The Columbian.

C. E. ELWELL, J. E. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 47
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LI, NO 36

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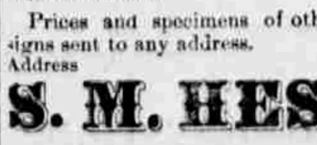

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FRENCH FOUNDLINGS.

Little Waifs Raised Up by the State to Become Good Citizens.

The story of Rousseau and his children has caused the French system of dealing with deserted infants to be regarded by a great many Englishmen as official connivance at private immorality. It is not everybody who has read "Jeane Jacques' Confession," but most people who have a fair knowledge of things in general have heard that to escape the responsibility of bringing up his children he had them taken to the foundling hospital very soon after their birth. Many things have changed in France since Rousseau's time, but this institution remains very much as it was then. The method he adopted of losing his children without incurring any risk of consequence is still permitted by law and taken advantage of. Much as it may have been abused, it originated in Christian charity. In the middle ages there was a stone at Notre Dame upon which deserted infants were laid with the knowledge that they would be taken care of, and the practice of leaving them

AT THE DOORS OF CHURCHES,

which was then common, has been followed in much later times. D'Alembert, for instance, was found upon the steps of Jean-la-Rond. In 1638 St. Vincent of Paul founded a hospital for these waifs of humanity, and this was the origin of the institution known as "Les Enfants Trouves." Now it is termed "Les Enfants Assisters." In Rousseau's time, and as late as 1837, children were left here and no questions were asked. Upon a bell being rung a revolving cylindrical box opened, and the infant being placed within, it was turned around with the box and was lost to view. Nothing could be more simple, nothing less calculated to cause embarrassment or shame to the visitor. The same apparatus is still in use, but the person who leaves the infant can no longer leave without being seen. Any woman who takes a child there is assumed to be the mother, and she is questioned with the hope that she will state her name, but she is not obliged to do so. She is, however, compelled to listen to a little sermon on the heartlessness of abandoning her offsprings to strangers and voluntarily losing all trace of its identity; in fact, an effort is made to turn her from her purpose and to bring her to a sense of her maternal duties. Sometimes she is persuaded to keep the child, and if she pleads poverty a small monthly allowance is granted her. It may be well to draw attention here to the fact that as regards illigitimate offspring in France the law only recognizes the responsibility of one parent—namely, the mother. Supposing the child to have been left at the institution it is entered upon the register merely as a number, and henceforth

THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC ASSISTANCE

is its guardian. The children, unless their state is such as to need medical treatment, are only kept in Paris a few days. They are quickly placed in the families of peasants, who undertake to perform the duties of parents toward them in return for remuneration, which is usually from fifteen francs to twenty francs a month. There are inspectors who visit the foster parents periodically and report upon the condition of their charges. Unless there are special reasons for removing them the children, even when the period of infancy is past, remain in the same hands. They are sent to the communal schools until the age of 13 and then the administrator puts them in the way of earning their livelihood, but does not relinquish its authority over them. In the large majority of cases the boys are kept to agricultural pursuits, and as shepherds or farm laborers become identified in lasting manner with the peasantry. As a general rule it is considered advantageous for them to enter the service of the foster father, because from long association he is supposed to hold them in some affection. In addition to board and lodging they receive wages, the bulk of which, under the direction of an inspector, is deposited in the "caisse d'epargne" and which corresponds to the savings bank in England. Thus it frequently happens that when these boys enter the army as conscripts at the age of 21, they own a little fortune of 2,000 francs ($400), and are consequently richer than the majority of young men of their own class who were not abandoned in their infancy.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The German Ocean.

Discussing the 'Picturesque quality of Holland,' George Hitchcock says in *Scribner*: The shallow, stormy German Ocean, breaking in ceaseless beauty on its white sands, is always a picture. Its waters often mixed with sand, always in storms, make up in fine color what it lacks in transparency—from pale blue to warm red in the wave-shadows, yellowish form, and yet withal gray and harmonious. In high winds it breaks miles from the shore, when all the light in the picture seems to be in the mass of rushing, foaming water; then if through this comes the black hull and russet sails of a fishing-boat, making for a place—certain death to any other model—it is indeed a picture. The size of these boats makes them most useful; large enough to compose well, and yet their feeling and pathos not lost in too great evidence of safety. The almost daily going and coming of the fishers from the few villages, the departure for the herring-fishing, with the group of disconsolate wives and sweethearts, the rise and fall of the tide, with ceaseless change of color and conformation, are a never-failing source of interest.

THE LITTLE READER.

A Lesson for Parents to Take to Heart.

How quiet the house is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago came back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can talk and laugh and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our sides and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far-away whispers that have no sound, so that we only hear their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little "First Reader." He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson, such an easy lesson, and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his mother's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bent over the troublesome lesson, and baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book just as he left it. Ah, me, I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away. I hated the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because, you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah, me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. There were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience of gentleness, of love, that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy and the sentences so short. And I? Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now; all blurred and blistered with tears and heartache, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know He will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle He has been all these years teaching me these simple lessons I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's that I cannot teach the little lesson more than once?

Ah, friend, we do not waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on our book shelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blindest may read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier. *R. J. Burdette.*

If You Are Obliged to Sleep on the Cars.

In these days, when travel by railroads is very common, a few words on the best means to prevent taking cold in the cars will be useful. The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* says:

For the men a light cap, one that will cover over the ears, so as to serve as a night-cap, will be desirable. In cold weather a woolen cap is best. This cap should be put on as soon as the car is entered. A loose blouse should take the place of the coat usually worn. Slippers must not be worn. If there be a draught in the car, face it; do not let it strike the back. Have the bed made with the head toward the engine; the dust will then be driven to the foot, where it will do the least harm. But be sure to have a sufficient quantity of bed clothes to keep warm. A soft, loose-knit woolen hood is the best head wear for women; this should be worn at night also. It should be warmer in winter than in summer months. The corsets should be removed at night and a loose woolen wrapper worn for a night dress. The stocking supporters as well as every constricting band around the waist should be loosened. Every adult should take from five to ten grains of quinine (!) on going to bed. It will be well to rub the hands, feet, face and neck with a little vaseline at the same time.

Old Maids.

The *Chicago News* announces authoritatively that a girl is not an 'old maid' now until she is past 30. "Once she was an 'old maid' at 25. In the better circles girls do not enter society at as early an age as they did when the tag 'old maid' was affixed to them if they didn't marry by the time they were 25. The lass of 16, 18, or even older, is in school occupied with her music and other studies now, and not receiving beaux alone in the parlor evenings. The largely increasing number of independently situated women who prefer to live unmarried is likely to work a decided change in the status of the 'old maid.' The girl who prefers the luxuries of her father's home to sharing a flat or a boarding house with a salaried young man is multiplying rapidly."

Thirty Facts Worth Knowing.

The second largest state is California.

Nebraska is more than twice the size of Indiana.

Michigan and Florida are the same size.

Texas is four times as large as the New England States.

Dakota is larger than England, Scotland and Ireland together.

The population of London, England, is equal to that of Canada, or that of New York State, including its cities.

Kentucky and Portugal are about the same size.

California is nearly five times as large as Ireland.

The Island of Cuba and the State of Tennessee are nearly equal in area.

Brazil is nearly as large as the United States; but the population of the latter is six times that of the former.

The populations of Canada, New York, Ireland and Belgium are about the same.

If the people of Canada and of the United States were placed in the State of Texas, the number of persons to the square mile would be fewer than at present in China.

The population of Canada is double that of Australia.

Colorado is as large as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey together.

It would take ten states as large as Massachusetts to make a state as large as Kansas.

There are more people in the cities of New York and Brooklyn than in the State of Massachusetts, including its cities.

There are as many people in the City of Chicago as in the State of Connecticut.

There are twenty-seven states and territories each larger than New York.

Oregon is equal in area to New York and Pennsylvania.

Massachusetts is smaller than either New Hampshire or Vermont.

Minnesota is twice the size of Ohio.

The three states bordering on the Pacific are larger than the thirteen States bordering on the Atlantic.

Montana is thirty times larger than Connecticut.

Dakota is four times larger than Indiana.

Iowa is five times as large as Belgium, and four times as large as Denmark.

Maryland and Switzerland are about the same size.

Michigan is twice the size of Scotland.

The area of the Dominion of Canada is almost equal to the area of the United States, including Alaska.

Texas is as large as France, Holland and Belgium together.

There are nearly as many people in the City of Philadelphia as in the State of Kansas.

The watermelon fleet is a great institution on Chesapeake bay. It comprises about 80 vessels of various descriptions and sizes. The season opens about the first week in August, and for nearly two months this most beautiful bay is filled with these boats loaded down with melons. The departures and arrivals are mostly at dawn or twilight, so that the daylight view of the fleet is about the same all the time. The boats carry from 2,000 to 8,000 melons each, and give employment to several hundred men who feel most comfortable when dressed in a cotton shirt, patched trousers, one suspender, and a well-colored pipe. Long lines of these men toss and catch the melons from the outer boats until they are landed in the wagons along the wharf. The scene is always lively, and a large part of the excitement is due to the commission agents who sell the melons along the wharf and who exact 7 per centum of all sales for their services. From Baltimore melons are shipped as far north as Canada and as far west as Chicago. The bulk of the shipments go to New York and Boston.

LITERARY SUCCESS.

The Ways by Which Some Noted Writers Have Become Famous.

Every literary success has its own history. Thoreau's beautiful books are found in every library where he would have cared to have them; but they were so little appreciated when originally issued that at the end of the first year almost the whole edition was returned to the author, who carried the books laboriously upstairs with the laughing announcement that he was probably the only man in America with a library of 1,000 volumes all written by himself.

Rider Haggard thinks he will try the doubtful experiment of weaving his African experience into a book for boys, and thousands of copies, perhaps hundreds of thousands of "King Solomon's Mines" are sold immediately, quite as much to his own surprise as that of anybody else.

Bayard Taylor, thirsting for the literary life, eager for fame, but only for the fame that comes from doing really admirable work, labors slowly, toilsomely, carefully, and achieves at last an enviable position for graceful, scholarly, patient literary effort.

Sidney Luska leaps into the literary arena with his first book in his hand, so brilliant a one that the critics only wonder whether he can ever do anything else as good.

Miss Alcott is inspired to write "Little Women," because, as she naively says herself, "the house needed shingling."

Mrs. Murfree and Mrs. Burnett for years write short stories in obscure publications unknown, unnoticed and unpraised, till the long training and patient perseverance "tell" at last, and result finally in a splendid effort that the admiring world supposes to be their first.

H. H., a brilliant society woman, not especially interested in literature, already in middle age, writes suddenly a poem, is perfectly amazed on receiving $10 for it, pays herself for the publication of her first book, only to find herself in a few years acknowledged as the finest poetess in America, if indeed as Mr. Emerson said, we may not leave off the last syllable of "poetess."

Charlotte Bronte, with profound confidence in her own genius, encouraged by no one, discouraged by every publisher till the last, writes "Jane Eyre," to be one of the greatest novels of her generation.

George Eliot, profoundly self distrustful, venturing into fiction only at the urgent entreaty of Mr. Lewes, writes "Adam Bede," to be the admiration of the world, and perhaps never did any work finer of its kind than her first.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, a girl of 16, who had never been out of America and hardly out of Newburyport, sits in her little room, with portfolio in her lap, and evolves from her inner consciousness and knowledge of books, a story of Parisian life, so faithful to the local color of the brilliant city of the world that the editor of *The Atlantic* sends it back to her at first on the plea that it is singularly fine, but presumably a translation.

When a book appears so perfect of its kind as "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," the world is interested not merely in reading the book, but in knowing how it came to be written. It may be stated briefly that "Hans Brinker" was almost the first literary effort, though not actually the first, of its author; that at the time she wrote it she had never been in Holland at all; that like her dear and intimate friend H. H., she had passed her girlhood and early womanhood without a thought of a desire for literary fame.

Street Car Nuisances.

The smoke nuisance on the street cars, though the most annoying, is by no means the only one to be found on that popular vehicle. Another one is the passenger who persists in crossing his legs so that one of his feet projects across the passage way through the car. He is a most invariably a "long-geared" passenger with feet to correspond; and he is sure to become absorbed in a book or paper as soon as he has effectually blocked the way. Timid passengers must thereafter climb over him; but even when an aggressive one knocks against him he rarely takes the hint. He does have the grace sometimes, if he is apprised that a lady is stopped by the barrier he has erected, to remove it; but he promptly puts it up again when the lady has passed.

A somewhat similar nuisance is the passenger—not always a male one—who occupies two or three seats by sitting sidewise so as to gaze from the car window. It is very common to see one of these selfish nuisances, absorbed in contemplation of the stores or the scenery, keep one or two passengers standing for an entire trip.

Still another nuisance is the conductor who always wants to "lend a hand." Whenever a passenger gets on he immediately puts a hand between a passenger's shoulder blades and helps him or her up and in to the car. It makes no material difference to him whether the passenger is old or young, sprightly or feeble, man or woman, though he does seem to have a preference—when the weather is warm and his hands are moist—for ladies white summer dresses. Without knowing it, perhaps—probably believing that he is really doing the public a service—this particular nuisance is one of the most offensive in the list.

Garibaldi's Remains.

A remarkable controversy is being fought out over the body of Garibaldi. It will be recollected that when the hero and patriot died, his last will was found to confirm his expressions in life in favor of cremation. He required his executors to see that his body should not be buried, but burned. The feelings of some of the members of his family, and not a few of his friends, were adverse to such a treatment of his remains. From that time to this, the present head of the family, the Deputy Menotti Garibaldi, has been entreated again and again by his father's admirers to carry out the great patriot's last request. Menotti, however, has always steadily resisted these appeals. The whole business has now been put into the hands of the Milan Cremation Society, which is about to take legal proceedings against Menotti Garibaldi in order to compel him to lay aside his personal objections and comply with the direction of his father.

Aphorisms from Africa.

De cooles' spring hides the closest 'mongst de rocks.

Las' year's hot spell cools off mighty fas'.

Light nigger too much fo' de so'-back hos'.

De meller apple give fa'r warnin, 'fo it fall.

De noise o' de wheels don't measure de load in de wagon.

Wild goose in de wheat fiel' don't go to sleep.

'Twon't he'p de crop to plant a new fangled sort o' corn with fifteen ears to de stalk on de po' broomstraw fiel'; dat sort o' land got all it kin do raisin' one ear to de hill.

De dog dat try to scratch a mole out de groun' ain't got 'nough edication to hurt him.

EDISON has a remarkable memento of Beecher at his house in Llewellyn Park. His phonograph for impressing on a soft metal sheet the utterance of the human voice, and then emitting it again by the turning of a crank, has never been put to any very practical use, but he has utilized it to make a collection of famous voices. Instead of asking his visitors for their autographs or photographs, he has, in two or three hundred instances, requested them to speak a few sentences into a phonograph. He has kept the plates in a cabinet, and occasionally he runs some of them through the machine, which sends out the words as at first uttered.

ASCETIC COLLEGE LIFE.

How the Modern Youth Struggle with Scholasticism and Anti-Poverty.

Education is not all the bare scholastic struggle that it formerly was. The early graduate, who remembers the Spartan experiences of his college life, the untimely morning bell that called him from his hard couch to the barn-like chapel, the bare walls of his cell-like study, the uncomfortable chairs and the rude table—everything, indeed, subordinated to the one idea of discipline—must have bitter thoughts of what he might have become if he had enjoyed all the aids to development which the modern student has.

What a place it is, this Sybaritic bower, for the cultivation of the intellect! Neither Webster nor Calhoun had any such influence about him. What a stimulous to the mind it is, this rug-covered and curtained chamber! its tinted walls hung with exquisite etchings and bits of color in oil, and the winning pictures of the most beautiful actresses and singers of our time, silken portieres, deep chairs that invite to the profoundest reflection upon the great problems of existence, carved tables strewn with all the literature of the boudoir, rows of bookshelves where the grand classics jostle the latest dialect and realistic outcome of our civilization, an elegant chandelier on whose branching arms hang a hundred souvenirs of the german; bats, balls, rackets—all the tools of the higher education; a deep window-seat of blue plush, where the young anchorite lies and ponders perhaps an epic, perhaps an oration in the senate, perhaps a great argument at the bar, more probably the solution of the chronic struggle between capital and labor. Do we forget the piano, the rack and the carved pipes? These are for relaxation, for relief in the hardships of the stern collegiate life, for the hours of sentiment that come alike to pitcher and stroke oar, when he sings,

"Such an ed-u-ca-tion has my Mary Ann."

Naturally this ascetic life manifests itself more or less in the undress apparel of the devotees of learning. But the striped caps and striped jackets that mark the student are not imposed by the state, and not adopted in the humility of penance for sins, but are noble signs of the fraternity of learning, taken from the tennis-court and the boathouse and the race-course, and show that all education is one, an æthetic democracy, a fellowship between the construer of Greek and the flying rider of the thoroughbred. It is a note of the higher education of the period. There was a good deal said some time ago about what was called the luxurious life of some of the students at one of our universities. And an impression was spread abroad that this must necessarily interfere with the pursuit of learning, and consequently with success in life. "I don't see how you can study in such a bower," said an old-fashioned person who saw for the first time one of these silken scholastic dens. The reply was only a pitying smile. Study? Why, did this ignorant questioner know that in this university an under-graduate had received the offer of a higher salary as pitcher of a base ball nine than was ever made to any of its graduates for filling any professor's chair in this country?—*Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's for September.*

Col. Bob as a Samaritan.

An interesting story is told of Bob Ingersoll which, if it reaches the ears of St. Peter, may improve the Colonel's standing with that gentleman. Some time ago an old Illinois soldier made application for a pension on account of lung trouble which he had contracted during his service in the army. During the examination into his case the examiner was struck with the peculiar exactness with which the applicant recalled the very day upon which he caught the cold from the effects of which his trouble was claimed to have originated.

"How is it," asked he, "that you are so sure that you caught a cold on February 21, 1862? You must have an excellent memory to recollect such an insignificant event for so long a time."

"I remember it from the fact that Col. Bob Ingersoll was married on the following day."

"Why, what has that to do with it," asked the pension-examiner, astonished.

"Well, I was in the Colonel's regiment, and on the night of that day I was on guard duty. It was a bitterly cold night. Colonel Ingersoll happened to stroll along by me, and I said to him that if he did not either send me a warm overcoat, a bottle of whiskey, or relieve me from guard duty, I'd freeze to death."

"'I'll do all three,' said the Colonel, and suiting the action to the word, he took off a fine fur overcoat he was wearing and handed it to me. Then he took from one of his pockets, a flask of splendid old rye, which he also gave me. Not content with this, he actually went to headquarters and wrote out an order calling in the guards, as it was entirely too cold for guard duty. This is why I happen to have such a vivid recollection of the Colonel's marriage and the contraction of my cold."

Decided by the Weather.

The hot wave reminds me of a little study in economy that caused a loss to St. Louis of several millions of dollars, and which kept away a settlement of 2,000 people. You know the old story of Pullman coming to St. Louis to locate his shops? Well, he had settled on this city in his mind, and even the rapacity of the real estate owners did not terrify him. I know from what he told me that he considered St. Louis the most central site for his purpose, and was only induced to change his intentions by a mere accident. He ran down from Chicago on a very hot day. It was a regular scorcher, and the old timer was sipping his sherry cobbler, with its tropical trimmings, with great gusto. Pullman had not come prepared for a Saharan expedition, and when he ventured out on Fourth street in a plug hat, black Prince Albert and heavy suiting, he imagined himself standing on a thin crust that separated the city from the fires of Tophet.

George M. was a practical man, and he instantly began figuring on the effects of the climate on the human system. He eventually concluded that a man engaged at manual labor was depreciated 20 per cent. His calculations looked like a table of logarithms representing loss of vitality, time for drinking water in the shop, general feebleness and mental stagnation induced by excessive caloric. Then he determined that he could not risk his capital. This story has never been published, but I guess, if Pullman had reckoned the saving in fuel in firing his boilers, he would have stuck to his first choice and built his village on the outskirts of this city.

SCRIPS AND SCRAPS.

LAST year's gross receipts of the mail service are placed at forty-eight million dollars.

AN Eastern steel company has contracted to supply the navy with sixty-five tons of steel gun forgings, to cost nearly fifty-four thousand dollars.

IT has been estimated that the power exerted by the tail of a whale eighty feet long and twenty feet across the flukes of the tail, in propelling it at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is equal to the power of 145 horses.

A PARROT belonging to a gentleman of Chicago is said by him to be one hundred years old. The owner has letters dated in 1790, referring to "Old Putnam," the bird, and commenting on his many accomplishments. The bird is an agile and talkative as a young one.

THE cent which, until recently, was unknown in the South, is gradually finding favor. A scheme was put into practice at one time for the flooding of the country with the copper currency, but it was in vain. Later, however, the desired object is steadily being accomplished.

DELICATE SCALES.

They will Even Show the Weight a Man's Signature Carrie's With It.

In a Broadway store which is a branch of a big out-of-town scale factory, are more different kinds of scales than most people imagine were ever made: There are specimens of every grade of weighing machine, from the big track scales that can weigh a railroad car full of pig lead and weighing 80,000 pounds, down to a tiny balance so fine that it is kept in a glass case which you could carry in your pocket. The smallest scale of all is made for delicate tests in essaying. It is adjusted to milligrammes. Its sensiveness is so fine that you can weigh a hair or an eyelash on it. You can write your name on a slip of paper with a lead pencil and then find out just how much your signature weighs.

The weights are the merest bits of aluminum not half so big as the head of a pin. The machine is so delicate that a little dust blowing in from the street will affect its accuracy, and it has to be carefully cleaned after each exposure. It is made of aluminum, platinum and the finest tempered steel. People do not use it as a play thing as a general rule. It costs as much as its weight in gold.

Every once in a while a sceptic comes along who doesn't believe that story about the scales that will weigh the hair from a man's head, and if the manager of the store is good-natured and has plenty of time he will bring out the wonderful little machine and operate it.

A reporter happened in the other day while the operation was going on. The manager took a slip of ordinary writing paper and weighed it. It weighed thirty-eight milligrammes. Then he gave the paper to the visitor with a lead pencil and the visitor wrote "John Henry Larned" on it in a full free hand. Then the manager put the slip back on the scales and fixed the little weights. The man's signature weighed five milligrammes.

Then the man pulled a hair out of his head and the manager found that it weighed three milligrammes. An eyelash weighed a little less than one milligramme and a hair from his whiskers weighed five milligrammes.

Then the manager showed how easy it was to count the hairs in a man's head. At the rate of three milligrammes to a hair, there would be 80,000 hairs in an ounce. The man probably had three ounces of hair on his head and therefore 24,000 hairs.

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks denies that she will publish a collection of her husband's letters.

—Marie Foster of Adams, Mass., got thirty days imprisonment for plucking a few flowers. Such a place. It ought to grow weeds.

—Sarah Bernhardt has made her tiger cats popular. They are a sure protection against dogs and dudes and no parent should be without one.

—Mrs. Francis I. Armory has been the toast among the married ladies of Nahant this summer. The pretty rosebuds have felt quite jealous.

—Signora Verdi, wife of "Il Trovatore," is a very charitable woman. She is now putting up a splendid hospital at Busseto, which she and Verdi will endow.

—Miss Olivia Cobb of Atlanta, Ga., is called the Southern queen of love and beauty. She is just out of her teens and wears thirty scalps, or we should say hearts in her girdle.

—Boston ladies have taken to patronizing bucket-shops, and it has been observed that their former sweet Medea look of attic soulfulness has left their faces. They have turned to vulgar boodle.

—It has come to caramels in the turf at last. They have been crunched this summer. As for chewing-gum, the very porpoises have stood aghast while gazing at an American maiden chewing her cud.

—Queen Kapiolani finds life dull since she returned home. What is the good, she thinks, of being a queen unless you can boss around a lot of lords and ladies in waiting. She has nobody to crush but Kap.

—There has been a great call at the watering places this summer for fasting girls. It has been fashionable for society girls to have good appetites. Hotel men find that delicate girls pay best, and it may be so.

—Mrs. General Logan has been in Chicago arranging for the building of a monument which is to commemorate her husband's patriotism. She also looked after the General's book. Mrs. Logan will reside in Washington.

—Piute maidens of Bodie, Col., excel their Boston sisters in ingenuity, if not in classical knowledge. They use the trees of discarded saddles for improvers. They are very charming little Bodies and much addicted to early Piutey.

—Mrs. Nancy Culpepper, of Starkville, Miss., is now cutting her third set of teeth. She is young yet, being only 103 years old on her last birthday. Babies of seventy and thereabouts think her a very wise person for her years.

—Miss Marcia Marvin, daughter of the late Bishop E. M. Marvin, has been appointed matron in the Mission School at Piracicaba, Brazil. There is a fine field for her shining talents in that land of hidden gold and mighty rivers.

—Mrs. M. E. De Geer, an attorney-at-law in Topeka, Kansas, was not afraid to address over 10,000 persons on the Fourth of July at Larned, Kan., on "Our Foremothers." The assemblage, it is unnecessary to say, was a Larned one.

—Queen Victoria has an idea when the royalty business gives out of keeping a boarding-house. She charged some ladies who came down to Windsor with an £80,000 gift for their tea. The Queen's talents have so far been hidden under a bushel.

LITTLE DOT — Dick, why is mamma like a horse, papa like a cow and you like a pig?

Little Dick—I guess I don't know, Dot?

Mamma like a horse because she can't climb a tree.

Yes.

And papa is like a cow because he can't stand on his head.

Yes, and why am I like a pig?

Cause you don't offer me any of your candy.

THE man who was to publish a newspaper to suit everybody fell out of Noah's ark and was drowned.

A BAD habit to get into—a coat that is not paid for.

A NOVEL custom still prevails among ladies in some parts which will commend itself to maiden ladies growing old. It is said that she who puts on a silk-knit garter the first day of the year and wears it continuously will certainly marry during the year. It is said that the mother of a young lady, being very much pleased with the silken garter worn by a young lady for this purpose, proposed to knit a "fellow" for it; but the young lady declined, saying she had sufficient confidence in the bewitching circlet, and preferred the natural coming of the "fellow."

A Young Race-Horse Owner.

Here is a little man 12 years old, probably the youngest and wealthiest juvenile race-horse owner in the world. His name is D. J. McCarthy, of San Francisco. Although he wears knee breeches and roundabout jacket, he sports a man's season badge from his buttonhole. His father gave the boy two years ago a pair of Shetland ponies and a wagon, paying $405 for the outfit, with which to amuse himself outside of school hours, on Saturdays and during school vacations. The young fellow greatly enjoyed his outfit, which was a feature of the drives through the park and down the beach to the Cliff House. Last year the youth sought a higher grade of horseflesh, and, taking a fancy to a young runner, traded his Shetland pony equipage for it, receiving $150 to boot. The horse obtained is C. H. Todd, winner of the Derby this month at Chicago, by which Master McCarthy won about $14,000. The young man took $10,000 of this money and bought Todd's brother, which young horse has given evidence of great speed and won a number of minor local events. The rest of the money he put in the bank. Master McCarthy not only talks turf equal to some of the veterans, but is a good scholar for one of his age, and talks very ably on the resources and growth of California, etc.