

Horace Greeley and the Ticket Agent.

A reformed ticket agent, a man now engaged in a mercantile pursuit, and who looks back with a profound melancholy and remorse to his wicked career, as he sailed in as a ticket agent, told me that once, in his sinful days, he was employed at Chicago on a through line from that incorporated Boros on the lake to New York city, which, made up of a new combination, was "bucking" against Vanderbilt. To extend its custom the combination had at Chicago a corps of able-bodied ruffians, to seize wayfarers by the throat and fetch them up to the ticket agent, where the innocent traveler was to be talked into a ticket over the combination.

One day an able-bodied ruffian came leading up a rough-looking customer, who wished to purchase a ticket for New York by the way of Cleveland. But evidently the old white-hatted, loose-trousered, coarse-booted countryman, with his white head and goggling look, did not know what he wanted. It was for the ticket agent to care for him, and so he rattled on with ticket in hand until the venerable, goggle-eyed old shuffle-toes had extracted from a fat wallet the price and shambled awkwardly away.

"Say, old fellow," asked a friend, who happened to be in the office, "do you know who you sold a ticket to then?" "Some old fool of a corn-cracker."

"Not a bit of it—that was Horace Greeley."

"Ger whilleans! and he wanted to go to Cleveland?"

"Yes, he is billed to lecture there, and the *Tribune* will give your combination the denuce for the swindle."

"That's so. Here, you put your cheek to this hole till I find him."

Away ran the ticket agent. It was not difficult to find the hotel at which the venerable philosopher lodged. The ticket agent found him in the reading-room poring over a late issue of the *Tribune*. He tapped Horace on the shoulder, and the philosopher looked up with the childlike expression of his that seemed to come out from open eyes and mouth.

"I beg your pardon," said the agent, "but I sold you a ticket to New York awhile since, and I made a mistake."

"In the money, I suppose?" replied Horace, dryly.

"No, sir, in the route. I remember after you left you said Cleveland. Now the ticket I gave you will not take you to Cleveland."

"The denuce it won't," cried Greeley, starting up. "Well, young man, I can tell you that would be a great disappointment to Cleveland."

"I don't know anything about that; but I did not want any man to miss his way through any fault of mine. So I've been in every hotel in Chicago after you."

"The denuce you have?"

"I have. There is the right ticket. It's over a rival line. But my honor, sir, rises above trick. I bought the right ticket for you, and if you give me the old one we will be even."

"Young man," said Horace, fishing from his capacious pocket the ticket of the combination, "you are very good—too good; come to think of it, too good for a ticket agent. Leave that, good young man, before your innocent nature is corrupted, or your patient screw and podanger line is burst up. Go West, young man, go West."—*Washington Capital*.

A Remarkable Suit.

One of the most remarkable suits ever brought in this country, perhaps, says a contemporary, is that just instituted in the supreme court against F. F. Street and F. F. Smith, proprietors of the *New York Weekly*, growing out of the publication in that journal of a certain sensational story, entitled "Bantam Jim; or, the Poes and Fortunes of a Boy." The suits are brought by James Hickman, Timothy Daniels and Lucy Barnard, through their counsel, Mr. Harry Thompson, of Broadway. Lucy Barnard is only sixteen years of age, and, for the purposes of this suit, Mr. William Friend, of 67 Wall street, has been appointed guardian. The parties all reside at Wellfleet, Barnstable county, Mass. They are most respectable people, yet the reckless author of "Bantam Jim," who gives his name as "Roscoe Blaine," thus uniting the names of the two great Republican chiefs, makes them perform actions and do things in his story before which the gory glory of freebooters or the diabolical devilry of a band of Moorish pirates on the Spanish main would pale into nothingness. As soon as Messrs. Street & Smith became aware of the character of the story they stopped its publication, and inserted the following notice in their paper:

We have just learned that the author of "Bantam Jim" has used the names of living persons in his story and endeavored to ridicule some of them by representing them as guilty of acts which could only have originated in his imagination. As we never permit the columns of the *New York Weekly* to be used as a vehicle for the dissemination of slander, no more of the story will be published. —*New York Monthly Union*.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of others than in their own.

The Brooklyn Bridge and its Builder.

Roebbling was the greatest bridge builder in the world. He started the making of wire cordage in America and built suspension bridges to carry the aqueducts of canals across rivers, and engineered the Pennsylvania railroad across the mountains.

The Brooklyn bridge, between towers, is 1,595 feet long. Behind the towers there are 940 feet each side, back to the anchorages. The whole length of the bridge and approaches is 6,000 feet. It is one of the widest bridges in the world, eighty-five feet, with a promenade thirteen feet wide, two railroad tracks and four carriage and horse-car tracks. It is 135 feet in the center above the water. The rock on which the towers rest is about ninety feet below the surface of the water on the New York side and half that depth on the Brooklyn side, the most stupendous thing about the structure. Each tower is 134 feet long by fifty-six wide, and at the top these dimensions are reduced to 120 feet by forty, or the size of a very large house. Each tower is 268 feet above high water. It is 1,336 feet from the beginning of the causeway on Chatham street out to the anchorage on the New York shore. The architect of the bridge received his death wound almost at its inception, standing on the upper part of Fulton ferry slip as a boat came in and threw its weight against the piles, which yielded and crushed his foot. As if the spirit of the old ferry, about to be supplanted, had revenged itself on the innovator! They buried Roebbling in that summer of 1869 at Trenton, New Jersey, near the spot where poor John Fitch, the watchmaker, eighty-two years before, had started the steamboat. But Roebbling's true monument is the Brooklyn bridge towers, and between them in the nerves and tendons, trembling like a weaver's web, plies the shuttle of his soul. You can hear his own words if you are reverent, calling to the ships and steamers beneath: "It will be the greatest engineering work of the continent, and the greatest bridge in existence. Its towers will be national monuments! It will forever testify to the energy, enterprise and wealth of the great communities it overhangs!" Upon the portal of the bridge they might also inscribe his motto: "I have no fear of honest difference of opinion, it is only cavillers that I dread."—*New York Tribune*.

Arab Oddities.

An Arab entering a house removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cow upon the left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, whilst its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in the summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise, which is liquid, he weighs, but measures wheat, barley and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of his house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus and fireplaces may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan he does work sitting, perhaps using his feet to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Drinks cold water with a sponge, but never bathes in it unless his home be on the seashore. Is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

A Swallow Story that Won't Go Down.

A religious publication of Switzerland prints a letter from a native of Valais, now a farmer at Coritiba, Brazil, which tells an apocryphal story about a swallow. On August 15, 1850, Jean Louis Caillet, the story-teller, then a pious shepherd of Valais, was climbing among the rocks when a swallow alighted on her nest above his head. He climbed up and took the bird, which was perfectly tame, in his hand and, hoping to see it again in the future, wound a bit of brass wire, taken from his rosary, around one of its legs as a means of identification. Just thirty years afterward, Caillet was lying in his bed at Coritiba, Brazil, when he heard a rustling of wings, as if a bird was flying over his bed. He thought that it was probably a bat, and fell asleep again. "When I got up in the morning," he writes, "I saw a dead swallow lying on my window-sill. I took it up carefully, when suddenly I discovered that a piece of brass wire encircled its right leg." Caillet is convinced that this was the very same bird which he had provided with the sign for future recognition thirty years before, when he was in Europe.

A Dog Under a Charm.

A large and handsome St. Bernard dog was stolen from his owner in New York by a man named McQuade. The woman who owned the animal valued him at \$300. The police arrested McQuade and he and the dog were taken to court. The great St. Bernard, during the proceedings in the court, had been chained to a railing. He kept constantly sniffing at McQuade's clothing, and seemed fairly under the influence of a charm. As the police led McQuade away the great animal gave a violent spring forward, breaking the chain, and bursting through the door followed the prisoner. It required the efforts of several policemen to bring him back to his mistress. The police say that McQuade carries an ointment with him which is so attractive to dogs, that they will follow the person who has it upon him wherever he goes. Dog thieves drop some of this ointment on their clothing, and walk by the side of the dog they wish to steal. The animal once having scented it will follow them wherever they go. This, the police, say, is the reason so many valuable dogs are continually being stolen.

A Terribly Strict General.

General Clinchant, the present military governor of Paris, was terribly strict in the Franco-German war. Having the command of raw levies, inclined to be insubordinate, he resolved to show them promptly that he was their master. Once he issued a stringent order against robbing fruit and vegetables from the fields and gardens of the peasants in the Loire valley. A few days afterward a couple of Zouaves stole out of camp by night and gathered a basketful of potatoes. These two soldiers happened to be veterans who had served in the Italian war, and they were brave fellows much liked by their colonel; but this only made their offense worse in the general's eyes; "for," said he "if old soldiers set the example of disobedience, how can we expect the young ones to obey?" So the two Zouaves were shot. On another occasion three young soldiers took it into their heads to go out of camp without leave on Sunday, in order to dine with some friends who lived in the neighborhood. They returned in time for tattoo, thinking, probably, they had committed only a venial offence; they were shot the next morning.

General Clinchant had issued orders that on the march no soldier was to climb into the ambulance vans or store wagons unless certified lame or ill by the army surgeons. The reason of this order was that a number of lazy soldiers used always to swarm on the wagons in order to get a lift instead of marching. One day a youngster who was in perfect health clambered inside a van, and was discovered there by a sergeant, who ordered him to get out. The soldier alighted, but, determined to have his drive, he slit open his boot and inflicted a slight cut on his foot, to make believe that he had gone lame. A corporal saw him, and by-and-bye the lad was reported for the double offense of disobedience and malingering. When he had been court-martialed, the general gave him a chance of his life by calling on him to confess that the injury to his foot was self-inflicted; but the foolish fellow, thinking to save himself by a lie, maintained stoutly that he had gone lame by stepping on a flint. He was accordingly handed over to the provost marshal and shot.—*St. James Gazette*.

New Postal Regulations.

Under the new order of the postmaster-general revoking section 232 of the postal regulations, all partially written matter must be prepaid at the regular letter rate of three cents for each half ounce. A number of exceptions were made to the operations of this rule, but nothing was said about circulars made by the hektograph, the electric pen, etc. Inquiry at the New York postoffice elicits the information that the postmaster-general has made no rulings respecting this class of circulars, but that they are treated as third class matter if left unsealed and containing nothing of the nature of personal correspondence. Other exceptions to the new order are:

Corrected proof sheets and manuscript copy accompanying the same. Date and name of the addressee and of the sender of the circulars and the correction of mere typographical errors therein. Upon third class matter or upon the wrapper inclosing the same the sender may write his own name and address, with the word "from" above and preceding the same, and in either case may make simple marks intended to designate a word or passage of the text to which it is desired to call attention. There may be placed upon the cover or blank leaves of any book or of any printed matter of the third class a manuscript dedication or inscription, but it must be confined to a simple address or consignment as a mark of respect, and it must not partake of the nature of personal correspondence. Upon fourth class matter the sender may write his own name and address, preceded by the word "from," and also the number and names of the articles inclosed. He may also mark the article for identification.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Woman's "Social Standing."

The following story is told by a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*: About a year ago a lady from the country, in conversation with one from Brooklyn, was surprised to find a manifest disposition to frown upon women who receive salaries. The conversation ran upon church singers, their merit and social standing, the country lady being interested in a young friend about to take a place in a city choir. Said the lady from Brooklyn: "We never meet our church singers in society, in our church parlors or anywhere. I suppose they have society of their own, singers and musicians, and keep strictly by themselves, but I have never met or spoken to our soprano any more than to our sexton's wife or daughter." Whereupon the country lady answered with some warmth: "If that is the way you treat well-bred, educated young ladies who, either from choice or necessity, sing in your churches, I will see that no friend of mine goes there to be snubbed. The probability is that you have not many ladies in your church parlors who are her equal in intelligence or common sense, to say nothing of musical attainments." A few weeks after that unpleasant encounter came the announcement of an engagement of marriage between the son of the Brooklyn lady and this same little despised and rejected soprano.

Bee-Keeping.

Just now the "independence of women" is particularly interesting to me, and perhaps I can help a sister in her need. One employment a woman can follow at home is bee-keeping. Begin small and learn the business thoroughly by reading and experience, and when you have learned it well then go into it as largely as seems best. I bought a stand of bees three years ago, but had never worked with bees or seen any one else do so, and hardly knew a drone from a worker, and though the situation is not favorable and the seasons have been very poor, my bees have "paid their rent and boarded themselves." I have read largely and followed the practices of those who have been highly successful, until my neighbors say: "You can do anything you want to with bees, can't you?" Having been entirely successful in all the operations of living natural swarms, artificial swarming, uniting, introducing, transferring, etc., I feel that with this thorough preparation I can go into the business largely of either queen rearing or raising honey for market. It is a fascinating employment, and can be learned at home with but very little outlay.—*Toledo Blade*.

Fashion Fancies.

Very close crimped hair is now in style. Tiny combs of gold or steel ornament new hats. Dull Roman red is a new color used in carpets. Flowers of velvet and chenille are used on French hats. Glittering groups of snail shells are seen on new hats. Navy blue and old gold are much used in new carpets. The condor and canary bird furnish the rival colors in millinery. Ladies use gold or jeweled collar buttons almost as much as gentlemen.

Black satin dresses are much trimmed with application of jet arranged in the form of ivy leaves. For evening clusters of roses made of plush are placed on the waist and among the drapery of the dress.

There is a new kind of moccie cloth which has stripes of two or three colors; it is made up in combination with plain material.

Some evening dresses are made up with exceedingly short waists cut away in an oval at the throat, and only need three hooks to fasten them at the back. The only trimming on the skirt is a little flounce.

Wooden boxes for the dressing-bureau are almost displaced by those of plush velvet and leather. The few wooden boxes which are used are decorated by paintings in oil and by photographs finished in oil.

Pointed basques have vests of fine shirring or lengthwise plaits laid on smoothly in front or showing beneath lacings of heavy cord.

The new Scotch gingham are very brilliant in coloring, and the fabric is unusually fine. They are as handsome in appearance as the plaided silks of last season.

A growing eccentricity is the wearing upon one arm of innumerable bangles hung with charms of every description, and upon the other a gold band of massive thickness and prodigious size.

Some months ago we gave a list of four words reported to be the only words in the English language ending in "cion." To this list two more words have been added—ostracion and pernicion. The list now embraces scion, suspicion, coercion, intercession, pernicion and ostracion. Are there any more?

A pretty face is the sweetest thing shown in spring bonnets.—*Picayune*.

American Scandinavians.

It has been estimated on good authority that there are at present about 600,000, and possibly 800,000, men of Scandinavian descent among the population of the United States. The great majority of these are Norwegians, and belonged, previous to their emigration, almost exclusively to the agricultural and laboring classes. Bringing, as a rule, little or no capital with them except their sturdy health and brawny limbs, they naturally seek the border States, where land can be taken under the homestead law and where their labor can be most profitably invested.

At home their unremitting struggle with the elements, in their toil for daily bread, taught them to demand but little of life and trained them in frugal and industrious habits, which, on this side of the ocean, stand them in good stead, enabling them to cope successfully with the rival nationalities which surround them.

The Norwegian emigration to the United States commenced in the year 1835, when a company of fifty-three persons bought a sloop for \$1,800, and after a series of exciting adventures landed in New York, having been ten weeks on the voyage. They were all unskilled in navigation, and on one occasion came near paying dearly for their ignorance of marine etiquette.

The first and most important settlement which owes its origin to them was the one on the Fox river, La Salle county, Ill., which was founded in 1836. Since then the Norse emigration has been steady and uninterrupted, though varying greatly in numbers from year to year. It was largest in the following years: 1843, 1845, 1848, 1854, 1856, 1860, 1865, 1868, 1878 and 1880. The States in which the Norwegians have settled by preference, and in which they are now numerically strongest, are Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. They seem, however, to be constitutionally adapted for pioneer life, and those of them who have failed to realize their expectations in the older States, besides a large number of new-comers, are continually moving westward, pushing before them the boundary line of civilization.—*Minneapolis Republican*.

Fear of Disease.

It is said that while the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres the grave-diggers bore charmed lives. Of the three hundred men so employed not one died of the disease.

It has often been noticed that during the prevalence of pestilential diseases physicians, undertakers, nurses and grave diggers, whose business compelled constant liability to infection, have usually escaped in a far greater ratio than their numbers would warrant. The "charm" of this immunity from the prevailing scourge is very simple. They are not scared. They are positive to the disease, and repel its attacks. Fear is a great ally of death. Whoever is afraid of disease is in a negative condition, and really invites its approach.

And thus it is the world over. The brave die but once, while cowards die many times.

Much unnecessary alarm exists in every community in regard to many diseases. We are, it is true, all liable to sickness and death. But if we are all sober, cleanly and brave of heart, we need have no fear of disease of body or mind.

Population of the Earth.

Behm and Wagner, in the last edition of their book on the population of the earth, estimate the entire population of the inhabited globe at 1,456,000,000 persons. Europe, without counting Iceland and Nova Zembla, is believed to have 315,929,000 inhabitants on an area of 176,249.9 German square miles, or at the rate of 1,791 persons to the German square mile. Asia is put down as having 834,707,000 inhabitants, on 809,478 square miles—that is, 1,031 persons to the square mile; Africa as having 205,679,800 inhabitants, on 543,187 square miles, or 378 persons to the square mile; America as having 95,495,500 on 697,138.5 square miles, or 137 to the square mile; Australasia as having 4,031,000 on 162,602 square miles, that is, 24 persons to the square mile; the Arctic regions are assumed to have 82,000 inhabitants on 82,091 square miles, or about one person to every square mile. The sum total, as observed, is 1,455,923,500 persons on 2,470,903.4 square miles, or at the rate of 589 persons to the German square mile. The German empire comprises 9,815.6 square miles, with a population (in 1878) of 44,210,948 persons.

It is an acknowledged fact that among the modern machines none work out fine results with more ingenuity of design, workmanship, or careful correlation of weight, strength and material, and precision of movement of parts, than the bicycle.

The Des Moines (Ia.) *Mail Car* speaks right to the point when it says: "No mortal man can edit a paper and be popular with everybody; any man who would even try to would be looked upon as a colossal lunatic."

The salt used by the packers and butchers of San Francisco is obtained by solar evaporation from the waters of the ocean. The process is easy.

One Honest Man.

The other day six men sat around a stove in a Detroit tobacco store. There had been a long period of silence when one of them rubbed his leg and remarked: "That old wound feels as if it was going to open again. I shall always remember the battle of Rich Mountain."

There was a slight stir around the stove, and a second man put his hand to his shoulder and observed:

"And I shall not soon forget Brandy Station. Feels to-day as if the lead was going to work out."

The interest was now considerably increased, and the third man knocked the ashes off his cigar and said:

"Yes, those were two hard fights, but you ought to have been with Nelson at Franklin. But wasn't I excited that day! When these two fingers went with a grape-shot I never felt the pain!"

The fourth man growled out something about Second Bull Run and a saber cut on the head, and the fifth man felt of his left side and said he should always remember the lay of the ground at the Yellow Tavern. The sixth man was silent. The other five looked at him and waited for him to speak, but it was a long time before he pointed to his empty sleeve and asked:

"Gentlemen, do you know where I got that?"

Some mentioned one battle and some another, but he shook his head sadly and continued:

"Boys, let me be honest and own right up. I lost my arm by a buzz-saw, and now we will begin on the left and give every one a chance to clear his conscience. Now then, show your wounds."

The five men leaned back in their chairs and smoked fast and chewed hard and looked at each other, and each one wished he was in Texas when a runaway horse flew by and gave them a chance to rush out and get clear of the one-armed man. It was a narrower escape than any one of them had during the war.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Novel Fight.

A novel combat was witnessed by a large crowd in Kerry Patch, St. Louis. A bantam game cock made a fierce attack upon a small bull-terrier, which had encroached close to a number of chickens that were feeding. At first the dog snarled and showed his teeth, but did not attempt to injure his impudent antagonist. The bantam would not be subdued by such a moderate manifestation of spirit. He flew upon the terrier's back, and sticking his spurs in his hair to obtain a foothold, apparently tried to put out the dog's eyes. The dog then attempted to snap off the bantam's head, but the latter was too quick. After inflicting some slight wounds the bantam flew a short distance and crowed shrilly. Then he darted back again and met the dog half way. The dog was agile and fighting hard, but was never able to get a bite of his opponent. He made a snap every five or six seconds, but the wily rooster always escaped injury. The fight lasted some five minutes, and only once did the bantam's life appear to be in imminent danger. The bantam lost some feathers in the fight, and the dog lost one eye and considerable blood.

Musical Culture.

Theodore Thomas, in a paper in *Scraper*, after describing some of the bad methods of musical culture in this country, says: I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day, and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing-class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice "sounded like common sense."

Pearls of Thought.

Youth looks at the possible; age at the probable.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Never does a man portray his own character so vividly as in his manner of portraying another's.

Much charity which begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors, and much that begins out-doors never gets into the home circle.

There were in Germany in 1878 540 paper mills which together produced 3,000,000 cwt. of paper. This number is exceeded only by the United States, where 567 mills were at work in 1876, turning out but 3,000,000 cwt.