

KNIGHTED.

[Sarah D. Hobart.] Because she takes me as her very own, Claiming my fealty while life shall last, My soul renounces all th' unworthy past; With ruthless hand th' idols I detest...

SOMETHING BETTER THAN FAME.

Bro. Gardner Speaks of Several Men Who are Happier Than the Ancient Sages.

[Lime-Kin Club.] "De odder night," began the president as the club came to order, "de ole man Birch cum ober to my cabin an' cried becase he had not becum a great an' famous man. Dat sot me to flakin'..."

"Demosthenes was a great man, but I can't find dat a coal dealer's collector could put his hand on him when wanted, as he kin on Givaidan Jones. You can't find dat his wife was a good cook, or dat he had a bath-room in his house, or a eupulo on his ban, or dat he relished his dinner any better dan Brudder Jones does..."

"Plato was a great man, but I can't find dat he was fed on petteker fine beef or mutton, or dat his tailor gin him an extra fit, or dat he got a discount when he bought ten pounds of sugar all to once. When Waydown Bebee gits sot down in front of his cook-stove, a checker-board on his lap an' a painful of pop-corn at his right hand, wid five pickaninies rollin' ober each udder on de floor, he am takin' a heap mo' comfort dan Plato ober dreamed of. He has no soarin' ambition. He neither wants to save de world nor spite it. He makes no predickshuns fur people to worry ober, an' his theories neither jar de dishes off de shelf. Make him a great man an' his comfort an' happiness fly away, an' he sots himself up to teach an' command an' becum eberybody's antagonist."

"De man who sighs to trade fa' wages, a warm house an' a peaceful h'arthstun fur de glory of Bonapart am a dolt. "De man who sacrifices his clean, humble cabin—his easy ole cot, his co'nec pipe an' his pitcher o' sider fur de gab of an orator or de delusions of a philosopher trades his 'tater fur wind-fall apples. Let us purceed to bizness."

Winans and the Crofters.

[London Truth.] That insatiable Nimrod, Mr. Winans, has slaughtered 196 stags in the vast combined forests which he rents from Lord Lovat, Theo. Chisholm, Sir A. Matheson, and other proprietors, being an average of seven for each day's shooting. Mr. Winans' preserve extends to nearly 250,000 acres, and his rent is about £17,000 a year. If one estimates fairly for extra expenses, it would appear that each beast which he slays costs him at least £130. Last season he killed 186 stags.

A Mr. Colin Chisholm was examined before the Crofters' commission Friday last. Being asked "whether he thought another man would be found, when Mr. Winans was dead, to indulge to the same extent in what Mr. Winans 'calls sport,'" he replied that he did not think that Great Britain would allow such masses of land to remain in the possession of a man that does no good with it; and added: "I am not sure there are not men without conscience in the world as well as Mr. Winans." Being then pressed as to whether he objected to deer-stalking, he replied, not if it was conducted in a sportsmanlike way, but that he did not like Mr. Winans' way of butchering game at all. "What is his mode?" said one of the commissioners. "Gathering the deer together and driving them to the muzzle of his gun." "Does he stalk the deer?" "Him stalk! You might as well send an elephant deer-stalking."

The New Associate Editor.

[Inter Ocean.] A certain Young Man came from the West to a Great city, and having much Confidence in himself knocked at the Door of an editor, asking Boisterously for Work. "In what Line has nature Best Qualified you to sweat at your brow?" quoth the Editor. "I am," Responded the Party addressed, "Multitudinous in the matter of Revamping the Ideas of Others." "Come, be Received unto me, Then," exclaimed Joyously the editor, "for I have Sought with most sad Disasters for lo these many Days that I might find a Hummerist. Even such shalt thou be with Me." And the Young man Humored.

Vivid in Verbal Exercise.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Mr. Smith do you know the character of Mr. Jones?" "Wall, I rather guess I do, judge." "Well, what do you say about it?" "Wall, he ain't so bad a man after all." "Well, Mr. Smith, what we want to know is: Is Mr. Jones of a quarrelsome and dangerous disposition?" "Wall, judge, I should say that Tom Jones is very vivid in verbal exercise but when it comes to personal adjustment, he ain't eager for the contest."

Pay your taxes or get into the army is the law in Madagascar.

When Doctors Disagree.

New York Medical Record.

He stood by the bedside counting the pulse, counting the respirations. The patient was in advanced life, and was suffering from broncho-pneumonia. "One hundred and six!" was the exclamation; "respiration thirty-six, an increase over last evening of ten pulsations and six respirations. Slight lividity of the extremities of the fingers. Heart's action a little irregular." Dr. Blank shook his head dubiously. "Mrs. Brown is not so well to-day." A cloud passed over his countenance as he spoke these words; it was noticed by Jane, Thomas, and Susan. A gloomy silence followed. The Cammann binaural tube was applied to different parts of the thorax. Subcrepitant rouchi everywhere; small bubbling at the bases.

"There is extensive consolidation," he said; "this dull region is stuffed with the products of inflammation. It is a hard tug for breath with the old lady." The supreme cortical cells of Dr. Blank's cerebrum were evolving this thought: "This patient will die; I shall lose prestige in consequence; I shall lose the patronage of this family." What shall he do about treatment? The digitalis does not seem to be working well; there is nausea. The squills, senega, and ipecac do not promote expectoration. There is pain in the head, and he fears that it is caused by the quinine and whisky. In doubt and uncertainty he tells them to put these medicines on one side, and writes a prescription for some carbonate of ammonia. He directs full doses of this medicament, and then, after starting for home, in his hesitation comes back and advises the family to give only half the dose prescribed. With a heavy heart, which his countenance too plainly shows, he bids the Browns good-morning.

What are Thomas and the Brown girls thinking about at this time? "This man is fairly discouraged. He has done all he can. He has no confidence in his medicines. He has made a complete change, and now is doubtful about the result of the change. He evidently thinks mother is going to die. Mother, too, is discouraged. It is time to try somebody else."

Dr. Blank had hardly arrived home that morning when a messenger brought a note from the Browns, stating that they had made a change; that Dr. Blank might consider this note a note of dismissal; that Dr. Bluff would now take charge of the case.

Dr. Bluff was not in any sense a scientific man, nor had he any skill in the selection of his remedies. He stole a good many useful hints from members of the faculty and young graduates, with whom he now and then held consultations (and with whom he always agreed); but his diagnosis was haphazard and his treatment was haphazard. He drove fast horses, and would bluster like an English country squire. All this gave him great popularity. Individuals had been heard to say that they would rather have Bluff's presence in a sick-room, if he did nothing more than talk slang, and tell them that they would be able to dance a polka in a few days, than have the most scientific college professor who would give them nauseous medicines, and tell them that their sickness was of a very grave nature.

Dr. Bluff was ushered into the room of the sick Mrs. Brown. The diagnosis and the fearful prognostications of poor Dr. Blank were turned to ridicule. There was nothing the matter with Mrs. B., only "a little stuffing" in the chest. He "would clear out those pipes in less than no time." Whisky and milk and his white emulsion of ammonium was all that was necessary. In less than half an hour the vocabulary of banter and current slang was exhausted. The sick woman was a "daisy," a "blooming rose of Sharon," and a "gay old gal." She had not "got through her sparking" yet, and "if the present Mrs. Bluff should ever be taken off he would improve his opportunity," etc. As for dying—"fiddlesticks! she cannot die with that pulse." He would "have her out of that bed scrubbing the kitchen floor before a week."

It is needless to say that the Browns were all delighted with the assurance and the jocoseness of their new family physician, whose encouraging words rallied them to renewed efforts to prolong their parent's existence by often-repeated potions of whisky and milk. It is worthy of note, too, that the patient herself for a while felt the invigorating stimulus of a new hope. Although the final result was as Blank predicted, yet there always was a festering on the part of the Browns that if Bluff had been called a little earlier the result would have been different.

TAILORING TO-DAY.

New York Sun Interview. "Tailoring is now an easier business than it was when I began here twenty years ago," said a Broadway tailor decisively. "I have just begun to realize what Americans want. The taste of the age has changed. There was a time when a patron—by which I mean a customer—wanted good clothes. He didn't kick much if the fit was not very good, but wanted the top-notch cloth. The suit that wore the longest pleased him best. But after a while I noticed that a change was setting in. That change is now the fixed fashion. Men no longer exhibit particular care about the quality and texture of the goods. What they want is a stylish fit. Not a good fit, mind you, but a stylish one. If we cut a patron's clothes after the prevailing mode he is satisfied. A thin or crooked legged man with a long waist ought to have roomy trousers and a coat with rather a short skirt. If we clothed him after that style he would look well, but he wouldn't take the clothes. So we make skin-tight trousers that make his legs look weak, and a long-tailed coat that makes him look ridiculous, and he is happy. He will surely come back to us for his next suit if we make him what he thinks is a stylish suit."

George Eliot: "Ooze sweth, and another respeth," is a verb that applies to evil as well as good.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS.

LEARNING THE STREETS—KEEPING TRACK OF THE TRIP ON FOGGY NIGHTS—BLUNDERS AND MISTAKES.

A new conductor is placed on a brother conductor's car before he is allowed to run a car of his own. If he displays a knowledge of his work after a couple days he is given a car and left to marvel at the ingenuity of the punch or the honest looking face of the clock-shaped fare-teller. It was a week before I learned the streets and the order in which they came, but at the end of that week I could name every street from one end of the line to the other, backward or forward, as fast as I could make my tongue fly. It was a week of worry while I was learning, though, for often I hadn't the remotest notion when I was coming to a street at which a lady had told me to stop the car. I would keep a straight face when she came to the door, with red cheeks and flashing eyes, and demanded the reason why I had not stopped at her street, and I answered that I had forgotten, for that would lead all the passengers and any spotter on the car to suppose that I was a regular old-time conductor. See?

But even after the streets are familiar I find it difficult to keep track of myself at night, especially if it is foggy, or if it rains, or even if it is very dark. When a car is crowded on a very wet night and I am inside collecting fares, the only way to keep track of my position is to duck down and peep out of the windows, watching for certain landmarks. Sometimes it is a white house, or a residence standing alone in its yard, or a queer old tree, or a vine clambering on a house front, or a series of vacant building lots, or a big gilt sign, or a curve in the railroad track. After experience the new conductor can tell you where he is at any time without looking at anything outside of the car, by simply glancing at his watch. I've been told by some conductors that they could shut their eyes, ride a mile, and tell you to a car's length to what point they had come.

"The conductor must learn to observe the city ordinance requiring cars to be stopped on the further crossing, because by doing so the cross street is left clear for travel. Another thing to be learned is the method of using the indicators which have been introduced on many of the cars of the Metropolitan road. The indicator must be rung when a fare is taken up. 'Not to do it is wrong.' There is one at each end of the car, and the one at the forward end is the one to be rung. I mention this fact because a green conductor I had with me a few weeks ago spent a week with me, and you could not imagine that a human being could be so stupid. He tried to run one trip alone, and he succeeded in ringing the wrong indicator repeatedly, in ringing the indicator when he intended to ring the bell to stop the car, in stopping the car at the wrong crossing, and, in fact, blundering at every step.

"What is the most difficult thing to learn?" "To run the car on time—neither too fast nor too slow."

Fossil Remains of Prehistoric Man.

Boston Globe. A flutter has been caused in scientific circles by the announcement, in The Union Medicale of June 2, of the discovery, on piercing a new gallery in a coal mine at Billy-Grenay (Pas-de-Calais), of a series of very remarkable caverns. In the first were the intact fossil bodies of a man, two women and three children. Beside them were petrified pieces of wooden utensils and remains of mammals and fish, as well as stone weapons. A second subterranean cavern revealed eleven bodies of gigantic size, the fossils of several animals, and a great number of various objects, including precious stones. Into a third and larger chamber the miners could not enter, on account of the carbonic acid it contained. If all this turns out to be as true as it appears to be, the existence of prehistoric man is a stern fact, even to the most sceptical.

DON'T WASTE THE PENS.

New York Sun. A German technological journal points out the fact that a vast amount of valuable steel is lost every year in the shape of pens that become unfit for writing and are thrown away. Pens are made of the very finest steel, and it can be remelted and used again for many purposes. They can be turned into watch springs and knife blades, and can be dissolved and made available in the manufacture of ink. The suggestion is made that the children of the poor should be taught to collect cast-away pens, and thereby save valuable material and earn money.

JERRY GREENING'S SAYINGS.

Chas. A. Wells in The Continent. "Th' smaller an' meaner a man is, th' bigger he allers talks." "I b'lieve in honorin' th' dead just th' same's you'd honor 'em if they was alive." "When a feller says it's 'as broad as 'tis long,' he means that it's all square, I reckon." "When I'm in danger from accidenta' o' any kind, I allers prefers absence o' body t' presence o' mind." "Th' more you stir up yer customers, sez a dry-goods man t' me, sez he, 'th' longer it takes 'em to settle.'"

EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

Chicago Herald. Health, so far as mere sun-tanning is concerned, is only skin deep. For that matter, a person engaged for any length of time in a close room, in near proximity to a strong electric light, will soon become as darkly tanned as by exposure to the rays of the sun. It is said linen may be bleached by electricity.

A MISTAKE IDEA.

The idea that lightning is not so destructive as it used to be in the United States, because the network of railroads and telegraph wires lessens the number of accidents, is met by the record of the summer. Fatal thunderbolts have never been more common.

Taylor: An unjust accusation is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.

GHOSTS EXPLAINED.

Wonderful Phenomena in the Air—Reading By the Fiery Eyes of a Monkey—Strange Lights About Animals, Etc.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] "Well, gentlemen," said a long-haired, washed-out individual at the public landing to a group of idlers, "I'll be dogged if I didn't fit right through this yer war, got starved, shot, hunted like a coon for five years, but I never got so scart as I did last evenin'." It happened over yander," pointing over the river. "I've been hirin' ole man Watson sense the war, and last night he up and lit out. Yes, and the ole woman came up to the house and says: 'Mars, Uncle Alick's dead, sho', an' dere's a guardin' angel hangin' right ober him, an' nothin' would do but I must go down. Well, I went, and I'm dogged, gentlemen, when I took a look through that there winder I felt a feelin' I wasn't used to. There was the ole man black on the white sheets, and ober him hung a kind of cloud of fire, wavin' this way and that, just like as if some spirit was a-hoverin' round. I had an engagement about that time sharp, and lit out; but I sent a doctor, and he said it was nothin' out o' common; phosphorescence, he called it, but I'll be dogged if it didn't hit me in a weak spot."

"Are such lights common?" asked an Enquirer man, who had been a listener to the above, of a prominent practitioner. "Yes," was the reply, "and all the ghosts, phantoms, spirits and so on come from these very natural causes, though it is almost impossible to explain them to superstitious people. Floating lights about dead bodies are very common, but only in rare instances has its appearance been noticed in connection with the living higher animals."

"It would be extremely difficult," continued the physician, "to explain the many curious lights that flash across the line of vision. In total darkness the most gorgeous scenes can be seen by closing the eyes and pressing them with the fingers. Fire-balls, streams of light, sparks and stars of the most brilliant blue, come and go, fade and reappear, changing from blue to yellow and green. These curious lights are also common symptoms of troubles affecting the kidneys, and in typhus fever they often appear to be on the bed clothes or furniture, and the patient will at times endeavor to push them away. When the optic nerve is cut a great flash of light appears; an electric current produces the same effect—an experiment easily tried by placing a piece of silver and a piece of zinc upon the inside of each cheek, and connecting them by a silver wire outside of the mouth. The sight seen is similar to that witnessed by the recipient of a black eye at the very moment of conjunction. The stars are not seen until a few seconds after the blow."

These curious lights, called by Phipson subjective phosphorescence, were the subject of much study by the scientists Ritter, Purkinje and Hjort. Reniger, the naturalist, continued the doctor, "who traveled in Paraguay some years ago, had a most singular experience. On one occasion he was benighted in a forest, and a few feet above him he observed two vivid yellow spots that illumined a grotesque and hideous face among the leaves. He fired and brought down a monkey, and, as it was only wounded, he later made some interesting experiments with it, proving conclusively that the light was purely phosphorescent. In a dark room the eyes of this creature blazed with such intense brilliancy that they illumined objects within six inches of them, and print could be read—a most remarkable spectacle. Bartholin, a distinguished man of his time, has recorded an equally interesting case of an Italian lady, whom he calls mulier splendens, who suddenly discovered that by rubbing her body with a linen cloth in the dark it gave out a brilliant phosphorescent light, so that she appeared in a darkened room like a veritable fire-body, frightening her servant so that she fled from her, speechless with fear and amazement, thinking her mistress was being consumed."

"Curious phosphorescent lights are often seen about patients previous to dissolution. Dr. Marsh states that about an hour and half before his sister's death they were struck by luminous appearances proceeding from her head in a diagonal direction. She was at the time in a half recumbent position and perfectly tranquil. The light was pale as the moon, but quite evident to the observers who were watching over her. One thought at first that it was lightning, but they shortly afterward fancied they noticed a sort of tremulous glimmer playing around the head of the bed. They then remembered reading of a similar nature having been observed previous to dissolution, and had lights brought into the room, fearing the patient might observe it."

Bill Nye and the Cerebro-Spinal.

"Bill" Nye writes from Hudson, Wis., that he considers it his duty to keep pretty quiet for a year at least, unless he waits cerebro-spinal meningitis to get the better of him. "I've good offers," he says, "from St. Paul to Portland and from San Francisco to New York, including Chicago and Detroit; but this year I'll write a few sketches per week at mighty good figures and get the balance of my North American spine into shape. Then I'll see what I can do for a steady thing, whether I'll lecture or go to horse trading."

Egg-Preserving by a Novel Method.

[Chicago Tribune.] A Nevada woman has a novel way of preserving eggs. During the summer she breaks the eggs, pours the contents into bottles, which are tightly corked and sealed, when they are placed in the cellar, neck down. She claims the contents of the bottles come out as fresh as when put in.

The False Prophet's Work.

[Detroit Free Press.] The False Prophet may not have hit the weather just right, but great spoons! how he did lam it to Hicks' Pasha.

COUNT RUMFORD'S WAY.

METHODS BY WHICH BENJAMIN THOMPSON, THE TITLED AMERICAN PHILOSOPHER, INAUGURATED REFORMS.

Contemporary Review. Thompson aimed at making soldiers citizens and citizens soldiers. The situation of the soldier was to be rendered pleasant, his pay was to be increased, his clothing rendered comfortable and his living quarters to be clean and without, with strict subordination was to be permitted him. Within, the barracks were to be neat and clean, and without, arithmetic, reading, writing, and grammar were to be taught, not only to the soldiers and their children, but to the children of the neighboring peasantry. He drained the noisome marshes of Mannheim, and converted them into a garden for the use of the garrison.

For the special purpose of introducing the culture of the potato he organized the plan of military gardens to other garrisons. They were tilled, and their produce was owned by non-commissioned officers and privates. The plan proved completely successful. Indian soldiers became industrious, while through the prompting of those on furlough, little gardens sprang up everywhere over the country. Bavaria was then infested with beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, native and foreign. These mendicant tramps were in the main stout, healthy, and able-bodied fellows, who found a life of idleness and pleasure less than a life of honest work. "These detestable vermin had recourse to the most diabolical arts and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade." They robbed, they stole, named and exposed little children so as to extract money from the tender-hearted. All this must be put an end to. Four regiments of cavalry were so cautioned that every valley had its patrol. This disposition of the cavalry was antecedent to seizing, as a beginning, all the beggars in the capital.

The problem before him might well have daunted a courageous man, but he faced it without misgiving. He brought his schemes to clear definition in his mind before he attempted to realize them. Precepts, he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making happiness a stepping-stone to virtue. He had learned the importance of cleanliness through observing the habits of birds. Lawgivers and founders of religion never failed, he said, to recognize the influence of cleanliness on man's moral nature. "Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness, nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain." He had to deal with wretches covered with filth and vermin to cleanse them, to teach them, and to give them the pleasure and stimulus of earning honest money.

He did not waste his means on fine buildings, but taking a deserted manufactory he repaired it, enlarged it, adding it to kitchen, bake house, and work shops for mechanics. Halls were provided for the spinners of flax, cotton and wool. Other halls were set up for weavers, clothiers, dyers, saddlers, wool-sorters, carders, combers, knitters and seamstresses.

In the prosecution of his despotic scheme all men seemed to fall under his lead. To relieve it of the odium wholly by the military, he associated with himself and his field officers the magistrates of Munich. They gave him willing sympathy and aid. On New Year's morning, 1790, he and the chief magistrate walked out together. With extended hand a beggar immediately accosted them. Thompson, setting the example to his companions, laid his hand gently on the shoulders of the vagabond and committed him to the charge of a sergeant, with orders to take him to the town hall. At the end of that day not a single beggar remained at large.

STILL WEARING OUT HUMAN LIVES.

Chicago Herald. The revolution in the manufacture of shirts has not only simplified the making, but very materially cheapened labor. To illustrate: Instead of giving the seamstress an entire shirt to make, she is required to be an expert in some one particular. The bosoms, collars and wristlets are first made. The body of the shirt is cut out, and while one girl does nothing from morning until night but stitch in the bosoms, her neighbor stitches on the collars of dozens and dozens of shirts, which fall into the hands of another worker to be "enfed." Another girl puts on facings, but would be less rapid in her work did she undertake to hem the tails, nor could the hemmer hope to make her present wages were she to experiment in making and putting on the tags so prettily decorated afterward by some fair lady's fingers. For all this work the girls are paid at the rate of \$1 for four dozen, or 25 cents for putting their respective work on a dozen shirts. The amount of work done per day varies according to the health or disposition of the worker, but very few average \$7 a week the year round. Skilled hands earn from \$2 to \$10; many are forced to subsist on \$4, but the minimum is often \$1. Winter and summer the girls are on hand at 7:30 o'clock, have thirty minutes for dinner, and then work until 6 in the evening.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

French Journal. Two physicians were dissenting in the presence of their patient the nature of the malady that kept him confined to his bed. "My conviction is that it is typhoid fever," said one. "Never!" replied the other. "Well, you will see at the post mortem examination!"

AN OREGON NATURAL BRIDGE.

Chicago Herald. On the Tyne mountain, Douglas county, southern Oregon, is a natural bridge, with a sandstone foundation, and covered with forest trees. A large creek runs under it. The span is from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet above the water.

"CORN-PONES" IN ITALY.

Two-Thirds of the Italian People Eat Corn-Bread in the American Sense of the Word.

[Naples Cor. American Register.] Indian-corn is the grand staple of the people's food in northern Italy, and macaroni is more widely known in southern Italy; hence the Alta-Italians are nicknamed mangle-polente (mangle-eaters), and the southern Italians, mangle-macaroni (macaroni-eaters). But it is an ordinary mistake of American and English travelers to suppose that all Neapolitans, and the great body of the people of the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies (more than one-third of the population of all Italy), eat nothing but macaroni morning, noon and night. I may say that out of the half million inhabitants of Naples, not more than a hundred thousand taste macaroni daily, with the exception of Sunday, when two-thirds eat the favorite food. It is too costly for the low classes to indulge in it daily. A great deal of Indian-meal is used in bread for the common people; while in the country perhaps two-thirds of the peasants eat cornbread in the American sense of that word.

Last December I was with a party of friends going over the plains of Faenza to visit the famous temples, when at noon we happened to pass near the railway then constructing, but now open. It was noontime, and the peasants were hauling carts as large as those propelled by donkeys in the city. These carts were filled with golden yellow and brown "corn-pones," fresh and hot from the ovens. I was endeavored to buy the delicious-looking loaves, for the picturesque-looking women said that they were for the railroad hands. Hon. Mr. Book-walter of Ohio was one of our party, and he seemed more disappointed than any one else, for he remembered, when a hard-toiling boy in the valley of the Wabash, in Indiana, how good cornbread tasted about noontime in the far-away Hoosier state.

But Indian-corn here is not merely used for bread and polenta by the common people, it is eaten green in vast quantities. You will see men here in Naples pulling along a large caldron on low trucks such as boys in America use for their little carts and wagons; and the sight of unclean and grown-up people munching the toothsome food is seen at every turn. The supply is continuous for nearly five months, as there are three crops of green corn in the year. About mid-June the first is in the market; then a second, in August and September; and the third, towards the end of November. The Indian-corn crop has sometimes been so plentiful that there have been shipments of it to England.

The Modern Average Congressman.

[Joachim Miller's Washington Letter.] If we could only get a law passed to keep congressmen out of Washington it would be a better place. The annual inundation of unwashed, arrogant, hayseed congressmen is the greatest affliction that ever overtakes this city, and we have the malaria here, some, have even had the small-pox. Of course, if this howling congressman did not descend upon Washington with such a pump and air, I would not feel it my duty to say this of those who otherwise might be my friends. But there is no disguising the fact that the modern average congressman is a nuisance. It is a fact, a shameful fact, and all his own fault, too, that he is studiously "out" by the best society here in Washington. And society is a thing a congressman desires. His face of brass is not accustomed to have many doors against it. He is a little lord at home, where his audacity is mistaken for capacity, his brass for brains, and he does not like to be snubbed and kept in his place in Washington.

Of course, this was not always so, and it should not be so now. It would not be so if the people would send up gentlemen to the federal capital. But alas, the very qualities which have gained this modern average congressman his seat are the qualities which make him intolerable here among refined, artistic and traveled people. He is a liar to start with, or he would never have beaten the quiet and unobtrusive gentleman whom the best people at home first thought of, and made them nominate himself instead, in convention. He is a trickster, a trimmer, a turncoat, a beggar of the rich and a bully of the poor, and yet he comes here to Washington with his lips a nest of lies, his mouth a reservoir of tobacco juice, and wonders why honest and good people do not want him in their parlors. Let a law be passed to exclude him from the capitol.

An Exceptional Case.

[Exchange.] At West Point, once, Gen. Sherman, accompanied by the commandant of cadets, was making an inspection tour of the barracks. He wasn't looking for contraband goods, but while in one of the rooms he was talking about his cadet days. "When I was a cadet," he said to the commandant, "we hid things in the chimneys during the summer months. I wonder if the boys do so still." (It was then in June.) So saying, he stepped to the fireplace and reached up the chimney. Rattling down at his touch came a board, followed by a frying-pan, a bottle (empty), and a suit of citizen's clothes. The faces of the cadets who occupied the room were a study. But the general only laughed, and turning to the commandant said: "This is only an exceptional case, colonel. No need of reporting these young men."

A Milkman's Mine.

[Exchange.] "Pa," said Rollo, looking up from "Roughing It," "what is gold-bearing quartz?" "Well, my son," said Rollo's father, who was glancing in a troubled manner at the milkman's bill for October, "when a man sells diluted water for 9 cents a quart, I think he has struck better gold-bearing quartz than ever Mr. Mark Twain dreamed of."

Sunset scene in Georgia from The Macon Telegraph: "The rose heels of the day, as he racks down the western turnpike, has been greatly admired by the ladies lately."