

WHITHER THOU GOEST.

O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thy path was strown
With roses, and behold my naked feet
Have tracked in crimson all thy stony street.

A TROUBLESOME TOOTH.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"I declare, Josi, if your head keeps on gettin' much bigger you'll hev to wear a peck measure 'stead of a hat!"

Mrs. Tottenham turned from the sink, where she was peeling potatoes, and looked pityingly at her husband. Josiah sat near the kitchen stove, holding his head sideways to the heat, with a most dolorous expression on his swollen face.

"Why don't y' go and hev it hauled?" continued Mrs. Tottenham, as Josiah sat groaning and swaying in the old calico-cushioned rocking chair. "Seems to me 'I was a man I wouldn't set and suffer as you be 'f there was a pair of pinchers and a doctor anywhere within ten miles."

"I sez to myself that day," continued Mrs. Tottenham, diplomatically, "there's mighty few men in compare with Josi Tottenham for pure grit." She turned to the pan of potatoes and worked in silence for a minute, then resumed:

"Member the time y' kitched a tramp asleep in the lower barn last spring 'n' hauled him out by the coat an' ducked him in the trough?"

Josiah nodded. It was pleasant to be entertained with reminiscences of one's personal prowess, even though the pleasures were punctuated with twinges of toothache. "Y' know I sez to you then," continued Mrs. Tottenham, "that I reckoned you wuz cut out for a soldier 'r some outdoor employment requirin' bravery!"

Mr. Tottenham granted complacently. "But the best of all," exclaimed his wife, with triumphant climactic fervor, "wuz when the old mare kicked yer in the stall and broke yer leg, an' y' jest hopped around and hitched her up an' driv' yer own doctor without sayin' a word to nobody. I call that genuine hee-roism, now!"

replied Josiah. "The pain seems to kinder creep that way." "Wal, now you jest set right where you be till I get a string," said Mrs. Tottenham, moving away briskly toward the pantry.

"Go! to have it hauled!" he asked in an awestruck tone. His father nodded convulsively, looking straight out of the window up into the sky, his head tilted back and his mouth open in anticipatory agony. Mrs. Tottenham came out of the pantry with a piece of fine braided silk fishline in her hand. It was small, but exceedingly strong and elastic. She stood over Josiah and made a "slip-knot" at the end of the string with the deft thumb and finger of a practical needlewoman.

"Open your mouth wider, Josi," said his wife, firmly. Josiah made a painful attempt to comply. The muscles of his lips twitched and his eyes bulged out as if he were being choked. A horrible fascination drew Eben closer to the chair of torture. The boy was suffering almost as keenly as his father, yet he could not go away. Mrs. Tottenham coolly dropped the silk loop around Josiah's "for'ard" tooth and drew it tight. Josiah's groan would have melted a March icicle, but it did not unnerve the determined little woman at his side. Bracing herself with one foot on the round of the chair, she gave a sudden, swift and steady pull. For a moment Josiah's big frame seemed about to rise and float away through the open window. Then the tooth came flying out; Mrs. Tottenham staggered backward and Josiah settled down into his chair, a limp, bewildered, groaning, tortured mass of outraged nerves. With a frightened cry, like that of a bird released from the spell of a serpent's eye, the boy who had been watching the operation fled from the room.

A few minutes later Mrs. Tottenham came out into the barn with the tooth in her hand. "I want you to get rid of it, Eben, she said, with some agitation; "anyhow so's I shan't know what you done with it. I don't want yer father to ever see it. It's a perfectly sound tooth—the only sound tooth he had in his head, I reckon! But don't you ever say a word about that—mind, now."

It was a wonderful relief to the little woman that evening to see her husband's face gradually shrinking to its normal proportions and to hear his grateful acknowledgments of her skill and nerve as a dentist. "Is the pain entirely gone, Josi?" she asked, as they were going to bed. "Every speck!" responded Mr. Tottenham, gleefully. "Goodness me!" mused the little woman smilingly, as she crawled under the blankets. "I've heern tell a good 'eal 'bout the power of the imagination, but I never s'posed it could straighten out the kind o' mistake I made to-day!"

"What you laughin' 'bout, Marthy?" demanded Josiah, sleepily. "Oh, nothin'," replied his wife. "I was jest wonderin' what makes tooth-ache, anyway."—[Once a Week.]

A Baby's Influence.

Who can resist a baby? Perhaps some old bachelor will reply that he can not only resist one, but that he would likewise consider it a good plan to drown them all as soon as they were born, in kitten fashion. Well, the man of this type is left out of the category altogether, and in asking who can resist one of these dear little helpless bits of humanity we mean who, with a heart, can turn away from the dimpled, clinging hands, or not be won over by the innocent baby smile. No matter where the baby appears its influence is felt, says the Home Magazine.

Let a mother and child enter a car, and five out of every six people will do nothing for the rest of the way but watch the baby, and the old gentleman with glasses, who has been absorbed in the reports of the stock market, will look pleased and smile down on the little mite who has taken such a fancy to his gold-headed cane, and will even unbend so far as to beam upon the mother and to say in his deep bass voice: "Very fine child, madam, and if by chance the little creature should smile up into his face or evince any desire to be more friendly, the austerity that frightens his clerks almost out of their wits, and keeps them continually toying the mark, will vanish entirely, and in its place will come an air of conscious superiority, as though the honor conferred upon him by the tiny morsel of humanity at his elbow had made him a trifle superior to those other of his fellow beings who had not received any such mark of distinguished consideration.

Women, old and young unless they are dwarfed in their true nature, always love babies. The maternal instinct is the strongest and best point in the feminine character, and from the time of doll dressing up to the day when their lives are gladdened by the advent of a little stranger, they adore the winsome, helpless human beings that are dependent upon them for love and support. The thought of a curly head, a rosy mouth, or a little lisping voice joyously calling "papa" or "mamma," has kept many a man and woman from despair and the many dangers of life that are worse than death.

A Story on Senator Stewart.

They are telling a good story in Washington on Mr. Stewart as a revenge for his inextinguishable speeches. Before the night session began the Senate had adjourned and several of them were getting their hats in the cloak room, Mr. Stewart among them, when one of his fellow Senators said: "Stewart, you remind me of a clergyman."

ARTISTS OF THE ROUND-UP.

Old-Time Texas Cowboys Different From Those of To-Day.

The old-time cowboy is no more, says a writer in the Dallas News. He passed in his checkers with the free grass custom. The big pasture has introduced a new order of cowboys, who sleep in a house and "obey orders" or quit. The old cowboy was the companion of his boss and shared his pleasures and his hardships. No manager in his big headquarters rock house reminded him of his inferior rank in society, nor did any of the modern ranch accessories mar the common dangers, the pleasures and the freedom and equality of the whilom cowboy and cowman. But the ranch in the olden time was a cotton-wood log house to cook in, and for roof and protection from the weather the slicker was used, and Mother Earth supplied their beds. The broad range and overhanging sky answered for house and home.

A round-up in 1867-1880 was not bounded by wire fences, but the boys galloped out of camp after breakfast, made a wide sweep and all then drove toward a common center, and let directly at that point was gathered a herd of stock cattle of all brands, ready for the cut to begin. The high-toned man was taboed. I remember such a man appeared at the ranch of J. T., in Shackelford County, in 1869. He was a city fellow, and would say "thank you" and such like. His intense politeness and high-toned nonsense aggravated the boys mightily. Jim B. in particular (poor fellow) was especially fretted by his non-sense, as he called it, and tried to ridicule it out of him, but in vain. At last his dead man ripened into genuine hatred, and it was hard to keep the peace between them. Well, one morning in 1869, at Mountain Pass, in Taylor County, long before any one lived in that section, Jim got awfully mad and gave the city fellow a cussing, whereupon a row resulted and bloodshed was barely prevented there and then. We got the city fellow to ride off and it looked like peace had returned, but one hour later Jim B. and his amiable enemy met off at one side of the round up. I happened to be near. In a flash the city chap ran before Jim, dismounted, leveled his gun on him and demanded an apology or death. Jim jerked out two six-shooters, but said nothing, and instantly the city fellow fired. Poor Jim rolled off his horse a dead man, ripened to them just as Jim felt. He died instantly, shot through the heart. His slayer mounted his horse and "lit out." We buried Jim and went on with our herd, two men short, but with no discordant element among us.

Such was the old way. The boys were courteous and kind, they were generous and brave, industrious and honest, but they would not stand any high-toned nonsense. A new era has set in. Which is the better we cannot say, but one thing is sure, with all his faults, and they were many, the old-time cowboy was a man to be trusted in peace or war and was the very soul of honor.

Fate of the Old Navy.

The Navy Department is gradually doing away with the old man-of-war of historical and romantic memory, and a number of changes affecting them are to be made in the near future. The training ship Richmond at Newport is to be sent to Philadelphia to take the place of the St. Louis, which is in so decrepit a condition that she will probably be broken up and sold for the material in her. The Lancaster, now in China as the flagship of the Asiatic station, is under orders to sail for the United States when the cruiser Baltimore relieves her, and her active service as a war vessel will end on her arrival at Newport to take the place of the Richmond.

The Lancaster will return from China via the Cape of Good Hope, and she is not expected home until March next. In the interim the old Constellation, now on special service, will remain at Newport in place of the Richmond. The Lancaster will be fitted out as a gunnery instruction ship. New gun-carriages and guns will be mounted on her and tested at sea in order to allow officers and men to become familiar with their workings.

The Essex, the successor to the ship which made so gallant resistance to two British vessels, the Phoebe and the Cherub, in Valparaiso harbor in 1814, while commanded by Capt. David Porter, has been thoroughly repaired at the Norfolk yard and is now attached to the Naval Academy as part of the instruction fleet, and she is also used for seamanship and gunnery practice by the cadets. The Swatara and the Pensacola are now laid up in ordinary at the Mare Island navy yard, and it has been practically decided that they shall not be refitted, and sale and destruction will follow ultimately.

How Old Is the Human Race?

The fullest answer that science can yet give to the three most interesting questions perhaps ever asked in the world are explained by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the ethnologist. These questions are: "When did the first man appear?" "By what process did he appear?" and "Where did he appear?" Summing up all that geologists and anthropologists know, he appeared certainly 50,000 years ago, and it may be as many as 200,000 years ago. The evidences of his existence which date back 50,000 years are unmistakable. By what process he came into being science has no definite answer. If it refuse to accept the doctrine of specific creation it must refuse also, for lack of complete evidence, to accept the doctrine of gradual evolution—the old Darwinian doctrine. Dr. Brinton thinks the theory of "evolution by a leap" is as good as any other theory. According to this, man sprang from some high order of mammal, the great tree ape, perhaps, by a freak, just as men of genius are freaks, and as all the vegetable and animal kingdom show freaks. As to where man first appeared, it is beyond doubt that his earliest home was in Southern Europe, or Asia, or North Africa. No earlier traces of him have been found than those found in the area that is now England, France, and Spain.—[Forum.]

Socrates was tried and put to death for disbelief in the national religion.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

Lieutenant Boyle T. Somerville, of the English Navy, recently returned from the Hebrides Islands, tells the following interesting tale regarding the work of a professional native rainmaker: Towards the end of the year, just after planting, there came an unusual period of drought, so that an inland tribe in the island of Ambrym went to its rainmaker and demanded his immediate attention thereto. He at once set to work to weave a sort of hurdle of the branches and leaves of a tree famed for its rain-producing qualities, which, being finished, was placed, with proper incantations, at the bottom of what should have been a water-hole in the now parched bed of the mountain torrent. There it was then held in place with stones. Down came the rain, nor did it cease for forty-eight hours, by which time it had become too much of a good thing. Soon the rain-producing hurdle was quite ten feet under water in the seething torrent, and the people, much to the disgust of the rainmaker, began to wash away down the hillsides. The lieutenant continues: "Now mark what comes of fooling with the elements! No tan of the hill country was able to dive to the bottom of the water-hole to pull up the hurdle with its weight of stones, so the merciless rain still held on. At last the shore natives, accustomed to swimming and diving, heard what the matter was, and some of them coming to the assistance, the compeller of the elements was recovered from its watery bed and—the rain stopped." It is such a coincidence as this, happening perhaps once in a decade, which causes this people, now thoroughly Christianized, to refuse to give up their rain doctors, although all other outward forms of rank superstition appear to be freely abandoned.

There lately called upon Prof. Cesar Lombroso, of the University of Turin, a well-dressed, pleasant-mannered young man, who represented that his wife was the victim of an extreme case of kleptomania, public shops, private houses—her hand in which to lay hands on the belongings of others. Previous medical treatment had failed; the aid of the great doctor was solicited. By appointment the patient, a beautiful and engagingly frank young woman, was brought to Lombroso's office the next day. But while consultation was in progress between the distressed husband and the Doctor they detected the fair patient appropriating a gold statuette and a photograph framed in brilliants; and finally, in the act of bidding the Doctor good day, she adroitly relieved him of a valuable scarf pin. In an aside the distressed husband said: "You see for yourself how possessed she is with the thieving instinct. I will bring you back our own jewels to-morrow at any hour you may appoint, when you will kindly give me your opinion of the case and advise me what to do." The failure of the heartbroken man to appear with the valuables on the morrow, and the fact that a fair proportion of the physicians of the South of France and most of Italy are also patiently waiting to advise him how to treat his afflicted wife, who "borrowed" valuables of them also, leads Dr. Lombroso to the conviction that this was rather the most unique case of kleptomania yet brought to his notice.

Laborers were excavating in the cellar of the Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, in Brooklyn, N. Y., when they came upon an extraordinary sight. A workman removed some debris with his pick, and saw before him a cat with its tail in the air, its ears bent back, and its spine arched. He said "Shew, there!" but the cat remained motionless. The laborers ran up to see the cat. They found that it had turned to stone. It looked as natural as life. The head and legs, the arched spine and the tail were perfect. It was a petrified cat. How it came there and how it got petrified is a mystery. Inquiry was made. It was learned that William Godfrey, who was the armorer of the regiment ten years ago, had a pet cat. In the year 1883 the cat disappeared. The armorer thought so much of the cat that he offered a reward for its return. No trace of the lost cat was found. It is supposed that the cat ran upon the cellar floor of the armory in pursuit of a rat. In its eagerness it entered some small aperture, from which it found retreat impossible, and perished inside. There were small springs in the ground and the earth was impregnated with lime. As the cat withered away, particle by particle, the lime in solution was deposited in place of the tissue, and in a few years the cat was stone. The petrified cat is now on exhibition in the armory.

F. C. GUNNING, an engineer who has just come back from Mexico, says that the Chinese problem is rapidly forging to the front in that country. He says: "The Mexican is ordinarily an easy-going, luxury-loving, cigarette-smoking individual, who, when he comes into contact with the abstemious, industrious, and frugal Chinaman, is simply lost. The Chinese are fast becoming controllers of the main foreign trade of Mexico. A Chinaman will set up his little store next door to a Mexican and will run him out of business in a year. I've seen it done a hundred times. But what is setting the Mexican to thinking is the fact that the Chinaman is marrying the pick of the Mexican girls. Truth! I had a talk with a beautiful girl, whose husband was a big laundryman at Guaymas. She put the thing in a nutshell when I asked her how she came to marry a celestial. 'If I had married a Mexican of my own class,' said she, 'I would have had to work like a slave, and, like as not, been beaten every other day. Now I have my carriage and horses, an maid a very queen in my household, am forbidden to work. My husband is most considerate and really worships me. There are a number of girls here who are married to Chinamen and we have a delightful little society of our own. Was I not right, signor?'"

A LONDON laundryman says that the

use of shirt cuffs for jolting down memoranda is more common than is, perhaps, commonly supposed. He related how, one day, a young fellow drove up in a cab and rushed into the office in great excitement, asking whether some shirts deposited in the name of L. had been washed. We found they had not, and as the owner turned them over in feverish haste, he fairly yelled with joy, pointing to a little column of figures on the left cuff of one, which he explained were the numbers of eight £10 bank notes, which had been lost or stolen, and had the shirts been washed, all hopes of ever getting them back must have been abandoned; they were, however, successfully traced and recovered a few days later. The cuffs of Stock Exchange men are often covered with mysterious characters—presumably indications of the stock market, and the "tips" found on the wrist linen of racing men were actually taken advantage of by the ironical on one or two occasions with success. It is not yet recorded, however, that the mannish young woman has taken to "cuff jolting," as she has to cuff and shirt wearing.

Is a Philadelphia shop window a unique old relic of a piano is displayed, bearing the following inscription: "John Jacob Astor sold this piano to one of the first families of New York more than a century ago. Mr. Astor is believed to have been the first piano dealer in the United States." Then follows a copy of an advertisement in a New York paper, dated January 10, 1789. It reads: "J. Jagob Astor, at No. 51 Queen street, next door but one to the Friends' Meeting House, has for sale an assortment of pianofortes of the newest construction, made by the best makers of London, which he will sell on reasonable terms. He gives cash for all kinds of furs, and has for sale a quantity of Canadian beaver and Canada coatings, raccoon skins, muskrat skins, etc."

PETER NEARY, of Newark, N. J., had a Billy goat and a ten-dollar greenback. Billy and the bill had a meeting, and following the fashion of the period, effected a coin solidation; that is to say, the goat chewed and swallowed the bank note. This arrangement was made without Mr. Neary's consent, and he moved instantly for a dissolution of partnership by killing the goat and recovering the fragments of the bill. These were sent to the Treasury, and it seems that there was enough left to identify the note, and so a few days ago Mr. Neary received a brand new \$10 note in return, and is only out to the extent of a goat.

JAMES FARREN, an 84-year-old hunter of Jackson County, Wash., came back from a trip in the mountains a few days ago bearing a good-sized cougar skin. He was hunting for bear, so he says, when the cougar, whose hide measures just seven feet in length, appeared in his path. He hadn't much ammunition, and waived it all for the bears, whose tracks he was following, so he snatched up a piece of rock and hurled it at the cougar. It struck the animal on the head, stunning it, and before it could recover Farren jumped upon it and slit its throat with his knife.

The Sudese are an interesting body of African women who arrive at Bombay as sailors and stokers on steamships. They perform the duties of these positions admirably enough, and they yield implicit obedience to their queen, whose name is Sophia. When there is a fight she decides which side her subjects shall take. In the recent riots she took the part of a loyal subject of England, and bade her underlings battle for the Government. Lord Harris, in his report, honors her especially.

EMPERESS ELIZABETH of Austria recently was out riding and noticed a pile of stones placed across the track over which the Buda-Pesth express was to pass in a few minutes. Springing from her horse, she ordered the groom attending her to remove the obstruction, she herself assisting him. The work was hardly completed when the train, crowded with passengers, passed over the spot.

A DEER happened casually upon the town of Nehalem, Ore., last week, trotted the length of the main business street, meandered into the back yard of a citizen's house, ambled through the house and one of the front doors, and then trotted out of the city limits. The incident excited so particular interest.

A DENTIST at Birmingham, Eng., has just been mulcted in \$250 damages for the extraction of the whole of the teeth of a married woman. She only asked him to extract one tooth. Previous to the operation she testified she could eat a crust or pick a bone with anyone.

A LONDON merchant is utilizing the phonograph in his business. While he is driving to his place of business in his carriage, he talks his instructions into one of the machines, and when he arrives he gives it to his head clerk, who makes it repeat them.

MUCH surprise was caused at Lincoln, Neb., recently by the Rev. Simon Roundtree, a colored Baptist preacher, aged 99 years, getting married for the eighth time. His latest wife is 55 years old.

IN 1866 a lime tree in Berkshire four feet diameter, six feet from the ground, was blown clean down and raised and replaced again. It to-day shows no trace of injury.

THE case of Samuel Merry of Providence is rather odd. His neck was broken last October, but he is living nicely on beefsteak and expects to get out soon.

THE Emperor and the Pirate.

Alle canter the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?" "Why," rejoined the rover boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I with one ship go in quest of solitary adventure and am therefore called pirate; thou with a great army warrest against nations, and therefore art called Emperor. Sir, there is no difference betwixt us but in the names and means of doing mischief."

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.

A slight cut or abrasion on the hand, or a slight burn, may become a serious matter if it is totally neglected. Where the skin is torn or cut it is desirable in the first place that the wound should bleed freely. Cases of lockjaw are of rare occurrence where this is the case, and a very slight wound of the hand or foot has been known to produce this dangerous malady where bleeding did not follow.

One of the greatest dangers lies in a wound of a kitchen knife, which may have held impure matter, and even from the scratch of a pin, and fatal cases of blood poisoning have frequently resulted from so simple a cause. Absolute cleanliness, therefore, is necessary in the treatment of such a wound. After the wound has bled a little it should be washed with perfectly clean water. That which has been boiled is best for the purpose, and there is no harm in using a little carbolic acid in the proportion of a drop or two to a quart of water.

Do not attempt to staunch bleeding by the use of cobwebs, which are naturally dirty and full of impure germs, but use a little lint and a clean cotton or linen cloth. These should be always kept in the houses for use in case of such accidents. A trustworthy druggist will always supply some preparation of carbolic acid, properly weakened, for household use. Even household ammonia, though it is painful at first, is recommended as a mild way of cauterizing a simple wound. A thick paste of equal parts of common baking soda and flour, wet to a paste with cold water, is the best remedy for a burn.

It is better than lime water, because lime water is liable to become incrustated, while the paste of soda and flour is cooling to the surface and can easily be removed. The object of treating a burn is to cover the extremities of the nerves which have been injured and give them opportunity to heal. While such a paste is being prepared cover the wound for the moment with common flour and wrap it up in clean cotton.

A simple healing plaster, which may be prepared in the household, calls for half a pound of rosin, an ounce each of mutton tallow, camphor gum and beeswax, half an ounce each of British oil, cedar oil, gum myrrh and linseed oil. Melt the rosin, mutton tallow, camphor gum, beeswax and gum myrrh together, and add the oils. This plaster should be spread on cotton when needed and applied to the wound.—[New York Tribune.]

"One Obstinate Jurymen."

The most remarkable case of a jury "standing out" against what seemed to be irrefutable testimony, and all through the resolution of one man, occurred before Chief Justice Dyer. He presided at a murder trial in which everything went against the prisoner, who on his part could only say that on his going to work in the morning he had found the murdered man dying, and tried to help him, whereby he had become covered with blood; but when the man presently died, he had come away and said nothing about it, because he was known to have had a quarrel with the deceased, and feared he might get into trouble. The jury with which the man had been murdered had the prisoner's name on it. In other respects his guilt appeared to be established, and the Chief Justice was convinced of it, but the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

This was Chief Justice Dyer's case, and he put some very searching questions to the High Sheriff. The cause of the acquittal, said the official, was undoubtedly the foreman, a farmer of excellent character, esteemed by all his neighbors and very unlikely to be obstinate or vexatious. "Then," said the Judge, "I must see this foreman, for an explanation of the matter I will have." The foreman came, and after extracting from his lordship a promise of secrecy, proved at once that the prisoner had been rightfully acquitted. "For," said he, "it was I myself who killed the man."

It had been no murder, for the other had attacked him with the hay fork, and (as he showed) severely injured him, but in the struggle to get possession of the weapon he had the misfortune to give the man a fatal wound. He had no fears as to his being found guilty, but the assizes being just over, his farm and affairs would have been ruined by a confession, through lying in jail so long, so he suffered matters to take their course.

He was horrified to find one of his own servants accused of the murder; he supported his wife and children while in jail; managed to be placed on the jury, and elected foreman. He added that if he had failed in this, he would certainly have confessed to his own share in the business, and the Judges believed him. Every year for fifteen years his lordship made inquiries as to the foreman's existence, and at last, happening to survive him, he considered himself free to tell the story.—[London News.]

Ivy Within Doors.

The Germans cultivate ivy in their houses with great success. Placing a root in a large pot by one side of the window, they will train it as it grows until it forms a pretty frame for the entire window. The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact that in a room where dampness had prevailed for a length of time the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close, overhanging pendant leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating the wall. In order to train ivy over a door by a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed on, and screw them to the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better, then train the plants over the top against the sides—any way your fancy dictates. The common unglazed pots will answer every purpose by placing in each two or three sprays of Coliseum ivy. In a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screens.—[New York Recorder.]

The Mosiac Jew prescribed an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

The assessed valuation of the United States is \$55,000,000,000.