

TIMELY TOPICS.

The California Constitutional Convention was in session 157 days, and cost several hundred thousand dollars. The session was to have been limited to 100 days, but it was impossible to complete the work within that time, and \$150,000 more than was apportioned for the purpose was consumed for the pay of the members and the convention's running expenses.

Dr. Palli, a distinguished Italian savant advances the theory that the human organism undergoes, in the course of its existence, a slow oxidation, on the completion of which death ensues. This operation should require (accidents excepted) about 100 years. To counteract the devitalizing action, he recommends that a few grammes of a sulphate be taken every morning as furnishing a check upon oxidation.

According to recent official statements, the land appropriated to fruit growing in the United States is 4,500,000 acres. Upon this there flourish 112,000,000 apple trees, 28,000,000 pear trees, 113,270,000 peach trees and 141,260,000 grapevines. The total value of the fruit crop throughout the United States is set down at \$238,219,700, an amount equal to half the value of the average wheat crop of the country. Toward that large sum apples are held to contribute \$50,400,000, pears \$14,130,000, peaches \$17,135,000, grapes \$2,118,000, strawberries \$9,000,000 and other fruit \$10,432,000.

Concerning the charges of the express companies the *American Cultivator* says: "The express companies in their exorbitant charges fail to realize, or at least fail to be governed by the fact, that in all other branches of business, both private and corporate, profits are largely reduced. The public demand lower rates in accordance with the times. Managers of express companies should not delay making a reasonable reduction in their charges, and without forcing unhealthy competition, or creating public discontent by a grasping and selfish policy."

Miss Nettie C. Carpenter, a young lady from Michigan, has taken her own claim in Graham county, Kansas, and built thereon a very neat stone dug-out, roofed with poles and dirt. To keep the dirt from falling down she put heavy paper on the under side of the poles, and, hearing a rattling noise on the paper, she thought that the mice were at work. She got the broomstick and gave the paper a gentle pat, when, instead of mice as the young lady thought, she brought down a hissing viper. His vipership immediately took possession of the bed and coiled himself for a fight, but he got more of it than he could stand and had to succumb to the courage of Miss Nettie. He measured four feet in length.

This is the way fortunes are made in Leadville, Colorado. A. Cohen was one of the speculators who went there to look for a silver mine. His money dwindled rapidly until he had only \$3.50 left. In desperation he went to a wholesale grocery and bought a barrel of apples, paying his entire capital on account and remaining in debt \$1.50. Then he set up a stand at a busy street corner and offered his apples for sale at ten cents apiece. Before sundown he had sold out, and was the possessor of nearly \$30. The next day he had a larger stock-in-trade, and did equally well. In a fortnight he was a well-to-do man. His profits had been immense. Now he has a large fruit, nut and candy business, and has a store full of assistants.

A poor Hungarian lately showed a black pearl to a Pesh jeweler, and begged him to value it and give him what he could for it. He was told that the pearl was of great value, and that he would better take it to Biederman, of Vienna, which he did, and was naturally asked where he had obtained possession of such a rarity. The Hungarian answered that he had got it from the valet of the late Count Louis Batthyani. It turned out that it was one of three black pearls which, more than 150 years ago, were stolen from the English crown, and which were for a long time vainly sought for, it being at that time supposed that these were the only three black pearls in existence. The British Government has bought the black pearl for \$8,000.

Telegraphic postal cards are another new-angled notion in Paris, that will be likely to prove a great convenience. They are to be sent almost instantaneously from one quarter of Paris to another by the pneumatic tube system already constructed and to be used exclusively for town dispatches. For ten cents one can send a message of any desired length within the limits of a postal card, to be delivered in half an hour after printing. Sealed messages may also be sent for a charge of fifteen cents—the forms on which these are to be written have twice the capacity of the postal card. Telegraphing throughout France is done at the low rate of about one cent per word, but the new system will make the average service in Paris much cheaper.

The following "points" are given by the *Rural New Yorker* to persons buying horses: "An intended purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion, and urging him to 'show off,' something may be suspected, because it is when a horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse be sound he will stand square on his limbs, without moving any of them, the feet being placed flat upon the ground, and all his legs plump and naturally posed. If one foot be thrown forward, and the toe pointing to the ground, and the heel raised, or if the foot be lifted from the ground, and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected."

The *Washington Post* has an account of the manner in which the new ten-dollar certificates are printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing: "The certificates, like greenbacks, require two distinct plate impressions, one for the back and the other for the face. As the plate printers can only average about 750 impressions per day, this is the slowest part of the work. In order to prepare the sheets for the first impression, they have to be wet down and subjected to a heavy pressure for ten hours. The impressions are then taken, and the sheets are placed in a dry box and subjected to intense heat. They are then ready for examination, when all the imperfect sheets are thrown out. The edges are then trimmed by machinery. Each of these machines employs two persons, who can complete about 15,000 impressions per day. The

sheets are then sent to the surface presses to have the seal and the date imprinted. These machines each turn out on an average 12,000 impressions per day. They are then sent to the numbering division, where each machine averages 4,000 impressions per day. The backs are usually printed first and go through a long process of wetting down and drying.

In conformity with the engagement entered into by France and Germany in 1871 to keep up the tombs of soldiers buried in their respective territories, the French government has taken action in 1,438 communes, situated in thirty-six departments, and containing the remains of 87,396 victims of the war; 37,859 French and 21,570 German soldiers have separate sepulture, while 27,661 bodies, whose nationality could not be positively distinguished, have common graves. Municipalities and private committees have erected 349 monuments, families eighty-eight, and Germany sixty-nine. The French government has constructed twenty-five large ossuaries, with imposing ornaments, at an expense of 782,477 francs. The total outlay has been 2,287,896 francs, and there will be an annual vote for the conservation of the graves and memorials.

Contrary to a popular belief, it has been recently found by an Italian professor that fine vegetable perfumes exercise a positively beneficial influence on the atmosphere, by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerful oxidizing, and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot, several of which are ingredients in the refreshing *aure de Cologne*. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, narcissus and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, heliotrope and lilacs of the valley also develop ozone; in fact, all flowers possessing a perfume appear to do so, whereas those having none do not. This interesting intelligence will be gratifying to all, especially to lovers of flowers, and the cultivation of these lovely disinfectants of nature should be promoted in all marshy or foul places.

There are few persons who have any idea of the immense agricultural and horticultural service annually rendered by bees, but a calculation just made by the Rev. M. Sauppe, a great bee-master, of Zwickendorf, Saxony, goes far to prove the utility and importance of bee culture. His calculation is that out of each of the 17,000 hives to be met with in Saxony 10,000 bees fly per day—equal to 170,000,000 each per four times, equal to 680,000,000 of flights, or in 100 days, equal to 680,000,000,000. Each bee flying home-ward visits fifty flowers, therefore the whole assemblage has visited no less than 3,400,000,000,000 of flowers. If out of ten only one flower has become fertilized, 340,000,000,000 of fertilized flowers would be the result. Supposing the value of the fertilization of 5,000 flowers to be only a German penny (one-tenth of a penny), the united bees of Saxony have earned per annum the sum of 68,000,000 pennings—680,000 marks, or about \$170,000. Thus each hive is calculated to do a national service to the value of \$10 per annum, and this they do while paying more than the expenses of their keep by the honey they gather. Upon these figures M. Sauppe recommends that more bees should be reared and kept in Saxony, but his recommendation will do for this country as well.

A Friendly "Send Off."

Young Guffey was quite ill the other day, and as the doctor had prescribed perfect rest and careful nursing, his particular friend, Jack Rodgers, said that he would bring round some of the fellows to sit up with the invalid, and "brace him up," as Jack kindly expressed it. So that night Guffey was awakened from a feverish sleep by a tremendous clatter on the staircase and Rodgers appeared at the head of five genial young men, carrying a demijohn, various musical instruments and other appliances of modern inquiries. These kind-hearted fellows had all been impressed with the fact that nothing does sick persons so much good as to approach them with smiling faces and cheerful words, so they nearly shook Guffey's arm out of joint (he had inflammatory rheumatism), and after assuring him at length of their lungs that he never looked better in his life, they all turned him right side up with care in a day or two, they piled their hats up on his feet and settled down to their benevolent task. First, Tom Pliff told an excruciating funny story of how he threw a waiter out of the third-story window of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, with an admirable imitation of the way the waiter yelled when he struck the pavement. This anecdote caused the company to laugh itself almost black in the face. Then Mr. Bladgers performed a little thing of his own in E flat on the cornet, which caused the landlady to make some caustic remarks out in the hall, and induced an unappreciative old party overhead to hammer on the floor and swear. Then young Toner, who belonged to an amateur dramatic association, said that he would, as they insisted on it, do some imitations, just a few, and he forthwith belabored twenty-eight well-known stars in the most masterly manner, and was the recipient of the same number of enthusiastic encores. Then Monagan, the baritone, sang "The Old Sexton" in a style that made the coal rat in the cellar, and after that got half-way through "There's Crap on the Door" before he was apprised by sundry vigorous punches in the ribs of his decided inappropriateness, upon which he pulled up in the greatest dismay. Jimmie Diffenderfer, however, put an end to the general embarrassment by volunteering to dance a hornpipe on a table, which he did to the entire satisfaction of everybody. The table he first thoughtfully pulled to the foot of the bed, so that Guffey could have the best possible view of the performance. After that the whole party vociferously played cards, smoked and made hot whiskeys for two or three hours, with an occasional song or "good story" to relieve the patient's tedium. About 4 o'clock A. M., however, they observed that the sufferer seemed more at ease. So, discontinuing a vigorous chorus upon which they were engaged and with their whiskeys and injunctions for silence, they turned down the gas and elaborately fled down stairs or tiptoed, and left the good-hearted fellows got safely into the street they shook hands generally with the air of persons who had done a good action and said one to another as they parted: "Deuced glad the dear old boy is sleeping, ain't you?" But they were mistaken—he was dead!—*San Francisco Post*.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.

Spurious United States Bank Notes in Circulation
The number of counterfeit national bank notes now in circulation throughout the country, and particularly in the West, is a matter to which the secret service of the Treasury Department are at the present time giving their almost undivided attention. Special Agent Hall, chief of the service in the West, reports the "coney" men and their coadjutors, the "shovers," as energetic and daring in their crooked work. The *Chicago Times* says:

Mr. Hall has in his possession an interesting collection of spurious notes. The largest is a \$1000 United States note, dated March 10, 1862, bearing the signature of L. E. Chittenden, one of which turns up every six months. The only defect noticeable in this bill is the letter "n" in Chittenden's signature, which is very defective. In many of the bills discovered the defective letter has been destroyed, as if picked with a pin. The circulation of this bill has been mainly confined to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, where a number were successfully exchanged. The next is a \$500 United States note, series of 1869. But few of this issue are said to be in circulation, and it is believed that the plates were thrown in the Hudson river by the utterer several years ago.

Of the \$100 denomination there are three distinct issues—on the National River bank, of Boston, the Merchants' National bank, of New Bedford, and the Second National bank, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. All these closely approach the genuine. The only defect noticeable in the Wilkesbarre bill is the omission of the word "Liberty" from the crown on the head of the female figure in the vignette. Only four of these notes have been discovered as yet. The River bank bill has a marked defect in the face of the sailor, and the general execution is pronounced second class. A large number of this issue are in circulation throughout the West. The paper used in the New Bedford bill is lighter than the genuine. In the counterfeit the loop of the "y" in the name of "Colby," defaces the "M" in "Mass.," while in the genuine it crosses over the first "s."

The Third National bank, of Buffalo, and the Central National bank, of New York, are each honored with \$50 imitations. All notes of the former bearing the name of L. E. Chittenden as register, are pronounced counterfeit, while the same applies to the second. Both the banks struck from the same plate, and have each wide circulation. Spurious \$50 notes are also very generally circulated on the Tradesmen's National and National Broadway, of New York City. Several crooked \$5 issues are known to be in extensive circulation, principal among them being those on the First National bank of Tamapa, Pa., and the First National of Hanover. A new issue of this denomination on the National bank of Pawling, N. Y., has just come into circulation. There are two other counterfeit \$5 plates known to be in existence, but the issue of bills from them has not been discovered for several years. From eight to ten spurious \$1 plates, and perhaps a like number of \$2 plates, are also known to be in existence, and to have sent out large supplies of counterfeit bills.

Housekeeping Made Easy.

A couple may now set up for themselves with very few utensils, scarcely any provisions, and next to no knowledge of cookery. A gas or oil stove takes the place of a costly and cumbersome cooking range. Coffee is bought not only parched but ground. Spices and pepper come all prepared for use. Every kind of bread, cake and pastry can be purchased at a slight advance on the cost of the materials they contain. If one wishes the sport of making them, self-raising flour may be had in any grocery. Fruit of all kinds, all ready for the table, can be purchased about as cheaply as that which must be prepared. Not only lobsters and other shell-fish, but salmon may be bought cooked and ready to be served at a price but little above what the crude articles cost, and cooked corned beef, tongue, and pigs' feet and ham have long been on the market. There are also canned soups, that only need to be diluted; mince meat all ready to put between picnics, and roast meats and fowls of all descriptions. Some grocers keep mush prepared for frying. Boston baked beans, put up in cans, have had a great run during the past few years. English plum puddings are also on the market. Last summer witnessed the event of a fried potato as an article of commerce. And now comes the report that a chartered company has been engaged in the manufacture of fish balls for the market. It is no longer necessary to be a cook in order to keep house. It requires scarcely any cooking utensils to provide a warm meal. A can opener, a frying pan and a coffee pot are the principal requisites. Even the last is not absolutely necessary, since a mixture of prepared coffee, sugar and cream may readily be obtained. It is even practical now for the novice to dispense with a cook-book, as the label on every can tells how to treat the contents.—*Chicago Times*.

The Sphinx.

Miss Emma D. Southwick, describing a visit to the pyramids of Egypt in the *Boston Traveller*, says: The Sphinx, with its mutilated face, yet grand and beautiful, rises out of its bed of sand, having stood through so many generations that no writer gives any clue to its designer or design. The most that is known about it has been gleaned from a stone which was found in excavations about the smallest of the three pyramids, and is now in the museum at Cairo, and which is supposed to have formed part of a wall. It relates that Horus, king of Upper Egypt, during his lifetime, cleared out the temple of Isis, ruler of the pyramids, which is situated near the Sphinx. From a figure of the Sphinx on this stone and inscription regarding its restoration, it is found that it was old in the time of Cheops, B. C. 2509, so that we cannot wonder that its fore paws were found fifty feet below the present surface, and extending a great distance beyond the head, in correspondence with the body, as to size, which is 140 feet long. The face, now almost obliterated, is thirty feet long from the upper part of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and is surrounded by a huge mass of stone in the form of a wig, which on the head was formerly a cap on which was an asp erect, and between the paws and some tablets and a lion; on one tablet a king offering sacrifices, and on another a king offering the name of the Sphinx, Harcm Kheo—"The sun in his resting place." Like other deities, he was supposed to grant power and pure life to the king.

How a Comet Struck the Earth.

It was a very small comet, and just the merest corner of the earth—but I must tell you the whole story.

About the year 1839 we went to live on the banks of Rock river in the beautiful State of Illinois.

During the early part of that winter, the first newspaper was printed in the little town near our settlement. It was called the *Star*. My brother wrote some ambitious verses—chanting the praises of this "Star of our country! Star of our banner! Bright Star of glory that shineth afar!"—which were printed in the first number, and accordingly he was chosen from among the youth of the town to be the printer's imp of the *Star* office.

How I admired, with just a flavor of envy, his sudden elevation! I used to peep in at the windows, for I was too shy to enter by the door, and would watch the linking of the forms with the hand of the printer. And I actually came to think my brother's good looks were improved by the smutch of ink he habitually wore over his eye or on his nose!

Well, it was here, hovering about the *Star* office, helping occasionally to wash the forms—after I had grown bold enough to go in—and lending a hand to pick up the type, clear away the pi and sweep out, that I had my first dreams of the life awaiting me in the busy world. True, there was no fountain of inspiration that flowed for me there, unless it was the ink fountain of the old Washington press, but my visions were shaped by an object hanging against one of the case-stands, and that was—the foot of an old boot!

One day, exploring that dark abyss in the *Star* office, I found a lot of types that were only slightly defaced; and then came to me the lucky thought that I could beg these, and pick up enough more like them to set up by-and-by a printing office of my own.

No prairie sun-flower ever grew so quickly as that idea, and soon I walked with my head among the stars. It happened, too, just about this time, that everybody was expecting a shower of meteors, or "falling stars" as they were called; and although I did not see them, I was another King of Scotland, measured eleven and a half feet, and La Mare, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on December 18th he found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove them, he found human skeletons ten and eleven feet long. Coming to more reliable evidence, it seems certain that a height of even more than nine feet has been attained. In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a skeleton eight feet six inches in height. In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England is another eight feet two inches in height, and another in the museum of Bonn eight feet. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1835 measured eight feet four and a half inches. The Emperor Maximin was one inch shorter. Skenkins and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorpins saw a girl nineteen years of age who was ten feet high. In 1613 the remains of a supposed giant were found on the Rhone. It was stated that the skeleton had been in a tomb thirty feet long, bearing the inscription "*Teutobochus Rex*." The Parisians crowded to see the bones of the King Teutobochus; but it was afterward found that the remains were not those of a man, but of a mastodon. Dr. Mather, in 1712, announced the discovery of the bones and teeth of a giant in the province of New York. The statement was published in the "*Philosophical Transactions*;" but it was subsequently ascertained that the bones in this case also were those of a mastodon. It appears that attempts have been made to manufacture giants. According to Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, Bishop Berkeley attempted to manufacture one. He reared an orphan boy named Magrath on certain hygienic principles, and succeeded so far that at the age of seventeen years he was seven feet in height. He died with all the symptoms of old age when he had completed his twentieth year, at which time he was seven feet eight inches high. Great diversity as to height prevails among the human race. Men rarely exceed six feet. In northern latitudes men are below the ordinary standard. In temperate climates the height varies from four and a half to six feet.

One day, just before harvest, an Ohio farmer went to Cincinnati to buy a reaper. A delighted agent collared the granger and dragged him into his warehouse. As they walked down the well-stocked room the farmer, in a meditative mood, quoted the line: "There is a reaper whose name is Death," but before he could start the second line the agent broke in: "Ah, yes, I know it, sir; I know it like a book. We handled that reaper one season, sir, and I'd take \$5,000 out of my pocket this minute if it would undo the damage of the reaper did our business in that one year. You don't want it, sir. You don't want to look at it. The machinery is complicated; it gets out of order easily; you have to send clear to Akron for a new piece of gearing; it doesn't cut clean, and it nearly kills the horses; jans their shoulders all to pieces, sir. I know that reaper, sir. It's an old, old style, sir, and you don't want it. Now here, sir, I can show you a reaper that—" But the astonished farmer just interrupted him to say that the reaper he mentioned was an old style, but he was certain it did its work well, though, all the same; it wasn't the kind he wanted, and he had no idea of buying it to work on his farm. He bought another reaper, blood-thirsty as a Cossack, and reaped, as an autumn sunset, and the agent told how nicely he sold a reaper to an old fellow who came in there just dead set for some old machine that he had never heard of before.

A woman in a Kansas Pacific railroad car sat facing a man who with one eye, at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said: "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so; but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir; it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you will excuse it. But upon my soul, I am not surprised that even a glass eye should feel inquisitive in so pretty a woman." The explanation and the compliment combined to put the woman in a good humor.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another. "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I suppose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a hokin' reg'lar every day and says I merit two."

Brilliant gathering—A cluster of diamonds.

GIANTS.

Some of the Tall People of History.

The existence of a race of giants far exceeding those exhibited in modern times was fully believed in up to the commencement of the eighteenth century.

This belief was founded partly upon the Old Testament, partly upon the discovery of huge bones supposed to be those of human beings, and partly upon the accounts handed down by medieval writers. The Old Testament says: "There were giants in those days," and giant is applied to several races of men, as the Anakim, Rephaim, Emim, the Zoniyenim and others. There are several instances in the Old Testament of individual giants, such as Og (who slept on a bedstead of iron) and Goliath. The height of Og is not mentioned, but Goliath, at most, did not exceed eight and a half feet in stature. Other historians (sometimes called profane) also mention giants, but some of their accounts are not worthy of belief. Plutarch states that when the grave of Anteus was opened by Serbonius the body was found to be sixty cubits long. One also relates that at an earthquake in Crete the bones of a giant forty-six cubits in length were disclosed. Giants play a part in the mythology of almost all nations of Aryan descent. The Greeks, who represented them as being of monstrous size, with hideous countenances, and having the tails of dragons, placed their abode in volcanic districts, whether they were fabled to have been banished after three unsuccessful attempts upon heaven, when the gods, with the assistance of Hercules, imprisoned them under Etna and other volcanoes. The body of Orestes, according to Greek history, was eleven and a half feet high. The giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Caesar, was about ten feet, and the bones of Secendilla and Pufio, keepers of the gardens of Saliuti, were but six inches shorter. We read that the giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of the celebrated Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Funnun, a Scotlan, who lived at the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven and a half feet, and La Mare, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on December 18th he found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove them, he found human skeletons ten and eleven feet long. Coming to more reliable evidence, it seems certain that a height of even more than nine feet has been attained. In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a skeleton eight feet six inches in height. In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England is another eight feet two inches in height, and another in the museum of Bonn eight feet. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1835 measured eight feet four and a half inches. The Emperor Maximin was one inch shorter. Skenkins and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorpins saw a girl nineteen years of age who was ten feet high. In 1613 the remains of a supposed giant were found on the Rhone. It was stated that the skeleton had been in a tomb thirty feet long, bearing the inscription "*Teutobochus Rex*." The Parisians crowded to see the bones of the King Teutobochus; but it was afterward found that the remains were not those of a man, but of a mastodon. Dr. Mather, in 1712, announced the discovery of the bones and teeth of a giant in the province of New York. The statement was published in the "*Philosophical Transactions*;" but it was subsequently ascertained that the bones in this case also were those of a mastodon. It appears that attempts have been made to manufacture giants. According to Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, Bishop Berkeley attempted to manufacture one. He reared an orphan boy named Magrath on certain hygienic principles, and succeeded so far that at the age of seventeen years he was seven feet in height. He died with all the symptoms of old age when he had completed his twentieth year, at which time he was seven feet eight inches high. Great diversity as to height prevails among the human race. Men rarely exceed six feet. In northern latitudes men are below the ordinary standard. In temperate climates the height varies from four and a half to six feet.

Some of the Tall People of History.

A Bully Tells Of.

A French paper tells the following story: While L'Eclair No. 2 slowly went up La Grange river, Lodois Podensac, who was clerk on board the steambot, and whom everybody called captain, I say Lodois Podensac was as much embarrassed as embarrassed could be.

An officer of the 13th regiment of hussars was stretched at ease on three chairs—one bore his body, the other bore his legs, the third his left arm. Lapped into a jering beatitude, he smoked an enormous pipe, whose thick smoke was blown by the wind straight into the faces of two charming ladies. The latter, after having borne for some time this disagreeable smoke, at last made sign to Captain Lodois Podensac. He at once understood what they meant, and went up to the officer and said: "You will greatly oblige me were you to change your place. The two ladies behind you are seriously inconvenienced by the smoke of your pipe." The officer slowly raised his eyes, looked at Captain Lodois Podensac, smoked faster, drew inspiration deeper than ever; lazily moving his right arm, he pointed to his saber and said: "I refer you to Coco." Captain Lodois Podensac asked: "What do you mean? Who is Coco?" The officer ironically replied: "I refer you to Coco." Captain Lodois Podensac saw the officer sought a quarrel, so Podensac turned his back on the officer, who smoked more than ever. The steambot was full of passengers. The ladies had no alternative but to change their seats, which were in the shade, and to sit in the sun—an August sun. So they preferred putting up a little longer with the inconvenience, sure that the captain would soon make the officer behave himself. Podensac was young; he was ambitious to please ladies, especially when they were his passengers; so he attacked the smoke again and went up to him saying: "You will oblige me to deal harshly with you, but it is your own fault. You have no right to remain on the quarter-deck, for you have only a second-class ticket. Your place is forward." The officer carelessly replied, still patting his sword: "I refer you to Coco." "You annoy me with your Coco. I don't know Coco. I don't want to know Coco, have nothing to say to Coco. Will you go forward?" "Once, twice." "I refer you to Coco," repeated the officer, smoking faster than ever. Podensac was furious. He went up to two sailors who were standing near the smoke-stack and gave them an order in a low tone. He returned with them and said to the officer: "I should be very sorry to use force, but if you do not obey me I shall be obliged to make my men carry you forward." The officer quickly answered: "I refer you to Coco." Podensac's first impulse was to seize the insolent officer by the collar and drag him forward, kicking him as he went. He all at once exclaimed—evidently a thought had suddenly occurred to him: "You are right. You refer me to Coco. Do you think I am afraid of you, of such as you, of Coco? Wait one minute and I'll let you see." The captain went below and in a few minutes afterward came out of his cabin brandishing an immense saber. He went up to the officer and said, "See on our lee, there is a little island. It is entirely deserted. It is the very place for you and me. I shall land you there, and I shall say to Coco more than you now dream of." The officer rose. The captain ordered the engineer to stop the boat and the helmsman to put her close to shore. When she almost touched shore the captain ordered the gangway to be put out. When it was in position the captain said to the officer: "Will you land?" In a moment the officer was on the island. In less time the gangway was taken in, a full head of steam put on and the boat in the middle of the river. The officer yelled in a towering rage, "What does all this mean?" The captain yelled back, "I refer you to Coco." "I have you played a trick on me?" "I refer you to Coco." "Do you mean to insult me?" "I refer you to Coco."

Satisfying His Hunger.

"For the sake of humanity give me just one mouthful to eat," he said, as he halted before one of the eating stands in the Central Market yesterday. "I've nothing for tramps," replied the woman. "I'll take anything—even them 'later parings," he continued, "for I haven't tasted food in three days. If I can't get food I shall become desperate." "I can't spare anything but this prep—"

"I don't care what it is," he interrupted, "only don't be stingy with it. There—that's it—give me a heaping spoonful and I'll always remember you with gratitude." It was a bottle of grated horse-radish, strong as the grip of a paving ring on a city, and the woman lifted out a big spoonful and deposited it in his open mouth. The tramp must have taken it for some sort of prepared infants' food, for his mouth closed with a yum! yum! It opened again, however, and when he started to run he upset a dozen flower-pots, two boys and a barrel of charcoal. Much of the dose was blown into the eyes of a horse hitched to a vegetable wagon, and after the man had run twice around the market with his mouth wide open he got a slant for the Randolph street fountain, and never took his chin out of the basin for forty straight minutes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Words of Wisdom.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous. Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life. When the millions applaud you, seriously ask what harm you have done; when they curse you, what good. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort. Misfortune is but another word for the follies, blunders and vices which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to anything, in short, but to ourselves. Our own head and heart are the heaven and earth which we accuse and make responsible for all our calamities. There is this difference between those temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health. There are, according to the *Dubuque (Iowa) Herald*, one billion logs afloat on the Chippewa, Menominee and Black rivers. The mills, it thinks, will have all they can do for the next two years.