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Spring.

Old winter bends his hoary head,
And sighing wildly steals away;
His staff is quivering in his hand,
For lo! a maiden fair and gay,
Crowned with a wreath of opening buds,
'Midst which the zephyrs softly play,
Comes forth, and smiling on the earth,
Asserts her magic sway.

Welcome!—sweet, gentle, beauteous spring
We welcome thee with joyful glee;
Beneath thy smile the buds will blossom,
The birds will warble merrily.
Beneath thy touch bright tender leaves
Will clothe each naked shrub and tree;
The streamlets freed from icy bands
Will homage pay to thee.

The songsters warned by autumn's blast
To seek a warmer, sunnier clime,
Return to meet thee with their strains,
And offer music at thy shrine.
The insects' tiny, humming voices,
With the sweet tones softly chime;
The daisies spring up 'neath thy footsteps—
A flowery train is thine.

—*Tamar Anne Kermode.*

In 1780.

In Seventeen-Hundred-Eighty
They sat by household fires,
And talked of matters weighty,
Our grandams and our sires;
They talked of matters weighty,
While broad the blaze uprolled,
Beside their hearths in 'Eighty,
That time of awful cold.

The hard frost figured grimly
Along the window glass—
How large the old-time chimney!
How wide the fireplace was!
The solid coals dropped under,
The brazen andirons glowed,
The fore-stick fell asunder,
Deep rifts the back-log showed.

They talked of wives and widows,
Of woes that war revealed,
While round the walls the shadows
Of British armies wheeled;
They talked of Earl Cornwallis,
Of Britain and her might;
Their cause their only solace,
Their only strength the right.

They told of insults wanton,
And guessed with forward view,
At what Sir Henry Clinton,
With opening spring, would do.
They named each friendly nation—
France, Holland, even Spain,
And gathered consolation
From Stony Point and Wayne.

With retrospective fervor,
They talked of Charlestown Neck,
Of Gates by Hudson river,
And Arnold at Quebec.
Recalling men and places,
And battles lost or won,
They breathed with ardent faces
The name of Washington.

They talked of gloom impending,
They spoke of doubtful stars,
Of shoeless men contending
With red-coat regulars.
And thus with matters weighty,
Things past or things to come,
Each household hearth in 'Eighty
Was stirred as by the drum.

The warrior cold stood sentry,
At windows and at doors;
The sifting snow found entry,
And streaked the sanded floors.
But ever with the knitting,
Or with the open book,
Went thought to Clinton flitting,
Or Howe off Sandy Hook.

— *Youths' Companion.*

$100,000,

AND THE THREE MARRIAGES CAUSED THEREBY.

"My mind is made up, mother," said young Dr. Delancey, "so let us enjoy our breakfast and not spoil our digestions by thinking of the old curmudgeon who could not even let his eccentricity die with him, but must dispose of his fortune in this idiotic manner."

"But, my dear Arthur," remonstrated Mrs. Delancey, "one hundred thousand dollars is too large a sum to refuse without much consideration."

"I know that, mother mine, but still I refuse it, or rather refuse to accept it with the condition attached to it. I prefer to choose my own wife."

"Is there no alternative?"

"None."

"What are the exact words of the letter?"

"These," answered Arthur, taking up a ponderous letter which had been lying on the table, and reading from it: "My dear sir—Now that the estate of the late Tobias Queerby is settled, it becomes my duty to inform you that he had imposed a condition upon his bequest to you. He bequeaths to you property to the value of one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that you marry Miss Fidelia Fairfax within two years after his death. The same amount has been bequeathed to Miss Fairfax, and I have this day notified her that the same condition is attached to her share of the estate. This condition was not mentioned in the will, as it would not have been recognized as valid by the courts. You need not obey his request unless you wish, and your legacy will remain unaffected, but he charges you and her, as you are upright and honorable, not to enjoy his hard-earned wealth unless you do as he desired. I enclose a copy of the letter to me asking me to acquaint you with his desires, by which you will see to what charitable societies he wished you to give the money he left you in case you do not yield to the conditions imposed, and in case you decide to act as a man of honor. I am, sir, yours, etc., Greenfield Kent, attorney for the estate of Tobias Queerby."

"There!" cried Arthur. "is not that a terrible condition to impose? Of course I am a man of honor and I must—yes, must give up this fortune."

"But one hundred thousand dollars, Arthur, is—"

"Is one hundred thousand dollars, I know. But marriage to one I do not care for would be misery for a life time. Therefore, as I said before, my mind is made up. What! Did he think simply because he was the friend in youth of father and this Mr. Fairfax, he can force their children, who have never seen each other, to marry whether they love or hate? No. Father has left you well provided for, mother, and I will soon get a practice, and so I snap my fingers at the old fellow's matrimonial schemes and will make happy a half dozen orphan asylums, to say nothing of Miss Fairfax, who, though she has never seen me, must detest me as she reads her letter this morning."

"She may be a very nice young lady, Arthur," mildly suggested Mrs. Delancey. "When your father was alive he often spoke of the pretty girl Mr. Fairfax married, and daughters generally resemble their mothers, you know."

"Undoubtedly she is a nice young lady, mother, as society ladies are. I dare say she can rattle off the first conjugation in French, recite Tennyson by the hour, lead a german, tell just which corner of her card to turn down for a call of condolence or a party call, rave about majolica and the art decorative, give the points of a pug, yawn interestingly behind a fan, extol the opera, write mawkish poems, each one with an Envoi and, in short, be a credit to her family and the seminary where she was graduated. I can see her now," continued Arthur, shaking his yellow curls and laughing. "She considers me as her property, but hates me because she feels sure of me. 'Yes,' she says, to her confidante (chums no longer exist, they have been massacred by confidantes and bad French). 'I suppose I'll have to marry him, the practical wretch.'"

"Now, Arthur, you are not just; neither are you kind to speak so of a girl you do not know, and have never seen," said Mrs. Delancey.

"By jove, mother!" cried Arthur, bringing his open hand down on the table with force sufficient to make the china and his mother jump simultaneously. "I have an idea."

"What is it, my son?" asked the lady.

"I see by this letter," explained the young physician, "that Miss Fairfax lives in Metroville. Now, a train leaves here at eleven and reaches there at two. Jack Merton, my college chum, lives in Metroville, and I'll go there, see him, and try to see Miss Fidelia Fairfax without being seen by her. If I like her looks I'll introduce myself, if not I'll come home, bid farewell to the fortune and settle down to bachelordom and physic."

"You forget that your cousin Uriah comes to-day and may be offended if you are not here," urged the widow.

"Mother," returned Arthur, mock-earnestly, "if anything could drive me away from this comfortable home with more speed than my curiosity to see Miss Fairfax it would be the knowledge that that dry old book-worn, Cousin Uriah, was coming here to bore me with his learning and his praises of that blue-stocking, his idol Araminta, for whose hand he is too bashful to propose. He's a nice young fellow, but, oh, such a bore. That decides me, I go at eleven."

And in the smoking train that left Opoliston at eleven o'clock bound for Metroville sat Dr. Arthur Delancey puffing a cigar gravely.

"Father," said Miss Fairfax, while presiding over a cunning little breakfast table in a cosy little dinning-room in the most comfortable little house in the little city of Metroville, "my mind is made up. I cannot take the money—I cannot marry a man at the order of another even if that other does offer me one hundred thousand dollars to do so."

"Well, my dear Fidelia," returned Mr. Fairfax, "I do not feel competent to advise you further than bid you follow the dictates of your own heart. Still, my love, I would counsel you not to be hasty, if your dear mother were alive she could tell you in a moment what to do—I must say, though, Fidelia, that one hundred thousand dollars is—"

"Yes, pa, I know, one hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money, but even that sum cannot tempt me to marry a man I do not love, have never seen in fact. Was a girl ever placed in such a humiliating position? I wish the eccentric old Mr. Tobias Queerby had been content to keep his eccentricity to himself. The idea! As if the friendship that existed between you and Mr. Delancey and him gave him the right to dispose of the hands and hearts of his friends' children."

"But you needn't marry him, you know, my dear," said Mr. Fairfax. "If I had not been so unfortunate the past few years I would say at once give up this fortune; but I cannot leave you much, my love, and I know what a comforting thing money is."

"But I can't marry him, pa."

"Well, Mr Greenland Kent, the attorney, says the condition is not legal."

"But oh, pa, Mr. Queerby relied on my honor not to take the money without accepting the condition, and my honor makes the condition binding if the law does not," said Miss Fairfax decidedly.

"Time, my dear," replied the gentleman; 'yet this I must say, Fidelia, I have often heard your poor dear mother speak of Mr. Delancey, and always in terms of the highest praise, and, you know that as a general rule sons are like their fathers. I have no doubt he is a most estimable young man."

"I have no doubt he is, pa. I dare say that he can interlard his conversation with yards of Latin that he don't half understand, can write sonnets and triolets in a lady's album, can tell the best time of all the oarsmen and race horses, can play polo, can tell what kind of a coat ought to be worn on each day of the week, can say 'Very clevah, bai jove,' as if he were a thorough man of the world, can tell what new play is going to be a success, can flirt with everybody and vow all the girls are breaking their poor hearts for him, can tell college yarns all night and laugh loudest at his own wit and, in short, prove himself an honor to society and Harvard college. I can see him now talking to his pal (there are no more classmates; pals and college slang murdered them long ago) and saying: 'Oh, bai Jupitah, old fellah, it's a doqced bore, ye know, but the poor little girl will break her heart if I don't marry her, and I suppose I will have to, bai Jove, yaas,' while all the time he hates me like poison."

"Now, now, now, Dealie, my love!" cried Mr. Fairfax, "this is not right," yet he could not refrain from laughing. "You are unjust, unkind—you should not speak so of one you have never seen." "Oh, papa!" exclaimed Fidelia, suddenly clasping her hands and shaking her black curls, merrily.

"What, my dear!" asked the father.

"I have an idea. The lawyer's letter says Mr. Fairfax lives in Opoliston. Now, Rena Lester lives there, and she's my schoolmate and she's been begging me to call on her. There's a train leaves at eleven and I'll go to-day. I'll contrive to see Mr. Arthur Delancey without being seen, and I'll judge by his looks whether I'll ask to be introduced. If I don't like him I'll throw the fortune to the hospitals and become an old maid, and make tea forever for my dear. stupid, loving darling pa. So make haste, pa, I must prepare for my journey.'

"But you are not going to-day, my dear," complained Mr. Fairfax, "you forget that your cousin Araminta is coming to-day to stop with us, and she might be offended if you were not here to receive her."

"Pa, if anything could drive me from the house it would be the thought that I would have to listen to the dissertations of the learned Araminta and hear her praises of that modest, unassuming Uriah, whoever he is. Araminta is a good enough body, pa but she does weary me so. That decides me. I go to-day."

In the drawing-room car of the train that left Metroville at eleven o'clock, bound for Opoliston, sat Miss Fidelia Fairfax reading the latest novel.

"Jack," said Arthur Delancey, tossing his hat on the table in Jack Merton's room and throwing himself on the lounge, "are you quite sure you were right about Mr. Fairfax's house being the seventh from this?"

"Of course I am. I've often been there to see him and his daughter," answered Jack.

"Ah, his daughter! I think I saw her at the window as I passed."

"Undoubtedly you did; she sits there all day."

"Lively girl she must be. Has she black hair and eyes?"

"Yes?"

"And she is—well, not pretty."

"There you are wrong. She is pretty."

"Jack, old fellow, you always had queer ideas of female beauty. Why she looks like a school marm. Is she one of the cultured, clever sort?"

"She is a very clever girl."

"She is, eh. Then I've seen her, no doubt."

"That must have been her in the window, there is no other lady in the house."

"Oh," muttered Arthur. "I'll run to the telegraph office, Jack, if you'll excuse me, and then I'll be at your service and we'll have a jolly night of it."

That afternoon Mrs. Delancey received a telegraphic dispatch in the following words:

Have seen the "condition." Good-bye, fortune. I wouldn't have her for a million. I leave at eleven to-morrow morning.

ARTHUR.

"Rena, my love," said Fidelia Fairfax, as she came into Miss Rena Lester's boudoir after a long walk; "I am not sorry you could not come out with me, for I kept walking up and down one street which, though it pleased me by its pretty houses, would have wearied you who know it so well."

"What street was it?" asked Miss Lester.

"The street on which you said Mrs. Delancey lived. By the way, who was the gentleman I saw sitting on the porch?"

"Oh, that must have been Arthur. All the girls are in love with him."

"I don't admire their taste."

"Oh, Fidelia; why he's so handsome."

"Then I did not see him."

"Oh, it must have been he; he is the only man in the house."

"Has he light hair?"

"Yes, very light."

"And a book-wormy look?"

"For shame, Fidelia. He's very, very clever; but he's handsome, too."

"I don't doubt he was the one I saw. Well the Opoliston girls are welcome to him. Suppose we stroll to the telegraph office, Rena; I want to send a message to pa."

That afternoon Mr. Fairfax received a telegraphic message as follows:

I have seen the hundred thousand dollar prize. A million would be too little. I take the eleven o'clock train to morrow morning

FIDELIA.

Midway between Opoliston and Matroville was a junction of three railroads. Tracks crossed and curved around each other till the ground appeared to be covered with an iron network.

How it happened no one ever learned, but two switches had been left misplaced, and as the train bound from Opoliston to Matroville came thundering on it shot off in the wrong direction, then seemed to stand still for a second, then seemed to shiver all over, and the next second the engine lay on its side, under two coaches, its driving-wheel revolving so that no spokes could be seen, flinging earth and stones and ashes like a volcano.

Then, ere any warning could be given, on rushed the train from Opoliston bound for Metroville. A shriek from the whistle, and engines, cars, baggage, railroad ties and tracks became one unsightly mass, half hidden by escaping steam.

In five minutes the discovery was made that no one had been killed and very few injured, and those but slightly.

"There's a young lady lying on the depot platform who says she thinks her leg is broken," said an old gentleman to a group who were assisting the ladies.

"Is there?" said a young gentleman who was wrapping a bandage around an old lady's wrist. "Ah, now, that's done nicely," he continued, addressing the lady. "Now," he added, turning to the old gentleman, "if you will conduct me to the young lady I will go with you. I am a surgeon."

The surgeon was Arthur Delancey, and his conductor presented him to a very pretty young lady who was reclining on a rough couch extemporized of mail bags. She had very pretty black eyes and black curls. She did not appear to be in much pain, and smiled archly at Arthur.

"If Miss Fairfax was only like her!" was Arthur's first thought.

Her injury proved to be but a sprained ankle, and laughing merrily at her former fears she accepted the arm of the physician and permitted him to almost carry her to the hotel.

He supported her to the hotel parlor and insisted on giving the black-eyed patient his personal attention, a compliment she did not seem loth to accept. Some time was lost in sending for medicine, and over an hour had passed before the surgeon had bandaged the patient's foot. He was standing leaning on the mantel-piece under the influence of the black eyes, and she seemed content to say nothing but quietly admire the doctor's golden curls and frank blue eyes, when the hall-boy, who had received several large gratuities from the doctor for having run for medicines, and who was, therefore, his friend for life, rushed into the parlor, saying:

"Some one sent telegrams to Opoliston and Metroville, saying there'd been a fearful accident, and saying nothing about no lives being lost. So two trains have come in, one from each place, full of people looking after relatives, and there are visitors for both of you."

Scarcely had he finished when through the broad doorway of the parlor ran four people. They were Mrs. Delancey, on the arm of a fair-haired little man, and Mr. Fairfax dragging in a very tall and very black haired and angular young lady.

"Fidelia Fairfax, by Jove!" cried Arthur, as he saw the angular lady.

"Oh, my, Mr. Delancey!" screamed the black-eyed patient, as she saw the fair haired little man.

"My son!" cried Mrs. Delancey, embracing the doctor.

"Fidelia, Fidelia, my daughter!" roared Mr. Fairfax, embracing the black-eyed patient.

"Mr. Uriah!" softly murmured the angular lady, crossing to the little man.

"Oh, Miss Araminta!" squeaked the little man and he shook hands feebly with the angular lady.

"And you are really Miss Fairfax! said Arthur to his black-eyed patient. "I'm so glad."

"And you're Mr. Delancey," said Fidelia; "I'm so glad," and then she blushed.

"My dear Miss Fairfax," said Arthur, then, bluntly, "may I hope that we may both retain our hundred thousand dollars?"

"Do you mean retain it with honor?" she asked, blushing again.

"Yes. Don't you think it would be a shame to destroy the calculations of that good old soul, Queerby, who is now no more? Don't you think we ought to do as he wished us to?"

"Ask pa, doctor," said black-eyes.

"Araminta," said Uriah, "this meeting is auspicious. I—I—will you—will you—"

"I understand you, Uriah. Take me," returned the angular one, and they again shook hands feebly.

Two months later, at Mr. Fairfax's cosy little house, the guests were assembled to witness the wedding ceremonies of two couples. They were Arthur and Fidelia and Uriah and Araminta.

After they had been happily united and congratulated, Mr. Fairfax, who was consoling Mrs. Delancey for the loss of her son, said: "My dear Mrs. Delancey, you are a comfortable sort of woman and I am a comfortable sort of man. I have been made to-night a father to your son and you a mother to my daughter. Do you know of any just cause and impediment in the way of our becoming, ahem—"

It appearing that she did not, the services of the minister was again put in requisition, and the old folks were not the least happy of the party.

A $1,000 Prize.

The treasurer of the Franklin Institute has in his charge the sum of $1,000, which has been deposited by Uriah A. Boyden, Esq., of Boston, to be awarded as a premium to any resident of North America or the West Indies islands who shall determine by experiment whether all rays of light and other physical rays are or are not transmitted with the same velocity. Each competitor will be required to transmit to the secretary of the institute before the first day of January next a memoir describing in detail the apparatus, mode of experimenting and the results. These memoirs will be submitted to three judges, to be appointed by the board of managers of the institute, and who are to be citizens of the United States, of competent scientific ability. Should the judges think proper they may require the experiments described in any of the memoirs to be repeated in their presence. Every memoir must be anonymous, but must contain some motto or sign by which it can be recognized or designated, and must also be accompanied by a sealed envelope, indorsed on the outside with the same motto or sign, and to contain the name and address of the author of the memoir.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A victim of domestic infelicity, who is in the habit of dreaming, should never go to sleep in church. A congregation near Quincy was somewhat startled last Sabbath when a venerable member excitedly yelled, "Here, now, drop that skillet, old woman!"—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

ON A FLOATING CAKE OF ICE.

Drifting in the St. Lawrence River with an Insane Man—Far from Shore in a Terrible Gale—A Perilous Midwinter Adventure.

A letter from Clayton, N. Y., to the New York *Sun* says: George Penn, one of the survivors of the party caught on breaking ice on the St. Lawrence river while crossing from Gananoque to Grindstone island, tells the following story of the night's adventure:

At 3:30 P. M. I started from Gananoque for Watertown, by way of Grindstone island, with the following party of farmers, who came over in the forenoon on the ice with a team and sleigh, and made the crossing without difficulty: Eli Stetson, and Charles Kendall, George Cummings, William Rusho, Ben and Elmer Calhoun, David Harwood, Lewis Kittle and Willard Robinson. We had grist in the sleigh, and had no trouble until we reached the middle of the channel, where we found the ice shaky, and detaching the horses we led them separately and pushed the sleigh by hand. Soon one of the horses went through, and in his struggles broke up the ice for about one hundred feet before we got him landed. Seeing that our weight was too great for the ice we separated, and also soon found we had lost our course and were heading above the island toward open water. Cummings, Robinson and myself stayed together and pushed the sleigh, which we had unloaded, and which soon went through, and we abandoned it. The wind blew a hurricane, and it was becoming pitch dark. Suddenly we all broke through at once, and then each tried to save himself. I found a cake big enough to sustain me in a kneeling position, and Cummings and Robinson got on another. We consulted, and I told Robinson I should go no further He said he would try and get ashore and get a boat, and he stripped off his coat and boots and plunged into the open water. He swam about a hundred feet and crawled out on the ice and we lost sight of him. I should think I remained on my knees about two hours, when the ice broke to pieces under me, and again I was in the water and chilled to the marrow. The moon had come out, and I paddled to the cake on which Cummings stood, and which I found to be about twenty feet square and some five inches thick. I found the poor fellow was losing his mind and perishing. He was thinly clad, so I took my overcoat off and wrapped it around him and got on the windward side to protect him from the gale. To add to my distress and terror, the motion of the ice, as it arose and fell with the waves and ground against other pieces, made me sick, and I began to fear that I should have to give up. Cummings was growing weaker, and I strove to arouse him. I asked him about his family, and how many children he had. He said five, and I begged him for their sakes to bear up. About this time we saw lights on the shore, apparently about a mile distant. I told him to look, help was coming! He turned his eyes and exclaimed: "See! see! There is one, two, three, eleven boats coming for us!" He was insane. I told him to cheer up, they would be here shortly. He became unmanageable, broke away from me, said he was going ashore, and walked off the edge of the ice. I caught him by the leg, but my hands were numb, and before I could raise him he gave a violent kick, broke my hold and went down. I was lying flat on the ice, and I watched for him to come up, but nothing but a few bubbles arose. I was now alone and supposed the whole party had perished and that such would be my fate, too. The lights had disappeared, but I found my cake had drifted against shore ice and was not moving much, but those around me were crashing and breaking and I feared to trust myself upon them. I thought I would call, in hopes I might be heard. I did so several times. After waiting, it seemed to me an age, I saw a light moving on the shore, and I called again. I was answered by William Rusho, who had landed and was going to the barn to take care of his horses. He got a boat and some men and they pushed through the ice out to me. I was rescued at half-past twelve, having been on the ice nine hours, six and a half of it on floating ice. Robinson reached the shore so weak that he could scarcely crawl. He was unable to give any account of what had happened. The rest of the party, who took a different course, got ashore without difficulty and saved the teams besides.

Small Dividends on Crime.

The income of a thieving life is so small and precarious compared with the pains taken to secure it, that one wonders that thieves do not abandon the occupation in discouragement. One of them recently arrested in New York, described in minute detail to a reporter the whole process of his stealing $4,000 worth of diamonds from a Fifth avenue boarding house, and the balance which it left him. He was stopping at a "disreputable" down-town hotel when he saw the rooms advertised, and made up his mind to go and see what stroke of business he could accomplish there. With a piece of thin wire he arched his nose and widened his nostrils; he bulged out his cheeks; deepened the sockets of his eyes with burnt cork; reddened his complexion with vermillion; painted wrinkles on his forehead, and added a full, tight-fitting beard and a wig with a bald crown. When his toilet was complete he looked like a Wall street broker, or an American statesman. Putting on a handsome, well-made suit of clothes, and buying a pair of kid gloves and a walking cane, he hired a cab for "the round trip," at three dollars, and drove to the house. Being left alone in the parlor he sat down and strummed the "Anvil Chorus" on the piano, apologizing to the landlady on entering for doing it. He told her he was a wealthy Englishman, just over, who would require four rooms, and finally agreed with her for a suite at $35 a week. The lunch bell rang and she asked him to stay to lunch, which he accepted, saying that he would first wash in his new room. After a visit from a pretty housemaid, who was sent to show him the way to the dining-room but whom he dismissed, saying he was not ready, and when everything was quiet again, he proceeded to business.

Locking the outside door of his room he rolled the bed away from another door leading into the adjoining room. The door was fastened with a hook only, which was easily broken. Opening the door he found himself in another bedroom, but saw nothing but a sealskin sacque which he could carry away. Then going to the bureau drawers and opening them he found two morocco cases, from which he took the diamonds, putting the jewels into his pocket, went back into his bedroom, from which he emerged and made his way down stairs, informing the butler that he had decided not to stay to lunch. Reaching his hotel, he threw off his disguise and went out to negotiate his plunder.

He offered them to a man in Chatham street for $500, but was obliged to take $450, about one-tenth of their value. But for the necessity of getting rid of them he could have done much better than this. Half of the money he gave to "a young lady friend," who soon afterward deserted him and ran away to Chicago; the other half he lost at a gambling-house. A few hours after the theft, therefore, he had absolutely nothing left to show for all his ingenuity, labor and pains, but goes to State prison for a term of years instead.

He was formerly a London physician, and a man of pleasing address and marked intelligence. But none of these served to command very large dividends on the capital he invested in crime.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Ladies of Peru.

A San Francisco lady, writing from Lima, Peru, to the *Argonaut*, says: Lima is called the paradise of women. They are called beautiful; so they are, if you admire their black eyes and ebony dresses—not the dreamy black eyes of the harems, nor the sparkling black eyes of the Syrians, nor the liquid black eyes of the Egyptians, but the black eyes that easily reveal the different types of character, and are not afraid to show it; yet we hear nothing of equal rights and privileges among them. They are generally occupied, but do not work; they look upon labor as degrading. They rise early, take a cup of tea, and go to mass. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black, and never touches the ground; there is no fussing or fumbling with trains. A white skirt, is sometimes seen a little below the dress, with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; the hands are bare; the *manta* is thrown over the head, falling gracefully down almost to the bottom of the skirt. The *manta*, not being worn with us, needs some description.

By way of illustration, let us take one of the large silk shawls, with deep fringes, that were worn in the States several years ago; dye it black; then on one side, about a yard from one corner, remove half a yard of fringe, and put in its place a piece of black lace about two inches deep; we now have a *manta*. It is the *manta* that gives the charm to Spanish ladies in the eyes of foreign men; they always praise it; they always speak of the *manta* whenever they mention the beauty of the women. It has undoubtedly this advantage: it may conceal many defects of a face that is not handsome, and it sets off to advantage the charms of a beautiful face. To drape one's self gracefully in a *manta* is an art that must be studied. It is first thrown over the head; the lace is brought down on the forehead, sometimes dropping over the eyes. It is fastened so as to draw around the neck; the long end is carried over the left shoulder, and pinned so as to fall down in a fold on the left side. The left hand is concealed, but the right holds either a prayer-book and rosary or a parasol. A lady never goes out alone; two or three go together, and a colored woman servant walks behind. Young girls are carefully escorted by their friends wherever they go, and are never permitted to see persons of the opposite sex alone. The matches are made by the older people, and so effectually is this done that the ladies all marry, and none are divorced.

The subject of dress claims the most of their time and attention; their ball dresses and opera and soiree suits are magnificent. Their boots, especially, are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvians. The Peruvian made boots are too small for foreigners.

Peruvian ladies are not very intelligent; as soon as they pass beyond the school-girl period they care little for books or literature. Many learn to play the piano when young, but do not care to continue when married. They are excessively courteous in their manners, but we are not to be misled by appearances. Their mode of salutation is more of an embrace than anything else, and they always say: "My house and all that I have is entirely at your disposal, and we are to be as one family." They are always wealthy in imagination—at least they never speak of poverty. They love to smoke. Although handsome when young, they scarcely turn twenty when they begin to fade. One thing always lasts with them, and that is their gait. Their movements are gliding and graceful, and the same is true of the men. Although the streets of Lima are narrow and the sidewalks cramped, you are jostled less by the passing throng in three months in Lima than you would be in three days in London or New York or San Francisco. Conversation among the ladies generally turn upon domestic affairs; instead of asking a foreigner about her own country and other countries that she has visited, they ask her what her name is now (although they have been properly introduced), what her name was before her marriage, how old she is, how long she has been married, if she has any children, the names and ages of each, how long she has been speaking Spanish, what she thinks of Lima, etc.

Fashion Notes.

Oil calicoes are revived.

Cotton crapes will be much worn.

Turbans are worn far back on the head.

The turban is the bonnet of the moment.

Large pelerine collars of lace are revived.

Lace is again used to excess in millinery.

Shirred pointed bodices are very fashionable.

The English woman generally wears a large bonnet.

Lace-striped buntings appear among the new goods.

Banged hair is out of style, except for small children.

Rouge Adrianople is the new name for red oil calico.

Chips will be the favorite hats of New York women this spring.

American women always wear little loves of small bonnets.

Flat tops and round tops for turbans are equally fashionable.

Albatross cloth is one of the new names for French bunting.

Japanese colors and designs prevail in all printed cotton goods.

Flower bonnets and flower turbans appear among evening coiffures.

Colored satin gathered bands are worn half way up the arm, bracelet fashion.

Lilac and straw color will be favorite combinations of color for spring wear.

Gilt and silver balls for the hair are a fashion brought in by the Spanish marriage.

Plain red oil calico will be used in combination with figured rouge Adrianople.

Yellow, red and brilliant dark colors are mingled with the faint fade colors in new goods.

Misses part their hair in the middle and arrange the front in soft flat rings on the forehead.

Girls in their teens will wear large round collarettes of cut work, Maltese and antique laces.

A fancy for red bonnets and red laces prevails, and all dressy bonnets have the strings edged with lace.

Second mourning bonnets are made of black rogale of large reps and Ottoman silk trimmed with the same.

Crape Yeddo and French bunting, or fine camel's hair, form many of the composite costumes prepared for spring wear.

Sunflowers, jonquils, yellow marguerites, buttercups, crocuses, golden rod and all kinds of yellow flowers are in demand for corsage bouquets and dress garnitures

Silk and wool brocaded mixtures of light quality in bright Oriental colors and designs will be used as parts of costumes with plain French bunting or light camel's hair.

The word "butter" occurs in most of the ancient languages. Butter, supposed to be a thousand years old, has been found in a peat bog in Ireland. It was rather cheesey. Some Egyptian butter supposed to be at least twenty-five hundred years old has been discovered. Though a little turned it still tasted and smelt like the genuine article.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Preliminary arrangements have been made for a new American Arctic expedition, under the direction of Dr. Emil Bessel, late chief of the scientific staff of the Polaris. The expedition will be fitted out by private enterprise. It will sail for the North next year, via Jones' sound, where the vessel intends to establish a meteorological station to co-operate with those of the international congress. At this station a yacht will be left to maintain communication, while a powerful steamer will push as far north as possible.

A short time since an item went the rounds of the press to the effect that W. J. Chappelle, a show agent, who, eighteen years ago, befriended a young Irish girl, had received $500 from the girl, who it seems had married a wealthy Californian. The item went on to say that the money was sent to pay Chappelle's expenses to California only, and the inference was that he would be made a rich man by the grateful Irish girl of years past. People who read the item with a tinge of envy toward Chappelle and regret that they had allowed a number of golden opportunities to cast bread upon the waters to pass by unheeded, thinking perhaps if they had been a little more liberal they might now be reaping their reward—people of this sort will no doubt be pleased to learn that the whole affair was a grand hoax played upon the showman. He thinks Wambold, the New York minstrel, is at the bottom of it.

The Kentucky house of representatives has passed a bill to punish theft by a male with corporal punishment by stripes, not exceeding thirty-nine, or by imprisonment, in the discretion of the jury. The *American Israelite*, in noticing this act of the Kentucky house, gives the origin of the thirty-nine, or forty less one, lashes. It says: "The thirty-nine lashes are taken from the Rabonical code, which modified the forty lashes in the law of Moses to thirty-nine, because he who received that punishment is called in Scripture Rasha, 'a wicked man,' and the rabbis legislated that none in Israel should be branded as a Rasha for the commission of one crime of that catagory; therefore, they would not inflict the full punishment of the law on any culprit, and changed the forty lashes to thirty-nine." Theft under the Mosaic law was not punished by stripes; a fine, or loss of liberty until the fine was paid by the culprit's labor, was the punishment for theft according to Moses.

The evidence taken before the court of inquiry into the Tay bridge disaster brought out nothing of any importance, except the fact that one of the officials on the south side of the bridge noticed sparks issuing from the train throughout nearly the whole distance between the south side of the bridge and the high girders. These sparks appear to have been due to the great pressure of the wind grinding the train against the rails on the eastern side of the bridge. One of the guards gave evidence to having witnessed the same thing on a previous occasion, when a very strong west wind was blowing, and to its having so alarmed him that, thinking an axle was broken, he put on the brake. At the point, too, where the catastrophy occurred, the rails were broken out on the eastern side, as though torn up by the excessive pressure of the train from their place. For the rest, nothing has been discovered, nor is now likely to be discovered, as to the character of the disaster, except that one witness living to the west of the bridge, but above it, declared that he saw a girder give way and fall into the river before the train came up.

In Belgium the flying of pigeons has become a national pastime. In no country on the globe is the raising of carrier pigeons carried on to the degree of perfection that it is there. And in no country does the raising of pigeons and the transporting of them for racing purposes form such an item of importance to the government as it does there. Here are some figures which seem incredible, but which are vouched for as "official." The pigeon fanciers of Belgium paid $30,000 to the Belgium government as freight for transporting pigeons last year alone. It is claimed that 1,500,000 pigeons were taken from Belgium into France—the former country being too small for the starting of any important races within its own bounds — during 1879. The greatest race of recent years was that of last year, from Rome to Brussels, a distance of 900 miles. Eleven hundred birds were entered and less than two hundred ever returned. The rest were lost one way or another. Four of these birds, singularly enough, got to Philadelphia. They were picked up at sea by an Italian vessel, the Clara Pickens, bound for that port, a short distance off the island of Majores, in the Mediterranean, 400 miles from the land, so tired that they alighted on the vessel and were caught while asleep. These birds had their owner's marks stamped on their feathers.

Out of the Ordinary Run.

At a ball in Chicago a visiting miner threw off his coat that he might put more of the old John Barleycorn enthusiasm into his arms when whirling his girl around. An officer who, an hour later, picked up the forgotten coat, found in its pockets $127,000 in money; but the officer knew better than to keep any of the money.

The Omaha *Herald* makes editorial announcement as follows: The *Herald* will not longer permit publication of the language that is used and accounts of the scenes that occur in the city council. Respect for the people of Omaha and regard for its good name influences us to this course, and no reader of this paper need expect to find more than a general reference to any riotous and vulgar outbreaks that may hereafter occur in that body.

A pious farmer, Cheaney by name, was in the habit of sweeping out the country meeting house, near his dwelling, on Green river, Kentucky. He went to the church one Monday to do his usual work. He was missed from home, but his family concluded that he had gone to Curdsville to visit relatives. On the next Tuesday night some one heard groans in the church. It was found that Cheaney had been stricken with paralysis while sweeping and that he had remained prostrate on the floor, without food or care, for thirty-six hours.

Three small boys who were tired of school, being pupils at the Vincennes (Ind.) Catholic academy, put their heads together to think out some plan of relief. It was proposed to run away, but they feared that should they do so they would starve. It was determined at last to burn down the school building. Shavings, pitch and kerosene were procured and one evening set for the fire. One of the boys followed the lead of his conscience and revealed the plot to a policeman just before the match was applied.

An opium smuggler having been put on trial in the United States district court in San Francisco a few days ago, sought to prove that the article offered for sale by him was a second-class article. The prosecuting officers claimed that the opium was of the best quality. It was decided, therefore, to test some of the opium in question in open court. Chang Ling, the Chinese interpreter, was tickled at the thought. He touched the flame to the opium, drew a long, lingering breath and grinned from ear to ear, winking the while at the prisoner. "Velly best," said Chang, and the defendant was convicted.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

An Invention by Which All Kinds of Articles Can be Made Water-Proof

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* was present at "an exhibition of an invention which is pronounced by Professor Doremus and ex-Secretary McCulloch one of the greatest of modern times, and surpassing the electric light in importance as promoting to a remarkable extent the health and comfort of mankind." The exhibition was given at the house of the inventor, Mr. Daniel M. Lamb. The correspondent says in his letter:

It is very generally known that, in all really water-proof garments, the rubber, no matter how applied, remains on the surface to a greater or less extent, or, of course, visible to the eye, detected frequently by the odor, and always by the touch. Fortunes have been spent by rubber companies in the vain effort to discover some solution of hydro-carbon gums that could be applied to fabrics without perceptibly changing their appearance and adding to their weight. Day and Goodyear alone, it is said, have expended $100,000, but in vain; and it was to see the result of the labors of a practical, self-educated chemist in this line that we assembled.

Mr. Lamb, plain in speech and manner, yet with an honest, pleasant countenance, and a smile that lightened his somewhat stolid features, was seated at a center-table when we entered, and while waiting for the others to arrive your correspondent chatted for a few moments with him, asking casually if this was his first invention. He replied: "Oh, no. I have taken out something like fifty patents for one thing and another, and I never am happy except when at work to discover something. I was born in Canada, brought up out West in Michigan, and have spent the last twelve years and all my money, perhaps $50,000, in experimenting."

"What do you consider your most important invention next to this?"

"I may say discovering the use of the milkweed, which I consider the most valuable of American plants. You see the supply of rubber is becoming more dear and scarce every year, and at least twenty-five per cent. of that imported is nothing but dirt and sand mixed in by the natives to increase the weight. It struck me that judging from the present state of things in the course of a few years it might prove necessary to find a substitute, and one day on pulling a bit of milk-weed apart, I noticed how gummy and sticky the juice or sap was, and, after working over it for a time, I decided it could be made to take the place of rubber, and, on account of its superior lightness, would be especially useful in manufacturing teeth-plates, some of which I had made.

"From the seed of the milkweed can be made an oil equal to the best linseed, and an admirable cathartic, and the refuse of the plant makes capital fuel. I planted a ten-acre lot on purpose to carry on my experiments, and am satisfied it would pay better than raising hay, if there was a market for it. These processes I patented, and then devoted myself to finding a perfect water repellant, which could neither be seen, smelt nor felt in the goods which had been treated with it, yet could be played upon with the hose and remain chip dry."

By the time Mr. Lamb had concluded speaking the rest of the company appeared, including ex-Secretary McCulloch and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Carpenter and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist. Mr. Lamb was introduced by Mr. Carpenter, who really discovered the discoverer And then, with a large basin before him and a pitcher of water at hand, the inventor proceeded to show us how the rains might pour and the floods descend, yet we remain with a dry smile, or smiling dryly, or rather dry and smiling.

A pair of new pale-pink kid gloves was first examined by those present, and it was decided they had not been treated, though Mr. Lamb said one of them had, but which one it was no one could decide, for they looked precisely alike in color, gloss and freshness; however, one was laid in the basin and some water poured on it; in a moment it was discolored, flabby and spoiled. The other was picked up and a quart of water poured on and in it until the fingers were filled as if by a hand, then emptied by a little shake, and there it was—smooth, pink, and without one particle of moisture.

This seemed a little like legerdemain and some one in joke asked the inventor to try the experiment upon a piece of mosquito-netting. Promptly enough he drew a square of it from a heap of varied fabrics and turned on the water. At first it skated round like peas and straw, and, as the volume increased, went through the meshes, but leaving the thread dry. This was a convincing answer, and immediately afterward Mr Lamb handed Mrs. Opdyke two samples of delicate blue silk, and asked her to decide which had been treated. They were apparently alike, but at last, detecting one to be a little creased, the lady decided it had been treated. It was then thrown in the basin. In a second it was saturated and draggled; while the other, being freely soused, came out as blue, lustrous and smooth as before.

Every sort of dress fabric, including silk, velvet, brocades, satins, cashmere and even muslin and calico was treated in the same way with the same result, and while the different guests guessed in turn as to the samples having been treated, nine times out of ten they settled on those that had not as having been.

This passing of the water through the fabric proves it will permit of perspiration evaporating. One reason why water-proof garments have always been objected to is that it will not permit that, said Mr. Lamb. Ostrich feathers were dipped again and again, retaining their curl; kid boots like the glove were filled and set in water in vain; and, as some one remarked, the major-general's daughters (pirates of Penzance) could go in paddling with their shoes and stockings on. Paper bags were filled with water and hung up on the wall, and with a twinkle in his eye Mr. Lamb dropped in the basin an artificially waved front, and it emerged as crepe as before; a piece of sealskin, a book-cover, a silk hat and a square of broadcloth were successively and successfully treated to a bath, and all alike rejected water with the scorn of an old toper.

A breadth of green silk went in and came out immaculate. This suggested an idea to one of the ladies, who exclaimed: "Good-bye to the hideous water-proofs of the past. I shall have one made of sky-blue silk, "treated," you know, and trimmed with swan's-down, also "treated." "Yes," some one added, "and you can carry a "treated" parasol to keep the rain off your complexion." This was rather an envious suggestion that the complexion also was "treated."

The value of the invention, as applied to military clothing, carpets, kid goods, dress fabrics, and the numerous other articles tested, can easily be seen, especially when it is remembered that millions of dollars are expended alone to replace every year the military goods destroyed by damp and moth in service of the foreign and home governments.

I say moth, also, because this repellant renders stuffs treated impervious alike to water, moths and even rust. There seems no good reason to doubt the honesty of the inventor or the value of the invention. Professor Doremus has subjected the latter to a minute and searching analysis and pronounces it "perfect," and says it is all the inventor claims it to be, and moreover cannot be boiled out even in ammonia, it permeating the fibers or threads and becoming a part of them.

An iron manufacturer remarked that it would prove incalculable in his trade as preventing castings from becoming rusty. In fact, every one present grew very enthusiastic, though a few had seen the experiment repeated a number of times, and a silk merchant from Lyons, France, wished to make an immediate arrangement to use it in his house, having the raw silk treated before wearing.

As a final experiment a piece of the brown-stone used in building, which had been brought in from the street by one of the gentleman, was broken in two, weighed and one-half treated, was laid in the water for five minutes and then weighed again. The piece treated had not perceptibly increased in weight, while the other had gained three-fourths of an ounce. This was considered an important fact on account of the growing objection to brown-stone, as its absorption of water results in its crumbling away.

The Country Boy from Home.

There comes a time when the country boy grows weary of the mossic surroundings of his life. The old homestead looks small and cramped up, the slow, matter of fact life he is leading fails to satisfy the longings of his soul. He yearns for the freedom of the world, for an expansive experience that shall have something more than the hayfield in summer and the wood-pile in winter to develop his latent energies. He takes his father's hand in a "good-bye," kisses the tremulous lips of his mother, strolls down to the neighboring farm-house and takes an awkward but loving farewell of his sweetheart, and takes the first accommodation train for the city. Here he will learn the secrets of business life, crown his labors with a fortune in about a year and a half, and retiring to the haunts of his youth, bring forth the hand-maiden of his heart to surroundings fitted for her wonderful goodness and sweetness. So he thinks. Arriving at the goal of his ambition he is charmed and delighted, blocks on blocks of houses so close together that a sheet of paper cannot be slipped between them, the hurly-burly of the enormous traffic of the streets, the crowded side-walks, the brilliant show-windows, all tend to fill his eyes with wonder and his heart with enthusiasm. He enjoys himself hugely. Night comes, and after a brief view of the brilliancy of the streets by gaslight, he leisurely finds his way to his boarding-house. He half way remembers that he has forgotten something, that the cows are not milked, or wood for the kitchen fire not brought in, but his tramp on the hard pavements has made him foot-sore, and the confusion of sights he has seen has tired out his receptive brain, and he wearily tumbles into bed. The moment his body touches the easily-yielding spring-mattress he is wide awake, the strangeness of his surroundings and the slowly dawning truth that he is among strangers seems to pry open his eyelids and keep them open. There is not that reassuring resistance to the bed that there is in his own cot in the attic at home; the noise of the city is not as soothing as the song of the katydids; the flickering shadow of the street lights across his room has not the softening influence of the moonlight rays upon the coverlid knit by the loving hands of his mother. He grows more wakeful, the curious sounds that he hears put him on the alert lest some foul deed of violence is being committed in the next room, and he starts up in a cold sweat a dozen times only to find everything all right. He wonders if his father and mother are taking themselves to sleep over the trials and temptations to which they know he is exposed; if Jennie, the dear little creature with the rosy checks and dimpled elbows, is dreaming of him with the last rosebud he gave her under her pillow. He somehow begins to feel that he is out of place, and if he could only see the old black cat asleep at the foot of the bed he would be reassured. He turns over his home-life in his mind as often as he turns over his body in bed, and that is about once in ten minutes. At the first gray streak of dawn he arises, as has been his habit. Not a soul stirring, except now and then an early milkman, and he would give his old boots if he was on a milking-stool that minute. As he looks out of his window the sun rises plump up out of the northwest and looks upon him as coldly as if it really did come from that corner. This is too much. A solitary tear trembles on his eyelid, and before he knows it he is hard at work at a crying match, the first since the schoolmaster made him sit with the girls. He goes upon the street again, and sees not a face that he knows, not an eye that looks kindly on him. He buys a second-class ticket for home and remains the joy and comfort of the old folks, and when they die takes Jennie and both the farms, and never goes to the city again except to sell garden truck.—*New Haven Register.*

Hereditary "Genius."

That the son of a man, who, when he is not breaking into shops and houses, is in the State prison, and of a woman, who, at the age of three, was convicted of theft and had lived among criminals ever since, who was the daughter of a woman that kept a disorderly house and drove her daughter into the streets to steal—that the offspring of such parents should have lived a life of crime is as natural as that night should succeed day. He is but fourteen years old, and, on being at his mother's request arrested and brought into a New York police court in the hope of saving him, cried in a loud and impudent tone, "that woman is a thief and a shoplifter, and wants to get rid of me." She said that she had lavished money upon him, sending him to three different Canadian colleges, but he always came back to New York, frequenting low saloons and consorting with desperate characters. She obtained a good situation for him in a second-hand furniture store, but when the proprietor, a woman, threatened to dismiss him for bad conduct, he seized a carving-knife and, at the point of it, made her write out a recommendation of good character, to the effect that he had been a steady, honest lad. When his mother stopped speaking he began abusing her again, and said she was always trying to get rid of him. Twice he came from Montreal to Detroit to find her, but she had left for New Orleans, leaving him only five dollars to get back to New York with; and at another time she put him out of the house. He confessed he was never happy in school. The tutors made it unpleasant for him. When the magistrate remanded him to prison he cried so that he had to be brought back to see what the matter was; whereupon he began abusing his mother again. His mother is named Lyons, and is well known in various cities as an expert shoplifter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Census Facts.

Supervisors of the United States census receive a salary of $500, and enumerators are paid $4 per day. There is one enumerator for each 4,000 inhabitants, and as there are 400,000 people in the district, one hundred enumerators will be required. They are appointed by the supervisor. The field work will be begun on the first of June, but a great deal of work will be required in advance of that date. In due time a multitude of blanks will be sent from Washington to each supervisor, and they must be distributed among the enumerators They will provide for the asking of a great many questions touching the products, manufactures, and general business of the country, and the social condition of the people. The law fixes a severe penalty for refusing to answer the questions of the enumerators, also making of statements known to be false. The enumerators will call from house to house.

The Engine.

Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,
With panting breath and a startled scream
Swift as a bird in sudden flight
Darts this creature of steel and steam.

Awful dangers are lurking nigh,
Rocks and chasms are near the track,
But straight by the light of its great white eye
It speeds thro' the shadows, dense and black.

Terrible thoughts and fierce desires
Trouble its mad heart many an hour,
Where burn and smolder the hidden fires,
Coupled over with might and power.

It hates as a wild horse hates the rein,
The narrow track by vale and hill;
And shrieks with a cry of startled pain,
And longs to follow its own wild will.

Oh, what am I but an engine shod
With muscle and flesh by the hand of God
Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night,
Guided alone by the soul's white light.

Often and often my mad heart tires,
And hates its way with bitter hate,
And longs to follow its own desires,
And leave the end in the hands of fate.

Oh, ponderous engine of steel and steam;
Oh, human engine of flesh and bone—
Follow the white light's certain beam—
There lies safety, and there alone

The narrow track of fearless truth,
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,
Oh, passionate heart of restless youth,
Alone will carry you thro' the night.

—*Ella Wheeler, in Inter-Ocean.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Peter Cooper is in his ninetieth year.

Back yards—The trains of the ladies dresses.

There are 2,000 Indians living in Mississippi.

Trade dollars make a big noise on a church plate.

The Sultan of Turkey keeps nearly 4,000 servants.

Over 1,300 men are engaged in stove making in Detroit.

More men brake in the railroad business than in any other.

Did you ever see a dog bark his shins?—*Philadelphia Item.*

The next February with five Sundays in it will be in 1920.

Beaconsfield says: "When I want to read a novel I write one."

Londoners are to have sea-water pipes connected with their houses.

Chicago now slaughters about half the hogs packed in the whole West.

Nearly 300,000 persons are employed on British and Irish railroads.

A poor relation—The crude effort of a story-writer.—*American Punch.*

The Indians in the school at Carlisle, Pa., are taught military tactics.

There are eighty-two Mormon churches in England and Ireland.

The English laws compel the velocipede riders to carry a headlight and a bell.

Everything is susceptible to change but an editor's pocket.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The coal-fields of Alabama are estimated to contain 52,000,000,000 bushels of coal.

A pork packer at Indianapolis has invented machinery which will scrape 7,000 hogs a day.

The soul-stirring almanac is flooding the land with an electric light of statistical information.

Words are cheap, except when they are sent over the Atlantic cable.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The aggregate salaries of the New York city school teachers for 1879 amounted to $1,009,207.

The Sultan of Turkey spends $12,000,000 a year on himself, the eunuchs, sultana and courtiers that reside in his palace.

An exchange wishes to know if sugar is extracted from dead beats. No, sir; dead beats have no "sugar."—*Waterloo Observer.*

A man can buy a hat for one dollar. It takes from ten to fifteen for a woman to go comparatively bareheaded.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The packages of tomatoes put up last year in the United States reached the total of 19,968,000, of which New Jersey put up 5,592,000 cans.

A patent has recently been issued for the manufacture of paper pulp and paper from any of the common field, lawn or meadow grasses.

There are sixteen daily and weekly papers devoted to the interests of hotels published in the United States. Five years ago there were but two.

The carpenter never takes boarders, and yet every carpenter in the world keeps boarding houses all the time.—*Kansas City Times.*

Henry Smith, the famous razor strop man, of New York, was a heavy speculator, and lost in one day, a few years ago, $60,000 by the fall in stocks.

Red ground oil calicoes, with all the old fashioned figures that used to be seen on such goods forty years ago, appear among late importations of dress goods.

Chicago's lumber receipts the past year have been greater by twenty-five per cent., and its shipments by fifteen and a half per cent., than in any previous year.

However strange it may appear, the fact of a man having a check on it is no preventive from the bank suspending. But, of course, the check is all write.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The New Orleans *Picayune* has published five columns of names of eligible bachelors and widowers in that city, for the convenience of the ladies, in view of their leap-year privileges.

An Albany merchant recently shipped some goods by way of New York to London. The freight to New York was $20.90, and from New York to London $24. The distances are 150 miles and about 3,000 miles.

Young men get so much gratuitous advice, that it is no wonder they do not value it. Nobody values anything that is very cheap. But there is one thing that all the rising generation should remember, and that is, that a sure way to incur an old man's enmity is to join issue with him upon the probable state of the weather to-morrow.—*Baltimore News.*

A French lad, aged ten years, recently ran away from his school in the village of Savelot, and went to a neighbor's house where a wedding was being celebrated. The nuptial party made him drunk on wine, and told him to beware of his master's rod next day. This so frightened the youngster that he got a rope and hanged himself in the garden, where his body was found frozen the next morning.

Old Nickelpinch's grandson called his attention to a bird the other day. "That's no bird," began the old man. "Why, yes, it is, grandpa," interrupted the boy, "don't you see it pick up the crumbs at the door." "That's no bird," repeated Nickelpinch, when the youngest again yelled, "I say it is a bird, an' I'll leave it to gran'ma if it ain't." "That snow bird," calmly remarked grandpa, "is the first one I have seen this season."

Yale has graduated 4 signers of the Declaration of Independence; 140 members of the United States House of Representatives; 44 United States Senators; 15 ambassadors to foreign courts; 16 cabinet officers, including Mr. Evarts; 16 lieutenant governors and 29 governors of States; the lexicographers Webster and Worcester; 4 presidents of theological seminaries; 65 presidents of colleges, and 250 professors in colleges and professional schools.

The comparative force of gunpowder and dynamite was discussed by two miners at Tunka, Cal. They agreed, as a test, to explode certain quantities of the substances under two planks, the friend of gunpowder to stand on the dynamite plank and the friend of dynamite on the other. The trial was made in the presence of an interested crowd of spectators. It resulted in a broken leg for the man who was lifted ten feet into the air by the dynamite, and uncounted bruises for the one whom the gunpowder threw against the trunk of a tree.