

The Tame Alligator.
"You see that item in one of the papers about taming young alligators, I reckon," said the Gravesend man, capturing the city editor by the button-hole and drawing him into the doorway. "You know the paper said it was a fashionable thing to do."
"I don't remember. Perhaps I did. What of it?" asked the city editor.
"I tried it," said the Gravesend man. "A friend of mine brought me one from New Orleans, and I'm taming that alligator for the children to play with."
"How does the experiment come along?" asked the city editor.
"I don't know about the experiment; the alligator is thriving. He was six weeks old when I got him two months ago, and he is seven years old now. People in our parts say he's all the alligator I'll ever need."
"What does he do?"
"Well, it's here. When he came he was a sportive little cuss and just wobbled around friendly. He was chiefly mouth, and we used to feed him for the fun of seeing him eat. Now we skin around when we see him oomin' for the fun of seeing him go hungry."
"Is he dangerous?" asked the city editor.
"I haven't been close enough to see. He sat up my dog, and when I left this mornin' he was in the sty arguin' the question of pork as a diet with the pig. My wife thinks if the pig has any luck he will find the cow he lost."
"Better get rid of him, hadn't you?" suggested the city editor.
"I don't know," said the Gravesend man. "We've stoved so much away in him now that it seems like givin' up most of our property, and my eldest girl says she can't hear of havin' her leg go out among strangers."
"Did he bite her leg off?" demanded the horrified city editor.
"Sure," responded the Gravesend man. "Took it off short! Then here's the baby. We have to part with the alligator along. My wife insists on keepin' him, 'cause she thinks she saw a couple of peddlers go in one day, packs and all, and she's got an idea the packs may come to the front again if we hold on. Besides, she seen that item about tame alligators being fashionable, and she's got a good deal on style."
"But do you call that alligator tame?"
"Cert'nly. He comes right into the house, same's any of us, and keeps himself. He's got that heel," and the Gravesend man pointed to a mutilated foot. "There's my son's wife, too. She's part alligator now. He eat her up a week ago and the boy hasn't got over his arm yet. The alligator got the arm, too."
"Great scott!" ejaculated the city editor.
"Oh, yes, it's lively down there. When he puts himself up he's business. He's the lightest alligator for a tame one you ever saw. When we first got him we used him for a tack hammer, drew nails with him; but now he's the head of the family, except payin' the rent. When there is any mysterious disappearance around Gravesend the coroner comes and views the alligator. That ends it. When the baby was snatched they held the inquest in a tree. The jury was all on one limb, and the alligator underneath looking up. Bimeby the limb broke, and the jury disappeared in a row, just as they sat. We didn't wait for any verdict. The coroner gave me a permit, and after the funeral we shied an empty coffin at the alligator. Then the minister said dust to dust, and we all dusted. Do you remember whether that item said what a tame alligator ought to be fed on?"
"Don't recollect seeing it at all. Aren't you afraid he'll eat up some of your family?"
"Think he's liable to?" asked the Gravesend man, with a curious expression of visage.
"He might. Suppose he should get your wife?"
"Ah!" said the Gravesend man. "He might get her, mightn't he? You think I'd better keep him, then?" and the Gravesend man leaned against the door and gave himself up to reflection.
"So he might, so he might," the city editor heard him say as he drew away and left him there. "That beautiful young tame alligator may get her yet," and the gloom of nightfall enveloped the frame dilating with a new hope.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Baker's Business.
The baker comes down to us from an antiquity and has always figured more or less prominently in sacred and profane history. Witness the conspicuous part played by Pharaoh's baker, and the appearance of the functionary in nursery lore in connection with the butcher and the candle-stick maker. The baker and his overgrown oven belong to many lands and many ages, but it was reserved for modern days to transform the industry into an enlargement of the domestic process into one of the branches of trade-employing labor-saving machinery.
Let us first inspect the cracker department. The cracker is a "peculiar institution." The dough is first prepared in long troughs. It is then put into a "worm," where a device which resembles a huge corkscrew turns and twists it, gives it its final kneading and forces it into a trough, from which it is passed through rollers and appears in a long sheet, ready to be cut into crackers. This work is performed by a cutting machine, which by sliding the sheet of dough on a table under a die cuts out 720 crackers a minute. These are taken from the table on a flat wooden shovel and deposited in the oven, and the clippings are thrown back into the dough trough. Gazing in at the mouth of the oven we see a spacious compartment which we are told measures twenty feet square and thirty feet deep. It is heated by a furnace in the basement of the building.
The oven contains eight shelves, nine feet long and three feet wide, arranged on a revolving frame and holding two and a half barrels of crackers. Eight minutes are required for the baking, and as soon as one shelf is emptied it is filled again from the cutting table. The baked crackers are conveyed to bins in the upper story by an arrangement somewhat similar to that by which grain is elevated. The buckets empty the crackers into a bin where they are allowed to cool and fall into a receptacle beneath, from which they are taken and packed. The packing machine is a curiously contrived device, and arranges the crackers in rows so as to greatly facilitate the work of the packer. About thirty-two barrels per day is the product of the establishment of which we speak.
Let us pass to that part of the bakery where ginger snaps are made. Long, thin sheets of "snap" dough pass beneath a cutting machine, similar to that used for crackers, which punches out twelve snaps at a stroke or 864 per minute! The cakes are then passed through steam and water to give them a glossy appearance, and are then placed in the oven, which has tables revolving horizontally. One turn of the tables bakes the thin snaps, and two turns does the business for the thicker ones. The time taken to convert the dough into a baked snap is only about five minutes, and 50,000 snaps per hour, or 500,000 per day is the product.
After all, bread is the most important product of the baker. Here we see a revolving crank in an iron trough mixing ten barrels of flour in eight minutes. The bread is given four "risings," and the weight of each loaf is ascertained before it passes to the oven. The number of loaves turned out every day is 3,100. About 500 loaves of brown bread are baked daily, some cooked by heat and some by steam, the latter process requiring six hours.

Grant as a Lover.
Hearing that there was a lady living in this city who had once been courted by General U. S. Grant, and who had refused her hand in early womanhood to this noted American civil and military character, a *Constitution* reporter sought an interview with the lady, with very satisfactory results. The newspaper representative found the early sweetheart of Grant's to be a lady considerably advanced in years, yet still large, active and buoyant, and not nearly so reticent as the general. She had not seen General Grant since the '50s, she said, and then his father carried on a tannery in Portsmouth, O. She once had occasion to reside for a time in the family of a farmer whose farm joined that of Grant's father—only a line of fence between—and it was during her stay at this farmhouse that she was courted by General Grant. It must have been in the spring-time, for she says she and Grant would meet at the division fence, on each side of which were beautiful flowers.
"Ulick," she said, "would say to me, 'Let's gather flowers and see who will have the most kinds when we get through.'"
"You mean Grant when you say 'Ulick'?" interrupted the reporter; "his name is Ulysses."
"Yes," she replied, "we always called him 'Ulick,' and while he was courting me and wanted to marry me my father used to laugh at him, and plague me, saying: 'He is the greenest-looking boy I ever saw,' and a chuckling to herself she added: "and he was a green-looking fellow. I remember the last time I saw 'Ulick.' We had been buggy riding. We had alighted from the buggy and he stood leaning with one arm on the wheel of the vehicle and looking into my face he said, 'Well, Ellen (my name is Eleanor, but they called me Ellen), if I ever find anybody that I love well enough to marry and am so fortunate as to have a daughter, you know what that daughter's name will be.' The daughter's name is Nellie, a pretty contraction of Eleanor."
"We shall not publish your name," said the representative, "since you have been so kind and courteous to us, without permission. Can we use your name?" Finally she remarked: "I am not ashamed of my father's name; it was Charles Brandon, and my maiden name was Eleanor Brandon. My first husband's name was John Spaulding. Further than this I will not go."—*Keokuk (Iowa) Constitution.*

The Publishers of the Richmond (Va.) Ez.
The publishers of the Richmond (Va.) Ez. sympathize heartily with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and say: "It has been well tried in our office and composing room, and has cured our city editor of a very bad case of Bronchitis."

Wonders of the Brain.
Dr. E. W. Mitchell, of New York, in a lecture on the "Brain and Its Wonders," said that the cerebellum of the brain presided over the organ of motion, and that it could be removed from animals without taking away their intelligence. The effect, however, would be that they could not move. The same symptoms, he said, could be observed in man under the influence of alcohol. If the latter takes too much of the stimulant his cerebellum and the little cells of which it is composed refuse to do their work and the man staggers. He claimed that a person learning to play on the piano and a lady threading a needle were regulated by their cerebellum, and without its assistance could do neither. He said that the medulla oblongata was the most vital part of the whole system, and if run through with a knife it would be destroyed in an instant. Advantage has been taken of this in the process of hanging people, and the garrote had been introduced on the same principle. He claimed that the brain could not get along without nerves and that it had twelve pairs of them. The first three nerves were of special sense—olfactory, optic and auditory. The olfactory nerve was not very well defined in man, as it was not necessary, but it reached its highest development in dogs, cats and rats. It was more perceptible in the rat than in any other animal, and the bloodhound came next in order. After describing the optic nerve the lecturer said that the sense of hearing was less developed in man than in the animal. He contended that if either of the three nerves mentioned were cut there would be no sense of pain and that the only result would be the destruction of the sense of smell, sight or hearing. The fifth nerve, he said, confers sensibility on the face, and when irritated gives rise to intense pain. He insisted that the pneumo-gastric nerve was the great vital nerve of the whole body, and said that if it were divided our respiration would cease at once. He then explained the workings of the spinal cord and its connection with the brain, and concluded by reciting the effects of alcohol, chloroform, opium and strychnine on that organ of the body.

Effect of Heat on the Nerves.
Dr. William A. Hammond, the distinguished neurologist, in an article in *Our Continent* with the taking title, "How to Escape Nervousness," warns against over-heated apartments. He says: "An over-heated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to ninety degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find the woman who sweaters all day in such a temperature, and adds to it at night by superfluous bedclothing, cross and disagreeable from little every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her room at sixty degrees and opened the windows every now and then."

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