

The Villagers Followed the Lead of the Mayor With Licitious Consequences. On one occasion, while on a journey through Italy, the pope halted at a small village, the inhabitants of which resolved to send some of their principal men as a deputation to his holiness. The mayor, who was to head the deputation, proposed to present him with some of the chief produce of the country, consisting of pineapples, figs and cream. It was accordingly arranged that each member should carry some figs and cream in silver basins, the pineapples, however, being dispensed with.

Before setting out the mayor thus addressed his followers: "As you do not know very well how to conduct yourselves before excited personages, you must watch me closely and do as I do." The procession was formed, with the mayor stalking majestically in front, furnished, like his followers, with a basin of figs in his left hand and another of cream in his right. There was a step down into the room, but the mayor failed to notice it. He stumbled, and the shock sent his face and head into the cream basin. Trying to recover himself, he only made matters worse, for he fell upon his knees, with his hands and basin imploringly to the holy father.

The members of the deputation, thinking that this was the proper ceremony to observe in the presence of such a distinguished personage, dipped their beards in the cream, threw away their vessels and bent down on their knees, at the same time casting a half inquiring and confident look at their leader, as if they meant to say: "You see we are all right. We have carefully followed your example." The pope was at first astonished, but soon burst into a fit of the most boisterous laughter, while the attendants, thinking that the deputation had come to mock their master, began pelting them with the saturated figs.

The mayor hopped out of the room, closely followed by his brethren, one of whom whispered to him: "How lucky it is for us that we did not bring the pineapples! How nicely our heads would have been battered by them!"—London Million.

Mrs. Stevenson in the Chair. Mrs. Stevenson presided at the recent convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The wife of the vice president has evidently never opened the covers of her husband's authorities on parliamentary order. But she was not blind to her own defects, so she supplied them quite easily by engaging an adviser a mild mannered man, who nevertheless knew all about overruling and quashing and laying on the table. This man sat at Mrs. Stevenson's elbow, told her what to do next in all cases and scolded a number of ships in the shape of resolutions offered by adventurous Daughters.

The first little incident of this sort was when a motion was offered by a distinguished looking woman from the Mount Vernon chapter. Mrs. Stevenson was standing at the time, and without waiting for any discussion asked the yeas and nays and got them, too, before the little man or any one else had a chance to draw a long breath. Immediately there was a storm of opposition. Then the mild parliamentarian whispered something to Mrs. Stevenson. She pounced in a ladylike manner with her pretty gavel and said: "The question before the congress, ladies, is the resolution. We can do one of two things with it. We can either— we can either what?" she blandly and frankly asked, turning to the blushing parliamentarian.

It was so openly done that it brought down the house. Mrs. Stevenson laughed, the little man laughed, everybody laughed and order was not restored for several minutes. Then they laid the resolution on the table and went gayly on about their business.—New York Sun.

Treatment of the Feet. A writer in Boots and Shoes has been interviewing a chiropodist on the care of the feet and has got this information from him concerning the treatment for heated, tired feet after walking or standing: He says, truly enough, that authorities differ as to the value of the various foot baths. "Hot water enlarges the feet by drawing the blood to them. When used, they should be rubbed or exercised before attempting to put on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a foot bath will cure a nervous headache and induce sleep. Bunion and corns and callousness are nature's protestations against bad shoe leather. Two hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will remove the cause of much discomfort.

"A warm bath, with an ounce of sea salt, is almost as restful as a nap. Paddle in the water until it cools, dry with a rough towel, put on fresh stockings, make a change of shoes, and the person who was 'ready to drop' will then be ready to stand up. But the quickest relief from fatigue is to plunge the feet in ice cold water and keep it immersed until there is a sensation of warmth. Another tonic for the sole is alcohol. It dries the feet nicely after being out in the wet. Spirit baths are used by professional dancers, acrobats and pedestrians to keep the feet in condition." The ice cold foot bath seems rather a dangerous remedy to persons unaccustomed to it, and the caution is suggested to experiment with it in very mild weather.

A Practical Woman. Mrs. W. G. Harris, president of the Ladies' Benevolent society of the First Baptist church of Boston and an active worker in the Ladies' Needlework guild, has started a new scheme for collecting funds for the poor. She has put up dainty mite boxes in the corridors of the Parker House and the Tremont House, with cards attached asking for contributions to be used only in cases which she has personally investigated and found deserving. She has visited and relieved about 60 persons during three weeks.—Boston Commonwealth.

1877—Irish obstruction in the commons. Very long and tedious sessions.

1878—Major O'Gorman "named" by the speaker for obstruction.

1879—A protective tariff bill passed by the German parliament.

1879—The resumption of specie payments in the United States.

1880—The Bradlaugh case. Refused the oath. Not allowed to affirm.

1881—Thirty-six Irish members suspended for disorderly conduct.

1881—New and stringent rules adopted against obstruction.

1893—Home rule bill passed. Rejected by the house of lords.

In most ancient republics the government was divided between the senate, generally an aristocratic body or assemblage of old men, and the popular assembly, a gathering often composed of the entire male population of the city or republic.

Congress, in an international sense, does not mean a deliberative body, but an assembly of sovereigns or their representatives for the purpose of concerting measures of common interest.

The earliest European congress of general interest was that of Munster and Osnabruck, which assembled in 1644, and after much delay finally concluded the great pacification of Westphalia in 1648.

Other important congresses were those of the Pyrenees, 1659; Nimeguen, 1678; Ryswick, 1697; Utrecht, 1713; Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; Teschen, 1779; Rastadt, 1797; Erfurt, 1808; of Vienna, 1814; Paris, 1856, and in our own time, of Berlin, to settle the eastern question.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TURF TOPICS.

Jessie Wilkes, 2:19, has been set to pacing.

The horsemen of Buffalo are making an effort for a speedway.

A free dispensary and hospital for diseased horses has been established by four veterinarians in Newark, N. J.

Four 2:10 pacers were bred in Maury county, Tenn. They are Hal Pointer, Hal Dillard, Hal Braden and Storm.

James Robinson, once a champion bareback rider with prominent cirruses, is living quietly on his farm near Mexico, Mo.

Crit Davis says he has an old treadmill in which he breaks all of his colts, and adds that it is a first class cure for balky horses.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," must often be the inward cry of the poor, thirsty, hard worked and dry fed horse.

Thousands of trainers have lived and died under the impression that their chief duty was to find how little water a horse could live on.

An aluminium shoe is being tested by the government with a view of adopting it for general use upon all the cavalry horses in the United States army.

A Hartford shoer has invented a horse-shoe with a "continuous removable elastic cushion," which he claims will act the same on the foot as the cushion tires do to the old fashioned tire.—Turf, Field and Farm.

FASHION'S LATEST WHIMS.

"Tailor made" shirts and De Joinville ties for jaunty young women.

Lace and ribbon effects cunningly combined to form a band trimming.

Double breasted duck, madras and pique vests to wear with jacket suits.

Berthas of chiffon trimmed with ribbon edged ruffles or point de venise lace.

Satin duchess for crush collars and belts for ladies, misses' and tiny girls' wear.

Crepion gowns trimmed with lace for girls of 5 to 16 years, in light and medium colors.

Short moire throat bows trimmed with lace and known as the incroyable or di-retoire bow.

Black lisle hose composed entirely of lacework, except at the toe, heel and sole, for slipper wear.

Tailor made shirts of white and colored cotton goods, plain and embroidered, for ladies' wear.

Lace edged and enlarged Windsor ties to supply the present fad for neckties and bows of every description.

Light colored crepons made up with black moire accessories and black chiffon vests for ladies' spring visiting toilets.

Cotton dresses—gingham, chambray, etc.—trimmed with embroidery insertion alone or combined with edging as well.—Dry Goods Economist.

RAILROAD TIES.

The Union Pacific has 26,454 cars. Chili added railroads in 1881 and now has 1,750 miles.

South Africa has 2,010 miles of railroad; Algeria, 1,840; Egypt, 1,360.

Little Denmark has 1,320 miles of railroad, owned and managed by 230 companies.

The first line of railroad in the United States was from Boston to Quincy, four miles, opened in 1827.

English railroads are the most costly to build, Swedish railroads the cheapest, the difference being as 7 to 1.

The system of numbering the hours of the day from 1 to 24 has been adopted by the Italian railroads and is in use for all time schedules.

Four distinct lines of second class sleeping cars are now being run between Boston and the Pacific coast, and they are said to be receiving liberal patronage.

An Ohio law provides that every electric street car shall be provided, during the months from November to April, with a screen of glass or other material to protect the motorman from the wind and storm. Penalties are attached for violation of this ordinance.

HUMOR.

HE FELT GREAT.

It Was His Wedding Day, and He Wanted to Celebrate.

He walked into the menagerie building early in the morning when there were only a few visitors. Those that were there noticed that he carried a stout, heavy cane, unusually long. He looked about a bit, and then he walked over to the lion's cage. He pushed the stick between the bars and gave the king of beasts a mighty prod.

"Ha, there, wake up, you old cuss, and make some noise. Come to life, and let's hear your lungs."

The lion growled.

He poked again, harder than before. The lion roared and made a jump for the stick, but it was deftly withdrawn.

Then he went to the cage where the royal Bengal tiger lay dozing.

"Come, old boy," he said, poking through the bars. "Give us some music."

The tiger was in a ferment in a moment and rushed up and down the cage wildly. The curious people began to gather, but the timid women kept near the door.

"He's crazy," said a man. "Run and get a policeman," put in another, but all the while the old chap was going from cage to cage, rousing up the hyenas, panthers, leopards and other animals.

"That's it. Give us a concert," he was saying as two keepers rushed in. They grabbed him and hustled him outside in a jiffy.

"What's the matter with you anyway?" asked one.

"I feel gay," said the old man, "and I was just having a little fun."

"Well, you won't feel so gay when you're locked up," said the other keeper.

"Tain't so bad as that, is it?" whispered the old fellow. "I was only celebrating."

"Celebrating what?"

"Why, my wedding. You see, I'm going to get married today—first time in my life, too, and I'm 76 years old. So when I got up this morning I says to myself:

"Here, you old bachelor, you've got to be sporty today, just to celebrate." At first I was going to get drunk, but then I was afraid I couldn't get sober in time for the wedding, and then I thought of the lions and tigers, and I made up my mind I'd stir them up a bit, so I came here. But I didn't expect to get in trouble. But I do feel young. Let me go now, and I'll run four blocks; then maybe I'll feel better."

So they let him go.

"Whoop, but I feel great!" he yelled as he passed out through the gate.—New York Sun.

Blessed. The cloudburst beat against them with a mighty shock. They were cliff dwellers.

"See," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in rapture, "I won't have to clean house."

Her husband folded her to his bosom.

"Which means," he cried, with glistering eyes, "that I won't have to eat cold potatoes off the window sill."

Together they gave thanks for the storm.—Detroit Tribune.

The Perverse Parent. "How did you get along when you told your father of our engagement?" asked the timid young man.

"Oh, dear!" she answered; "it was dreadful. I'm so ashamed of papa."

"Was he unfavorable?"

"That is no name for it. When I talked to him about our living on love in a cottage on \$7 a week, I couldn't make him listen to reason at all."—Washington Star.

Depraved. Restful Rags—What's become of Peter? Weary William (shaking his head)—Don't ask me, Ragsy. He's gone to the bad.

Restful Rags—In jail, eh? Weary William—Worse than that! He's working regular in a factory.—Kate Field's Washington.

Some Difference. "I got an awful lickin with the wire bristle hairbrush this morning," said Billie.

"Pahaw!" said Johnnie. "That don't hurt."

"Yes, it does. Pa had the bristle side down."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Was It False? "Everything is not what it seems," murmured Buff Lohide in a Woodward avenue restaurant, stroking his mustache with an embarrassed air.

"No, I thought it was false," she lisped.—Detroit Tribune.

His Idea. He—What makes the baby shriek like that? She—It's a tooth, darling!

He—Hum—can't we send for the dentist and have it taken out?—Chips.

Another Opportunity Lost. Mr. Van Toneleigh—I see that Mrs. de Swellton is dead.

Mrs. Van Toneleigh (in horror)—Oh, isn't that awful! (Weeps.)

Mr. Van Toneleigh (in surprise)—Why, I thought she was your most bitter enemy!

Mrs. Van Toneleigh—Yes, but I did so want her to see me in my new dress next Sunday.—Puck.

A Simple Means by Which Steam Pressure Increases Wonderfully.

As a matter of theory it is held that one pound of good coal is capable of evaporating 15 pounds of water, but that it does so or even approximately so in ordinary steam boiler practice no one will affirm. It is recorded that about 50 years ago an evaporation of 12.80 pounds of water per pound of coal from 212 degrees F. was effected in Cornwall, England. In the present day, however, as a rule, the rate of evaporation is not much over six pounds, the difference probably being due to the difference between natural and forced draft.

In the Cornwall and Lancashire types of boiler the evaporation is probably not more than one-half of what the fuel is capable of effecting. Hence, invention has for years past been actively at work in endeavoring to improve the evaporative efficiency of the steam boiler. It would seem that a distinct advance has been made in this direction by the introduction of a new and simple system, which consists in riveting a series of angle irons longitudinally on to the inside of the furnace flue and on the outside of those portions of the shell which are exposed to heat in the bottom and side flues.

These angle irons project from the boiler plates and arrest the heat from the passing gases, transmitting it to the water.

Besides the absorption and transmission of heat by the angle irons, they further promote evaporation by forming channels, along which in the boiler flue the flames sweep in close hugging contact with the boiler. A collateral advantage of the system is that by the addition of the angle irons, which form a series of longitudinal ribs, the boiler is protected and materially strengthened in its most exposed parts.

The correctness of the principle involved was clearly and practically demonstrated in a recent test of an experimental apparatus. This apparatus consisted of two cylindrical metallic vessels of precisely similar size, but representing otherwise in their construction the new and the old systems of boilers. The vessel with the plain tube was first placed over a Bunsen burner, the temperature of the water being 64 degrees F. In 26 minutes a temperature of only 110 degrees F. was reached. The vessel with the ribbed tube was then placed over the same burner, the water being at 66 degrees F. In 19 minutes 28 seconds a temperature of 212 degrees was reached, violent ebullition taking place.

A review of the tests tends to a conclusion that the invention is at once simple and efficient, a high evaporative power being imparted to a very unpromising form of steam generator by very direct means. This system is a novel departure and constitutes an important and practical advance in steam boiler practice.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Work the Secret of Success. In conclusion, gentlemen, I presume to offer you a faith. Yes, I beseech you to put your trust and your faith in work. Toil, young men, toil! I am keenly conscious of the truthness of the advice. It is the seed which is sown at every distribution of prizes in every school and sown in rocky soil. But I ask you to reflect upon it because I, who have been nothing but a worker, am a witness to its marvellously soothing effects upon the soul. The work I allude to is daily work. The duty of moving one step forward in one's allotted task every day. How often in the morning have I taken my place at my table, my head, so to say, lost, my mouth bitter, my mind tortured by some terrible suffering, and every time, in spite of the feeling of rebellion, after the first minutes of agony my task proved a balm and a consolation. I have invariably risen up from my daily work, my heart sometimes throbbing with pain, but firm and erect, able and willing to live till the morrow. Yes, work is the one great law of the world which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its unknown goal. Life has no other meaning, and our one mission here is to contribute our share to the total sum of labor, after which we vanish from the earth.—Zola's Paris Address.

Where Their Wealth Came From. The New York Sun has been investigating the Four Hundred and prints a number of receipts bills of the last century showing that a Stuyvesant sold handkerchiefs; a DePeyster, beans; a Rhineland, hats; a Brevoort, pewter spoons; a Beekman molasses, and a Roosevelt, lamplack. Their plutocratic descendants may not like it, says the Atlantic Constitution, but if the old pioneers were honest traders there is nothing to be ashamed of in their record.

Edison on Ocean Rapid Transit. Edison declares that rapid transit through the water is only a question of reducing the friction between the sides of the ship and the water. What makes the resistance that the ship's screw must overcome is the fact that the ship drags a lot of water along with her. To illustrate this: Say the vessel is going 20 miles an hour; two feet from her side the water is going 10 miles an hour, four feet away 5 miles an hour, eight feet away 2 miles an hour, nine feet off 1 mile an hour and so on in diminishing ratio. All this water the vessel is dragging along with her. That is what the engine has got to do—not force the ship through the water, but carry the water along. This all comes from the fact that the water sticks, as it were, to the side of the ship.

Edison believes that some means will be discovered of lessening the friction between the sides of the vessel and the ocean. The result might possibly be achieved, he thinks, by forcing some cheap oil through the pores of the sides of the ship under the water line. She would then slip across the Atlantic on a bed of oil like greased lightning, as it were.

Enfeebling. Old Lady (in tears, to chemist)—Will you poison my dear little Fido? He's in such agony! Chemist (politely)—With pleasure, madam.

Old Lady indignantly—With pleasure, you nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it!—London Tit-Bits.

VIGOR OF MEN. Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored. NEARNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, and all the train of evils that flow from an overworked or over-fatigued system, the result of worry, the result of an overworked system, the result of an overworked system, the result of an overworked system.

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A peculiar egg has been brought to London by a Mr. J. Proctor of Tamatave, in Madagascar. It was discovered by some natives about 20 miles to the southward of St. Augustine's bay, on the southwest coast of Madagascar. It was floating on the calm sea, within 20 yards of the beach, and is supposed to have been washed away with the foreshore, which consists of sandhills, after a hurricane in the early part of the year. The childlike longshoreman of the antipodes, opining that the egg had a value, showed the unusual piece of flossam about, and it thus came into the hands of Mr. Proctor.

The egg, which is whitish brown in color and unbroken, is a fine specimen 3 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches, and an even higher value is placed upon it than upon the egg of the great auk, which lived within the memory of man. The brooding proportions of the egg are better demonstrated by comparison with the eggs of the ostrich and crocodile. An ostrich egg is about 17 by 15 inches, and the contents of six such are only equal to one egg of the pyornis. The measurements of the egg of the crocodile are normally 9 by 6 inches. It would require the contents of 164 emu's eggs to equal the contents of this great egg, or 148 eggs of the homely fowl or 30,000 of the humming bird.

London Collector.

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