

Miscellaneous News.

Newspaper Note.

There are now published in the United Kingdom 2,135 newspapers distributed as follows: England—London, 435; Provinces, 1,246—1,981; Wales, 184; Scotland, 191; Ireland, 158; Isles twenty-one. Of these there are 145 daily papers published in England, five in Wales, twenty in Scotland, fifteen in Ireland, one in British Isles.

A Pointer on Advertising.

On the question of advertising, a New York hotel proprietor whose "card" is in thousands of newspapers throughout the Union, being asked why he continued to advertise when his house was full, answered: "To keep it full." If you desire that your business shall demand all your time and attention, keep it at the point where you like it to be, by continuing your announcements to the public.

Forty-two Coal Cars Wrecked.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., June 2.—Forty-two cars of an empty coal train bound north were wrecked on the Reading railroad main line at Saratoga Station this morning about 6 o'clock. The wreck occurred through an accident to one of the cars. The end of which was drawn out while the train was in motion. The track was torn up for a considerable distance, and debris strewn along the road for about half the train's length. A number of the cars fell over the embankment, descending to the Schuylkill. The up track remained closed until late this forenoon, all trains being required to take the down track at Linfield. None of the train hands were injured.

A Hermit Dies in His Lonely Home.

READING, Pa., June 2.—Lewis Hrehley, aged 60 years, was found dead in bed this morning in a secluded section of Rockland township, this county, where for many years he lived as a hermit. His sole companions were several dogs. His hut was located on a barren track of land surrounded by heavy timber far away from any dwellings. In summer he performed odd jobs among the farmers and in winter cut cordwood and rails. He was seen alive yesterday and appeared to be in good health. It is supposed that he saved considerable money and his cabin is being searched to day. As there was no mark of violence upon his person the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death from apoplexy.

Preparing Mt. Gretna Park for the State Militia.

CORNWALL, Pa., June 2.—Governor Beaver, Major General Hartant, commanding the division of the National Guard; General Wiley, commander of the second brigade; Adjutant General Hastings, quartermaster; General Hill, Colonel Watson and Colonel Shakespear, inspectors of rifle practice; Captain Bobb, inspector of rifle practice, Third brigade; Colonel H. C. Demming, aide-de-camp and others arrived here to-day with General Gobin and Major Moyer to make final arrangements as to details for the state encampment, and to select a place for the range for rifle practice. The party was received by Robert H. Coleman, owner of Mt. Gretna park where the encampment will be held. Major Hean and Superintendent Irish. After being entertained by Mr. Coleman at his mansion where lunch was served, the visitors left for horse-back to Mt. Gretna, four miles distant. A large area of woodland is being cleared by a considerable force of laborers to extend the encampment grounds.

Tampering with the Jury.

NEW YORK, June 2.—The Evening Post says: It was learned late this afternoon on trustworthy authority that four or five desperate and determined attempts have been made to corrupt the jury in the Sharp case. The prosecution has been engaged in trying to trace the efforts directly to the defendant, but has not so far succeeded in doing so. They have however traced these efforts sufficiently close to the friends of the defendant as to leave no doubt as to the intention of the persons making the attempts. District Attorney Martine declined to say anything on the subject, but would not deny that such attempts had been made. There is no doubt, however, as to the truth of the reports, as the information on the subject was obtained from a person in a position to speak with authority on the matter, and whose veracity cannot be questioned. Indeed he would have no object in stating anything but the truth. He does not wish, however, to be quoted. It is said on the same authority, that the peremptory challenging by the people of Mr. McLewee was in consequence of certain information they had received in connection with the attempts at bribery.

Intelligent Artillery Horses.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of his uniform. When I asked him why he spent so much time to mend that old flag, his answer was, that as we are so far from the base of supplies he could not get a new one, and that when the battery went into action with thirty-six horses and six guns he always stuck the pike of the guidon in to the ground where the battery was to form, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, and the noise of the battle was so great, that the bugle-call could not be heard, the horses would wheel around the flag and execute the maneuver known as by left into line, and bring the muzzles of the six guns on a line with the flag, and then as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it about two hundred paces to the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear with the caissons and halt again on a line with it. Is there not a beautiful sentiment in the thought of those noble horses knowing the flag and rallying to it?

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS.

An Old Fellow Who Was Much Taken With Something New in the Chicken Line.

"Wall, fur mercy's sake, look thar, pap," said a woman, dressed in faded calico and dim gingham. The old fellow stopped and the woman pointed at a lot of colored eggs which had been left over from Easter, and which the grocer had temptingly arranged in front of his store. "Look thar," the woman repeated, pointing at the eggs.

"They air a new wrinkle on yo' ho'n," said the old fellow, taking up one of the eggs and examining it. "These here," he added, addressing the grocer who approached, "muster been laid by one of yo' ole blue hen's chickens."

"They are descendants from the old blue hen, sure enough," the grocer replied, who showed an accommodating quickness to tell a lie, either through courtesy or with an eye to business.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, sir, and I bought them for Mr. Garland, who sent me word some time ago to get him a few if I possibly could."

"Wall, Gus ought to know what good chickens air."

"He undoubtedly does."

"Wall, I've heard about the old blue hen's chickens all my life, but this is the first time I ever seed any uv the aigs."

"They are not very plentiful now," said the grocer. "In fact they are brought up by the agents of monopolies and sent north for the use of rich railroad men."

"The chickens, I reckon, lay over the common run of fowls."

"As much, sir, as day lays over night."

"What special advantage have they got?"

"Well, they lay three times a day, for one thing."

"Now, look here, you don't mean that?"

"I reckon he do, pap," the woman declared. "I know in reason that he do, for Aunt Caroline Welsh had some of 'em in No'th Klity, 'told me jest befo' she died that they wuz the outlayest hens she ever seed, an' says she, 'Eveline, I do b'leve that the aigs is fresher than the aigs uv these here common chickens.'"

"She was right," said the grocer. "Mr. Garland tells me that the eggs will keep for years without spoiling, but," he added, laughing, "if he don't mind he will find that they don't keep so well after all, for if he doesn't come after them pretty soon I'll sell them. A business man can't afford to let his money lie idle, you know."

"That's a fact," the farmer replied. "Now, what mot they be worth?"

"Well, I hardly know. Where do you live?"

"On Saline river, about two days ride from here."

"Do you come to town very often?"

"Fast time I wuz ever here."

"I thought that if you came to town very often I might engage you to bring me a lot of the chickens when they hatch. Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have all six of them for sixty cents."

"Ain't that a pretty way price?"

"Oh, no, pap," said the woman. "Jest think uv chickens that lay aigs—fresh ones at that—three times a day."

"All right," said the old fellow, nauting out the toe of an old sock and shaking a few dimes from it; "I'll take 'em. Shore they'll hatch?"

"Hatch! Why you can cover them up with an old straw hat and they'll hatch. Much obliged. Well, call a-sin."

When the grocer went back into the store, he slapped himself, laughed uproariously and then said:

"It may be wrong to cheat this way, but I don't believe we are called upon to have sympathy for such ignorant people; and, besides, he'd cheat me in a minute if he could."

Several weeks later an old fellow drove up to the grocery store and asked a man who came out to the curbstone if he wanted to buy any guinea chickens. "Fresh as they ken be an' already cleaned," said the old fellow.

"What you ask for them?"

"Wall, I don't know what they air worth. You see they air mighty big ones."

"Yes, I see. How many have you got?"

"Fifteen."

"There is not much sale for guineas. They ought to be worth ten cents a piece, ought they?"

The grocer, with shrewd hesitancy, replied: "I don't know. Well, drive round to the back door and put them out."

Immediately after receiving his money the old fellow drove down town, and with a woman who seemed to be his wife, was standing on a street corner, when the grocer who had bought the guineas rushed up and exclaimed:

"You are a lying wolf, that's what you are!"

"What's the matter?"

"You sold me a lot of buzzards, you old wretch, and I am going to have you arrested if you don't give me back my money. One of my best customers bought one and then, discovering what it was, struck me over the head with it and then left the store."

"Why, pap, that was too bad, wasn't it?" said the woman.

"I recognize you now," said the grocer, stepping back.

"Yes," said the old fellow, "an—but don't be in a hurry. Didn't know the blue hen's chickens when you seed 'em, eh? Why I thought you knowed all about the breed. Say, whenever you want any more, jest let me know. They lay three times a day, you know, but I'm sorry that the chickens ain't as fresh as the aigs. When you come out with your wad, rap in to see me."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Question of Fees.

"Yes, said a pompous young lawyer on a street car to a friend; I hadn't been down a half an hour this morning before I got a fee of \$10.

Then the eyes of a man who was hanging on a strap began to bulge.

"I say young fellow, he whispered earnestly, 'what saloon d'ye work at? I'm a waiter myself.'—[Puck.

Detectives and "Crooks."

Julian Ralph says in one of his New York letters: It is a boast of the detectives that they are personally acquainted with all professional criminals in and near town. The results of this acquaintance are often peculiar. You are talking with Detective Prior a few feet from the door of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and he sees a young dandy halt a few feet away. "Better keep right on," he says to the dandy, "hurry up now." "Oh, good morning," says the dandy. "I'm only going to set my watch." That is Kid Miller, chief of the bunco men, and the detective will not allow him to stop in front of the hotel. You are pushing your way into a shopping store and a little ladylike body is just ahead of you. Suddenly someone steps up to her and roughly orders her to "Get out at once." "Certainly, sir," she says very meekly, "I was only going to match a piece of silk." She lies; she is a shop-lifter and the man who ordered her out is a detective.

Perhaps you are at the Arion ball, with its 5000 dancers and lookers on. You walk in the lobby near the entrance for a breath of air and meet Captain Williams, in uniform, alert and handsome as an eagle. He darts from your side and stands in front of a stout, elderly, well-dressed gentleman so as to oppose his progress. "What do you mean by coming here?" he says to the man answering boldly: "My wife is here and I have come to take her home."

"That'll do now," says the Captain; "there's the door; get 't' and as Artemus Ward used to say, 'the gets.' Of course, the man is a pickpocket."

A neatly dressed, rather substantial looking man of middle age sends in his card to Inspector Byrnes at police headquarters. The name on that card is that of a burglar better known by an alias, say "Red Leary," for instance. "Well, what do you want?" Mr. Byrnes asks gruffly. He has an especial tone for men of that class and it is a tone that forbids familiarity and suggests mastery, a very different tone from the quiet and easy one he has for his friends.

"I would like to be in Wall street 15 minutes to-morrow, Inspector," says the burglar. "I want to see about a personal matter." "I will have one of my corps meet you at Broad and Wall streets at noon, sharp," says the Inspector.

The burglar thanked the official, for it is a favor to such a man even to be allowed to go to the money centre with a detective at his shoulder all the time he is there. To go without this permission and escort means a certainty of being arrested and locked up.

The well known nursery song, beginning "Mary had a little lamb," was founded on an incident of real life, and, the heroine, Mary, is at the present time a benign lady of some 70 years of age. Mary was born on a farm near Worcester county, Massachusetts, and very fond was she during her early childhood of running about over the fields with her father. One day they found a young lamb munched with cold and half starved, its mother having died during the night. Mary's kind heart was touched, and lifting the half dead animal in her arms she carried it to the house, made a bed for it near the kitchen fire, and in due time nursed it back to life and health. In return for her kind services the lamb became a very much attached to Mary.

It followed her to school one day. Which was against the rule; Mary hid it under her desk, and all went well until she was called to the teacher's desk to recite her lesson, when the lamb walked after her, and "made the children laugh and play."

The teacher was obliged to turn it out and shut it up in an adjoining wood shed until such time as Mary could take it home. A young student, hearing of the incident, wrote the rhyme so familiar to all. The lamb lived to a good old age, and Mary wore several pairs of stockings made from its fleece, one pair of which figured not so very long ago at a church fair in Massachusetts, where they were sold for a big price as a curious relic of the old days which furnished the incident of John Rolstone's story in verse about "Mary and her little lamb."

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

He Was Not Narrow, but Circular.

In a conversation drifting toward the many wise provisions of nature the Rev. Mr. Mackwell said: "The other day, in my intellectual excursions, I came across a wonderfully sensible parable treating of the use of snakes. The log black snake is especially useful. He goes into the dense swamps, warms himself among the reeds and flags, and devours thousands of scorpions and lizards, which, without his timely interference, would become too numerous. So, you see, everything, even the black snake, is useful being created for a purpose."

"That is all very well," one of the reverend gentleman's listeners replied. "We recognize the usefulness of the snake, because he devours scorpions and lizards, but of what use, pray tell me, are the scorpions and lizards?"

"They eat innumerable insects," the minister triumphantly replied.

"All right; but of what use are the insects?"

"The insects? Why—they serve as food for lizards."

"Yes; but of what use are the lizards?"

"Why, you must be blind not to see that they serve as food for snakes."

"Of course I see that, but that only brings up the question of what use are the snakes?"

"To eat the lizards, I tell you. My dear sir, the minister added, "it is not strange that philosophy advances so slowly when we think of man's narrowness of understanding."—Arkansas Traveler.

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Some Remarkable Cats.

"Did you ever notice how cats take to drug stores?" said a commercial traveler for a drug house. "Half the drug stores in the towns on my route have one or more cats about. I never found till recently why cats have such a weakness for drug stores. One of my customers who owned a big cat that had loafed around his place several years explained the matter to me. The cat followed him around behind the counter, rubbed against him and purred like a buzz saw.

"She's teasing for her morning drink," said the druggist.

"Then he took down the extract of valerian and put some on the floor. The cat made a dive for it, sniffed it eagerly, and in about a minute she was hilariously drunk. She rolled over on the floor, squirmed about on her back, and behaved in a most indecorous manner. The drunk lasted about five minutes. Then the cat staggered off and climbed on the prescription case. Always after the drunk she is cross as a tiger.

"The smartest cats I meet on my travels are a pair, mother and son, in a hotel or billiard room at Cleveland. They play one-half pool with rare skill. The kitten will start the ball and bound across the table after it. Then the old cat will catch it, and send it back so swift that the kitten has to hum himself to nail it. Finally the mother will give the ball a push into one of the pockets, and when the kitten dives down into the slot after it the old cat will pounce on him and hold him in the pocket until he washes for quarter."

"I stopped in Washington on my way home and while visiting a friend in the treasury building he showed me the worst wreck of a cat I ever saw. Its fur was all singed off. The cat came to the treasury under a republican administration and formed a wide acquaintance among the office-holders in the building. She didn't take kindly to the democrat or two who came into the treasury under the new administration, and she was especially incensed when a dog entered her domain. One day Hector, the president's dog, sauntered over in search of some plebeian dog to whip. The cat indignantly shined up the flue of an unused fire place and there remained over an hour. A department clerk lighted the gas over his desk and threw the match into the fire place on some waste paper. The paper ignited, and in about a minute there was a wild yell and the cat tumbled down out of the flue a singed and smoking ruin."

Mary and Her Lamb.

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Another Sweet Fraud.

We are not only defrauded in our butter, which is made of oleomargarine, and our lard and olive oil, that are really cotton seed oil, but many of the sweets we use are sugar but glucose. This substance is made principally from corn, and employs a capital of \$2,000,000 and 50,000 persons to manufacture it. Glucose serves as an adulterant in sugars, candies, preserved fruits, and many other articles of food. It is sold for honey in some cases, and for sugar to people who do not dream they are getting corn sugar. We export 3,000,000 pounds of this sweet fraud every year, and its entire use is for adulterating purposes. Fortunately neither glucose, oleomargarine nor cotton-seed oil are unwholesome. They undoubtedly serve a useful purpose, but their chief commercial value is that they are cheap imitations palmed off on the public as the real thing.

NO LIGHT USED.—A farmer in England, returning home rather late one night, discovered a young man with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, said he had only come a-coming.

"Come a what?" asked the farmer.

"A-courting, sir. I've courted Mary."

"But what do you want with a lantern?" asked the farmer; "I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir," was the young man's reply. "I don't think ye did, judging by the looks of the missis."

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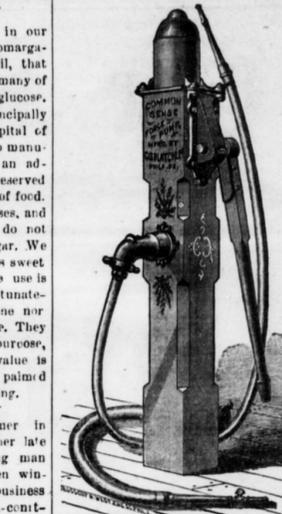
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