

Whoppers.

It was at a miner's cabin in Tennessee; a dozen or so of rough, uncouth, unkempt fellows sat over a stove in an atmosphere redolent with cold-fee and tobacco.

"Talkin' about your stories," said a grizzly, gray old fellow, removing his pipe from between two shaggy masses of tawny hair, while his companions gave each other significant glances—"Talkin' about your stories, why, y've all heard on Bill Hess, him as was killed in '76, a moonshiner. Well, Bill an' me was old cronies. A year afore the war Bill, he swalled a peach pit. It troubled of him a kinder, but no one thought much 'out; but Bill's appetite it got stronger and stronger, till at last he'd eat and devour of every think as what he could lay his hands on. An' the mystery about the affair was, that the more Bill he would eat, the thinner did he become.

"It was six years arter that—yes, it was sewing years—when one day Bill he was took with a gripin' an' a groanin'." Snakes! how he kicked and yelled; sewing men couldn't hold of him. No doctor was in the parts where we was. Well, he had convulsions, an' he had 'em right smart, too, I tell yer, and the first think we knowd, up came a small cheery tree."

"I thought as 'ow he swalled of a peach pit?" some one asked.

"Well, so he did, and he disgorged of a peach tree about three feet high—did I say cheery?—well, that was a slip of the tongue—with bloomin' peaches on it. And arter that Bill's health emm back to him, and he wusn't afflicted no more."

"I've got a story to beat that," exclaimed a young, sprightly-looking miner, with a merry eye and a clear complexion. "Me an' Bob Jones we was a travelin' in '58, just about the time that er accident happened to Bill Hess, and Bob he got a cinder in his eye, which kinder annoyed him. It got wuss and wuss, till the poor feller hadn't no peace or comfort. One day, says Bob to me, says he: 'Pete, somethink is the matter with that ere eye, somethink is the matter. It feels like as what it was gettin' bigger and leavin' my head.'"

"I looked at it, and sure enough there was a raisin-like sort of think on it. Still it troubled of Bob. Day by day, that raisin-like sort of think grew and grew, until it wouldn't let the eyelid shut. Mind ye, all this time Bob could see just as well as ever, if anythink, better than no before. The raisin-like sort of think grew and grew for two years, when it had grown three inches out of Bob's eye. It was just like a bush, with thin branches and little bits of leaves. Well, to make a long story short, one night Bob turned over on his face in his sleep, and in the mornin' he found a little maple tree lyin' alongside of him, and the pain in his eye and the bush was gone. That, there," pointing to a sapling just out of the door, "is the tree which grewed of the cinder what Bob Jones caught in his eye."

French Doctors.

The fees which French physicians receive, says the London News, would seem to their English brethren very low. I gather from a recent controversy in the papers that some leading London practitioners lately raised their fee for a first consultation to two guineas. In Paris the best physicians expect four dollars for a consultation at home, and eight dollars if they go out; but a rather exaggerated sentiment of professional delicacy prevents them, as a rule, from demanding more than a patient chooses to give. The table of a busy doctor is littered over with gold-pieces so grouped as to convey the hint that fees of one, two or three napoleons have been received; but if a patient lays down two dollars, or even one, he receives his bow and thanks without a protest, the doctor assuming (often wrongly) that the man has given all he can afford. In country towns one dollar is the usual fee, but forty cents are often given by men who ought to know better, and forty cents is the inevitable fee which village doctors put down per visit when sending in their bills at the end of the year. One is ashamed to say that these doctors' bills often give rise to the sorriest hagging, for there exists a crooked opinion that a physician should regard himself as a philanthropist, and pay his butcher's bills with the mere thanks of his patients. A country doctor attends a prosperous peasant proprietor, day after day for weeks, supplies medicines, effects a cure, and at the end of the year is treated as an extortioner because he has charged a sum which will barely pay for the wear and tear of the horse and gig. Some doctors draw a regular salary from a medical club; but these are the worst used of all, for every member of the club feels bound to take out five or six times the value of his subscription in doctor's visits, even if he have nothing the matter with him.

Trade in Children.

Ernest Morris, the young American naturalist traveling in Brazil, tells about a practice prevailing along the upper Amazon, as follows: At one of the houses we met a trader who had come from the river Japura. He had on board a boy and girl of the Miranha tribe for sale. Senor Batalha bought the boy, a bright-looking little fellow, for fifty milrays, or \$25. The little girl cried pitifully when separated from her brother. The trade in children is spoken of by Bates, who was at Tefte twenty-five years ago; it is prohibited by the government, but openly carried on. The Miranhas are the most powerful tribe on the Japura; they are a warlike nation, who for a knife or gallon of rum, sell captured children. Numerous raids are made by them upon their weaker neighbors; and men and women are killed and the children sold into slavery. At Tefte there is not a house in which you will not find children of all ages, as you also will at Manaus. On my return on the steamer Rio Branco the captain was taking to Para a boy that he had bought for \$35. "The reason for this," said Senor Batalha, "is very simple—we must have servants and they make good ones; besides, they are not Brazilians—they are Indians of New Granada." This trade in children is carried on more extensively every year, and is a disgrace to the government.

About Bats.

There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their part in different parts of the world, but they are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform and to the climates in which they are located. Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two at a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extended from the vertebræ. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow-joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to a membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes help the thumbs in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs, and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Everything in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfill their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ, or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The exquisitely radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal physiology, or, we might say, in natural theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration. Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionalism wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

Women Druggists in Holland.

In 1865 a young lady of Zaandijk, M.-s A. M. Tobbe, wrote to the medical commission of Northern Holland, asking to be admitted as a student of pharmacy; she desired to fit herself to carry on the druggist business of her father, who had just died, and which was about to be entrusted to a graduate with a diploma. The commission answered her that her request was so exceptional that they did not think they had a right to decide it, and advised her to write personally to the minister of the interior, M. Thorbecke. On the 25th of June, 1865, he refused her request on the ground that as article seventeen of the instructions for druggists used only the pronoun *he*. The law of 1860 upon the exercise of the art of healing was, however, more gallant than its predecessor and admitted women as well as men to the examination as either students of pharmacy, druggists' assistants or druggists. Hardly eleven years have passed since this last medical law began to operate, and already a hundred women have been received as students of pharmacy, and when they have acquired the necessary knowledge and satisfied the legal requirements will pass through the examinations necessary to qualify them for the right to open a drug store.

The examination required for becoming a student of pharmacy is itself quite a serious one. It comprehends the Dutch language, arithmetic, Latin, the reading and application of written receipts and some of the prescriptions of the *Pharmacopœa heerbantica*, a theoretical knowledge of medicine, a knowledge of simples by their exterior characters, the origins of medicines, their scientific names with their synonyms and the preparation of receipts. The fact is not very flattering to the stronger sex that, on the average, the number of masculine candidates refused is double that of women candidates. These future druggists, many of whom are the daughters of druggists or country doctors, do not find their places only in their fathers' offices but are in demand among the druggists of the large cities, in Amsterdam especially, and now in the pharmacies of hospitals, and commend themselves by their habits of order, neatness and exactness, which are rarely met with in equal degree among their male competitors.—*New York Graphic*.

Dresden has a singular educational institution which is called the "Dresden Academy for the Teaching of Tailoring and Dressmaking." It was attended last year by 264 pupils, male and female. Of these 187 followed the class for the cutting of women's dresses, twenty for that of the cutting of men's linen, and ninety-five that for arithmetic and bookkeeping. Among the foreign pupils there are natives of Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Austria and North America.

Curious Method of Catching Quail.

The following passage, from a work called "Sport and Work on the Nepal Frontier," describes the manner of capturing quails in the East Indies: Traveling one day along one of the glades I have mentioned as dividing the strips of jungle, I was surprised to see a man before me in a field of long stubble, with a cloth spread over his head and two sticks projecting in front at an obtuse angle to his body, forming horn-like projections, on which the ends of his cloth, twisted spirally, were tied. I thought from his curious antics and movements that he must be mad, but I soon discovered that there was method in his madness. He was catching quail. The quail are often very numerous in the stubble fields, and the natives adopt very ingenious devices for their capture. This was one I was now witnessing. Covering themselves with their cloth as I have described, the projecting ends of the two sticks representing the horns, they simulate all the movements of a cow or bull. They pretend to paw up the earth, toss their make-believe horns, turn round and pretend to scratch themselves, and, in fact, identify themselves with the animal they are representing; and it is interestingly comical to watch a solitary performer go through this *at fresco* comedy. I have laughed often at some cunning old herdsmen or shekarry. When they see you watching them they will redouble their efforts, and try to represent an old bull going through all his pranks and practices, and throw you into convulsions of laughter.

Round two sides of the field they have previously put fine nets, and at the top they have a large cage with a decoy quail inside, or perhaps a pair. The quail is a running bird, disinclined for flight except at night; in the daytime they prefer running to using their wings. The idiotic-looking old cow, as we will call the hunter, has all his wits about him. He proceeds very slowly and warily; his keen eye detects the convey of quail, which way they are going, his nose generally succeeds wonderfully. He is no more like a cow than that respectable animal is like a cucumber; but he paws, and tosses, and moves about, pretends to eat, to nibble here, and switch his tail there, and so on maneuvers as to keep the running quail away from the unprotected edges of the field. When they get to the verge protected by the net, they begin to take alarm; they are probably not very certain about the peculiar-looking "old cow" behind them, and running along the net, they see the decoy quails evidently feeding in great security and freedom. The V-shaped mouth of the large basket cage looks invitingly open. The puzzling nets are barring the way, and the "old cow" is gradually closing up behind. As the hunter moves along, I should have told you, he rubs two pieces of dry hard sticks gently up and down his thigh with one hand, producing a peculiar crepitation, a crackling sound, not sufficient to startle the birds into flight, but alarming them enough to make them get out of the way of the "old cow." One bolder than the others, possibly the most timid of the covey, irritated by the queer crackling sound, now enters the basket, the others following like a flock of sheep; and once in, the puzzling shape of the entrance prevents their exit. Not infrequently the hunter bags twenty or even thirty brace of quail in one field by this ridiculous cooking but ingenious method.

The Trade in Birds.

A busy but quiet industry in this city is that of the bird fanciers. A dealer in canary birds says that last year he imported 100,000 birds, which were readily disposed of at fair prices. They are generally brought from the Harz mountain region of Germany. From the large dealers a fine male canary with a good voice can be bought for \$3. Choice specimens with extraordinary vocal powers bring, sometimes, \$10. Female birds for breeding purposes sell for \$1. Unscrupulous dealers, particularly street vendors, palm off on the unwary the females for good songsters, and only after patient waiting do the owners, who have been sold as well as the birds, find it out. An amateur slight-of-hand performer gives this as his method for rendering a canary tame enough for trick-playing: "Take a young bird and put oil of bergamot on his bill. It will make him 'as drunk as a lord'; then roll him in your hands until he is familiar with your touch, and put him in his cage to come to himself. He can be handled afterward at any time without being at all frightened. Then the first thing is to teach him to climb up your fingers as a ladder, and to hop on your thumb. Soon he can be taught to do anything."

Next to the canary the mocking bird is most in demand. Those whose vocal powers are well-developed are sold for \$25 and upward. The birds come from Virginia and other Southern States, and also from Mexico. The bullfinch is highly regarded when well-trained. It can be taught to whistle tunes. There is one in Chatham street which whistles "Pretty Polly Perkins." Its price is \$25. One which can whistle ten tunes is valued at \$40. The goldfinch, chaffinch, nightingale, lark and the linnets and thrushes are also prized as songsters. Of other birds not songsters, thirty different species, kept as pets for their beauty or requirements, may be found in market. Of these the parrot is most in demand. A well-trained bird of either the gray African variety, or the green American, is worth \$50, or even \$100. The most brilliantly colored birds are the Australian paroquets and strawberry finches.—*New York Tribune*.

Relief From a Corn.

Soak the foot in warm water for a quarter of an hour every night; after each soaking, rub on the corn patiently, with the finger, a half dozen drops of sweet oil; wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn, and continue this treatment until the corn falls out. If you wear moderately loose shoes, it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days. Paring corns is always dangerous, beside making them take deeper root, as does a weed out of near the ground; but the plan advised is safe, painless, and costs nothing but a little attention.—*Exchange*.

The Atlantic Cable.

The New York Evening Post says, in an article referring to the grand reception given at the house of Cyrus W. Field, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the first company to lay a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic ocean:

As early as 1850 a copper wire, covered with gutta-percha, was laid across the English channel between Dover and Calais, but communication was kept up by it for a short time only. It was replaced next year by a cable of four wires, which is still working. Still earlier a wire had been laid across the Rhine, a distance of only half a mile, and within a few years several other submarine cables were laid, but they were all short and in shallow water. The longest was the Holland cable, which was stretched for but one hundred and thirty miles and in water but a few fathoms in depth. No attempt was made to establish telegraphic communication across the Atlantic until 1854, when the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph company" was formed in Mr. Field's house—the same which he now inhabits in Gramercy park. The agreement to organize this company was signed in Mr. Field's dining-room on the 10th of March, 1854, by Mr. Field, Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts and Chandler White. David Dudley Field was present on the occasion as counsel, and went with his brother Cyrus to St. Johns to obtain the charter, which declared the object of the company to be "to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Newfoundland."

Mr. White died soon after, and was succeeded by Wilson G. Hunt. When the line to Newfoundland was completed Cyrus W. Field went to London, where he organized the Atlantic Telegraph company in 1856. In the following year an attempt was made to lay the first transatlantic cable, but it broke when the ships were about three hundred miles from the coast of Ireland, and the enterprise was suspended. In 1858 a second attempt was made. The American man-of-war Niagara and the English man-of-war Agamemnon sailed for the middle of the Atlantic, where it was intended that they should join cables and then sail back, east and west, to carry the two ends to their respective countries. A violent storm arose before the vessels met, in which the Agamemnon narrowly escaped foundering, and after the cable was joined it parted several times, so that the expedition was abandoned. In the summer of the same year another effort was made with success, and the result was hailed with public rejoicings; but although messages were exchanged between England and the United States, and the practicability of the project was demonstrated, communication was maintained for only three weeks. It was re-established in 1866, after two new cables had been manufactured. One of the latter was partly laid in 1865, but broke in mid-ocean. It was fished up in the following year and carried to the coast of Newfoundland.

The cable of 1858 was the pioneer of deep-sea telegraphy throughout the world. In consequence of its success, temporary as it was, cables were laid in the Mediterranean, the Red sea, the Persian gulf, the Arabian sea and the bay of Bengal, down the Malayan peninsula to Penang and Singapore, along the coast of Asia to China, and across to Japan. Lines were also carried to Java and across to Australia and New Zealand, while in the western world cables were laid to Cuba, the West India islands, and along the coast of South America.

Of the persons who composed the original Atlantic cable company, all except Mr. White are now living.

A Female Crusoe.

The San Francisco journals contain an account of what they call a Californian Crusoe, an Indian woman who had for eighteen years lived alone on a dreary desert island, and was finally discovered and taken off by the crew of a vessel in search of her. Many years ago a small schooner was sent to the island of San Nicholas, in the Pacific, some seventy-five miles southeast of Santa Barbara, to bring away a number of Indians living there and settle them on the main land. Nineteen men, women and children had been got on board, when one of them, a mother, found that two of her offspring had been left behind. She immediately jumped overboard and swam to the island, where she sought in vain for her children. Having returned to the shore, she saw the schooner sailing away, and tried in vain to attract attention. The island was not visited again for sixteen years. Then George Nidever, an otter-hunter, commanding a small vessel, landed there, and detected evidences of human habitation, but could not stay long enough to prosecute his quest. A year after he sailed there again, and, roaming over the island, came upon the woman, who was not at all wild, and made no effort to escape. She was clad in a garment fashioned of the skin of a sea-fowl, and was occupied in skinning seal-blubber, which had formed the greater part of her diet. She was quite good-looking, seemed about fifty years old, and spoke a language nobody could understand. She died a few weeks after reaching Santa Barbara, while living in the house of Nidever, from the effects of a fall seriously injuring her spine.

Tossed Like a Ball.

"He will surely violently turn and toss thee like a ball into a large country." (Isaiah, xlii., 18.) Many have no doubt marvelled much as to what could be the physical fact intended by this simile. A correspondent of the London Notes and Queries used to wonder till he was a witness to the sight. He was in the island of Mitylene during a great storm of wind in winter. There is a plant, not unlike wormwood, which grows into a compact globular form, with very stiff stalks and branches. In winter it dies down to the ground, and in its dry and light condition is torn from its roots by the wind, and set bounding over the wide and unenclosed country. He has seen five or six of these coursing along at once—a vivid emblem of a man at the mercy of a higher power, helpless to choose his own course, or even find rest.

The Preservation of Forests.

In an article with the above title in the North American Review, Felix L. Oswald, after reviewing the disastrous effects which have followed the wholesale destruction of forests in various countries of the world, remarks that since the year 1835 the forest area of the Western hemisphere has decreased at the average yearly rate of 7,600,000 acres, or about 11,400 square miles; in the United States alone this rate has advanced from 1,600 square miles in 1835 to 7,000 in 1855, and 8,400 in 1876. Between 1750 and 1835 the total aggregate of forests felled in South and Central America (especially in Southwestern Mexico), and in the Eastern, Southern and Southwestern States of our republic, may be estimated at from 45,000,000 to 50,000,000 acres. In other words, we have been wasting the moisture supply of the American soil at the average ratio of seven per cent, for each quarter of a century during the last one hundred and twenty-five years, and are now fast approaching the limit beyond which any further decrease will affect the climatic phenomena of the entire continent.

If we consider how the agricultural products of the eastern continent become from year to year more inadequate to the wants of their still-growing population, we may foresee the time when the hope of the world will depend upon the productiveness of the American soil; but that productiveness depends on the fertilizing influence of the American forests. If they are gone we shall have on earth no newer world to hope for—no future Columbus can alleviate the struggle for existence. To say such a catastrophe the author suggests that, in every township, where the disappearance of arboreal vegetation begins to affect the perennial springs and water courses or the fertility of the fields, a space of fifty acres should be appropriated for a "township grove," an oasis to be consecrated forever to shade trees, birds' nests, picnics and playing children. In all new settlements, where a remnant of the primeval forests has survived, let the woods on the upper ridges or on the summits of isolated hills be spared by mutual agreement of the proprietors. In the treeless regions of the great West not only the amateur societies, but every grange and farmers' union of every county, should devote themselves to the work of tree culture; and every landed proprietor should see to it that the boundaries of his estates be set with shade trees, and that the wooden fences be supplanted by quick-set hedges. Let fruit trees be planted wherever there is a piece of ground neither otherwise occupied nor absolutely barren; and be sure that their influence on the atmosphere in summer and their fertilizing leaves in fall will more than indemnify the adjoining fields for the medium of sunlight they may intercept. Any State where these precautions should be generally adopted would soon be so unmistakably distinguished by the unending humidity and freshness of its fields and the abundance of its crops, that the sheer necessity of competition would induce backward neighbors to try the experiment, and before long the maxim would not only be generally recognized, but generally acted upon, that husbandry and tree culture are inseparable.—*Scientific American*.

Alligator-Steaks.

The following letter is from the correspondence column of the New York Evening Post: "A short paragraph about Achille Murat in the Evening Post reminds me of some stories about him that I have often heard on the gulf coast of Florida. Only the older families remembered him, as he died in 1847. His wife is buried with him at Tallahassee.

"With a Frenchman's instinct for new and rare foods, Murat himself cooked and ate from nearly the entire fauna of Florida. He used to cook alligator-steak in a way so delicious that no alligator in all Florida would recognize it as a morsel of one of his brothers. Another of his experiments was in cooking the turkey buzzard, the scavenger of Southern cities. These birds are among the best of flyers, soaring around at a great height for hours at a time, with no appearance of moving their wings, which have a spread of about six feet. But they are foul and disgusting birds, always eating carrion food if they can get it; and I have seen great flocks of them so gorged with such food that they could not raise themselves from the ground, and so were at the mercy of any one who chose to walk among them and knock them over. They are seldom killed, and in most Southern towns and villages are protected by law. Perhaps their occupation is of value in that warm climate in disposing of dead cattle, alligators and fish. Murat worked faithfully over his buzzard roasts and buzzard friacas until he could stand it no longer. When asked how he liked it, he said: 'Oh! I can eat any kind bird; I am not averse to eat anything. I have no prejudice; but ze buzzard is no goods.'"

A New Astronomical Wonder.

At the last total eclipse of the sun, many astronomers busied themselves chiefly with observing the corona which had excited so much interest and speculation at previous eclipses. This is the name given to the bright light seen outside of the moon's disk when the body of the sun is completely hidden by it. Opinions were divided as to its cause; some observers thinking it proceeded from the sun's atmosphere, or from luminous gases which shot far above its surface; while others imagined it separated from the sun altogether, and due to other causes in the depths of space. From the observations made, and from photographs taken, it is now believed to be simply the reflected light of the sun. This reflection is supposed to be due to immense numbers of meteorites, or possibly, systems of meteorites, like the rings of Saturn, revolving about the sun. The existence of such meteorites has long been suspected, and observations now seem to justify a belief in their existence. Their constant falling into the sun is thought to be one of the methods by which its heat is maintained without loss.

On the Atlantic ocean, during the prevalence of a heavy storm, the extreme altitude of waves above the intervening depressions or hollows was found to be forty-three feet.

System.

Every young housekeeper who sits down and seriously studies out the subject will find herself a different being if she manages her affairs with system, or if she lets them manage her without it. It is true that before she is married, or while she is boarding, all her study on the subject will be theoretical, and possibly somewhat impractical, and something like the house one builds and is enchanted with till coming to live in it. For there are things which only experience can teach, and in matters where the experience of nobody else can be of any material service. If her mother was a woman of system, the young housekeeper already has much of what she wants bred in her bone, as one may say. But if her mother was an invalid, or was shiftless and thriftless, was overwhelmed with troubles and babies, then the daughter has to strike out a path for herself.

The sooner, then, that she remembers that there are but seven days in the week, and that that period of time constitutes one revolution of the household, washing day being the central sun, and baking day and sweeping day being, as it were, planetary affairs, but exerting tidal influences, the sooner she will come into her kingdom and reign undisputed by her people. Custom, fortunately, fixes one day of the seven for washing day in this land, although in some lands across the sea that fearful epoch arrives, with a fifty-times-multiplied power, but once or twice a year, with an importation of white-capped women into the family to celebrate its rites through an unnamed period till all is over. And washing day being fixed, of course ironing day is its most immediate satellite. If, for the rest, the young housekeeper makes up her mind that one day shall never infringe upon the orbit of another; that baking day shall be a fixed feast and sweeping day an immovable fast, and that the silver and the closets shall now and forever be cleaned upon their own day and no other, there will be a code established that will keep things straight as long as she lives and rules her house. Her work will roll off her hands, if she does it herself, with half the wear of body and soul that it usually takes; and if she has servants, she may fall sick, she may go away, she may have a score of distractions or other occupations—the house will never show it; and whether, like the good woman of the Proverbs, strength and honor are her clothing or not, she will certainly "rejoice in time to come."

Wanted to Purchase.

The bells had just struck three o'clock in the morning when there came a faint knock at the humble door of the humble cabin of the humble Widow Lybold on Woodbridge street. The widow turned in her sleep and muttered:

"'Tis some child of woe and sorrow
Come this early hour to borrow
Tea or coffee for her breakfast."

The next knock wasn't so faint. It made the door shake and the dishes rattle, and the widow sat up in bed and cried out:

"'Tis some loafer who is pounding:
Ah! I hear his voice resounding:
And I'll chase him from my door."

The third knock was a kick, and the humble Widow Lybold opened her door with that prompt, decided action which alone saved the battle of Waterloo. Before her stood a tall, distinguished stranger, and he said:

"Lady fair, excuse this knocking.
Pray overlook this conduct shocking—
Kicking on your door.
Is your name Mirandy Taylor,
Widow of a gallant sailor
Dead upon Lake Erie's shore?"

The widow gracefully inclined her head and deluged the stranger with a pail of water, and he was running away when he fell into the arms of a policeman. He was permitted to sit by a hot stove for the next five hours. Yet when court opened the only dry spot about him was his throat.

"Did you have the least idea that Mirandy Taylor lived there?" inquired his honor.

"Well, I don't remember whether I had the least idea or not. I thought I'd inquire and see. I'm a great hand to inquire."

"You are, eh? Well, when you come in sight of the house of correction the driver of the Maria will answer all inquiries. I shall book you for thirty days."

"Judge, does it seem possible that a man as well as I am is to be incarcerated in a bastille for simply inquiring for Mirandy Taylor? I'm amazed and astounded."

"Thirty days is the sentence, wet or dry. If you go up there wet they can pack you closer."

"And may I inquire, your honor, if this is the nineteenth century?"

"You may, sir; and you may get your sentence doubled if I hear any more talk."

"I'm too wet to run any risks," said the prisoner to himself, and he went in to hug the stove and wait for the carriage to back up.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Chrystal's "Xylophonics."

On thyme—The gardener's fool.

A pedestrian's wages—Gait money.

The earliest spring on record—The bullfrog's.

Never on hand when wanted—A diamond ring.

There is a wide difference between a pupil and a pup ill.

A lamp-post—The landlord who lights you up to your room.

No matter what rank vegetables may attain, the cabbage will always be a head.

An assembly composed of paragraphs would probably be called an O pun meeting.

A man with a pair of creaky boots always has music in his sole, and is not likely to forget it, either.

A man may be full weight, yet dishonest; he may be large, but lazy; and yet we generally judge a man by his eyes.

It isn't necessary for a printer to strike the funny-bone of his left forelimb against a frame in order to find out the difference between a knee cap and a cap E.

As a rule leather men are no better than other people though they have both inner and outer soles.