

A Singular Escape from Death.

A recent number of the *Reading (Pa.) Eagle* says: On Saturday evening, as the laborers of Joseph Fenstermacher's mine, about a mile from Tipton (where Isaac Eck was killed by a bank-slide last July), were about to leave their work for the week, one of them, named Jacob Barrol, entered a drift in the side of an embankment thirty feet high, at the bottom of the open cut, where he had been at work during the day, to bring out some tools which he had forgotten. As he entered he saw the bank immediately give way and come tumbling down into the cut. Instead of retreating, and thereby probably being caught and crushed by the falling earth, with great presence of mind he rushed quickly into the drift in the hillside, the entrance of which was immediately closed by the rushing mass of many tons of earth and stone from above. So quickly did he disappear that his fellow-workmen thought he had been caught by the land-slide and crushed to death. They at once set to work to dig up his supposed dead body. The news spread rapidly, and a crowd quickly assembled from the surrounding neighborhood, including his grief-stricken wife, who hurried to the spot to learn the fate of her husband. The men threw out the dirt rapidly, and when near the mouth of the drift, one of the men, hoping Barrol had escaped death, pushed his shovel handle through the loose earth into the hole and called to Barrol. To their delight he answered from his living grave, "I am all right; only hurry up and get me out, for the air is becoming heavy." With renewed energy and hard work for another half hour, the men removed sufficient earth and rubbish to effect an opening large enough to allow Barrol to crawl out, which he speedily did, safe and unharmed, amid the wild cheers of his comrades and the crowd around the cut. He had been confined in the drift about two hours and a half. After thanking his comrades and friends for their arduous efforts in rescuing him from his living tomb, he accompanied his overjoyed wife to his home in the little village of Ringtown, near Tipton.

Circumstantial Evidence.

In the year 1660 two men named Perry and their mother were hanged for the murder of a man who had never been murdered at all. Mr. Harrison, Lady Campden's steward, having been collecting his rents, suddenly disappeared. John Perry accused his mother, himself, and his brother of having robbed Mr. Harrison in the previous year, and of having again robbed him and murdered him on the night when he was missed. The mother and Richard Perry denied all knowledge of the matter; but at length pleaded guilty to the first indictment under some pressure of policy. The other indictment was not then proceeded with, on the ground that the body was not found. But John persisted in his story, and at the next assize they were all tried for murder. John then retracted his confession, and said he must have been mad. Nevertheless, they were all condemned. Some years after Mr. Harrison appeared alive, and thus accounted for his mysterious absence: After receiving his rents he had been set upon by a gang of ruffians, carried to the sea-side, put on ship-board, and sold as a slave to the Turks. After his master's death he escaped, and with great difficulty working his way, first to Lisbon, and thence to Dover, he arrived in England, as our law-book coolly says, "to the surprise of all the country.—*Good Words.*

Miss Fancher's Case.

Doctors—not only of medicine, but of divinity and the laws—are prone to disagreement, and it is not surprising that they should disagree in respect to so curious a case as that which Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, is reported to be. That unfortunate young lady has been an invalid for many years, and out of that condition has grown a variety of endowments to which a mystical and supernatural origin is ascribed. She is said to subsist without any food without speaking of, and to be able to read letters without opening them. She sees things afar off which are hidden from the grosser vision, and is sometimes uplifted with the spirit of prophecy. Incredulous persons, of course, bluntly assume that these manifestations are illusions, the fruit of deception or hallucination, but there are a great many who believe in them, and a few who are courageous enough to assert their belief. It would, of course, be easy to apply scientific tests to the supposed supernatural powers of the young lady if it were worth while; but it is not worth while, and they are said not to desire it, so the case will doubtless have to take its place among other pathological and psychological puzzles which have from time to time bewildered the faculty and overwhelmed the lay mind with confusion.—*New York Tribune.*

How Hanging Feels.

George W. Magee, of Paducah, Ky., had been hanged by a noose and cut down just before life was extinct. The reporter obtained the following information as to how the hanging felt: There was no pain as long as he was ascending. When he settled back, however, with a slight jerk, his suffering was excruciating. He tried to scream, but no sound issued from his throat. His arms were unopposed, and he endeavored to raise his hands so as to grasp the rope above his head that he might relieve that terrible shortening of his breath, which seemed, at each muscular attempt at respiration, as if the air would escape from his lungs and force itself out through his breast and back. The muscles of the arm refused to obey his will. His joints experienced a sensation similar to that one would imagine the piercing of red-hot needles would produce. The knees twitched and jerked convulsively. Then a delicious sensation of "cool numbness" commenced at his extremities, stole over him. He lost all desire to save himself. But gradually this contented feeling disappeared. He became conscious of pain again. It seemed as if iron bands had been tightened with screws about his head and chest. He occasionally gasped for breath and found that he had been saved.

The Cork Tree.

At the age of about twenty-five years the cork tree is barked for the first time. A circular incision is first made through the bark near the ground, and another, also around the tree, close by the branches. These cuts are followed by others equally deep, made longitudinally, and dividing the bark into broad planks. The tree is then left. The circulation of the sap has been stopped; the bark begins to curl outward; and shortly each strip is peeled off by the bark. This process is repeated every ten years. Thus gathered, the bark is prepared for market in two ways. By one method the "tables," as they are called, are heaped one upon another, their concave sides being put undermost, in deep trenches, and being plentifully moistened, are pressed beneath huge boulders till thoroughly flattened out. They are then dried carefully before large fires, and turned constantly. When flat and dry they are complete.

By the second method the damp pressure in the pits is dispensed with, the "tables" being simply laid with their convex sides toward the fire, and suffered to remain until their warp is lost and they become flat. This tree and its uses were known to the Greeks and Romans. In the time of Pliny it was employed for nearly as many purposes as at present, as floats for fishermen's nets, water-proof soles for shoes, buoys for anchors and for swimming jackets. The use of cork for stopping bottles was not entirely unknown to the Romans, being mentioned by Cato and Horace, though its application to this purpose does not seem to have been very common, as we find everywhere directions given to close up wine casks and other vessels with pitch, clay, gypsum or potters' earth, or to fill the upper part of the vessel with oil or honey, in order to exclude the air from those liquors which they wished to preserve.

Stoppers of cork seem to have been first introduced after the invention of glass bottles, and these do not appear to have come into use before the fifteenth century. In 1563 cork was used in France principally for soles, and in Germany was stoppers were used by the apothecaries until about the close of the seventeenth century. Where the tree is indigenous the inhabitants apply cork to many purposes. Thus, in Spain for beehives and kitchen pails, pillows and window lights in Morocco for drinking vessels and plates, tubs and house conduits; in Portugal, roofs for houses, lining for garden walls, and fences for poultry yards; in Turkey, cabins for the cork-cutters and coffins for the dead; in Italy for images and crosses, pavements along the walks and buttresses for the village churches; in Algeria for shoes and wearing apparel, landmarks and fortifications, furniture in mansions, racks in stables and steps for houses; while we use cork in our own country for floats, shoe-soles, wads for howitzers, bungs, stoppers, hat foundations, life boats and life preservers, models for architecture and as a material for Spanish black.

Death of a "Robber King."

The Hungarian papers announce the death, in the prison of Szamos-Ujvar, of the celebrated bandit Rosta Sador, known in Hungary as the "robber king." He was born at Szejedin in 1813, and both his father and grandfather were robbers by profession. His achievements, however, soon eclipsed those of his family, and he was admired as much as he was feared. The reckless courage with which he attacked the police and even military escorts, on the high road in broad daylight, his generosity toward the poor, and his gallantry toward women, made him a sort of national hero. Some thirty years ago few people of the wealthier classes ventured to travel in Hungary without paying tribute. His bands were well armed and organized, and the *azegony legyonek* (poor fellows), as the bandits were called in those days, found many sympathizers and accomplices among the peasantry. He was first imprisoned in 1836, but escaped in the following year by the assistance of his mistress, a peasant woman named Kati, whose husband he had killed by blowing his brains out with a pistol. During the revolution of 1848, Rosta Sador was pardoned by Kossuth, and he then organized a free corps which did good service against the government troops. After the suppression of the rising, Sador resumed his former career. He did not again fall into the hands of the authorities until 1856, when he was betrayed by one of his companions, whom he shot as the soldiers were advancing to capture him. After a trial which lasted three years, Sador was sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He remained eight years in the fortress of Kafetcin, and was then set at liberty in virtue of a general amnesty. But he soon resumed his old pursuits. In 1868 he attacked, with some of his companions, a railway train at Felegyhaza. The government sent a body of troops under Count Gedon Bada, to capture him; and four years later he was again brought before the criminal tribunal, together with a number of his accomplices, among whom were several magistrates and high civil functionaries. He was again sentenced to death, and the sentence was again commuted to imprisonment for life. The prison to which he was then sent is the one in which he died.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Who Invented Movable Types?

The honor of the invention of movable types has been disputed by two cities, Harlem and Woutz. The claims of Harlem rest chiefly upon a statement of Hadrien Jenius, who gave it upon the testimony of Cornelius, alleged to be a servant of Lawrence Coster, for whom the invention is claimed. The claims of Mentz, which appear to be more conclusive, are in favor of Peter Schaeffer, the assistant and son-in-law of John Faust, better known as Doctor Faustus. The celebrated Bible, commonly known as the Mentz Bible, without date, is the first important specimen of printing with movable metal types. This was executed by Gutenberg and Faust, or Fust, as it is sometimes spelled, between the years 1456 and 1458. The secret of the method then becoming known, presses were speedily established in all parts of Europe.

The Doom of the Buffalo.

Forty years ago the trappers of the Western plains sold the pelts of beavers, otters and martens, and killed the bison only for food. Myriads of these shaggy monsters roamed the prairies. Washington Irving, in his "Tour on the Prairies," saw a herd, boundless and undulating as an ocean, all surging northward. They were two days and nights in crossing the Smoky Hill river. There was then a limited market for buffalo hides, and the herds were hunted by Indians only. They dried the meat for winter use, and used the skins for tepees and blankets. Uncounted millions of the animals wintered in the parks of the Rocky mountains and on the fertile plains of northern Texas. The cows calved in April, and by the first of May the shaggy armies were headed for the Missouri. They advanced northward with the season, browsing upon the juicy grasses. They crossed the Missouri river and ran away up into British America. With the approach of winter they swept back into the sunny parks of the Rocky mountains and spread themselves over the plains of Texas.

The discovery of gold in California opened a pathway to the Pacific, and this pathway opened a permanent market for buffalo hides. The settlement and rapid development of Kansas and Nebraska forced the herds back toward the mountains. Then gold was found near Pike's peak, and a stream of emigration poured into Colorado. Beaver, otter and furred animals began to disappear, and the brave Kansas buffalo hunter took the place of the half-breed Canadian trapper. Millions were killed for their hides alone. The vast herds began to scatter. Ten years later the laying of the Pacific railroad forced them from the line of the Platte and Arkansas into northern Texas on the south, and Wyoming and Dakota on the north. The professional hunters followed, and for years reaped a rich harvest. But the rush of gold seekers to the Black hills and the settlements along the line of the Northern Pacific road is driving the northern column into British America, and the development of Northern Texas is exterminating the southern column. Experienced hunters predict that within eight years not a buffalo will be left in Texas.—*New York Sun.*

A Good Head for Figures.

Some years ago a German of the name of Dase exhibited his wonderful powers of calculation and memory before the queen. I once met him at the house of a friend, but unfortunately arrived too late to witness more than a few of his feats. Sixty-four figures were chalked upon a board, at which Mr. Dase gave what I thought a cursory glance, and immediately turning his back upon them, he stated the order in which they were placed, and then he repeated them backward. He was then, without altering his position, dodged by one of the company, who asked, "What is the twenty-third figure?" He answered at once and correctly. Again, a vast number of dominoes—I wondered where they got so many—were distributed on the table among several ladies, who arranged them in squares of various dimensions, while Mr. Dase stood with back to the table. He was then requested to turn round, and in an incredibly short space of time he told us the number, not of the dominoes, but of the spots. Thus far for the evidence of my own eyes and ears. For the rest, I was told that he can multiply in his mind one hundred figures by the like number. He is an hour about it, but the result is always correct. I was told that he can extract the square root of one hundred given figures in fifty-two minutes.—*University Magazine.*

A Te Deum.

An anecdote of the Emperor Charles VI. is worth preserving: During the reign of that monarch an Italian officer of distinction was dispatched to Vienna with news of a battle in which the imperial troops had been completely routed. On his arrival at the frontier he was informed by the governor of the first fortified town he entered, that, although the object of his journey was to announce a defeat, he must, on the contrary, proclaim a victory wherever he went, and be preceded by twenty or thirty couriers, each blowing a horn. Custom, the officer continued his route, and, on reaching Vienna was instantly admitted to the imperial presence; upon which he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Victory, sire, victory!" adding in a lower tone for the especial benefit of the emperor, "Sire, your majesty has lost the day!" On receipt of this intelligence, Charles VI. made a sign to the envoy to accompany him into the next room, and there demanded the particulars of the disaster. "What became of my cavalry?" he asked. "Out to pieces, sire," replied the officer. "And the infantry?" "Bolted as fast as their legs could carry them, sire." The emperor listened with perfect gravity to this catalogue of misfortunes, then, re-entering the hall of audience, addressed the assembled courtiers as follows: "Let a Te Deum be sung in honor of the triumph of our arms!"—*Belgravia.*

A Pretty Bird Story.

It has for a long time been an enigma to the ornithologists how certain species of small singing birds, which spend the winter in Egypt or Algeria, and the summer in southern and western Europe, ever succeed in crossing the Mediterranean, as many of them are not able to fly one-quarter of a mile without resting. The Bedouins of northern Africa say that they travel on the backs of the larger birds, whiling away the dreary hours of the sea voyage by their song, and Bedouin poetry swarms with allusions to this charming picture of the songless stork carrying on his powerful back a cluster of small songsters across the sea. And, singularly enough, the peasants of southern and western Europe say exactly the same. But in spite of this remarkable unanimity, none has ever dreamed of finding a fact at the bottom of these tales, until lately, one great ornithologist after the other—Hemphill, Roth, Hedenborg, etc.—declared himself willing to accept the explanation; nor have traces of positive proofs been altogether lacking.

New Year's Bells.

Ring, bells, ring, with your mellow din!
Let the old year out and the new year in!
Like the voices of birds from the old gray spire
Let your silvery music rise higher and higher
Floating about o'er the hillside bare
In billows of sound on the tremulous air,
Let it rise and fall with the fitful gale:
Tell over city and wood the tale:
Say that to-night the old year dies!
But the watchers look to the eastern skies
For the beautiful halo that tells afar
Of the welcome rise of the new year's star!

Ring the old year out, with its sighs and tears,
Its withering heart-aches and tiresome fears
Away with its memories of doubt and wrong;
Its cold deceits and its envying strog.
All its pitiful shams and cold pretense.
We will heap them together and bind them fast
To the old man's load as he totters past.

The ill that he brought he may take again;
Keep we the joys, let him bury the pain!
Ring soft, oh, bells, as he goes to rest
Far in the shades of the darkening west!

Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din!
The old year has gone with its care and sin!
Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates,
Clad in tinted light, the new year waits!
Welcome him in with the rosy band,
Who waits the wave of his beckoning hand;
Hope, with her wreaths of sweet spring flowers—

Joy for the summer's glowing hours,
Plenty and peace for the fruitful fall,
And love for all seasons—best of all.
Ring merrily, bells! O'er the blushing skies
See the beautiful star of the new year rise!

A Long Ride Without Food.

A journeyman printer told a New York reporter how, being short of funds and without work, he "beat" his way on the railroads from San Francisco to New York. The following incidents, taken from the narrative, shows how he accomplished a part of the journey in company with another "deadhead." "The place where we found ourselves when the express rolled away was about the wildest and dreariest I ever saw or want to see. The station was called Brown's, and was a kind of coaling station. There was one house and the station, and a hole in the ground to hold the water brought by the water-train. Sage-brush and sand as far as we could see on all sides. With \$1 I bought of, presumably, Mrs. Brown, about as much bread and meat as I could buy in a cheap New York restaurant for ten cents, and we ate it and waited for the night freight. From some Chinese section hands who came in in the evening I bought some more bread, and found I had about a dollar and a half left. My companion was broke. When the freight came in we found she took coal, and after a little talk the fireman told us to 'coal up' and he would see that we got a ride. He put us in a car full of empty egg-boxes, bound for the Utah valley. But about daylight we were waked up by a tremendous hammering on the outside of the car and a voice saying: 'Halloo, there! What the deuce are you doing in there? Hop out of that!' We were still fifty miles from Winnemucca, at a station called Olean. We stayed there two days trying to get out, but all trains passed in the daytime. At least twenty tramps put in at the station while we were there, all making for California, 'broke,' ragged and hungry. Here I 'went broke,' and it began to look billions for the first time. My hopes were to strike a little work at Winnemucca, and Ned, who was a carriage painter, expected to get a little work in his line. But Winnemucca was fifty miles off. The third day at Olean a long extra freight pulled in just at dinner-time. While the crew were at dinner I walked along the side away from the depot, and luckily found a lumber-car with the door ajar. We didn't lose much time in getting in and closing the door. We made the next station, and here, while we were waiting for something, another tramp saw the unlocked car and tried to get in. He had got the door open when a brakeman saw him and yelled at him. The poor chap jumped down, badly scared. We were hid behind some lumber in the car that we had piled up. The brakeman came up, and, after looking for a moment, muttering something about 'tramps,' got down and shoved the door to with a bang. As he went the conductor came along and looked it. Ned and I looked at each other, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or scared. We were sure of a ride, and we were sure we had no water or anything to eat. We determined to stick it out until we couldn't stand it any longer and then kick the end of the car out or get out. We stayed there two nights and a day and a half. At daylight on the morning of the third day we woke up and found the car standing still, the end door wide open, and the car cut off from the train. A man's head appeared at the door, and I heard him ask somebody else if this was 'the lumber for Eureka.' I knew then where we were; we had made Palisade, something near 300 miles. The engineer gave us a feed, and Ned volunteered to paint his cottage, which we both did, staying with him until the next night. We look in the magnificent scenery of the Palisades and the country to Elko on foot, making the thirty-nine miles by five o'clock in the afternoon. I made \$3 in that town, and my partner managed to corral a dollar by buying whisky for the Indians. The place was full of them, and they were all anxious to get whisky. He was driving a rousing business from his fees as a middleman, when I found out that it was a penal offense and stopped him. He had half the Indians in town drunk, though. Then he heard of work and I was left alone."

Record of American Trotting Horses. The following shows the progress made by American trotting horses in the last half century:

In the year 1820 the best mile heat was about 3.30.
In 1830 the record was 2.40.
In 1840 the best record, made by Dutchman, was 2.28.
In 1850 the best record, made by Lady Suffolk, was 2.26.
In 1860 the best record, made by Flora Temple, was 2.18.
In 1870 the best record, made by Dexter, was 2.17.
In 1876 the best record, made by Goldsmith Maid, was 2.14.
In 1878 the best record, made by Barns, was 2.13.
Edwin Forrest has made his half mile in 1.05.

A Submarine Boat.

But a short time ago the world was startled by the discovery of the deadly effects of the torpedo, and as this fearful engine of naval warfare is every day arriving at a greater stage of perfection, it bids fair before long to completely drive out of the field our costly ironclads. We cease, however, to marvel at the torpedo, when we hear of the latest discovery of scientific warfare, namely, a submarine boat. This boat, named after the designer, the "Garnet" torpedo-boat, can be made to sink, rise, move forward and backward, above or below the surface, at the will of the manipulator. It is cigar-shaped, running to a point at each end, in length about fourteen feet and in width about five feet. It is constructed of iron plates nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the weight of the boat, including ballast, is five tons. It is propelled by means of a four-bladed screw, worked from within by means of an ingenious combination of treadle and fly-wheel, and is steered by means of an ordinary rudder. The boat is balanced evenly by means of a leaden keel, nearly two feet broad and weighing about two tons. Access is gained to the interior of the boat by means of a little square tower rising from the center of the cigar to the height of about two feet. Once within and having carefully closed this man-hole, the operator descends when he pleases. At each end of the boat is placed a water-tank, and it is by means of these tanks that he descends and ascends at will. If he wishes to descend he turns a small tap, and this, filling the above-mentioned tanks with water, the boat naturally sinks; when he desires to rise to the surface, he makes use of an air-pump, and expelling the water, restores the buoyancy of the boat. In the sides of the above-mentioned tower are four little windows, and, in addition, two small brass caps. These are flanked internally by a long kind of stocking, of stout waterproof material. The caps being removed, these stockings fill with water, and, by turning them inside out and using each as a glove, the operator gets the free use of his arms outside the boat to work his torpedo. In addition to working the boat, the submarine traveler has to keep himself supplied with pure air. The breath which he exhales passes by means of a tube through a kind of knapsack containing a mixture of chemicals, and by this means is purified sufficiently to be fit to enter his lungs again. The boat is, of course, lighted by electricity, as gas would increase the impurity of the atmosphere. A series of experiments took place a short time ago with the boat in question, and were, we are given to understand, highly successful. The present speed of the boat is only four or five knots an hour, but Dr. Garrett contemplates building a boat of much larger size, capable of accommodating three or four men, and has a scheme in view for increasing the powers of propulsion of the boat.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Words of Wisdom.

Age respects love, but unlike youth it respects little the signs of love.
Hide not the truth when you know it, and clothe not the truth with falsehood.
That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.
This is true philosophy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospitals in the human heart.
It is astonishing how complacently we sit and listen to a sermon, and apportion it to our neighbors; "Our withers are unwrung."
The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.
There is no trait in the human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness of purpose. It is wonderful to see what miracles a resolute and unyielding spirit will achieve. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of ease and luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature, indeed,—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

Hope.

The firm rudder of life; the strong cement which rivets the links of the past with those of the future in the golden chain of reality; the guardian angel that hovers over the dreary abodes of affliction, oftentimes sheltering beneath its warm pinions the chilled hearts of grief; the mainspring of the mind; the brightest ray that glids the rugged hills of life, melting the rime of disappointment which lies upon the window pane of every heart; the fires that smolder beneath the purifying ashes of remorse, kindling anew into flames, whose sparks fire the soul with energy and zeal. Hope, the dear voice that softly coos in each breast, awakening echoes from the realms of futurity, bewildering hope; that sweetly pleads for a better life, faithful hand that, reaching over the present, grasps the future, who could live without you? and oh, hope! when the hills of promise seem fading, the pinnacles of happiness scarcely looming in the distance, the horizon darkened and the icebergs of death advancing, then, tender, merciful hope, you are there, clasping tightly the weary mortal in your arms of faith and pointing to the shores of immortality.—*Currie Ramirez.*

"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one of our dry-goods stores. "I am the sales-lady who served you, madam," responded the reduced empress in banded hair, long watch-chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more, and as I wish to get them to my washer-lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage around the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now, for the cart of the ash-gentleman."—*Boston Bulletin.*

An Extraordinary Asset.

The writer of the "Chat of the Fair," in *Mansfield*, an English publication, tells the following rather good story. "I once held some shares in a joint stock bank, limited. The directors, wishing to launch into a system of finance, persuaded the shareholders to turn the concern into an unlimited bank. I sold out at once. The system did not answer, and within a couple of years the bank was in liquidation. I was called upon to show cause why I should not be placed upon the list of contributors. I had not much difficulty in doing this; for, as it happened, I could prove that I had sold my shares in good faith and in good time. But one of my companions in misfortune had not been quite as prompt in getting rid of his shares, and the bankruptcy commissioner added his name to the list. A question then arose as to the power to pay. He pleaded poverty, of course. He had not a shilling in the world. 'You seem to enjoy good health,' said the solicitor to the estate. 'Yes, tolerable.' 'Good appetite?' 'Yes, nothing to complain of.' 'Do not suffer from indigestion?' 'Not much.' 'Ah! I see you have a fine set of teeth; your own, of course?' 'Yes.' 'Come, now, what did you pay for them?' The poor contributor turned pale, and appealed to the commissioner to protect him against impertinent questions. 'You can easily answer the question,' said the commissioner, coldly, and the tormentor calmly repeated it. 'What did you pay for that set of teeth—forty, fifty, or sixty guineas? It is no good fencing with the question; I intend to have an answer, sixty guineas?' The contributor drew himself up indignantly, pursed his lips, and refused to answer. 'Fifty guineas?' More pantomime. But at last the answer came in a tone of indignant scorn: 'Fifty-five guineas.' 'And how long have you had these teeth?' 'Only the day before yesterday.' 'And you had purchased them after you had notice of your liability as one of the shareholders of this bank?' 'Yes.' 'That will do,' said the solicitor, triumphantly; 'you can take out your teeth and hand them over to the official assignee; they constitute one of the assets of this bank.' And the poor man left the court sans teeth, a sadder, but, I hope, a wiser man."

A Man With a Movable Heart.

Dr. Elias Thomas, the man who possesses the faculty of transferring his heart from place to place in his body at will, give an exhibition before the students at the medical college. Dr. Thomas says that he was born in Calcutta, India, and is thirty-nine years of age. He has recently been studying medicine at the College of Edinburgh, where he took his degree. Beginning his experiment, he made a peculiar wave action of the abdominal muscles fifteen or twenty times. The abdomen was examined and found to be perfectly soft and natural. Then, after a momentary contraction, there was made to appear a complete shield of ribs, covering two-thirds of the front of the abdomen. Previous to this the heart was felt and found to be in its proper place, beating naturally. Immediately afterward Dr. Campbell, Col. Rains and Dr. Black placed their hands over the left lumbar region, whereupon, low down on that side, a large tumor, larger than a man's fist, appeared under the hand, pulsated like the beating of a heart and synchronously with the beat of the pulse at the wrist. After this the tumor was taken over to the right side of the abdomen and there felt as before. Then the wonderful man carried the heart back into the chest, transferring it from the left to the right side and back again to the left. Dr. Thomas also gave an exhibition of voluntary heart-stoppage. The heart's action and pulse at the wrist disappeared. He was much fatigued when the exhibition was over. He says that his heart is without a pericardium and his chest without a diaphragm.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Naturalized Chinamen in New York.

Some of the morning newspapers appear to think that the recent naturalization of a Chinaman named Wong Ah Yee is the first instance of a Chinaman 'taking out his papers' in this city. A reporter of the *Evening Post* visited the naturalization bureau of the superior court, and found that within the last eight or ten years fully ten natives of China have been naturalized in this city. Last year there were three who availed themselves of this privilege. The last one, Chang Moo, was made a citizen of the United States December 7, 1877, by Judge Sedgwick. One of the first Chinamen naturalized in this city was the notorious Quimbo Appo, who took out his papers about twenty years ago. Quimbo Appo is now in prison at Sing Sing, having been sent thither on December 20, 1876, for seven years, for killing John A. Kelley in a Chatham street lodging-house. Kelley was the sixth or seventh victim of the Chinaman's rage, he having served a term of years for killing another man in 1857. The clerks in the superior court said that certainly ten or twelve Chinamen had been made citizens in this city within the last twenty years. The three who were naturalized last year could read and write, and said they believed in the Christian's God.—*New York Evening Post.*

Why He Didn't Want his Name Mentioned.

"I was to dine with the admiral to-night," said a naval lieutenant once; "but I have so many invitations elsewhere that I can't go."
"I am going, and I'll apologise," said a brother officer.
"Oh, don't trouble yourself."
"But I must," said the officer; "for the admiral's invitation, like that of the queen, is a command."
"Never mind; pray don't mention my name," rejoined the lieutenant.
"For your own sake, I certainly will," was the reply.
At length the hero of a hundred cards stammered out: "Don't say a word about it; I had a hint to stay away."
"A hint to stay away! Why so?"
"The hint is I—wasn't invited."

Ah, yes, Edison's light to the eyes is the light of future days.—*New York Express.*