

A Discouraging View of Leadville.

A Louisville (Ky.) druggist, now in Leadville, Col., the great mining camp, writes home as follows: I have now been here two days, and have looked the town over pretty thoroughly. You may say to Dr. — that there are thirty-five doctors here, and that, in my opinion, this is no place for him. It is the most disagreeable hole I ever was in—the mud is ankle deep all over the town. A thousand men are constantly marching about with apparently no object in view. The streets present a very animated appearance, but the stores don't seem to be selling as much as a casual observer would imagine. I am now writing in a drug store, and have been for half an hour, during which time they have taken in seventy-five cents. There are seven drug stores in town, one of which was sold last week for \$10,000, including the house and lot. All of them seem to have very complete stocks and are ready for business. They expect a hundred thousand visitors this summer. Houses are being built in every direction, and prices for rent are fabulous. Three hundred dollars per lot is the price for lots on the principal streets; corner lots, \$10,000. It is simply ridiculous; they all seem to think the town will last until next fall. The town is unhealthy. I am well, but know several who are sick. The light air affects my health considerably. Sawmills are just coming money. Mr. Moore told me to-day that his mill produced twelve thousand feet daily, which he sold at fifty dollars per thousand feet—on which he makes one-half clear profit, and the people almost fought to get it at that. One-story sheds, sixteen feet square, are rented at forty dollars per month. The town is full of gambling halls, openly carried on—keno, faro and the like. Saloons do a thriving business. Hotels are full and making lots of money, charging large prices for very poor accommodations. I would not advise any one to come here except with a view to mining.

A Leadville paper gives the following schedule of the cost of necessities and luxuries of life in that "city": By building a log cabin at a cost of, perhaps, fifty dollars, a party of two or more can live by "bathing" for about four dollars per week; it is not safe to count on less. The hotel's charge from two to four dollars per day. Baths cost fifty cents, a clear twenty-five cents, a class of the fifteen cents. Little milk can be had, condensed milk being generally used. Butter costs from forty to fifty cents per pound; eggs, forty to fifty cents per dozen; beans, seven to ten cents; lard, twelve to fourteen cents; bacon, twelve and one-half to fifteen cents; hams, fifteen cents; beef, eight to fifteen cents; pork, fifteen to twenty cents; venison, twelve and one-half to thirteen cents; cabbage, five to eight cents per pound; potatoes, four to five cents per pound; flour, \$4 to \$4.75 per 100; corn meal, \$3.50 per 100; tea, seventy-five cents to \$1.25 per pound; coffee, thirty to fifty cents per pound; sugar, six and one-half to eight pounds for one dollar. Condensed milk is thirty-six cents per can. All the beef, flour, potatoes, vegetables and other edibles consumed here are shipped in wagons from Webster, Colorado Springs or Canon City, and most of these articles are purchased in Denver, Chicago and Kansas City.

Parole.

The victories of Pierre Lorillard's American horse, Parole, in England, warrant a glance at the animal's career. Parole is by imported Lexington out of Maiden, she by Lexington out of Kitty Clark, by Glencoe. He was foaled in 1873 at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. Mr. Pierre Lorillard bought him, a yearling, for \$1,000. As a two-year-old he ran six times, winning the July and August stakes at Long Branch and the Saratoga and Kentucky stakes at Saratoga. As a three-year-old he was beaten early in the season by Vagrant, in the Kentucky Derby. He was amiss and it was said that he should not be allowed to run. He did not run again until the Saratoga meeting, when he beat Tom Ochiltree for the all-aged stakes. Tom then beat him for the cup, but Parole again turned the tables by taking the sequel stakes. He next won the all-aged stakes at Jerome Park. After that he was beaten at Baltimore by Vigil, both for the Dixie and Breckinridge stakes. As a four-year-old he won the Woodburn stakes, the Saratoga cup, and the summer handicap. He also beat Virginia and Glasgow in a dash of a mile and a half, even weights. At the Jerome Park meeting he captured the Maturity stakes, the Grand National handicap, and the all-aged stakes.

Parole's next and most famous victory was the race of two miles and a half with Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree, in Baltimore, October 24th, 1877. Ten Broeck was the favorite at large odds. Parole came in gallantly two lengths in front of Ten Broeck and six lengths ahead of Tom Ochiltree.

Last season Parole ran ten races, winning eight, including the Baltimore Monmouth and Saratoga cups.

Miraculous Exercise of Strength.

John Boone, an employe of Gebhart's flour mills, in the eastern part of Dayton, Ohio, was caught in the shafting of the machinery and narrowly escaped with his life. His clothing became wrapped about the shafting so tightly that when he discovered the fact he could not extricate himself. He is a man weighing two hundred pounds and of great strength. Throwing one arm around a beam near at hand he endeavored to pull the shafting out of gear or tear himself from it. He succeeded in springing it from the sockets, but on slackening up it sprang back. Boone held the shafting in this position for fully fifteen minutes, when, obliged to give up from exhaustion, he was drawn up on the shaft, his clothes fortunately giving way. They were torn completely from his body. He succeeded in getting to a lower floor of the building, where he fell from sheer exhaustion, and was discovered shortly after by those who had heard his cries. He was at once placed under medical care.

Chrysal's "Xylophones."

The dog with the shortest tongue make the most laps.

A friend in a knead—the hired girl who can make good bread.

"Solel again, at last," remarked the disappointed boot as it left the shoemaker's hands.

The tyrant Gessler originated an oft-repeated expression, when he said, "Blood, Will, Tell!"

Animals may not take much interest in athletic contests, but just introduce one old dog to another and see how soon they'll have a "spring meeting."

The man is yet to be found who can make a coach shell discourse sweet music without giving his hearers the impression that he is suffering from a severe attack of aggravated asthma.—*Hartmann's Republican.*

THE GREAT MINING CAMP.

The Unprecedented Rush for Leadville, Col.—Precious Metals in Abundance—Strange Scenes of Miners' Life.

A year ago Leadville, Col., was a deserted mining camp. To-day it contains several churches and three theaters, and is the most bustling, exciting place in America. Although distant twenty miles from any railroad, hundreds are pouring into the place daily, and the surrounding country is filled with eager searchers for the precious metals which are found everywhere in abundance. Writing from Leadville, a correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says: "I think I am fully justified in saying that new 'strikes' are being made daily. Prospect holes on the mountain sides for miles around are as thick as cherries upon a tree in full fruit. Daily there comes to town some happy individual whose pick has struck into the precious stuff. The streets are full of men who are ready to buy claims and prospects, yet there is so great risk in buying that all are cautious and wary. Hourly, aye, constantly, the ripple of talk goes from center to circumference and back again—talk of mines, claims, prospects, strikes, prices paid and received. Every one nearly is interested, or seeking to become so, in claims. The demure-looking individual that looks at you over his gold spectacles, seeming calm and unconcerned, is anxiously waiting news from his claim up Big Evans, Little Evans or Stray Horse gulch. The clerk who is yonder measuring a rod of ribbon is in his thoughts measuring the distance from the surface to the deposit on his claim. That man reeling in drunkenness along the streets has just come in from his claim. So it goes. Everybody is interested, and hence everybody is excited over the news to be gathered. Nor is the mining excitement confined to this district. Carbondale or Ten-mile, Kokomo, Granite, Eagle River, the Gunnison and many other places within a radius of forty miles of Leadville come in for their share of the excitement. Reports are constantly coming in of rich strikes at each of the places. But Leadville is the center. From this place go the prospectors; to this place come the news of how prospered. This makes Leadville the wonder, and puts it far ahead of any camp known in the past or present. It is impossible to give a correct or definite idea of the camp. It must be seen to be known. Though thousands of letters go from here daily, both to the press and individuals, and each writer strives to tell those behind what it is and what it is like, yet every newcomer is surprised, and in no instance has come under my observation has the camp failed to far exceed expectations.

"Take out the ringing of the church-bells and the small percentage of the population which attend church, and there is no Sabbath in Leadville. The saw-mills turn out just as much lumber, the blacksmith fires are just as hot, as much and more money is won and lost at gaming, as many goods are sold on the Sabbath as on a week day. In truth, in passing through the town on the Sabbath, if the street leading by the churches is not taken no imagination could picture it into a Sabbath day. There is the same whirr and buzz as on other days; or, if there be a difference, it is on the increase, for Sunday is the day that many miners come in from the mountains to their trading. In justice to the carpenters, I should mention that I have noticed that not a great many of them thus desecrate the Lord's day; but it does really look as if nearly all who have come here have neglected to bring the fourth commandment with them.

The universal inquiry is, will this rush continue, and, if so, how long? Shrewd men hold their business well in hand, so that if the crash should come their lamps will be burning. One thing is beyond doubt, and that is that the mountains are full of carbonates, and I now do not doubt that the richest discoveries are yet to be made, and that the half has not yet been dreamed of. In addition to the silver discoveries, gold has been found in its very richness up to the California gulch (the memorable gulch of the 1860 excitement). Capitalists have taken hold of it, and the indications now are that during the coming summer many gold leads will be found. As long as these discoveries are made, Leadville will thrive; beyond this I will not attempt to prophesy, for the longer I stay here the more bewildered and puzzled am I. The enterprise here is astonishing. New houses are going up, as with a magician's wand, in all parts of the camp. A street that was familiar yesterday presents a wholly different appearance to-day, and yet there is a cry for more houses, more room, etc., etc. I succeeded in getting an office on Chestnut street, after waiting and watching two weeks. It was rented before the house was built, but the party failed to take it, and I happened to apply at the 'nick of time,' much to the discomfort of two or three applicants, who came a hour later than I. My room is 10x12, and I am considerably fortunate in having to pay only forty dollars per month for it. I am still in receipt of letters asking advice about coming here. I can only say what I have said before. There is an abundance of mineral, and strikes are constantly being made. One coming here may become rich in a week, and he may fail. It depends upon his fortune in striking mineral. There is absolutely no room for clerks, bookkeepers, etc. Men of energy and will, who are willing to work in the earth, can find work to do in hunting for mineral, though it is proper to say that the stouest men have to become unused to the climate before they can do much labor. On account of the rarified air, a walk of one hundred yards exhausts the breath; so a 'tender foot' (a name for new-comers) is ill prepared for labor until he is acclimated.

Mortality is not so great here as I expected to find. A visit to one of the saloons at midnight would justify a conclusion of a fearful mortality. Hundreds sleep on the wet, cold floors, without cover or comfort. It was been my wonder that they do not die by the score. I believe that such would be the case in a damper atmosphere.

I am acquainted with 'Chicken Bill,' a most remarkable character. He has found more paying deposits than any other man, but he always sells out for a few hundred dollars. Lives and drinks it out and prospects again. He 'salted' a claim at Silver Cliff and sold it. The parties went to work and really struck a rich deposit, and have now a very valuable mine, much to Chicken Bill's surprise.

You folks seem to be of the right stamp," as the lecturer said when the audience greeted him with a round of applause.—*New York News.*

A military officer is like butter, in that each is respected according to rank.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Taking Care of Dresses.

Next to neatness in wearing a dress comes neatness in taking it off. One must be very rich indeed to be able to afford to be careless with one's clothes. Dresses tossed down anyhow, when taken off, soon grow shabby and tumbled, and wear out twice as fast as if well kept. When a dress is taken off, even for a few hours, it should always be shaken out and hung up, or else folded and laid away. If it has been worn out walking it should be well brushed, since dust, if allowed to accumulate, soon robs it of its freshness and cuts the material in every crease into which it works its way. A stiff brush should never be used for silk—a hair brush is far better—while a soft woolen cloth is best of all, especially for removing the dust from the skirt under the flounces. Whether it is best to fold dresses or to hang them up is an open question. They should probably be kept best when hanging, while, on the other hand, thin light dresses are better folded. Princess dresses, with much trimming, after the present fashion, should have two loops for hanging, one on each side, else the weight of the trimming will pull the skirt out of shape. Dresses should never be crowded in a wardrobe lest they lose their freshness and take on undesirable folds. Dress-waists, if separate, should never be hung out; the proper way is to fold them smoothly, with the sleeves carefully pulled out, the shoulder seams straight and the lining outside. Then lay them in a drawer, on a shelf or in the tray of a packing trunk long enough to let them lie flat. Ribbons and ruffles tossed carelessly into a drawer soon lose their freshness and look soiled and worn. All such should be carefully rolled up and laid away in boxes after each time of wearing. A soft bonnet which should form a part of every lady's toilet properties; her bonnets should always be brushed and the strings rolled up before putting away.

Of course all this takes time, and there are busy people who find it impossible; still, when it can be done, it pays in the end. Linen collars in the morning, ruffles in the evening, are the most economical as well as the most stylish neckwear. Crepe silk and tulle ruffles cost less than lace in the beginning, but when once soiled are done with, while the lace may be washed again and again. Every lady who wishes to dress well on a small income should be able to do up her own laces. The ability to do fine ironing also will be found a most useful accomplishment. Washing dresses are the prettiest possible wear for warm weather; but if the aid of a laundress has to be called in every time they are washed, they will also be found very expensive. The ironing and fluffing, not the washing—is what makes them so, and if this can be done at home, without being an additional burden to the servants, the young ladies will find themselves able to dress in white all the summer at very small expense, no slight consideration to people with small incomes. It is good economy to change one's dress for evening, since a dress lasts much longer if worn in turn with others than if worn all the time, and with most people a dress may be worn in the morning which would be wholly out of taste in the evening. But even if you do your own work you may still be neatly dressed. We once knew a lady living in a flat, without a servant, who was yet always ready to receive company. She dressed in the morning neatly, in a pretty woolen suit, and over this she donned a calico wrapper with long sleeves buttoned at the wrists. A calico sweeping cap covered her hair, and a long apron was tied about her waist. Thus accoutered she went about her household work; swept, dusted, cooked and washed dishes. When the door-bell rang, wrapper and cap were laid off in a twinkling, and a visitor had seldom to ring twice before being admitted.—*Philadelphia Times.*

New Flounces.

There are many pretty designs for flounces on the new dresses. For short dresses these are merely border flounces, not very deep, and alike all around the skirt, unless the arrangement of the overskirt requires this flounce to be deepened on the front breadth. For this border flounce French modistes use a full shell flounce made up of the wool and silk goods used in the costume; first a knife-pointing a finger deep made of silk is drawn down to a space the length of the flat plait. This makes frilled plaits at the top and plain plaits below. Sew to the skirt an inch from the upper edge of the flounce, and also below the frilled part of the plaits.

A stylish fan flounce easily made is also of straight silk ten or twelve inches wide. In this flounce the plaits—either three or five in a cluster—are folded or lapped upon each other, and are stitched across near the top, and again at half their depth; this makes the upper part quite flat, while all below this is allowed to spread outward like a fan.

The festooned flounce is most often seen on the front and sides of trained skirts that are plain behind, or at most have a plain side-plaited flounce. It forms five curves usually, though sometimes only three are seen. It is cut bias, and edged top and bottom with knife-plaited silk, or lace, or else plain-meshed grenadine. It is then caught up in four horizontal folds that draw the lower edge up almost to the top, thus forming curves on the lower edge. A bunch of ribbon loops, a rosette, or a small cascade of lace is set in between each curve. This graceful trimming is pretty for lawns, batistes, white muslins and grenadines, and is seen on some of the most fanciful pompadour foulards.—*Bazar.*

Women in the East.

The Mohammedans nearly all believe that woman has no soul. This is not taught in the Koran, but is countenanced by the fact that, in the great prophet's paradise, hours are given to the faithful instead of their earthly wives. The Chinese make slaves of the women of this world, and deny them any hope of compensation hereafter. In western Australia female children are always betrothed a few days after their birth; and

should the first husband die before the girl attains her maturity, she belongs to his heir. In New Zealand if a girl's future husband should die no other man can make a proposal to her. Among the Hindoo widows may not marry again. In China the parents bargain for the marriage of their children while they are yet unborn. The New Hollanders steal their wives; and if a woman attempts to escape her captor, he at once thrusts a spear through the fleshy part of her leg or thigh. Of all methods of obtaining a wife that of purchase is the most universal. It is practiced by the African, by the black and brown races of the Indian Archipelago, and by nearly all the nations of Asia. The Circassian women prefer being sent to Constantinople to be sold. In Siam and Cochinchina men invariably purchase their wives; but the women have one privilege—the parents cannot sell them without their will. In China, however, women are sold without being consulted on the subject, and have to obey every one in the family of their purchaser, without exception—the husband's control over her being entirely unlimited. In Japan betrothals are made to the bride, who transfers them to her relatives, to defray the expense and trouble they incurred in bringing her up from her infancy.—*Oriental Journal.*

A Governor's Arrest as a Horse Thief.

It is related that while Thomas Mann Randolph was Governor of Virginia, he was once arrested with a few hundred yards of his home, in this county, and carried a prisoner to his own house. The story is to the following effect: The governor was on a visit to his own home, and finding that the fencing on his plantation was pulled down and burned by wagons passing along from the Valley to Richmond, he determined to detect and punish them. One evening he observed a party go into camp on the roadside, and after dark he strolled down to a point where he could conveniently watch them. He staid out all night, but the wagons made no depredations on his fence. In the early morning, however, when they were about to kindle their fires to prepare breakfast, they started out to gather up what fuel they might find for that purpose, when they spied a man sitting on the fence a short distance ahead.

Now, it appears that a short time before, Governor Randolph had issued his proclamation, offering a reward for the capture of an escaped horse thief, and the wagons, who had seen the description of the convict, thought they discovered a close resemblance between the man on the fence and the escaped felon. So thoroughly satisfied were they that they would receive the reward for his arrest, that they approached and announced that he was their prisoner. One of them proposed, as he cracked his wagon whip, to give him a thrashing and then let him go, but his companion protested that it was proper to ascertain whether he was the guilty party before inflicting the punishment, and proposed to take him to the residence of Governor Randolph, which was near by, and get his advice. Accordingly, they marched their prisoner up to the house, and knocking at the front door, a servant made his appearance, of whom they inquired: "Is your master at home?"

The servant opened his eyes in astonishment at the inquiry, and replied, pointing to the prisoner: "That's master!" It is said that the governor then promptly confirmed the statement of the servant, and joined heartily in the laugh that followed. He then told the man who had proposed to whip him without the opportunity of defense to remain outside, and he would send him refreshments, at the same time unbuttoning his coat, exposing a pair of pistols, and remarking that he should certainly have used them had an attempt been made to carry the threat of castigation into execution. The other wagons he invited to join him in a hot breakfast.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.*

Provision for the Insane.

Placing the insane population at forty-five thousand, it is safe to estimate that eighty per cent. are supported at the public charge, and thirty per cent. in buildings maintained by public charges or endowment. These buildings cost in round numbers \$35,000,000, a sum equal to \$1,000 for each inmate. Of this expenditure, \$15,000,000 has been made in the last ten years. In the Eastern States, nine asylums may be named that cost, in the aggregate, \$14,000,000, equal to the sum of \$3,000 for each insane inmate. Those who regard the luxuries and appointments of a first-class hotel as furnishing all that can be desired in the way of bodily comfort, may be able to form an idea of the luxury of surroundings in these places, or ought to place, at the command of each inmate, when they are told that ten of the most expensive and luxurious hotels are built and equipped at a cost of \$1,500 for each guest. Common sense tells us that this vast expenditure is not necessary. Luxury cannot replace human skill. Now in England, with a hard-working governmental supervision, which controls the erection of buildings as well as the personal care of the inmates, we find modern asylums constructed at one-tenth the maximum and one-half the minimum cost of recent American hospitals.—*New York Observer.*

The Andre Monument.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has purchased the land at Tappan, N. Y., where Major John Andre was executed October 2, 1780, and is having prepared to be placed on the same stone, on the front of which will be inscribed:

Here died, October 2, 1780, Major JOHN ANDRE, of the British Army, who, entering the American Country, on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold, for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster. A hundred years after his execution a citizen of the state against which he fought placed this stone above the spot where he lay: Not to perpetuate the record of strife, But in token of those better sentiments which have since united two nations. One in race, in language, and in religion, With the sacred ties of this friendly union will never be broken. —*Arthur Pennington, Town of Westminster, N. Y.*

On the left side: "The spy of the central ground, Who died as he had lived, Devoted to the service of his King." —*George Washington.*

On the right side: "Patriot Captive. He was more unfortunate than criminal; An accomplished man and gallant officer." —*George Washington.*

He died universally esteemed and universally regretted. —*Monument Builders.*

MRS. GAINES.

An Interview with the Celebrated New Orleans Heiress.

I was not long since on my way to Greenfield, Mass., when my attention was attracted by a little woman in the seat on the opposite side of the car from where I was sitting. She was apparently about fifty years of age (though in fact much older), of sandy complexion, regular features, pleasing, sprightly expression of countenance, short, *neglige* curls sprinkled with gray, plainly dressed in black, rather travel-worn, yet quick in movement and restlessly fidgeting. I thought, about the station where she wanted to stop, which proved to be South Deerfield.

With my accustomed politeness to the fair sex of whatever age or condition, as soon as I comprehended the cause of her perplexity I took my "Pathfinder," and leaning across the aisle said to her: "It is at South Deerfield that you wish to stop, is it, madam?" She at once arose from her place, came over to the seat immediately in front of me (which then happened to be vacant), and, sitting down, answered: "Yes, I have telegraphed my son, who lives some five or six miles away, to meet me at South Deerfield. I left New Orleans several days ago, and am on my way to visit my son, who met a charming young lady at the Northampton water-cure, where we were staying some time ago, and married her, and he now lives at Ayer. I am Mrs. General Gaines, with whose history you may, perhaps, be somewhat acquainted, as I have been brought into rather undue prominence before the public for some years past."

She talked on in easy, rapid, self-possessed manner, giving me a hurried sketch of her contest with her opponents in the great lawsuit for the New Orleans property, gradually warming up (as she found me a willing listener) and pouring forth a steady stream of wit, sentiment, and eloquence, rich, rare, and rare, that quite overpowered me.

"Yes," she said, with the frankness and unreserve of a woman of the world, who has mingled with men and become familiar with all phases of society, "I showed them what a little woman could do. I gained my case after thirty years of toil and trouble, and opposition of all kinds and from all quarters. I gained my suit. It was a noble judgment from your own Massachusetts that gave the decision, and a splendid decision it was, covering the whole ground and so clear and so exhaustive that everybody approved of it. All said it was right and just. I gained \$3,000,000 by it."

"But," said I, "do you really expect to get possession of the property and actually recover the full amount?" "The United States Marshal," she replied, "stands ready to put me in possession. But when these poor people come to me, and with tears in their eyes, pleadingly ask, 'Mrs. Gaines, what shall we do?' I tell them justice has triumphed. You persecuted me for thirty years, but I have gained my case. Now mercy comes to the front. Go home to your property. I will appeal to the legislature to adopt some system of relief. I am willing to compromise for \$2,400,000 in ten-year installments. I have pledged myself, as a thank-offering to my Maker, who has given me success, to spend the rest of my days in doing all the good I can. I have shown them what a little woman can do in an unusual and ungenial sphere. Is it not always so? As Christian civilization progresses woman comes to the front. And she rose from her seat with the inspiration of her theme. "And now," said she, "I tell them I am going to show them how a little woman can reform the politicians."

I laughed heartily at the idea and did not hesitate to intimate, very plainly, that she would find that a much harder job than conquering in the Gaines suit. "I'll tell you how I'll do it," said she. "I have not moved in Washington society for nothing. I know its weaknesses and its strength, its ins and outs, its dis- ease and its remedy. I'll build a mammoth hotel in Washington and I'll make the terms so low that no member of Congress shall have an excuse for not bringing his wife with him, that they may thus fulfill the legitimate destiny which God designed for them; and thus the festering evil which gnaws at the very vitals of society at the capital of the nation will be cured."

Thus she went on, not in a biased manner, for though she talked rapidly, and gesticulated, and stood up and moved about, it was all so properly and gracefully done that the other passengers had no suspicion who the speaker was, or what was the subject of our conversation.—*Henry Livingston, in Boston Courier.*

Drinking Assal in Para.

In *Scribner*, Mr. Herbert H. Smith gives the first of his papers on Brazil, announced some time ago by that magazine. He thus describes a characteristic scene in the Para market: Observe those baskets of black berries, like grapes in color and size; they are the fruit of the *Assai* palm, the slender, graceful *Euterpe* that we saw on the river-banks. One sometimes hears an alliterative proverb: "Quem veio para Para parou; Quem bebeu Assai ficou;" which we may translate as Mrs. Agassiz has done: "Who came to Para was glad to stay; Who drank assai went never away."

It is well, then, for us to learn how this famous *vinho d' assai* is made. In a dark little shed at the back of the court, two mulatto women are rubbing off the black pulp of the berries in great bowls of water, crushing them vigorously with their bare hands and purpling their arms with the chocolate-like juice. After the first batch has been rubbed out, the liquid is decanted from the hard nuts to another lot of berries; these latter being treated in like manner, the resulting thick soup is strained through a wicker-work sieve and dealt out to the eager customers.

Yes; the Americans will have assai *com assaio*; so the little shirtless son scampers off after sugar; ordinary customers at the stand are of the lower classes, who drink their two cents' worth of assai with only a little mandiocca meal by way of seasoning. In the forest, where sugar was scarce and fruit plenty, I learned to like it quite as well so myself; its brisk, nutty flavor is rather spoiled by the sweetening. However, our new comers may prefer the civilized side; so the sugar is added, and we take a taste of the rich liquid. Even the squeamish ones empty their bowls, and begin to suggest to themselves the possibility of entertaining another half-pint. Talk no more of herb-bet and ginger-beer and soda water; hereafter we argue them all, if we may but have our purple assai. And observe—Mr. Weller has it—that "it's very filling." One can make a respectable lunch of it and nothing else.

Is the Moon Inhabited?

The question as to whether the moon is inhabited by organic beings—is not like those that live on our own globe, at least of a kind specially adapted by their structure and nature for existing under the very different physical conditions that obtain on our satellite—is one that has attracted attention for ages, and one, too, that has been argued *pro* and *con* with great ability by many learned and eminent men. The opinion of nearly all scientists of the present day, however, is that the moon is a "dead planet"; and that, inasmuch as she has but a slight and very rare atmosphere, and that, as a consequence, no water exists on her surface, she is entirely unfitted to be the dwelling place of any organic beings whatever—at least of any kinds that our minds can form any conception of. On the other hand, those who take the opposite view argue (to use the words of Dick) that "matter appears to have been created chiefly in subserviency to mind; and it is highly improbable that the Creator would leave a globe containing a surface of 15,000,000 square miles altogether destitute of sensitive and intellectual beings; especially when we behold its surface diversified and adorned with such a vast assemblage of picturesque and sublime scenery, and when we consider that every department connected with our globe is peopled with sentient beings of every description. Although seas and rivers and a dense atmosphere are not to be found connected with the lunar orb, and although some of its arrangements are different from those of the earth, yet these circumstances form no valid objection to the moon being inhabited, for the Creator can in all cases adapt the inhabitant to the nature of the habitation provided for him, as he has adapted the birds for winging their flight through the air, the fishes for gliding in the water, and man and quadrupeds for raveling the dry land."

A Drunken Deer.

It is stated by an authority that the deer—at any rate the French deer—for all his noble qualities gets drunk. But only at this time of the year. He then "throws himself with avidity" upon certain tender shoots containing a juice which ferments in his stomach and intoxicates him to such an extent that he strays from his usual haunts and "follows his nose." Thus it came to pass that a deer "in liquor" was discovered by a peasant, also "in liquor," lying "dead drunk" in a ditch on the road to the village of Queue-en-Brie. The peasant, delighted at the godsend, tied the deer's legs together with a handkerchief, and having hoisted the animal on his shoulders, prepared to carry him off. The deer, roused from his drunken sleep by this treatment, became so troublesome that the peasant, who was of an inventive turn, took off his blouse, passed it over the deer's head and improvised by means of it a sort of strait-jacket, which paralyzed the beast's movements. He had just finished these intelligent proceedings when he perceived two gentlemen, who, without more ado, requested to be furnished with his name and address, in view of legal proceedings. In the meanwhile the deer, whose feet had been untied, scampered off, a little embarrassed by the blouse, and the hunters whose whose consternation at his strange appearance may be readily imagined. He probably had a bad time of it when he reached his own quarters, while the peasant had to reckon with the legal authorities. Thus we see how a deer, as well as a man, got into trouble through drink.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

"Greenings."

A youth living on Bagg street rolled an apple barrel to the curbstone the other afternoon, filled it with cobbles, stones, and bricks, and marked the barrel "Greenings—handle carefully." The youth retired to await further developments, and they soon came. A sawdust wagon came along, and the driver jumped down and took a long look at the barrel. He probably reasoned that it had been delivered by a grocer, and he doubtless wondered why it had not been rolled into the cellar. Dusk was coming on, and the man drove off. In a quarter of an hour he returned. "Greenings" were there yet, and he drove around the square, took the tail-board out of his wagon, and at length drove up close to the barrel. No one was in sight, and he made a dash for the prize. He probably expected a rather heavy lift, but when he felt the weight of those cobbles at his surprise must have been great. He gave one awful lurch, lifted the barrel about an inch, and as his fingers raked over the hoops he groaned in agony and leaped into his wagon as if a dog had been reaching for his coat-tails. At various times during the night vehicles were heard halting and driving suddenly away, but when day broke the "greenings" were still there, though only two hoops were left on the barrel.—*Free Press.*

"Editorial Editors."

A lawyer keeps his own counsel. Not hard to take—Garden course. A pretty corsage—A number one slipper. Whoop skirts are much worn on the frontier. Fair one, if you don't want some fellow to steal your heart, you must steal it yourself. A perpetual-motion watching machine—A mother with several marriageable daughters. It is a really amusing or examine the maps of the different railway lines and find on each one their own road conveniently represented as direct—the bird flies, and al. competing ne crooked as a ram's horn or the streets of Boston.

The editor who wrote what he intended to be a complimentary paragraph concerning a battle-scarred soldier, who had honored his sanctum with a call was exasperated beyond measure on taking up the paper the following morning, and seeing his fine effort utterly ruined by the intelligent compositor making it read, a "battle-scarred soldier."—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser.*

In every walk of life the present man and its attendant ills have taking a deep—a dangerously deep—root. Some ladies on the south side have undertaken to make two thousand calls in two thousand hours. A boy on the west side was rescued from the pantry, where I was trying to eat three thousand quarts of pies in three thousand quarter hours. Mr. Moller has it—that "it's very filling." One can make a respectable lunch of it and nothing else.