

CATCHING LADY SMUGGLERS.

How the Business is Managed on the Canadian Border—A Lady Detective's Experience with the Weaker Sex—Women the Boldest and Most Ingenious Smugglers—Some of the Devices they Resort to.

Going to and fro on the regular ferry-boats and observing the ladies who crowd the upper decks, one is astonished at the clumsiness of feminine fashions—the prevalence of ultra large hoops, the ungraceful drapery of shawls and the bulkiness of the tournure in contrast to the sleek-like slimmest of apparel which has so long been the prevailing style. It is noticeable, too, that these very respectable ladies are of all ages, single and married, some very handsome, others quite ordinary in appearance. They seem to shun observation, and sit in remote corners. They have, too, a flushed, disheveled look, as if they might be refugees from the fever district. Sometimes they are shadowed by a plain respectable looking woman, past the boundary of youth, who seems to take a deep interest in them. Each rest less matron or maiden passes under her surveillance, though unaware of the fact, until the landing is reached, and a sudden tap upon the shoulder is followed by a low-spoken "Come with me, who are the much-be-clothed victims? They are one and all smugglers; excellent people, belonging to the best Canadian or American families, but as intent on defrauding the government out of its tariff as if the object were the most notorious in the world. Women are natural smugglers. They enjoy the perils as well as the profits of outwitting a government detective. There is a smack of outlawry about the business that is delightfully romantic, and not the least bit wicked—so the dear creatures argue. The woman who confronts them with the fact that they have smuggled goods about them is a government detective, several of whom are employed to watch the ladies and compel them "to render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." A representative of the *Free Press* has a recent opportunity of a moment's chat with Miss Harriet Thompson, the new employee of the Canadian government, who is only interested in goods passing from Detroit to Windsor.

"Have you been long in this business, Miss Thompson?" was asked by way of prelude.

"About two months only; it was entirely new to me, but I think I understand it thoroughly now."

"About how many do you average on your daily trips?"

"I do not make daily trips—sometimes I am at Chatham or at Sarina, and I have an office where ladies are searched. It is my business to assist them to disrobe—gently, if they will, but forcibly if they resist. It is not a pleasant business, I can assure you, but I have my duty to perform. Some of the ladies are very nice. The younger ones will cry and wring their hands, and sometimes faint; they hate to give up the goods and are so ashamed at being caught."

"Where you find smuggled goods, do you keep them?"

"No, we compel the smugglers, if we can, to tell what they paid for them. They can then keep the goods by paying us what they originally cost. We appraise them ourselves if they give false prices. Sometimes the Detroit firms make out bills of lower value, or furnish the parties with bill heads, which they fill up to suit themselves. These we estimate on our own figures and release the parties on payment."

"What class of goods do the smugglers give the largest preference to?"

"White and gray cottons, heavy colored drillings, fancy knitted goods and that class. The duty on such is about twenty-five per cent. The goods are bulky and hard to handle; that is why they are so easily detected. The ladies pin whole pieces of cotton about them, sometimes folded in their shawls or disposed about their skirts, and it makes their movements very awkward. I brought one young lady in here the other day who wore a very large bustle, composed entirely of American laces. She cried and pleaded, but had to pay us the value of the whole lot."

"How is it about the Canada side—do the Detroit ladies smuggled from here?"

"Oh! I have nothing to do with that; it is for your government to attend to that. But our goods are principally laces, kid gloves, ribbons and small articles that are easily secreted. A lady can wear a pair of kid gloves, and carry a new umbrella in her hand, and evade herself in laces, and no one will be the wiser. The French women are said to be expert in carrying plated straw across without detection. I could tell you some funny stories of shrinkage in dry goods of ladies who come in here plump and who went away very much attenuated. One stout lady inventoried one piece of white cotton, four pairs of embroidered hose, several yards of black cashmere, one dozen pocket handkerchiefs and a pair of children's shoes, besides linings, buttons and trimmings. She was nearly dead with the weight of the things, but when we took her into the office she gave us a sight of trouble. I was obliged to take the things almost by main force, until she saw there was no help for it, and it cost her pretty severely in the end."

"Will they not recognize you as being in the employ of the government if you frequent the boats?"

"No; they never see me watching them; besides, there is nothing about me to attract attention. I am not in uniform, nor do I ever seem to be watching them."

"How is it about the male passengers? Do they never smuggle?"

"Yes; but the custom-house officials can be much more peremptory with them. They are not in my line; it is only the ladies I am commissioned to watch."

"Is the situation lucrative?"

"It pays very well. I have a regular salary and a commission on all revenue derived from my work. It is an ungracious business, but perfectly respectable. If ladies are surprised to see a woman fill such an office, it surprises me as much to find them engaged in smuggling and breaking the laws of the country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ALTHOUGH Henry Lunday, of Stratford, Ct., was 70 years old, he not only fell in love with a woman of 20, but was hopeful that she would marry him. She was cold and persistent. Finally she forbade him to call on her, and then he, after bequeathing all his property to an Episcopal Church, committed suicide.

"Would you like to be lynched?" asked an exasperated Missouri farmer of a horse-thief. "No, I'll be hanged if I do!" was the reply.

Use and Abuse of Athletic Exercises.

On the day after the walking match in New York for the Astley championship belt, the Rev. Dr. Eggleston, pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor, in Brooklyn, preached to a large congregation on "Use and Abuse of Athletic Exercises." Dr. Eggleston took for his text II. Corinthians ix. 24. He spoke as follows: I do not intend to make a spiritual application of these words in the liberty which I allow to myself in this pulpit to preach what relates to the conduct of life, ranging from the conventional standard which excludes many topics from the pulpit. I will to-night follow in the direction of your thoughts, and speak on the use and abuse of athletic exercises. A man is at a discount if he has not the right sort of body. There can be no healthful or wholesome action of the mind or the moral person if the physique is enervated. There have been great men with weak bodies, but no man is at his best without physical strength. A man like John Randolph, irritable and excitable, is brilliant for a "short head," to borrow a sporting phrase, but he cannot last. The rule is, to weaken the body is to reduce the mind, and men great with feeble bodies would be twice as great with strong ones. A Keats burns out; producing at twenty works which should have been deferred until he was thirty or forty. There must be an equation of mind and body and a proper balance kept. There cannot be any happiness without health.

But we go to work in many ways to systematically break down health. Sending children early to school is one of the most effective of these methods. "Childhood abhors quiet as nature does a vacuum," says one, but children are put in school and kept quiet; it puts an extinguisher upon them and lays the foundation for future misery. The crying shame of our times is the weight and restraint we put upon children. Business men here have no rest; they go like heads upon poles, bent forward. As a foreign lady said, men run in New York. We do not walk enough; the street car is an enemy to health. Muscle is not to be cultivated at the expense of brain. Carry physical culture too far and the brain is drawn upon. Men like Dr. Winslow, all muscle, frequently die suddenly. There is too much muscle in our colleges now. The boating men cannot learn anything else, as I see.

Their sports show the character of people. In their Olympic games we see the superiority of the Greeks over the Romans. The latter, in their gladiatorial contests, showed the infernal depth of barbarism in which they were sunk. The Greeks had no tremendous test of endurance for six days; no gate money or bookmaking. They offered no prize of money value after the first few contests, but gave the victor in a foot race a simple wreath of myrtle. How different the force of the knightly tournaments of the middle ages or the bull baiting and cock-fighting of our forefathers! But brutality is not absent from our sports. We are not content, as the Greeks, to have contests in running or wrestling only, but must see men prove their endurance by walking. I have had that universal human interest in walking matches to know how the score stands. I see the good in pluck and tremendous endurance and cannot help admiring it. The everlasting hold on which keeps men up to their work is to be admired wherever seen. But when their calling out of all the forces of human nature is allied with gambling and betting, we see how brutalizing it is. Such a scene as that in front of the *Herald* office of four hundred or five hundred persons watching the bulletin, and when it stated that "Hazel is going groggy and complaining severely of his knees," putting their hands deep in their pockets because it affects them there, is not a noble one. It is not a sport worthy of the patronage of the noblemen of England or the gentlemen of America. It is not noble to measure men by their legs. Tenacity of purpose belongs to brutes as well as men; bulldozers have the lung which does not give up. When a man roars like Rowell is sick, or cast bricks at another contestant, it shows how degrading such a contest can become. I will say nothing about the waste of money and time by the spectators. If New York wishes to pay \$70,000 in a week for the spectacle I suppose it will; I would not suppress it by law. But it is worth while to notice how the police force wink at crime and how betting and gambling are carried on in their presence, for aught I know they taking part, if the truth were known. This tremendous excitement effects each one of us. It is a savagery coming to the surface. I am no Puritan, but I desire to stand against anything which dehumanizes and degrades, and the lessons of the past week may, I hope, be correctives to us all.

Marrying Chinaman.

The absence of Chinese women in the East has compelled the males to intermarry with the whites. There are in New York at the present time nearly 300 Chinamen who have white wives. They are mainly Spanish and Irish women, the Mongolians preferring the latter on account of their skill in domestic labor. Few of them allow their wives to work. This is due to a spirit of gallantry which is visible even in the West. The intermarriage of races commenced about six years ago. Consequently a young China-Celtic generation is springing up, the oldest of whom is about five years of age. As these children are becoming very numerous, they may become an important factor in strengthening the kindly relations between our citizens and Chinese emigrants. In a year or two some of them will be old enough to enter school. Not only have the Chinese married Spanish and Irish women, but at No. 45 Mott street there lives a Chinaman who married a colored woman. The pair have three fine-looking children.—*New York Herald.*

The "Devil's Horse."

The mantis (meaning prophet) is defined by Webster as a Linnæan genus of voracious insects, remarkable for their slender, grotesque forms. One species has a pair of legs in front resembling a person's hands when folded in prayer, and is often called the praying mantis. It is better known, however, by the profane appellation of "devil's horse." About a year ago Mr. N. N. John—who professes to be not much of a physicist, but some on entomology and horticulture—cut the head off one, the trunk of which lived forty hours afterward. He now reports that he cut the head off another last Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., which was alive at 4 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, fifty-two hours later. Facts which seem to argue that there are important nerve centers in the trunk of the insect as well as in the head.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The ladies of the Bible and fruit mission in New York city have erected and paid for a substantial and attractive three-story brick building opposite the Bellevue hospital, to furnish refreshments for the bare cost of material and cooking, to draw away as many as possible from the drinking saloons. The first story is a restaurant, the second a lecture-room, reading-room and parlor; the third is for lodging-rooms. There is field enough for several establishments of this kind in New York.

The London *Times* prints some statistics relating to the population of the United States, which "exhibit a picture of progress that cannot fail to gladden the patriotic hearts of sanguine citizens of the North American republic." "The citizens of the United States," it adds, "will doubtless have ample reason to congratulate each other as the figures of each succeeding census are made public. They are certain to become as numerous as the most exacting among them might desire. We witness their progress with satisfaction. As they widen the circle of their nationality they at the same time enlarge the bounds of our common race and of our mother tongue." The population of the United States in 1870 was 38,555,983. Seventy years before it was about 5,308,000.

The fire-devastated city of Deadwood, in the Black Hills, was situated in a gulch with a few houses scattered on the sides of the hills, and when once on fire a draft was created which was irresistible. It was the largest and richest town in Dakota Territory, and it will be promptly rebuilt and in a much more substantial manner than before. It was built so hurriedly and cheaply that the wonder is that it was not sooner destroyed by fire. The character and enterprise of the sufferers by the Deadwood fire are illustrated by the fact that for days since the fire the telegraph wires from there were so burdened with orders for goods that it was almost impossible to get any news through. The telegraph operator established himself temporarily on a bluff a mile and a half from the town with a barrel head for a desk and had no reason to complain of dull business.

A photographer at Scarborough, England, who died lately, was famous in the business for the shrewd way in which he induced persons to order portraits in oil, when they had intended only to sit for card photographs. Selecting the most pleasing of two or three negatives which had been taken, it was handed into a distant department fitted up for rapidly producing transparencies. In transparency obtained, it was placed in a magic lantern kept ready, and a life-sized image was thrown on the screen. The photographer had, in the meantime, invited the sitter into a gallery of life-size portraits well painted in oil and handsomely framed. These, of course, elicited admiration, and eventually he led his visitor into the room where a fine portrait of himself was presented life-size on the screen. The effect, as all photographers know, is very striking and fully admits of a little eloquent talk on its fitness for painting.

Since 1874 there has been a considerable development of the paper manufacture by machinery in Japan. The first paper mill was built in that year at Mila, Yeddo, by Mr. Doyle, an American, who carried it on with two American managers and 150 Japanese workmen. Great opposition was thrown in the way of this undertaking by the governor, Oyekaku, and the under finance minister, Mutzo, who afterward fell from their high estate and were stripped of their dignities. This paper mill is now government property. The second is also at Yeddo and belongs to Asano, Count of Geishu, and was erected by an Englishman named Rodgers. A third is at Osaka, and a fourth Kioto, built and carried on by Germans. The fifth is an American undertaking at Oji, and the sixth was established by an English company in Kobe for the working up of rags to half-stuff, but it did not succeed and was sold to Messrs. Walsh, Hall & Co. It is now carried on as a paper mill.

Neal Dow examined the English postal service when recently in England, and his opinion is that it could not easily be improved. On the great mail routes the railroad trains are run very rapidly, and they take in and throw out the letter bags without stopping as they fly along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. They pause only at the principal stations upon their way. Anywhere within the kingdoms a letter of one ounce weight goes for a penny, and the terms are very cheap for other available matter. This penny rate includes the entire cost of service in the transportation and delivery, not only in the large towns, as in this country, but also in all the smaller towns and villages and rural districts. There is no cottage so remote or retired that the letter-carrier does not reach it. The perfection of this system of actual delivery is possible, is thus illustrated by Mr. Dow. "I have received among the Highlands of Scotland a letter addressed to me at Liverpool. It was marked at the office 'Not here, Try Manchester.' There again it was marked 'Try Edinburgh.' And there it reached me."

Awful and Appalling Aliteration.

We want to wailer in the blood of the blamed blatherskites who perennially persist in aiming at "apt aliteration's artful aid" in all articles appearing in their particular papers. We want to welcome all well-wishers of our common country, of our corrupted commonwealth and our beloved Boston to our aid in seizing upon this sign of sensationalism and dreadfully drubbing the driving, dreary and disgusting literary lover of light or lofty literature to be pertinaciously and perpetually pestered with some such sentence as "Dear Daniel Drows Dead," or "The Boston Batters Beaten Beautifully," or "The Fire Fiend Furious," or "Murky Murder Mangles the Mortal Manes of More Massacred Men." There is a kind of meaningless, musical madness about this literary lunacy that decidedly deceives its devotees. They think they are doing doughty deeds with their quays, querulous and quixotic quills, whereas they but mechanically manipulate meaningless maunderings, marrying metrical musings and mournful mutterings with mendacious and mediocre matter. Out on the *outré* and outrageous outpourings of these outcasts, these outlaws. Out them out if you can, outdo them if you can't.—*Boston Transcript.*

FLOODING THE SAHARA.

Importance of the Results to Be Obtained. (From Harper's Weekly.)

Two plans have been set before the public with regard to the great project of flooding the immense basin of Sahara, known as El Juf, which is now generally conceded to be the bed of a former inland sea. One of these plans is so far in actual operation that preliminary surveys are now in progress under the direction of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, to test the feasibility of cutting a canal from Cabes, on the coast of Tunis, to let the waters of the Mediterranean into the great central depression. Reports from these parties are very favorable. They find the soil free from serious obstacles to engineering work, generally sand, to a great depth, resting on a calcareous foundation. They entertain no doubt that the work can be more easily accomplished than the excavation of the Suez canal.

The other plan is that of reopening the ancient outlet of the inland sea to the Atlantic, at a place called Boca Grande, or Great Mouth, and thus filling with water the vast depression of El Juf, which lies far below the level of the ocean. This basin, irregular in shape, extends from within twelve miles of the sea-coast to as far south as the region of Azawad and Walata, to the north of Timbuctoo. The greatest length of this depression is given at about 500 miles, and the greatest breadth at about 120 miles, altogether covering an area of about 60,000 square miles. The breadth of El Juf is much greater in the south, but toward the northwest it seems gradually to get narrower, terminating in the great channel which in former years connected it with the Atlantic ocean. There cannot be any doubt but that El Juf at one time formed part of the Atlantic ocean, and that the connection existed within historic times seems clear enough. Upon the cause which led to the drying up of the El Juf see the classic writers are not very clear. It is recorded by Diogenes Siculus that, according to ancient tradition, a lake called Hesperides, in the portion of the Sahara now occupied by El Juf, was suddenly dried up. Arab traditions point out that several depressions in the Sahara were covered with water in A. D. 681, but, since the year 1200, the water gradually disappeared.

The importance of the advantages to be gained by the accomplishment of this vast enterprise can hardly be over-estimated. Soudan has a population of about 38,000,000 of the most intelligent and energetic of all the African races. They have successfully been brought under the influence of Carthaginian, Roman, Egyptian, and Mohammedan civilization. They have formed themselves into independent states, and possess numerous walled towns of commercial importance. They have established laws and education, and stamped out many of the worst forms of pagan superstition. They cultivate the soil, and carry on several branches of manufacture with remarkable success. The people of Soudan receive their supply of European merchandise across the Sahara from the ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli—a system of communication with the outer world which has existed for thousands of years. Caravans proceeding by any of these routes can only make one journey a year, traversing about 2,000 miles of mountainous and difficult country before the nearest market of Soudan is reached. These paths, formerly used by the merchants of antiquity, now serve the Arab caravans. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the annual value of the trade between the northern ports and Soudan amounts to about \$4,000,000. An easier mode of transit would evidently lead to a large development of this trade.

The distance from Cape Juby to Timbuctoo, on the Upper Niger, is about 800 miles of level country, thus being 1,200 miles shorter than the present routes. On the line proposed by Mr. Mackenzie there are no less than forty-two stations, with plenty of water. He thinks that caravans could make three journeys a year by it with greater ease than one by the present roads. Therefore, without any outlay whatever for roads, an annual trade of \$12,000,000 would soon be established. To attain this object all that is necessary is to form a commercial station at Port St. Bartholomew, Cape Juby, where the climate is equal to that of Madeira and Canary, obtain the protection of the Berber chiefs of the Western Sahara (under whose protection the present trade is carried on), and place agents in the principal towns on the road to Timbuctoo. The road to Central Africa would then be practically opened to commerce through a healthy country, and from a point within nine days' sail of European shores.

With the Sahara flooded, direct navigation with Europe would be established. And thus will also be opened a more extensive market for American goods. We have heard of the desert being made "to blossom as a rose;" it is certainly a fascinating idea that a vast and arid waste is to be covered by a portion of the waters of the mighty Atlantic. And if this opening up of the interior of Africa to civilization and commerce is to abolish the African slave trade, with all its attendant horrors, then do we most earnestly wish it a hearty Godspeed.

Luck and Labor.

If the boy who exclaims, "Just my luck!" was truthful, he would say, "Just my laziness!" or "Just my inattention!" Mr. Cobden would proverbially say "Luck and Labor." It would be well for boys to memorize them:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out 6 o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.—*Watchman.*

Perishing on the Plains.

The dangers incident to travel across the trackless alkali plains of the West, unless the traveler is familiar with the route and well prepared for a journey, are well understood, yet people are found who undertake the hazardous expedition, and many leave their bones to whiten on the sands of the desert as a consequence of their rashness. As Deo Malcom, who arrived in town on Thursday from his home in Tulare county, was crossing the San Joaquin plains, he found a man lying in the sand nearly dead from thirst. He was unable to stand or articulate, his tongue was so swollen as to protrude from his mouth several inches; his eyes were wild and glassy, and his mind wandered. Deo moistened the man's lips and poured water on his face, but failed to restore him to consciousness. He then placed him in his wagon, administering the water from time to time until he reached an alkali pool some eighteen miles distant. The water being unfit to drink, Deo took out his man and gave him a thorough soaking, which seemed to revive him a little. He then propped him with him about eight miles to Shaw's, on the Panole, where there is an abundance of fresh water. Here, after a time of careful nursing, the man recovered sufficiently to be able to talk and walk, though still very weak and debilitated. He informed Mr. Malcom that he had spent a few days in Hollister and had started for White's Ferry to look for a job of sheep-shearing. He had a small canteen of water, which he consumed the first half day out, and up to the time when found had not tasted the water for forty-eight hours. It was by the merest accident that the man was discovered, as Malcom was traveling an almost unused track. The spot where he lay was not far from where the remains of poor old man Jost were found a few years ago—another victim to thirst and exposure.—*Hollister (Cal.) Enterprise.*

The Sun's Power.

Is an interesting and eloquent paper on "The Sun a Source of Power." Professor Langley takes the following method of giving some idea of the work performed by the sun's heat on our earth, which receives only a small fraction of the enormous quantity sent out yearly from the center of our system. He shows, by a simple calculation, that Manhattan Island receives 1,393,920,000 cubic feet, or 38,781,600 tons, of rain in a year. "The amount of this," he says, "may be better appreciated by comparison. Thus, the pyramid of Cheops contains less than 100,000,000 cubic feet, and weighs less than 7,000,000 tons; and this water, then, in the form of ice, would many times replace the largest pyramid of Egypt. If we had to cart it away it would require 3,231,800 cars carrying twelve tons each to remove it; and these, at an average length of thirty feet to the car, would make six trains, each reaching in one continuous line of cars across the continent, so that the leading locomotive of each train would be at San Francisco before the rear had left New York." A day's rainfall of one-tenth of an inch spread over the United States represents ten thousand millions of tons, and would take, he states, more than all the pumping-engines which supply Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities, depending more or less on steam for portable water, working day and night for a century, to put it back to the height to which it was raised by the sun before it fell. It has been found by careful experiment that the effect of the heat of a vertical sun in the month of March, acting on a square foot of the earth's surface, after having lost a portion of its energy through absorption by our atmosphere, is equivalent to 0.131 horse-power; and other problems with equally startling results can be readily framed from this and other accessible data.

The Moment of Fear.

Bonaparte lost four aides-de-camp during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Napoleon to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word coward escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed until the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp lookout was kept by the garrison that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them it was immediately grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you!" cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late; the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous brave of all dangers, had also his moment of fear, which cost him the countenance of his general until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded. He was removed from the presence of the general and in every way discountenanced. In Egypt he was sent out on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was superb. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a moment of fear. "That man," said he, "is worse than a poltroon who pretends he never knows fear."—*Chambers' Journal.*

What a Single Bean Can Produce.

The history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at South-bridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield, as counted, "was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produces 1,515 beans, and each bean produces 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,390 army rations, equal to eighteen and five-eighths bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same, we have a product of 3,396,038,800,225 beans, equal to 1,721,840 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,756,038 soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamship Great Eastern ninety-two full freightings. Few beans, however, start so well as this one did.

A Rhyme of the Time.

Miss Pallas Endora Von Blarkey
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.
She could tell the great uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the wars of the Roses,
And the names of things—why the Indians wore tinies
In their red, original noses!
Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma,"
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer.
She had views on co education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation,
And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!
—*Nellie G. Cone.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are seventeen ladies regularly connected with the Chicago press. American corned beef is superseding all other kinds in the markets of Germany.

Women are archers by nature. The bent of their inclination is to bend beaux.—*New York Mail.*

The entire population of Paris, whether floating or permanent, is counted officially every month.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Lafayette in Druid Hall Park, Baltimore, at a cost of \$12,000.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

The cotton factors of New Orleans believe there will be 250,000 more bales received there this season than last.

Hundreds of Esquimaux have been starving to death, owing to the wanton destruction of walrus by whalers.

"A Fraud in Silks," is the startling head line in an exchange. Ah! Went back on you, did she?—*Rockland Courier.*

Quite a brisk demand for American windmills has sprung up in the British colonies, West India islands and South America.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought to be of too little importance to be attended to.

Anybody is apt to be mistaken, but a boy never but once attempts to pat a short horned bull on the head.—*New York Express.*

The barber's razor took hold of his beard with a vengeance, when he looked up and said, apologetically, "My dear sir, I came to get shaved—not to get a tooth pulled!"

An article is going the rounds headed, "Abuse of Tobacco." There is no help for it. Tobacco, must take its share of abuse if it isn't strong enough to help itself.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The St. Petersburg *Globe* says that 11,854 persons were incarcerated in the Central prison at Moscow during the summer, 10,477 of whom were condemned to exile in Siberia.

The man who fell off the fence into the brambles was much nettled by the occurrence. "We hope thistle be appreciated," says a punster. Weed have said the same thing.

Louisiana's temperance alliance give the amount of liquor drunk in the State at \$42,000,000 yearly, or \$8,000,000 more than the value of the combined cotton, sugar and rice crops.

If you want to convince a boy of sixteen that this world is all a blank just kindly inquire about these days if he is going to block out a pair of chin whiskers for the winter season.—*Free Press.*

That was an observing little fellow, if he was but six years old, who said: "Pap, I wish you'd quarantine against Tom Jones coming here every night to see Jennie. It's got to be too epidemic."

A Chinaman in Paris committed suicide because his tormentors had cut off his queue. He fastened the cherished braid with pins to the place where it ought to grow, and jumped into the river.

The sum received by Rowell, the winner of the pedestrian match in New York, equalled \$3.90 for every "lap" around the track—a lap being equivalent to one-eight of a mile. He made about \$3 every minute of his walk.

Wm. Hazlett, of Portland, Oregon, in the shadow of fatal illness concluded to shorten the fight over his estate somewhat by burning \$22,000 in greenbacks. He soon began to mend, however, and is now as mad as he can be to think he got well.

Now, then, the woodland colonnades
The withered banners of June
Floated downward to the lowly blades
That sigh the summer's parting boon.
From many a lowly meadow nook
The thistle flouts its snowy flakes,
And cometh to the faithful cook
A growing hint of blackhead cakes.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A commercial traveler at Marseilles, France, having refused leave to his maid-servant to take his daughter to the skating rink, they did not appear next morning, and on the bedroom being burst open both were found suffocated. A note in the maid's writing said: "You shall no longer have your daughter; I take her to a better world." Their ages were twenty-six and fourteen.

Curious Facts.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect this, he has in maturity and health sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 334 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore 2,640 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. As to the speed of animated beings, size and construction seem to have little influence. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds, but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild cat of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour. A violent winds travels sixty to seventy miles an hour.