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A DIFFERENCE.

You drink from out your cup
The sweetest wine;
I have but bitter draughts
And less, in mine.
You have the richest fruit
In all the land;
Mine has turned to ashes
Within my hand.
You count your conquests o'er
And little dream
My love is greater far
Than all they seem.
A thousand hearts are yours,
You care for none.
I'd give my life to have
The heart of one.
—Edith Sessions Tupper.

COMBAT OF THE THIRTY.

The great fencing master of Paris, Vigout, of Paris, narrates this extraordinary incident in a recently published work, the hero of the story, Jean-Louis, being a French mulatto:

In 1814 Jean-Louis had not yet left the army; he had taken part in more than thirty battles or engagements in Egypt, Italy, Prussia and Russia. It is in Spain that we find him during that disastrous year of 1814; which witnessed the supreme effort of Napoleon against the invasion of Europe.

The Thirty-second regiment formed part of the third division of the army, and had just arrived at Madrid by terrible forced marches. It was no longer a question of conquest, but of falling back upon France as speedily as possible.

Scarcely had the regiment been able to obtain a few hours rest at Madrid, than several non-commissioned officers and soldiers of that regiment—true zouaves of the epoch—scattered through the various quarters of the city, upon what in troopers' language they call la noche "a apree." Unfortunately the fun was soon spoiled by one of those soldiers' quarrels, which occur only too often in an army composed of the most heterogeneous elements.

It must be remembered that as soon as Napoleon I. added a new kingdom to his conquests, his first care was to incorporate into his army the armies of the nation he had vanquished. Thus it came to pass that for five or six years, Italians, Dutch, Saxons, Bavarians, not to mention our traditional friends the Poles, took part on the side of France in the great battles of the empire. So long as the star of the conqueror continued to shine, these armed hosts which Napoleon urged before him accepted their condition of subjection; but from the day the star began to pale, each only thought of shaking off the yoke of the terrible master who obliged Europe to conquer itself with its own weapons.

The defections of 1813—Lutzen, Bautzen, Leipzig especially—indicated that the prestige of the conqueror was being gradually entombed beneath the snows of Russia. All Germany commenced to turn against those French regiments of which she had been the auxiliary. The Italians incorporated into our army were almost the only ones who remained faithful to our fortunes. But if, even in the hours following victory, certain violent animosities had never ceased to exist between regiments so incongruous both by nationality and temperament, it may readily be imagined how such ill-feeling would develop on the day when serious reverses had robbed our eagles of their aureole of invincibility.

The Third division of the army of Spain, which included the Thirty-second regiment, of which Jean-Louis was a member, also included the First regiment. Now this was composed almost exclusively of Italians, incorporated voluntarily or forcibly into the imperial military system. Some of them had also started through the city to seek amusement and wine. Suddenly the noise of a violent quarrel reached a post in which the French were singing merrily. These instantly ceased their fun, and listened:

"It is those rascals of Italians. Ha! they are fighting with our men!"
The noise redoubled. Soon was heard the clash of steel, a tumult of tables overturned, yells of fury, and ferocious shouts of—

"Rally here, Frenchman!"
"Death to the French!"
In the twinkling of an eye the French rush into the street, run to the scene of the fight and shout to all comrades to follow. But other Italians drinking in other posadas have also heard the appeal of their comrades, and hurry to succor them. In a few minutes more than a hundred men of the Thirty-second regiment are fighting with as many men of the First. It is a regular pitched battle; blood flows, heaps of wounded are lying upon the pavement, and only the arrival of two companies with fixed bayonets stops a struggle which is degenerating into a butchery.

The leaders are arrested; and the military chiefs immediately hold council. This time, beyond all question, a severe example must be made; otherwise discipline will be altogether destroyed. Soldiers, oblivious of the uniform they wear, have attacked each other. Finally it is unanimously decided by the council that the fencing-masters and provosts of the two guilty regiments shall answer all responsibility for the quarrel, and shall honorably fight it out in duels until it shall be decided impossible to continue the combat.

Fifteen swordsmen are selected upon either side.
Jean-Louis is the first fencing master of the Thirty-second regiment. The first fencing master of the first regiment in Giacomo Ferrari—a man nearly six feet high, active and incontestably brave. He has practiced the science of arms from his infancy, in that Italian school still so celebrated. Before entering the army Giacomo Ferrari had even opened a fencing school in Florence, which had

won for him a reputation that extended to the furthest parts of the peninsula. It is with this redoubtable adversary that Jean-Louis will have to measure himself.

Since the famous combat of the Thirty, I do not hesitate to affirm that military history never offered the spectacle of a more terrible encounter than that of those soldiers, all skilled in the exercise of their art,—all habituated to look death in the face without winking—all resolved to sustain the honor of their regiments to the last gasp.

Imagine a whole army all drawn up in battle array upon one of those plains without the walls of Madrid! In the center of this solemn marshalling of soldiers under the dark blue sky of Nueve Castilla, a large empty space has been reserved. For this space choice has been made of a slight elevation of the ground, forming a sort of natural platform which dominates the scene—so that when, in a little while, the selected combatants shall take their places naked to the waist, with drawn swords, there will not be a single spectator of the tragedy among all these impulsive soldiers drawn up in line—all of all the Madrid populace that pant with excitement as at the outset of a bull-fight—who will lose a single detail of the combat which is going to take place. It is in the presence of ten thousand witnesses that the honor of the army is to be washed in the blood of those thirty brave men.

There is a roll of drums. Sonorous and brief words of command are given. Simultaneously the butts of all those muskets descend upon the firm soil, making it quiver as with a vibration of thunder. The men suddenly appear upon the empty space of the little mound; they take their places with a quick and confident step. One of these two men, tall and strong, with black eyes and scornful mouth, gazed around him at the feverishly curious crowd with an air of haughty confidence—it is Giacomo Ferrari. The second, also tall, very swarthy; with muscles that seem like bands of dark steel, remained perfectly motionless, waiting—it is Jean-Louis.

The seconds of both combatants take their respective places.
A silence as of death has suddenly succeeded to the murmur of curiosity which had circulated like the moaning of the wind before a storm. And in the midst of that silence, suddenly bursts forth these two words, heard by ten thousand spectators: "En garde!"

The two fencing-masters cross swords. From the first instant Giacomo Ferrari seeks to make a deadly thrust at Jean-Louis, but in vain—his sword perpetually encounters the immovable blade of his adversary. He retires a step and resigns himself to more patient manoeuvres. He caresses, he teases the sword. Calm and watchful, Jean-Louis lends himself to all his adversary's flourishes. Suddenly the Italian utters one of those roars peculiar to swordsmen of his race, and makes a sudden leap to one side, followed by a lightning upward thrust. It is an old Florentine trick that has often done him good service. But almost at the same instant a cry of anger, rather than of pain, escapes the lips of Giacomo Ferrari; with unparalleled rapidity Jean-Louis has parried the thrust, and his own blade, after lapping about his adversary's to present another lunge, suddenly abandons its apparent purpose, and delivers a swift riposte, burying itself in the Italian's shoulder.

"It is nothing," says Giacomo, recovering himself with difficulty.
Again the swords cross; but almost immediately the Italian feels himself struck in the breast. This time it is the sword of Jean-Louis which attacks; and it has entered deeply. A livid pallor suddenly overspreads the face of Giacomo; his sword slips from his grasp, and he falls heavily to the ground.
They rush to his side. He is dead.
Jean-Louis has already resumed his first position. He wipes his sword, and holding the point downward, waits.
The first fencing master of the first regiment has been carried off dead; but nothing has been decided. Fourteen more adversaries, fencing masters and provosts, are standing at the foot of the mound, impatient to measure themselves with the victor, and eager also to avenge the death of that chief whom they had believed invincible.

Jean-Louis has scarcely taken two minutes rest. He is again ready; a new adversary leaps to meet him; their swords cross. A sinister clash, a cry, a gasp; Jean-Louis has delivered his thrust, and recovers himself holding his sword point downward. A second adversary is lying before him. The third corpse presents himself. The judges of the combat are actually compelled to interfere in order to prevent him from rushing recklessly at Jean-Louis, who with an eye allame—now surer of himself than before—and without thinking of rest, is equally ready to meet him.

"I am not at all tired," he simply remarked.
The signal is given. The Italian is a very tall man, like the first fencing master whose corpse lies beyond, with a military cloak thrown over it. He has attentively watched the sword-play of the mulatto; he thinks that he has surprised his secret. He multiplies leaps, feints, surprises. Finally, crouching almost to the very ground, like a tiger preparing to spring, he delivers a terrible upward thrust at the mulatto. But the blade of Jean-Louis, after a lightning parry, buries itself in the Italian's breast.

The latter is borne away insensible.
Shall I follow the details of all these epical duels? No. Let it suffice for me to remind the reader that what I am writing is authentic history—that I am inventing nothing—that this encounter is recorded in the official bulletin of the army—and that I have also obtained the evidence of witnesses who heard the narrative from the lips of Jean-Louis in person. So much said, I will conclude the narrative in a few words as possible.

Ten new adversaries succeeded the first three—all experienced provosts d'armes of established reputation. All these ten fell before Jean-Louis. The thirteenth was carried away senseless, in the midst of a clamor that sounded like a vast clamor of terror.

After this succession of victories without precedent in the history of the duel, one might readily suppose the French master was wearied out. In that unheeded contest, which, timed by the watch had lasted scarcely forty minutes, Jean-Louis had delivered twenty-seven sword thrusts, of which three were instantaneously fatal. There were only two of his adversaries left out of the fifteen who had been at the outset so anxious to measure themselves with him. Assuredly, those two men were not a whit less brave than those who had gone before them, but however strong human wills may be, how could their courage fail to be shaken by the successive shock of so many poignant emotions! Nevertheless neither of them showed any signs of the despair which must have invaded their hearts. Pale, but resolute, they remained erect, shuddering, but ready to advance to their fate.

A sort of momentary truce had resulted from that moment of terror for one side, of proud enthusiasm for the other. The colonel, an old soldier bronzed by twenty-five years of campaigns, now deemed that the terrible but necessary lesson had produced the effect desired. It was now possible, without the least blemish to military honor, to check the reparation exacted at its thirteenth victim.

The colonel went up to Jean-Louis, who, in his bronze immobility, seemed like some antique statue of Fear.

"Master," he said, "you have valiantly sustained the honor of the regiment. In the name of the whole Thirty-third, I thank you! But thirteen successive duels must have almost snapped your muscles asunder. Withdraw now!—if your fellow fencing-masters choose to finish the contest with the two remaining adversaries, they can do so."

Jean-Louis' anger exploded—as though the colonel's words contained the intimation of a doubt—or as though he felt a bitter pleasure in giving voice to the overflow of emotion which oppressed him.

"No!" he shouted—"no! I will not abandon the post assigned to me by the confidence of the Thirty-second regiment; I will stay right here; and I will fight just as long as I can hold a sword!"
In uttering these words, Jean-Louis made an energetic gesture. In the over exerted condition of his nerves, he had not noticed that the circle of spectators, encouraged by the colonel's intervention, was closing in about him. In gesturing his sword described a swift half circle, slightly wounding one of his comrades in the leg.

Jean-Louis observed the accident before the wounded man had even time to utter a complaint; his feverish ardor instantly left him. He sprang to his friend; and tears were seen in the eyes of the man who, without regret or weakness, had just shed the blood of thirteen adversaries.

"Ah!" he cried—"only one man of the Thirty-second has been wounded to-day, and that wound was given by me!"
The colonel took advantage of the incident to terminate the encounter.

"Jean-Louis," he said—"that is a warning! Enough blood has been shed. All have acted like brave men—will you not take my word for it as a judge of military honor?"

"Why, colonel?"
"Well, I declare that honor has been fully satisfied; and that only one thing remains for the Thirty-second to do—namely, to shake hands loyally with the first."

An enthusiastic cheer arose. Only the two remaining provosts of the First regiment remained motionless and silent. The colonel, pointing to them, said to Jean:

"You know they cannot be the first to come to you."
Jean-Louis felt himself conquered. He threw down his sword, and advancing to the two provosts, held out his hand to them.

"Vive Jean-Louis!—vive Thirty-second!" shouted ten thousand voices.
"Vive le First regiment!" cried Jean-Louis—"we are all of one family. Vive l'armee!"

It was the signal of reconciliation—a reconciliation that was sincere and complete. In a moment both friends and adversaries had gathered about Jean-Louis, to compliment him, to dispute the honor of pressing his hand. Much affected, the fencing-master tore himself away with difficulty, by reminding them that it was his duty to look after the wounded. This mark of sympathy won all hearts to him. From that moment all ill-feeling between the two regiments ceased; and the treaty of peace was celebrated the same evening with many bumpers of Xeres wine.

Thus ended this duel, or rather duell-brean, which realized in the nineteenth century the legends of ancient chivalry.

A Lilliputian Locomotive.

One of the finest exhibitions of the patient ingenuity of a skilled mechanic is a perfect reproduction of a locomotive made by Mr. Case, a watchmaker of Franklin, Penn. From the point of the cow-catcher to the end of the tank it is six and one-fourth inches long and weighs two pounds. It is finished in gold, silver and steel, and to the most minute part is a perfect locomotive. Mr. Case has spent four years in building it. It makes its own steam, pumps water into the boiler, has a throttle valve, bell, sand box and, in fact, lacks nothing found in a first-class locomotive. Many locomotive engineers have examined it and they pronounce it perfect. Mr. Case will have a miniature track built and place it on exhibition at the Cotton Centennial exhibition in New Orleans.

FIRE FROM THE ROCKS.

THE FAMOUS LUMINOUS STONE OF SALT LAKE.

A Yankee's Trick in India—Phosphorescent Diamonds and Heat-Developing Light.

"Here's something rather remarkable," said a mineralogist to a Philadelphia Times writer, handing out a piece of stone that was of a light gray color and seemed to possess no particular interest. "Just step in this dark room, and now rub the stone on the wall."

The writer did so, and a streak of red light was the result.

"Phosphorescence?" queried the somewhat startled observer.
"No. It is nothing but simple limestone from the region about Salt Lake. Some time ago some laborers were digging out the foundation of a house when they came upon a ledge of this rock that was so soft that it was found not necessary to blast. The contract for building called for the completion at a certain time, and so a gang of men worked all night by an electric light, but the first man that struck his pick into the rock dropped it and rushed out of the excavation in such a manner that the others, demoralized also, left, and when the boss demanded the reason the man said that he had seen a spirit, or had struck the evil regions, for as soon as he touched the rock a stream of red fire came out. The overseer of course doubted the story, but jumping in he struck a blow with a bar that went far toward corroborating the other's story, as no sooner did the iron touch the rock than a flash of red light ensued that lasted several minutes, finally, slowly dying away. It was found that the slightest touch or scratch produced the same result; in fact, the rock was phosphorescent. A simple scratch on this, you see, makes a light that will last two or three seconds. It is limestone, indeed almost pure carbonate of lime with a few impurities. Examining it under the glass it is found to be loose grained, so that it really appears like a sandstone.

"You know," he continued, "there are some objects that only show their luminous properties on exposure to heat. Subject this to heat and it will glow for three or four minutes with a rich, red light, and then die away entirely. A piece was recently exhibited before the Philadelphia academy of sciences and the members made the interesting discovery that in their collection was another specimen of a similar limestone, but from Kangberry, India. A gentleman who had visited the locality told me a curious story in this connection. It seems that several years ago a genuine Yankee from Vermont found himself in Calcutta with less than enough money to buy him a dinner and his sole property an electric battery. He had been a little of everything in his time, but had devoted most of his energies to collecting minerals and curiosities of all kinds, and when he found himself in the lurch, as it were, he determined upon starting through the country and trusting to luck. He was very successful at sleight of hand and easily made his expenses. In several months he found himself at the locality discovered the luminous limestone by accident. With mother wit he determined to take advantage of it, and in a day or so the little village in which he was staying was full of rumors to the effect that a wonderful wizard was among them who was enabled to work marvelous cures by drawing fire from the rocks and imparting it to the patient.

"In the meantime the American had erected a hut near the ledge of rock and was visited by hundreds, and rigged up with a curious costume he carried on a business for some time that made the native cure-alls wild with envy. His method was to take a number of persons into the hut, and with his finger-nails, that were sharpened for the purpose, scrape down the side of the limestone that left marks of lurid flame, of course astonishing to behold; then joining hands with several and having the battery concealed he gave them a shock that they thought came from the rock. No doubt it did them some good, and for a long time he did a thriving business, until finally a rival appeared in the field, and he was obliged to leave the place.

"The subject of the phosphorescence of inorganic matter is of great interest, and experiments are being made in many laboratories. Curiously enough," said the mineralogist, "many of the discoveries that have been made regarding organic phosphorescence have been the result of efforts to manufacture gold. You see that it is worth the labor of the chemist. It has hardly been done, though I know a man who claims to have discovered the process and expects to flood the market—the first success-perpetual motion machine will probably be made of this manufactured metal.

"One of the first experimentalists in the gold-making line was Vincenzo Castinola, a shoemaker, of Bologna, in the sixteenth century. He was a famous chemist of the time, working alternately at his shoes and his drugs and bottles. The real reason, however, for his investigations was to find out the secret of gold-making, and one night, in walking in the country, he stumbled over a stone that was so extremely heavy in comparison to others that he took it home and, beginning his experiments, discovered phosphorescence, which he considered the element of gold. Not being able, however, to get the gold out he took it to another noted chemist and for many years it was the subject of innumerable experiments and attempts to obtain the gold, as the stone had the then remarkable faculty of shining in the dark with a golden gleam after it had been exposed to the rays of the sun. The stone is now well known as barytine, that is phosphorescent after insolation. The curious mineral is still sold in Bologna as the

Bologna stone and explained as solar light.

"The discovery that diamonds are phosphorescent was made in 1163 by Robert Boyle and created a great sensation. A diamond was shown that looked like a burning coal in a perfectly dark room. An old chemist of Hamburg while trying to manufacture a gold fluid made accidentally a substance that shone in the dark, and in a delirium of delight he went to the chemist, John George II. of Saxony, thinking that he had discovered the golden secret. He took care, however, not to inform anyone how it was made. Another chemist hearing of the discovery traveled a long distance for these times and succeeded in buying the secret for about \$200 of our money. But his experiments were not successful, the material being merely phosphorous that was discovered in this way. Later, in 1695, a different phosphorescence was discovered by calcining nitrate of lime, and others soon followed, until now hundreds of different methods of its manufacture are known.

"Heat in some mysterious way develops light in certain minerals; thus feldspar, lime, sulphure of calcium, diamonds, etc., when heated to a certain degree give out a soft, phosphorescent gleam over their entire surface. In fact, the luminous property is possessed by everything—plants, insects, minerals, and even the very air often shows remarkable exhibitions. Some years ago I was traveling on horseback at night near Trenton, New Jersey, when a sudden rain-storm came up and in a minute I was completely surrounded in a blaze of light. You would have thought the liquid fire was being poured over me. The trees, rocks and road gleamed in the same mysterious way—in fact, if I had been inclined to superstition I should have thought that my day had come. It soon disappeared and was merely phosphorescent rain, the cause of which I know not."

The Water Lily's Story.

When I first opened my eyes to the daylight I was in a lovely place. My home was a beautiful pond, whose waters were so clear they reflected the blue sky and fleecy clouds overhead, and where everything was still and calm and quiet; I was surrounded by fair companions each as lovely as myself. We grew fairer and sweeter every day, and we thought ourselves better than the common flowers that grew on the farther side of the pond, the Daisies, the Blue Violets, Adlers' Tongues, that queer fellow, Jack in the Pulpit, and the Wild Rose, who was so rude if any one touched her. We were not tall and slender, fair and sweet of face, and did not our green dresses become our fair complexions wonderfully? We were not admired by every one who saw us; and more than all, did not our mirror, the pond, tell us we were beautiful every time we glanced in it! Yesterday there came to our pleasant home a gay pleasure-boat with a party of ladies and gentlemen; the ladies all exclaimed, as soon as they saw us, "Oh, how sweet, how lovely!" and one, whose face was like an angel's, reached over and took me and several of my companions into the boat with them. The other ladies gathered some of my fair sisters, and we were all carried away to our new and separate homes. The lady that I and my sisters were with took us to a grand house on a hill, where we were again admired and our fragrance inhaled, and at night I shone like a star in the raven braids of my new mistress's hair in a ball-room. Her lover's hand placed me there, and as he did so, he bent and whispered something in her ear, and then kissed the rosy lips that looked so tempting. The warm bloom rose to her cheek, and I thought I never had beheld anything so beautiful. I missed my old home and my pretty mates, but I felt sure I had fallen into good hands, and I felt proud in having so beautiful a mistress, and being so admired. When my mistress came home and looked in the mirror she saw my drooping head, for the heat in the ball-room had made me faint and languid. She took me from her hair, and said tenderly, as she held me in her hand, "Poor wilted lily, I'm sorry you faded so soon." Then she put me in a vase of water, which refreshed and strengthened me, and this morning when she looked at me my white petals were open once more, which made her exclaim: "Ah, my pretty lily, you are alive yet, ain't you. But I have lost some of my fragrance, and I know that before the sun sets I shall be dead, for the life of a lily is very frail. They say this is a cold world, but 'my lines have fallen in pleasant places,' and I am sure that when I am dead, and all my beauty and fragrance gone forever, my sweet mistress will not throw me into the street to be trampled in the mud, but will lay me carefully away in remembrance of the night when her lover whispered sweet, tender words as he placed me in her shining braids of hair.—Floral World.

Coloring Roses.
A young man entered a Hartford street car carrying three roses, one white, one green and one salmon-colored. They attracted much attention, especially the green. The owner finally explained that all were white that morning, and that the coloring had been done by putting the stems of one into green ink, and the other into red ink. The leaves were beautifully colored, and the coloring would not rub off, but it seemed as if nature had done the work. The process only required ten minutes.

A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

The best way to prevent hydrophobia is to crawl upon a shed when you see a mad dog coming.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA.

This world is full of people, who
Are always discontented;
Who, if they chance to buy a house,
Wish always they had rented.
Or, if they have one kind of name,
They wish they had another,
And when they have a sister come,
They wish it were a brother.

Just such a one was Mary Green,
Whose life was out of jingle;
She thought she must become a wife,
She'd never be happy single.
She didn't like the name of Green,
And wanted something better,
So both her parents let her try
The matrimonial fetter.

Thus Mary Green gave up her name,
And took that of her master;
Who made her life a dreary one,
As long as it might last her.
"Alas," cried she, "unhappy I,
These bonds I ought to sever;
Why do I stay! Though once so Green,
I'm greener now than ever."
—Merchant-Traveler.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The easiest thing to kill—Time.
Cut down—The youth's first shave.
A "green grocer"—One who does not advertise.—Chicago Eye.

When a man goes to the hairdressers in warm weather he takes a short cut.
In the social circles of the chicken-yard the lines are very distinctly drawn, for each hen has her own set.—Merchant-Traveler.

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.—Chicago Sun.

The early bird does not always catch the worm; at this season of the year he generally catches a body full of shot.—Warsaw Wasp.

The small boy now with line and pole
Hastens to some babbling brook,
And doth the finny tribe cajole
To nibble at his baited hook.
—Richmond Baton.

A certain poetess is said to make good jellies as well as good poetry. It is suggested that she make a new departure—send her jellies to newspaper offices and can her poems.—Norristown Herald.

There are ten millions of artificial teeth manufactured in the United States every year, and it is estimated that over nine millions are destroyed during the same period in the endeavor to masticate boarding-house beefsteak and spring chicken.—Puck.

A minister suddenly stopped in his sermon and sang a hymn. "If the members of the choir are to do the talking," he explained, "they certainly will permit me to do the singing." And then things in the neighborhood of the organ became more quiet.—Philadelphia Call.

MACHINE-MADE JINGLES.
O jinky, tinkey, dinkley!
The seasons come and go;
And winkey, linkey, jinky!
The roses soon will blow.

Then chinkey, chanky, chinky!
How happy I would be,
If winkey, wankey, wonkey,
Were only here with me!

For rinkey, dinkey, pinkey!
I hold it kin't demean,
But kinkey, winkey, sinkey!
To give a girl ice cream.
—Oil City Derrick.

A medical journal states that the average Chinese baby weighs but five pounds. The journal did not state whether the Chinese baby's capacity for squalling was less, in proportion to weight, than that of any other baby, but if they howl in the Chinese language as loud as the American kid does in the United States language, how the poor mother must suffer. If any one has ever heard two Chinamen holding a convention in their native tongue, they can readily see that a child who is just learning to lip a few syllables in the Chinese language would make Rome howl.—Peck's Sun.

HOUSE-CLEANING HORRORS.
When the vines are softly blowing
Round the airy dogwood tree,
And the apple limbs are snowing
Shell-like blossoms on the sea,
And the rooster's loudly crowing;

When the dewdrop richly sparkles
Every lovely rose wind-bent,
When the laundress loudly wrangles
With the tenant over the rent,
And the gate-year thumb-nail mangles;

When the wild-flower is careening
By the babbling forest stream,
And bright leaves the nests are screaming
Then we rave and jump and scream
O'er the horrors of house-cleaning.
—Puck.

The Potato as a Substitute for Ivory.

Billiard balls made of pure ivory are, according to a French contemporary, becoming rare, since some ingenious inventor has discovered that billiards can be played as well with potatoes submitted to a process of his own. It is rather startling to hear of the familiar potato usurping the ivory ball; but the inventor referred to guarantees as to their adaptability for the purpose, and it is needless to point out that the saving of expense is very considerable. The potatoes chosen for manipulation must be perfectly sound and well developed. After carefully peeling them and removing discolored or spongy portions, they are left during a certain period to steep in pure water, to which sulphuric acid is subsequently added. This preliminary treatment accomplished, the operator boils the vegetable for a prolonged period in a chemical preparation in which sulphuric acid is the principal ingredient, great care being necessary at this stage of the transformation. The potato thus treated becomes gradually hard, and after being exposed to a slow drying process is warranted not to crack, but to be in every respect an excellent substitute for ivory.