

SHE GAMBLLED.

A Fast Princess—The Exploits of a Fair Russian of Noble Birth.

Within a day or two, says a Paris letter, society has been considerably interested over the reappearance of the Princess Souwaroff. This handsome Russian lady was during many seasons the reigning star at Nice and Monaco, and was not the less remarkable on account of her frequent attempts to break the bank. She has not been seen at either of those places or in Paris since 1878. She lived so fast here and gambled so heavily at Monte Carlo that the late Czar forbade her to leave the Empire until she repaired her fortunes. Whether she has done so or not is more than one can tell, but she is certainly back in Paris, where she has already rented a magnificent house, in which she is going to have some fun before the winter is over. The Princess, whose maiden name was Basilewska, was enormously wealthy when she married the Prince Souwaroff, whose fortune was very moderate. After a few years of matrimony they agreed to disagree, and an amicable separation took place. The Prince devoted himself to traveling and the Princess went to Monaco in search of excitement. She played with large stakes, and her boldness, her coolness, and her alternate heavy losses and winnings were the sensation at Monte Carlo. Every evening, when the gambling-room closed, she entertained a large party of guests at supper in her villa on the Promenade des Anglais. Some rather racy anecdotes are related about her, and her many decidedly eccentric associates gave her a somewhat scandalous reputation.

One of these tales is that after one of her suppers the Princess, taking off her slipper, threw it across the room, whereupon an actress of the Palais Royal Theatre, who was among the guests, picked it up, filled it with champagne wine, and emptied it at a draught to the health of the hostess. This so pleased the Princess that she exclaimed, as she embraced the actress: "Tomorrow, my dear, you shall have a villa of your own, next door to mine." This promise was kept, and the actress has now the slipper under a glass case. A very stylish young man, who got cleaned out at trente-et-quarante at Monaco, amused himself one evening by marking game for the rich Russian lady, who, being pleased with his appearance, accepted his services, although he was a stranger. That day she was a heavy winner, and when she left the table offered this gentleman a thousand-franc note in so delicate a manner that a refusal was impossible. The next day the same transaction was repeated, and again and again during the whole week. Then luck turned against the Princess, and the strange gentleman placed his purse at her disposal, who accepted his offer, and was soon able to pay off the loan with interest. This gave rise to a sort of partnership, and at the end of the season her cavalier servante left Monaco with a clear profit of \$10,000.

TOPNOODY.

Mr. Topnoody went to church alone last Sunday, and when he came back he found his wife absorbed in a book.

"What are you reading, my dear?" he inquired.

"The Bible," she replied.

"Oh! I presume you find it entertaining. Suppose you let me read it to you."

"Thanks, but when I take my food, I like to have it served on clean dishes."

"That's why I wanted to read to you, love. But you shouldn't be so sarcastic."

"I'm not sarcastic, Topnoody, I'm only truthful."

"Of course you are, my dear; it runs in the family."

"It all runs over my way, too, Topnoody."

"Let's not be personal, my dear. What do you think of the Bible?"

"It is a good book for precept, and should be in the hands of all well-regulated families. I guide my actions by it."

"Ahem, my dear, I should imagine you had struck the apocrypha at times from your style of action."

"Well, Topnoody, the good book says we must fight the devil with fire, and if you will persist in doing as you do sometimes, I must fall back on the divine injunction and be a little less gentle than my own nature to keep even with you."

"What does the Bible say about women, my dear?"

"It says that when the Creator had made her, He found that she was a good thing to have in the family."

"Yes, my dear, but that was the first one turned out, and you know further over in the book, mention is made of that unruly member, the tongue, and also that the housewife in solitude is a better place for a man than a Queen Anne parlor with a bawling woman," and he looked at his wife significantly.

"Don't look at me that way, Topnoody. You know it says that a good wife is heaven's best gift to man."

"Yes, my dear, I know it says a good wife, but—"

"Topnoody," she interrupted with a glitter in her eye and a riot in her voice.

And Topnoody ceased firing.—[Merchant-Traveler.

There are fellows who can't remember anything. Here's an advertisement from the Dispatch: "Lost. If the party who got my pocketbook at the fire last night will please forward my letters of introduction to my wife, I shall esteem it a kindness." A man who has been away from home so long that he has to get a friend to write him letters of introduction to his wife, has no business to be fooling around a fire.

AMONG THE AGED.

The cardinal archbishop of New York is 83.

Ex-President Woolsey of Yale College has reached the age of 82 years.

Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Phillip von Artevelde," is now 83 years old.

Prof. Laurens P. Hickock, formerly of Union College, is now living in Amherst at the green old age of 85 years.

Count von Moltke is the oldest commander-in-chief. He was born in 1800 and can make love in 14 languages.

Father John Carroll of Chicago is the oldest Catholic priest in America. He comes of the famous Carrolls of Maryland.

Stephen Baker, long the postmaster of Beverly, Mass., under appointment of President Jackson, died recently at the age of 92.

Mrs. Stillwagon of Flushing, L. I., has celebrated her 98th birthday. She made the cake and pastry for the occasion with her own fair young fingers.

The oldest English art critic is the venerable Samuel Carter Hall of London, who has lately published an entertaining volume of the reminiscences of his 83 years.

Col. James Blackburn, a farmer of Edgar county, Ill., has passed off at the age of 90. He was the owner of 2,300 acres of land and commanded a regiment in the Black Hawk war.

Mrs. Sallie Stockwell of West Brattleboro, Vt., has just died at the age of 104 years. She was born in Chesterfield, N. H. One of her sisters lived to be 100 and a brother died at the age of 90.

Bishop Charles Wordsworth of St. Andrew's, England, now in his 80th year, was captain of the Oxford boat crew in 1829 and taught the young ideas of Gladstone and Cardinal Manning how to shoot.

A few days ago a man walking through Forest Hill cemetery at Napoleon, Or., found the lifeless body of Mrs. Frances Gorman, aged 75 years, beside her husband's grave. The old lady was friendless and alone in the world, her husband having died some time ago.

The oldest Episcopal bishop in the United States is the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, Bishop of Kentucky, now residing in New York city in his 90th year. He was consecrated to his bishopric 50 years ago last October in St. Paul's chapel, New York, along with Bishop Melvaine.

James Tygelof, a Russian peasant near Odessa, reached his 147th year. His son is still alive at the age of 115; he has a grandson of 85 and a great-grandson of 40 years. He never drank. If he had never married he might have spoiled the record of Methuselah.

In Middlebury, Conn., there is a family of five persons whose average age is 75 years. They are: Calvin Camp of Middlebury, aged 83; Robert Camp of Middlebury, aged 72; Mrs. David Stone of Woodbury, aged 80; Mrs. Julia Strong of Bethlehem, aged 70, and Mrs. Clarissa Northrop of Bethlehem, aged 70—the two last being twins.

The oldest peer in the British realm, the Earl of Mountcashel, an Irish representative peer, completed the other day his 91st year, having been born in Stephen's Green, Dublin, in 1792. He succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father in 1823, and was elected a representative peer in 1826, so that he has been a member of the House of Lords for 57 years. He is known as the "Father of the House."

Paul Brittain, who died in Lane county, Oregon, recently, aged 82 years, was a pioneer in several States. He was born in North Carolina. From his native State he emigrated to Tennessee when that State was a wilderness. Then he went to Illinois when it was a territory inhabited principally by Indians and Iowa was considered the "Far West," when he moved his little family into it and settled on the broad prairie east of the Keosauqua.

FEMALE FANCIES.

Knot to be untied without accord—The matrimonial noose.

At Newport—"Do you not associate with the Browns?" "Certainly not. They are relatives of my husband."

Mrs. Langtry is accompanied by her mother. If the mother is anything like the daughter the Philadelphia Call thinks it wouldn't be a bad idea if the grandmother should join the party as well.

Young lady (who is writing a note for the housemaid)—"Is there anything more you wish me to say, Mary?" "No, marm, except just say: 'Please excuse bad writin' and spellin'.'"

I believe," said a petulant wife to her husband, "that everything I say to you goes into one ear and right out of the other." "Yes, dear," he replied pleasantly. "It doesn't take a great while to get anything you can say through my head."

"Whar yer gwine wid dat man?" asked a negro of his daughter. "He ain't fitten ter 'comp'ny yer." "Gwine ter de show," the girl replied. "Dat's all right. Thought yea was gwine ter church. A 'oman ken go wid mos' any man ter a show, but she's got ter be mighty pertic'lar who goes ter church wid her."

I could leave this world to-morrow without a pang; the future has no terrors for me," said Mulberry in one of his melancholy moments. "Very likely," said Brown, who is a brute; "seems to me that an everlasting season of fire and brimstone would be a picnic to a man who had lived twenty years with your wife."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brownsmith, "I want a good girl, and possibly you might do; but have you had any experience?" "Experience, is it?" replied the damsel, resting her hands on her hips and tossing her head in the air; "experience, is it? Faith and haven't o' been in no less than twenty families during the last month?"

PULLING TEETH.

Woman's Pluck and Man's Cowardice in a Dentist's Chair.

"No," said the dentist, "I never tell women anything but the truth. If I tell a man an operation may be painful he is apt to find some excuse for delaying it, or even dodging it altogether. But a woman would deliberately walk to the chair if she thought her head were to be yanked off. Give me a woman for cool pluck every time."

"But children?"

"It is both wrong and foolish to deceive a child about such things. If he is told he is not to be hurt, and then is hurt, he will never take your word again, and will hate you, and resort to almost any means to keep away from a dental office afterward. I always tell a child the operation will hurt a little, but that I will be careful. I can usually play on a child's pride, and make him very brave. If he is handled properly he will train his pluck for the most painful operation, and usually when he is dismissed from the chair he is surprised that the pain has been no more severe. You know the extent of pain, or, indeed, of everything, is apt to be measured by comparison with one's expectation of what is to be done."

"You have to deceive men, do you?"

"Yes, generally. They are consummate cowards. Yesterday I made one of my friends pull his own tooth."

"How?"

"He wished me to look at his teeth and tell him what they required, and was very careful to instruct me to do nothing more than to look at them. I found one that could not be saved, and should be extracted at once. I knew if I told him he would not let me take it out, so I slipped some forceps in my pocket when he was not looking, and went on fumbling about his face, occasionally putting a finger into his eye, until he concluded it was safer to keep his peepers closed. By quick and precise work I laid hold on the tooth with the forceps before he knew what was up, but as soon as he felt the pain he grabbed my hand and pushed it away so frantically as to throw forceps, tooth, and all through the window in front of him."

STORY ABOUT WHISTLER.

I spent a few minutes among these etchings, and while there a friend told me a good story which illustrates capitally Whistler's eccentricity. "A friend of mine," said my informant, "was wandering through a street in London one rainy, foggy night, about 11 o'clock, in doubt as to whether he should go to the club for a rubber at whist, or to go home. 'What is that you? Why, how are you, my dear fellow?' He turned and there was Whistler, just as wet as he. 'This is good luck,' said the artist; 'come home with me and have some beer and a cracker.' So off they went to Whistler's house, in the suburbs somewhere, through the rain and darkness. Once there the house was as black as the night. Whistler rang the bell, but there was no reply. He rang again and still harder, but apparently he might as well have tried to wake the dead. There wasn't a sign of life in the house. Well, for nearly half an hour those two men stood at the door and tried in vain to get into the house. Whistler, I am afraid, swearing at the stupidity of his servants, while the vision of a quiet chat over the beer and crackers gradually began to fade from my friend's mind.

Finally, however, the door opened a few inches and the two men were soon conducted in a very mysterious manner through the hall and a few rooms, not a ray of light meanwhile being visible. Here Whistler left his guest for a few moments, and in his absence, lo! the whole house suddenly blazed with lights. The doors between the apartments were simultaneously thrown open, and a gorgeous scene presented itself. In the elegant dining-hall was a table loaded with all the delicacies of the season, and set off with the rarest of old china, and glass in exquisite shapes and designs. Wines were there in abundance; and in their proper places were the butlers and servants, ready to do their bidding at this sumptuous repast.

"This was Whistler's 'lunch' of crackers and cheese. The whole affair," said my friend, "was one of Whistler's strange conceits—his apparently accidental meeting with me (when he had probably been hunting for me for hours), his selection of midnight for such an escapade, his inability to get into his house (all arranged beforehand), and his surprise for me when I entered. No man but Whistler would think of such a thing, and no one else would carry it out in such perfection as he. There was enough for twenty men on the table, and there we two sat till early morning, eating and talking of a thousand things."

"I see you are growing a mustache, George," said she as she caressed the lappet of his coat. "Yes," stammered George, blushing furiously. "I am trying to cultivate one, Arabella."

"Don't it feel funny on your lips?" she asked. "Well, no," he laughed, regaining his composure; "it seems to be quite natural." "I wonder how a mustache would feel on my lips," she said, with a far-away, absent look in her eyes. "You needn't wonder long, then," said George, as he bent down. "Oh, you forward thing!" she exclaimed; "I've a good mind to make you take that back again." And he did.—Somerville Journal.

For the dead man it is better for people to wonder why no monument has been erected for him than it is for them to express surprise that a monument should be put up.

When Ismail Pasha looks at his bills for fall bonnets that's the time, of course, he finds his harem scarce 'im.

A RESOLUTE BARGAIN.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," the old saying is. The like happens when two equally willful people dispute over a difference in opinion, or a transaction in business; but in the latter case the friction is usually some haggling about a price which the buyer refuses to pay. In curious contrast with this, the following anecdote is told of Haydn, (the famous composer of the "Creation") and a bluff English sailor.

While the great composer was staying in London, the captain of an East Indiaman entered his chamber one morning, saying:

"You are Mr. Haydn?"

"Yes."

"Can you make me a march to enliven my crew? You shall have thirty guineas; but I must have it to-day, for to-morrow I sail for Calcutta."

Haydn agreed; the seaman left him, and the composer opened his piano and in a quarter of an hour the march was written. Haydn appears to have had a delicate fancy among the musical birds of prey and passage who came to feed on the unwieldy wealth of England. Conceiving so large a sum for labor, eventually so slight, a species of plunder, he came home early in the evening and made two other marches, in order to allow the liberal seaman his choice, or to give them all to him.

"At daybreak the purchaser came."

"Where is my march?"

"Here."

"Try it on the piano."

Haydn played it. The captain counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took up the march and went down stairs. Haydn ran after him.

"I have made two others, both better. Come up and hear them, and take your choice."

"I am satisfied with the one I have." The captain still went down.

"I will make you a present of them."

The captain went down only the more rapidly, and left Haydn on the stairs. Haydn, from one of those motives not easily defined, determined on overcoming this singular self-denial. He immediately went to the Exchange, ascertained the name of the ship, made a roll of his marches, and sent them with a polite billet to the captain on board!

He was surprised at receiving, shortly after, his envelope, unopened, from the Englishman, who had judged it to be Haydn's. The composer tore the whole to pieces on the spot.

Many men would take more pains to give less than they were paid for than Haydn did to give more."

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

"You haven't any further need of your services," said the managing editor of a city daily to a reporter who had been at work only a week.

"That's rather sudden, isn't it?" replied the startled reporter. "Haven't I done all I had to do?"

"You have done the work, but not properly sir."

"What's wrong?"

"Well, you wrote up Mrs. Parvenue's ball, and there was not a word about it being a brilliant affair."

"That's just what it wasn't."

"The lady, sir, takes several copies of this paper, and her husband has his printing done in our office, and ordinary common sense should teach you to understand your duties under the circumstances."

"But—"

"No excuse is necessary, sir. Then you brought in an article on the arrest of young Mr. Fresh for drunkenness. His father is one of our patrons, and we have sufficient independence to disregard the wishes of the curious public to get an item of news when our patrons are interested in its suppression."

"I understand—"

"No, you don't, for you wrote Mr. Jones's obituary without saying he was a distinguished citizen of large influence, and a man of great goodness of heart."

"I thought he was another kind of—"

"You needn't think. The independent spirit of the press is not to be governed by reportorial thought, sir. Did you think when you wrote of Miss Angeline Shoddy's departure to the seaside without referring to her as the charming and accomplished daughter of one of our most select families?"

"Who said she was tho—"

"Do you have to hear what other people say in order to know your business? Who told you that Mr. Bottle, the Councilman, was a rough? Don't you know his influence is worth money to this paper?"

"I wasn't aware that—"

"Of course you were not aware of anything! If you were, you might be useful to us. No sir, you are not the kind of a man we need. We want a man not to know what he knows, and know what he does not know. The liberty of the press is not to be trifled with by irresponsible reporters who think, nor is its freedom to be restricted by young men who let the actual facts interfere with the requirements of the occasion. You can get your pay, sir, by calling at the office."

A RELIABLE ANECDOTE.—"I really can't understand why you don't pay me my little bill. You have never given me a single cent."

"If time wasn't money, I'd explain to you."

"Now you are giving me impudence."

"Well, you were complaining just now that I hadn't given you anything. You are always grumbling about nothing."

"You promised to pay me three months ago, and I relied on you."

"That's so."

"And you lied."

"Precisely so. I lied on you and you relied on me, so we are even. Good-bye."

There is a bond of sympathy between Henry Irving and Sullivan, the prize fighter, for they have both made "hits" in New York.

THE CHINESE CENSUS.

How the Population is Estimated—Curious and Startling Statistics.

The Chinese government has a census system; not by any means so exact as ours, nor is it taken like ours, at certain fixed periods. The direct object of their census is more military than civil. Each family is called upon to report, by tablets provided for the purpose, the number of its male members of the age for military service, that is, from sixteen to sixty. From the number of this class so reported the whole number of the population may be quite nearly approximated by assuming a given reasonable proportion of this class to the whole, usually one-fifth. And being thus enrolled as liable to military duty, it is not likely that the various families would exceed the actual number in their enrollments. By their census of 1842, calculated on this basis, their population amounted to 414,689,994. A later census, taken in 1856, made their population, in round numbers, 450,000,000, an increase of about 35,000,000, a little over eight per cent in fourteen years, which is less than one-fifth of our ratio of increase. Those European doubters have no data to contradict all this.

Moreover, it is well-known that China is a densely populated country. They have cities of millions and many towns of hundreds of thousands. The land is filled with them, and even its waters are swarming with a boat population. The city of Canton has 80,000 registered boats, upon which whole families live as their home. Being thus densely populated we have only to consider what is the area over which this population extends. Including its tributary provinces, China has the largest area of contiguous territory of any nation on the globe, except Russia, being 5,250,000 square miles. True, some of this includes more sparsely populated districts, as in the Tartar provinces.

Now, the larger number, that discredited by Europeans, viz: four hundred and fifty millions of population in this territory, would be not quite eighty-six persons to the square mile; and the lesser number, two hundred and fifty million, would be but about forty-eight persons to the square mile. Compare this with the density of population in Germany, two hundred to the square mile, or in France, one hundred and eighty to the square mile, and even the larger number of the Chinese population does not reach one-half the density of the European countries. And China is quite as fertile and vastly older than they. Had China the same population to the square mile that Germany has, her number would exceed one thousand million. But less than one-half of that gives China the four hundred and fifty million that Europe discredits, even while admitting that China is densely populated. Certainly, the population of China is not ascertained with the exactness of ours; but there is no ground whatever for this European denial of so great a population. On the contrary, all the data go to confirm the fact of that great number as embraced within that ancient and populous empire.

ADVERSE TO A MISCELLANEOUS CROWD.

It was in Chicago, of course, though for that matter it might have been in any city of Connecticut or Massachusetts.

"Will you go to the ball, this eve?" he inquired.

"Not this eve," she replied, certainly in not the most gracious manner possible; and then she added, "S'mother eve, possibly."

"But Mrs. Stockyards Porcine certainly sent you an invitation!"

"Oh, yes, of course; but I felt obliged to present my compliments and regrets."

"Well, if you ain't a funny woman. The soiree will be one of the most fashionable and select given on the west side, this season."

"I suppose so, but still I do not want to go."

"Private reason, eh?"

"Well, if you must know, all of my divorced husbands have been invited, and I don't wish to mix promiscuously in such a miscellaneous crowd."

"WUSS THAN THAT."—The other day a lone man sat in the railroad depot at Elmira, having a lean grip-sack at his elbow and his battered hat drawn down over his eyes.

"Come from York?" queried an old chap in a gray wool suit, as he sat down heavy on the bench beside him.

"Yes."

"They say the stock market down thar has bin rather perturbed of late?" continued the old man.

"Yes."

"Happen to perturb you any?"

"Perturb! Perturb!" growled the Yorker—"why, you old ass, I was cleaned out of \$40,000 inside of three days, and am now hunting for a railroad job in the West! Isn't that perturbed?"

"Well," answered the old man, as he scratched his head from north to south, "I should say that it was wuss—considerably wuss, and I'm blowed if I don't travel with you! I've just lost \$340 at bunco, and we kin squeeze hands and sympathize!"—[Wall Street News.

The modest editor of the Cincinnati Merchant-Traveler says: "Editorials in newspaper offices are usually the first to go when there is a rush of valuable matter, and we experienced that kind of a rush this week, hence the absence of our own work to give place to that of others."

When a handsome young wife went to a hardware shop to get one of those wooden contrivances to smash potatoes, and said, "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office boy, started to attend her.

STORIES OF FORTUNE.

"Talk about tumbles in the price of oil," said a veteran operator on the Bradford Petroleum Exchange; "nothing like the one of the winter of 1860 has been known in the modern days of the trade. That was the winter that Jesse Heydrick put down the old Farmers and Mechanics' well, or rather the company that he formed put it down, and that was the first company ever formed to develop the oil territory. The well came in good for about 3,000 barrels a day, and half of it couldn't be taken care of, but ran down the creek in a regular flood. Oil was oil then, and was worth \$13 a barrel. Pittsburg was the only market, and we had only one way to get oil there, and that was by running it in barges down the Allegheny river from Oil City. Of course it was necessary to have freshets to transport it in this way. The winter that Heydrick struck his well the river was frozen over, but he was bound to get some oil to Pittsburg. He succeeded in cutting a way through, and ran ten flatboats down. He sold all his oil at \$13 a barrel. The next day a thaw set in, and in two days the river broke up. Then the boats began to run, and in a short time the market was overstocked, and in less than a week oil was selling at 90 cents a barrel.

The early days of oil production were attended by many curious incidents. One of the queerest was a streak of luck a well owner struck on the creek in 1863. He had drilled a well down to the third sand, and found nothing but water, and three days' continuous pumping failed to bring anything else to the surface, so he abandoned the well in disgust. The next day a neighbor of his, who was operating on an adjoining lease, came over to see the disgusted well-owner, and informed him, with much excitement, that since the pumping of water had ceased at his well great trouble had resulted at the other well, which had yielded thirty barrels of oil a day as long as the water was being pumped, but upon the stopping of the water pumping had filled up with water and produced no more oil.

"The result was that the man who owned the producing well hired the less fortunate operator to keep his pump going, for which he paid him \$40 a week. The producing well was thus restored to its former condition and things worked satisfactorily for six months, when suddenly one day the well that had been yielding nothing but water began pumping oil, and the one that had yielded oil in turn became a water well. The changed situation resulted in a lawsuit, which was won by the owner of the well that had at first yielded nothing but water."

PLEASE YOURSELF FIRST.

A certain married pair were discussing the propriety of giving a wedding present the other evening, and, as might happen in the best regulated families, failed to agree as to the object and price. The lady desired to send a cut-glass pitcher; the gentleman scoffed at the idea, declaring that nothing but silver would satisfy his taste. After a very animated session, which finally terminated in the usual way—tears and cigars—Madame said she should buy her own present and Monsieur might suit himself. The next morning, however, repentance seized both parties, though still sulking with each other. The gentleman, hoping to "make up" with his better half, selected on his way down town a gorgeous cut-glass jug, writing his wife's best wishes on a card and dispatching it to the expectant bride. An hour later out sallied his wife, only intent on buying what should please her spouse, and thus heap coils of fire on his recalcitrant head. The result was a costly gold-lined silver salad-bowl, accompanied by the best wishes, etc., written on the gentleman's visiting paste-board, which was duly forwarded to the same address as that of the cut-glass jug. At night nothing was said of this joint maneuver, each one wishing to surprise the other by showing the "note of acknowledgment" when it should arrive. It came in due course of time, but it came not alone! The postman brought two notes, which so bewildered and mystified the receivers that they indulged in another debate that ended even more disastrously than the first. The lady declared that she will never again make concessions, or wedding presents for that matter; and the gentleman takes refuge in saying, "It was just like a woman!" Moral: don't try to please anybody but yourself!

CHINESE WAY OF PREPARING PINE-APPLE.

The Chinese method is undoubtedly the correct one for preparing the pineapple for food. The stalk is grasped in the left hand, and an ordinary table or large pocket knife is held in the other. The top is at once dismissed at the part where the fruit becomes thick and fairly free from thorns. Now, the eyes that so injure one's tongue, do not on this fruit lie straight, so that if you commence at once in the top row and trace a line of eyes downward it is just like descending a winding stair after the fashion of a snail's shell. The Chinese very neatly scoop out a topmost one, and then following the line, cut a wedge-shaped channel which is quite free from the sign of a thorn. Then they begin another succession of eyes, and so on, till the task is soon finished. The fruit, by the interesting of the various channels, now presents a diamond-cut surface, which, however, is not needed to render its appearance inviting.—[The London Field.

It is said to be almost impossible to commit suicide by drowning in Philadelphia, because "Reddy" Shannon is sure to be around to the rescue. He is a hard-working stevedore, to whom is credited an astonishing number of rescues from drowning—no less than 165 men and boys owing their lives to him. Shannon began when he was ten years old, and has been at it ever since.