraction.

Gray—Well, I can't either. I never do know what to take. [Patient waiter retires and serves man's order. Then he returns.]

Gray—Well, I don't know but I do, too. At any rate, we won't take an oyster stew, for they only serve crackers with that, and the bread here is just lovely.

Gray—How would a chicken croquet go? Brown (not so sure whether it's Dutch treat or not)—O, don't let's take croquets. We'll be sure to have them tonight at the Millers'.

Gray—That's so. O, dear, what do I want? I believe I'll take some cream-hashed potatoes and two cups of chocolate.

Gray—Yes, that will do nicely. (To patient waiter) Bring us two cream-hashed potatoes and two cups of chocolate.

Patient Waiter—Yes, madam; and bread? Gray—Of course, bread.

Patient Waiter—Bread is only served with a meat order. Not with potatoes alone. Gray—O, is that so? Then I don't care for potatoes.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

An Instructive Discourse on the Measurement of Fresh Eggs in Quantities.

How few people realize how many spawn of fish a million is. We are accustomed to read of this or that hatchery turning out so many millions of whitefish, shad, salmon or speckled trout, as the case may be, with but little thought of how many a true million actually is. In conversation with an acquaintance some days ago, while speaking of the number of million of spawn we had laid down in the Caledonia hatchery, I was asked how many bushels of spawn I supposed we had, and if I knew how many spawn it took to make a bushel.

Gray—Well, we won't take chocolate then, but we can have some ice cream afterward if we want it.

Gray—Nor I, either. Besides we must hurry.

[Patient Waiter vanishes and returns with the check, which he directly lays midway between the two.]

Gray (buttoning her glove)—This is mine, Kate.

Gray—Well, let us make haste. We really have no time to lose.

Then the dear girls trot off to Cash's and Gray pays sixteen dollars the yard for trimming to renovate the old dress.—Philip H. Welch, in Puck.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

Two of Them Go Out Shopping and Patronize a Fashionable Restaurant.

Time—1 o'clock p. m. Place—Fashionable Restaurant.

[The young women being advantageously seated, extra wraps and bundles disposed of, Patient Waiter fills their glasses and lays menu-card before them. Neither glances at it.]

Gray—Well, I don't know. I am not very hungry.

Gray—Nor I. I breakfasted late, and don't feel as if I could eat a thing.

Gray—Well, I can't either. I never do know what to take. [Patient waiter retires and serves man's order. Then he returns.]

Gray—Well, I don't know but I do, too. At any rate, we won't take an oyster stew, for they only serve crackers with that, and the bread here is just lovely.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The French Government costs 463,000 francs, or about \$90,000, an hour. A London lady died recently, leaving £10,000 to the Dogs' Home at Battersea.

Bismarck smokes in his pipe the fact that Germany has 1,500,000 more people now than in 1880.

The Chinese have a custom of wearing two watches, because if "one makes sick and die, other live."

Heinrich Heine's brother, Baron Gustave Heine, just dead at Vienna, left a fortune of many million florins to his four children.

Eleanor of Castile, the wife of Charles III. of France, planted, during her coronation year, an orange-tree in the Versailles garden. It is still flourishing and bears fruit.

The Emperor of Austria is now named as a victim to over-use of tobacco. He has been ordered to let cigars alone, instead of smoking twenty a day, as hitherto he has done.

The most successful music-hall divy in London of recent years, which gave the composer a reputation and profit while his long course of popularity endured, had the thrilling refrain: "Ducky darling, ducky darling, I love you."

A Krupp cannon weighing one hundred and twenty-one tons was embarked a few days ago at Antwerp for Spezia. It is the largest cannon that has ever been made, either at Essen or anywhere else.

Senor Don Jose Manuel Balmaceda, the new President of Chili, was born in 1840, and belongs to one of the highest and best families of the republic. He has been for fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and enjoys a high reputation as an orator and debater.

The authorities of Munich have opened to the public at fifty cents per head the four grand palaces left by King Ludwig. Already a sum equal to \$100,000 has been secured, and it is believed that by treating the palaces as museums enough money will be obtained in time to liquidate his late Majesty's debts.

It is reported that at Dresden the experiment has been tried of placing a nickel lightning rod on a building. The advantages claimed for this metal are that, being non-corrodible, it will last longer than iron, and will also keep brittle at the points, which latter is very essential to the efficiency of rods as conductors of electricity.

The late Prince Alexander of Lyan, prominently connected for many years with the diplomatic service of Prussia, was married to an American, Miss Mary Parsons, of Elmhurst, O., who survives him.

Their eldest son, his Serene Highness Prince Ernest George, aged eleven years, succeeds to the title and becomes head of the family.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

A Powder-Horn and an Old Tea-Pot That Served General Putnam.

A relic of old Worcestershire ware—a blue and pearl-white teapot that has survived the accidents and incidents of more than two centuries and has figured in many historical episodes—has lately been rescued from the obscurity of one of those sunken cupboards so common in New England houses built a hundred years ago or more.

The original owner of the relic was Samuel Ellithorpe, who settled as a young man on the southern limit of the grant to Sir William Brattle, after whom Brattleborough, Vt., is named.

The teapot is the last survival of the table-set given to Mrs. Ellithorpe, whose maiden name was Marsh, on the celebration of the nuptials of the adventurous young squire, whose deed from Brattle is still in existence, and comprised the larger part of the flourishing town of Stafford, Conn.

The ancient residence of the first Squire Ellithorpe occupied the summit of what is believed to be the highest elevation of the Connecticut. It was a low, large, rambling one-story building, in the style of Elizabeth, and was built about the year 1680.

Here the first squire lived and died; but his second successor in 1764 erected a new structure of more imposing height on a sheltered shelf of the hill, some five or six furlongs east, and opened a sort of inn for the accommodation of travelers—a procedure very popular in those times.

This representative of the race, which is now extinct so far as legitimate issue is concerned, married Miss Amy Johnson, daughter of one of the most celebrated Indian fighters of his day, Moses Johnson, whose exploits are still preserved in local tradition.

This third Squire Ellithorpe, who rejoiced in the Scriptural appellation of Samuel, was a young and ambitious man when the war of the Revolution commenced and the musket-shot that signaled the birth of a great nation was fired at Lexington one raw April morning.

No sooner had tidings of the scrimmage journeyed into Connecticut that Israel Putnam dropped his plow-handle and his spring's work, and set out to join the patriot forces.

On the way he stopped for the night at Samuel Ellithorpe's inn in Stafford, and it was this same old blue-and-white tea-pot that served out the beverage on that momentous occasion.

With him went Samuel Ellithorpe, leaving the care of things to his young wife, Amy; also his

WICKED BATOOM.

Its Position, Population and the Characteristics of Its People. In an article upon the town and port of Batoum, the Moscow Gazette states that its abolition as a free port by the Czar a few months ago created a great sensation.

The growth of Batoum since it was declared a free port in 1856 has been immense. Nearly all the Turkish inhabitants migrated to Trebizond in 1878, leaving behind only a small population of 3,000 souls, which has since increased to 10,000.

The Greek element preponderates, though there are also a large number of Armenians. The Russians are a very small minority. Batoum, from being purely Asiatic town, has now become quasi-European.

The central meeting place for transacting business is a cafe facing the sea. The conversation there is limited to Turkish affairs; Turkish coffee is the only beverage, and smoking is smoked but Turkish tobacco.

Gambling goes on in the open air, and tables for playing games of hazard extend along the foot-path. It is believed that, despite all difficulties, the future of Batoum is assured, as by its geographical position. It is the port of the Black sea; it has a depth of water close to the shore of from 50 to 60 fathoms; and its area would accommodate fifteen war vessels, without counting a vast number of merchantmen.

Batoum, further, forms the outlet to a railroad 800 versts in length, connecting two seas, and transporting goods not only from Baku and Tiflis, but from transcaucasian territory. The Krasnovodsk-Merv line will supply it with considerable quantities of cotton and silk for transportation.

Wheat is already carried thither in large quantities, along with naphtha from Baku. There is a question of constructing a canal from the latter to the sea, which is regarded as probable that the whole trade of the decaying town of Poti will pass over to Batoum, with all its advantages to sailing vessels, when its marshes have been drained.

A backman at Westfield, Mass., when returning from the trains at Westfield, forgot the passenger inside the carriage, drove to his boarding-place, hitched his horses and went in to see his young wife, Amy; also his

brother-in-law, Captain Nathan Washburn, who married Honor Ellithorpe, one of the courtliest dames of New England society in those days. Both were among the famous hundred Connecticut men who responded to Putnam's invitation to follow him to the field of Bunker Hill, and though in the thickest of the melee, and within a few feet of General Joseph Warren when he fell, neither was injured.