

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The weight of an average male adult is 140 pounds.

New York has a society which sends ice free to all who make application.

Dice games for \$100 a throw are said to be common on the streets of Butte, Montana.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

A tree full of birds was struck by lightning at Owensboro, Ky., and 350 of them killed.

The women prisoners in the Louisville (Ky.) workhouse are compelled to labor in the stone quarries.

The Druids gathered their sacred mistletoe with a gold knife when the moon was six days old.

Wood has been preserved 3,000 years in Egyptian tombs, where it has been exposed only to dry air.

The tunnel under the English Channel at the present rate of working will be completed in five years.

In ancient Elrutia each new month was ushered in by a day of merry-making in honor of a tutelary deity.

A Connecticut woman has given her son a large comforter made of hair cut from her own head during ten years.

The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets for an equal number of sweat glands.

The sense of smell in ants is highly developed. Huber discovered that they trace each other in search of food.

The warm baths, so valued by the Romans, once fell into disrepute because Augustus had been cured by cold ones.

The inhabitants of the island of Nias have one name for blue, violet and black, and another for yellow and orange.

Saint Hilarius ate only fifteen figs and six ounces of barley per diem. Saint Paul, the Hermit, lived 159 years on dates.

Silk damasks are now made by pasting thin silk tissue on cotton. India rubber dissolved in petroleum is used as a cement.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and uses three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogsheads of air per hour.

A cripple, traveling on his hands and knees, has undertaken a journey to Texas, starting from Montreal. He seems confident of his ability to perform his task.

There is a theater in Berlin which gives performances at half-past six in the morning during pleasant summer days. The price of admission is low, and 2,000 to 3,000 persons are often present at these representations.

A Brazilian paper speaks of a negro who died there recently aged 130, and of several other persons who reached remarkable ages, and attributes this longevity principally to the fact that the men and women referred to were vegetarians.

Wonderful Springs.

A most remarkable discovery has just been made in the Sweetwater country in the Wyoming Territory. It is a deposit of sulphuric acid in natural state. The odor, chemical action and general appearance of the stuff demonstrates it to be a pure quality of sulphuric acid. The ground is impregnated over a large area—100 acres or more—and parties have filed claims upon it. When will nature cease her wonders? A short time since Arkansas produced a spring, the waters of which tasted like apple-brandy, and were intoxicating in their effects. California boasts of a honey spring, from which a substance flows that is pronounced to be a good substitute for the genuine. In Nevada there is a spring known as "The Chicken Soup Spring," the waters of which taste exactly like chicken soup when seasoned with salt and pepper. This spring is a great resort for the tramp en route across the mountains. With a pound of crackers he can here rest, and live in seeming luxury for weeks at a time. Arizona has a soap spring from which good washing soap, in a liquid state, can be procured. Another Western Territory a few years since announced the discovery of a milk spring, and claimed that its product was at least equal to the alleged lactical fluid sold by the city milkmen. Soda and sulphur springs are abundant all over the West, and we may next expect to hear of some enterprising prospector laying claim to the discovery of a spring from which the genuine lager beer flows in generous stream, unadulterated with the deadly glucose. There are yet many secrets locked in the storehouse of nature, and this may be one of them.—*Free Press.*

There are 7,092 public houses and 4,425 beer houses in London. During last year, 29,688 persons were apprehended for drunkenness. Of these, 15,998 were male and 13,670 were female. The average of arrests for drunkenness seems to be diminishing.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Balayouses remain in vogue.

Bridal roses are again in vogue.

All midwinter wraps are very long.

Moiré is again used as half mourning.

Yellow chamois gloves are moribund.

Button gloves are no longer fashionable.

Feather turbans bid fair to be much worn.

Long mitts are the favorite hand wear at the moment.

Great latitude is permitted in the shapes of sleeves.

Fanchon and Normandy breakfast-caps are favorites.

Ombre plushes will be used as trimmings on costumes.

Small broken checked suitings and plaids will be worn.

Loose-wristed long gloves will be more worn than ever.

Flowers are used on evening toilets to an unlimited extent.

New silver breast-pins have the initial or monogram in script.

Striped moiré ribbons will trim many of the early fall bonnets.

All costumes and suits are composed of two or several fabrics.

There is a rapid demand for dolmans and dolman-sacks this fall.

Women with long, stick-like arms should not wear tight long sleeves.

Dolmans in the sack-visite shape and dolman mantles lead the styles for fall.

Opaque pearl and oriental jet jewelry is worn with steel gray silks for half-mourning.

Quantities of Spanish lace, white, black, cream and colored is a feature in fall toilets.

Horse-hair cloth, mohair, steel and whalebone-stiffened crinoleins will be worn until cold weather.

Some of the new plush goods have immensely long pile cut in irregular depths to form the figures.

Chenille plush stripes, on satin merveilleux grounds, are seen among some of the new trimming stuffs.

Rhine-crystal clasps, buckles, medallions and slides ornament various parts of the most fashionable evening toilets.

White evening toilets of the richest description are destined to greater popularity than ever the coming winter season.

The popularity of shirring remains unchanged, and every part of a dress that can be gathered is drawn up into innumerable gaugings and fine puffs.

The return of moiré to the world of fashion is received with enthusiasm by the dames and dowagers. The attempt being made to render it a popular fabric for youthful toilets will fail.

Elegant plush goods having an extremely long and heavy pile, and showing broad stripes of satin of a deeper or contrasting color, brightened by small flower brocades woven in clusters, are among the most expensive dress accessories of the season.

A Study of Woman's Head.

Every woman's head should be studied carefully by its owner, with a view to making the most of it, because much of her style depends on what shape she gives it and how she carries it. By using two mirrors—or, better, one of the Japanese cabinet mirrors—she can readily decide upon the outlines that best suits her face, and thus, by arranging and adding to her hair, she can produce those outlines. If she has a high forehead, she shouldn't let any of the abuse of bangs hinder her from bringing her hair down over it. Big foreheads are not pretty in women, no matter how desirable they may be as brain-holders, and they should be reduced by bangs or some kindred device. If the forehead is low, but too broad, cover it at the sides. The varied styles of hair-dressing now in vogue luckily give a wide choice to a fashionable woman. The same is true of hats, as I have already described, and one has herself to blame for any lack of beauty about her head, except the face itself. She ought, also, to learn how to pose her head effectively, not affectingly, but with a grace that appears natural. The fashion among girls just now is to tip the head to one side, especially while pretending to listen interestedly to a man's talk, in a manner suggestive of a bird. This is thought to be heart fetching. Another whim of the moment is to puff out the hair at the back of the head, at the point where the phrenologists locate the organ of amateness. This bit of deceit arises from the belief that men admire affectionate, womanly girls. If some of the bumps thus simulated were real, and phrenology were a true science, scandals would be multiplied by a hundred.—*Clara Belle's New York Letter.*

A Romantic Wedding.

A recent letter from Colorado Springs, Col., says: C. A. Dutton, Herman A. Thromorton, Mrs. H. A. Thromorton,

and Miss Nellie J. Thromorton, of Boston, registered at the Manitou house last night. They made inquiry concerning the difficulties of ascending Pike's Peak, and in the course of the evening engaged the Rev. Dr. J. Edwards Smith to go with them to the summit of the peak for the purpose of performing a marriage ceremony. This morning at sunrise six bronchos stood in front of the Manitou house, and in a few minutes the entire party were in the saddle. The Rev. Dr. Smith was mounted on a particularly lively brute, which, after waltzing on two legs down the road, from the hotel to the bridge over the Fountain, wound up his performance by bucking, the clergyman over the railing into the stream. Mr. Smith was rescued, and although not seriously injured, the accident deranged the plans of the wedding party, for the clergyman declined to risk his health by continuing the trip, in spite of all persuasion and the offer of a safe and quiet animal. After much consultation the young gentleman suggested that Dr. Smith should come to this city, (Colorado Springs,) and from the United States telegraph office, which is connected with the signal station on the peak, perform the marriage ceremony by telegraph. The doctor consented to this arrangement, and thus by accident another element of romance was added to the already romantic affair.

The summit was reached about noon, and Sergeant O'Keefe was found in charge of the station. He received his visitors with his usual hospitality, and when their intention of celebrating a wedding was announced was overjoyed and set about making arrangements. The instrument-room of the signal station was decorated with flowers and flags, and then the sergeant seated himself at the telegraph instrument and sent a call down to the Springs office, 10,000 feet below. Officer Jones, who was in charge, replied and informed the sergeant that the Rev. Dr. Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on either side, and the sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they came thrilling over the wires. There was a rapid clicking for a moment and then Sergeant O'Keefe, in a solemn voice, repeated the message: "Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Thromorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?" "I do," responded the bridegroom, with evident emotion. The sergeant tapped the telegraph instrument and in a moment another message came and was read by him: "Nellie J. Thromorton, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded wife?" "I do," said the bride in a low voice. The sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause, and then came the solemn concluding words. Up from the valley to that small stone keep, 14,000 feet above the ocean, came that message making two hearts one: "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

A Costly Dinner.

The most costly dinner ever served by the late Delmonico was that given fifteen years or so ago to 100 prominent citizens of New York by the silver-tongued adventurer from England, Sir Morton Peto. This ostentatious individual expended \$20,000 on that one night's entertainment, \$200 for each guest. The first citizens of New York were present, victims of this oily scamp's pretensions. In a review of that dinner, the *Times* has described a "marvel of skill and art and extravagance. The saloon was smothered in the rarest flowers; the menu was in gold on embroidered satin; some of the wine cost \$25 a bottle; the cleverest musicians were engaged at fancy prices; Clara Louise Kellogg had \$1,000 for two songs, and a present besides of a diamond bracelet. In all probability such a dinner had never been served in the republic; it would have delighted Sayer and Francatelli, and had the ancient Greek Philoxenus been there he would have again wished for the neck of a crane that he might longer enjoy the passage of so many dainties down his greedy throat.—*Albany Argus.*

Apache Atrocities.

This is the pleasant picture of Mr. and Mrs. Apache drawn by a Chicago *Times* correspondent, who has been down to the scene of the late trouble in Arizona:

He cuts off the nose of a prisoner while yet alive, and throwing them on the coals will allow them to become half broiled, and then thrust them in the mouth and down the throat of his victim. He will heat a piece of iron and with this pierce the cheeks of a living man through and through, and then let the instrument serve as a gag between the jaws of the horrified captive. Terrible as these tortures may appear, it is the squaw who exhibits a refinement of cruelty that puts the male Apache to shame. She it is who invents new and startling devices for mutilation of the dead, and in their execution chuckles with feverish glee.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in distress.

There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

Whatever you dislike in another correct in yourself.

The history of your fortune is written first in your life.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

It takes a bold man to roll his own idea into the world.

The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public.

The changes we personally experience from time to time we obstinately deny to our principles.

Vulgar minds refuse to crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.

If a man talks of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him.

To have stored moral capital enough to meet the drafts of death at sight must be an unmatched tonic.

No matter how purely and grandly we live to-day there is no denying that we may live more purely, more grandly, to-morrow.

How many hopes may have quivered for us in past years—have flashed like harmless lightning in summer nights, and died forever.

When people undertake to restrain themselves without knowing how, they are often worse off than if they had left themselves alone.

Bombardment of the Earth.

"It's a lucky day for us that the earth has such a good bomb-proof on the skyward side," said the astronomer, as he stood coatless and bareheaded on the roof, watching the meteors.

"Why?" asked the reporter, panting as he clambered up through the scuttle-hole.

"You'd have seen reason enough if you had been up here with me for the last two hours," said the astronomer. "Why the earth has been undergoing a regular bombardment. It's not over yet. Look at that fellow, how he skims? You would call it a shooting star. Well, there's as much reason for calling it a celestial shell. That meteoroid was moving twenty or thirty miles a second; yet it could not get through the bomb-proof that protects the earth."

"Where is the bomb-proof?"

"Why, right under your nose; all around you; it's the atmosphere. When the meteoroids strike the air that surrounds the earth the heat produced in consequence of their tremendous velocity runs up a million degrees or more a second, and in a twinkling they are changed to vapor. If they could get through the atmosphere they would make it lively for us. No man could tell at what instant he might be struck down by a shot from the sky, for meteoroids are plunging into the atmosphere all the time at the rate of several millions a day for the whole earth. At certain times, as about the 10th of August and the 13th of November, they come in showers, and fairly bombard the earth. The soft air that fans the cheek is to most of these projectiles from space as impenetrable as a wall of steel. Some of them, however, are able to penetrate to the earth, but they are comparatively very few in number. When a meteoroid strikes the earth it is called an aerolite. No good museum of mineralogy is without one or more of these black-crust, iron-like bodies. Humboldt relates that two Swedish sailors were killed by an aerolite on board their ship in 1674. The thatched roofs of houses have been set on fire by aerolites, and sheep and other animals have been struck dead in the fields by them.

"Well, there are modern instances enough. We are no safer than our forefathers. Hardly a year passes without one or more masses of meteoric stone falling in the neighborhood of human habitations. A man is in more danger of being killed by lightning than by an aerolite, but it would not be so if the air did not protect him."

He Wanted a Quiet Life.

A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked if there was anything he could do for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just wanted to set around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says above all I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers, I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.—*Peck's Sun.*

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Farmers in Great Britain suffered severely during the first half of 1881. No less than 571 agriculturists had to declare themselves bankrupt, including farm bailiffs, millers and market gardeners. In trades immediately connected with farming, 501 have been forced to give up business.

Our latest acquisition in real estate, the vast region of Alaska, is ambitious of congressional representation, and has chosen the late collector of customs as a delegate to the national House of Representatives. As Alaska has no territorial organization, the newly-elected delegate's chance of admission is small.

The following table shows the money value of the articles named imported into the United States during the last fiscal year:

Breadstuffs and other farinaceous articles.....	\$10,274,456
Buttins.....	3,125,384
Cut and sewed clothing.....	922,227
Bleached and unbleached cotton.....	1,253,428
Hosiery, shirts and drawers.....	8,391,629
Earthen, stone and chinaware.....	6,580,223
Raw flax.....	1,462,259
Leather.....	5,745,981
Spices of all kinds.....	1,880,286
Brown sugar.....	81,352,251

Orange culture is rapidly increasing in Florida, and the prospect is that before many years that State will have a monopoly of the orange trade of the United States. Within a recent date eight of the wealthiest citizens of Atlanta, Ga., have made heavy investments in Florida, principally in Orange county, where the fruit is said to attain the highest point of lusciousness. One Atlanta capitalist some time ago put \$20,000 into an orange grove in that county, and now refuses \$50,000 for his purchase.

Butter is now made out of cotton-seed oil, in New Orleans, after months of experiment. Not content with its natural color, which might betray it, the inventors have succeeded in so tinting it that it may be passed off as dairy butter. In this matter of butter not many years ago, all we had to depend upon was the rich product of the dairy churn. But already we find circulated in the community the product of bull fat, colored and put up so as to imitate butter, and soon we shall have a further variety.

The fears that are entertained for the safety both of the German emperor and of his chancellor, Bismarck, are shown by an incident that occurred during the latter's stay at Kissingen. While he was driving along one of the country roads a building contractor, some distance ahead, stepped to the side of the highway with a telescope to take a view of the surroundings. He was suddenly seized by a gendarme, who compelled him to put his glass out of sight until Bismarck had passed, for the reason that, in the existing condition of political affairs, the prince might easily mistake the telescope for the barrel of a rifle, and be seriously startled by it.

Fresh meat has arrived safely in England from Australia. When previously tried this experiment failed, owing to the long and trying voyage under the torrid skies of the tropics, which were too much for the best regulated refrigerators, but at the present trial appears to have been entirely successful. About 150 tons, comprising 400 quarters of beef and 3,720 carcasses of mutton, made up the assignment. The slaughtering was done about 200 miles up the country from Sydney. Aboard the same steamer, consigned to royal personages, were the tails of those kangaroos and wild turkeys which the son of the Prince of Wales shot recently at Adelaide.

There is no lady member of the new President's household. General Arthur lost his wife a year ago last January. She was the daughter of Lieutenant Commander Herndon, of the United States navy, who went down on his ship, the *Central America*. A gold medal in recognition of his bravery was voted by Congress to his widow, and a monument to his memory was erected in the Naval academy grounds at Annapolis. Mr. Arthur married Miss Herndon in the early part of his career as a lawyer in New York city. He has two children—one a youth of seventeen named after his father, but called Alen by the family, the other a girl of eleven named Nellie. These, with the servants, constitute the household of the New York residence. The President has one brother, Major William Arthur of the regular army. He has three married sisters.

There is substantial progress being made on the great four track steel road that is to connect Chicago and New York. It was begun before the great fire in Chicago, but the grants of right of way and many other records indispensable to its prosecution were destroyed by that calamity. They have all been restored, and the work of construction is being pushed as rapidly as is consistent with making it a vast and permanent institution. The fact that it is to be throughout stone ballasted

and steel railed, indicates that it is for permanent investment, and not merely for stock speculation. The road, is built between Cleveland and Fort Wayne, and the track is being laid east of Cleveland and west of Fort Wayne at the rate of four miles a day. Between Valparaiso, Indiana, and Chicago, track is being laid at the rate of one and a half miles per day. One hundred miles of track are laid between Chicago and Cleveland, and the whole road is expected to be in operation between Chicago and New York by July 4, 1882.

Michael Kelleher, watchman of the United States sub-treasury at St. Louis, died recently in that city, at the age of seventy-five, after twenty-eight consecutive years of faithful service. One of his duties was to carry back and forth the bags of bullion, and General Edwards, assistant treasurer, believes that he handled during his lifetime more money than any other man in the country. His fidelity and honor seem to be a characteristic of the stock to which he belonged, as the distribution of his modest estate showed. His property amounted to about \$30,000, and in his will, made only a few days before his death, the name of a favorite niece was found to be omitted. The legatees, believing it to be an oversight, promptly made a pro rata assessment upon their own legacies for her benefit, thus securing her \$3,000, equal to the average amount devised by the will. This was accomplished with perfect harmony, the only desire of all being to give the favorite niece the amount which her uncle probably intended to bequeath to her.

The telephone has been playing a conspicuous part in the electrical exhibition in Paris. Connections were made with the Theater Francaise and with the Grand Opera House. Each listener was furnished with two telephones—one for each ear—connected with microphones, one on the right and one on the left of the stage, so that, whichever way the performer faced, the sound would be caught. A writer in the *London Times* says: "It is somewhat curious to watch the different listeners, if we have not a telephone in hand ourselves. Perfect silence reigns; ten people stand round, with their hands holding to their heads things which look like large ears. You see an expression of satisfaction, of sadness, of rapture, on their faces; they look at each other and express approval with their eyes; and when the end of the solo has been reached, and they hear the clapping of hands and bravos of the audience, they lay down their telephones and frequently join their applause unheard to that of the audience at the Opera, unable to restrain themselves from the expression of their delight."

The Mexican museum has recently published a remarkable book written one hundred years ago by a Catholic priest, who was able to read the Aztec writings subsequently destroyed by order of an archbishop. The writer of the book traces the history of the people who inhabited Mexico at the time of the conquest by the Spaniards. It claims that about A. D. 820 the people living in the then populous cliff cities of what is now New Mexico, migrated to and overran all the country southward, built great edifices now in ruins, established great cities, and reached Mexico or New Spain about A. D. 902. These people of the cliff cities were of six tribes, who did not migrate at one time, but successively. They all held that they were the chosen people of God, and that He gave them all the southland for a possession. They found Mexico inhabited by two sorts of people. One were men of great stature, who were brutal and savage, and lived mainly by hunting. The others were more numerous and civilized. It may be that both these had also migrated from the North and had their characters modified by their conditions of life.

A Queer Way of Building Houses.

There are in the world many queer ways of making houses, and one of the queerest is found in the city of Palembang, Sumatra. The town extends for three or four miles on both sides of a rather wide river, and both shores are lined with houses. First comes a row built upon piles which are driven into the bottom of the river, and outside of that another row resting on great bamboo rafts, which are laid by cables of rattan to the piles of the next houses. Of course these rafts rise and fall with the tide, and the doors open upon the water, so that they are reached by boats. The thresholds are not more than a foot above water, and one steps directly from a boat into a house. One can buy anything there is for sale in this town without getting out of this boat. The people are Malays, and it is said that they never build a house on dry land if they can find water to set it in, and never go anywhere on foot, if they can reach the place in a boat.

John of Abyssinia and Alexander of Russia are the two potentates whose food is all tasted ere they part.