

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 100
One Square, one inch, one month.....	5 00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	6 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	10 00
Two Squares, one year.....	18 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	20 00
Half Column, one year.....	30 00
One Column, one year.....	50 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

VOL. XIX. NO. 19.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1886.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Mustard plants used to be the terror and disgust of the California wheat-grower. Now they are a source of profit. By ingenious mechanical harvesting both crops are gathered separately, and the mustard is worth more than the wheat on the same land.

A large firm of butter manufacturers of Delaware county have, for the last sixteen years, provided the White House with a special brand of butter at \$1 a pound. They still supply President Cleveland's table, but they only get sixty cents a pound.

There is a prospect of a scarcity of cod-fish balls during the next few months, unless those engaged in cod fishing meet with better success soon. Reports from several large schooners, carrying crews from twelve to twenty-two men each, state that all they have to show for from four to eight weeks' fishing is from 200 to 600 quintals each.

A Long Branch hotel-keeper is authority for the statement that it is possible to hire wardrobe for the season, or rather a week of the season, fourteen frocks with their appurtenances being let to any young woman who wishes to shizzle on the piazza and bench and in the hotel parlors for seven days. The price charged is not high, and the frocks are good in material and fashionable in cut, although they are not much more than basted together, in order to permit alterations when they change wearers.

Cotton-seed oil the *Cultivator* says, is the strongest competitor that lard, tallow, oleomargarine and other fats and oils have ever met. As an adulterant of lard, cotton-seed oil has forced the former down to six and one-half cents per pound in Chicago, the lowest price ever known for lard. It is also largely used in soap making everywhere, for cooking purposes in the South, and as an adulterant of olive oil in France. Cotton-seed oil has evidently come to stay, and is destined to play an important part in the economy of the future, and in fixing a lower range of prices for other fat and oils.

Says the sarcastic Salt Lake City *Tribune*: "Eastern journals are much distressed at the disappearance of the buffalo. The writers of the lamentations for *the American* never saw a buffalo, they never expect to see one; they have no idea in the world why the buffalo should not be destroyed; they have no possible interest in the question; yet they are perpetually regretting the disappearance of the buffalo. It would puzzle them to tell anything the buffalo is good for; still less could they explain how the country is to be inhabited by the whites and the buffalo remain; all they are conscious of is a sort of lackless yearning for something, they don't know what, and buffalo strikes their fancy."

Captain Lyle, of the United States Ordnance Department, has just returned from Europe, whether he was sent to examine the process of manufacturing big guns and armor plates. He received a cold sort of courteous attention, and was allowed to look outside of their manufacturing works, but they declined to allow him to investigate the inside. The captain complains bitterly of this discourteous treatment, because of the great courtesy shown by our government to English and other foreign officers visiting our works. Minister West addresses a note to the War or Navy Department asking permission for officers of his government to visit our works and arsenals, which is readily given. When our officers ask for similar privileges in Europe, especially in England, they are snubbed. Captain Lyle says the only salvation for our seacoast cities is big guns to prevent ironclads from coming within range sufficient to bombard our cities.

There are now eleven guides appointed to show visitors through the National Capitol and explain its wonders. No price is fixed for their services, and they leave their fee to the generosity of the visitor, generally receiving a fair compensation for the long tramp through the building and stereotyped descriptive speeches. Many members employ guides to take their constituents over the building, as they have not the time, and cheerfully pay rather than be troubled with the tiresome task. One of the guides, Benjamin Stewart, of Virginia, was brought up on President Madison's homestead, and has a fund of anecdote about Madison, Monroe, Jefferson and the other magnates of the Old Dominion. The stories told by the guides about some of those to whom they show the Capitol and its inmates are very amusing. Some of the hack-drivers who carry strangers about the city to Arlington and to the Soldiers' Home are well posted on the public buildings and history of the city, and receive a good many extra "tips" from those who employ them.

AT VARIANCE.

Through the frost, and the cold, and the passion
Of winter's despair;
With the earth buried deep in her shroud,
and the raving
Of storm in the air;
Unheeding the gloom, or the shock of the tempest,
Or any wild thing,
I sang, and was glad and triumphant;
In my heart it was spring.
But now in a white world of blossoms,
Wing-haunted and sweet;
A wind blowing light o'er the orchard,
and waving
The grass at my feet;
The song of a bird overhead—I listen,
And look, and am dumb;
For lo! in my heart of unreason
The winter has come.
—Atlantic Monthly.

GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM.

BY M. R. HOUSEKEEPER.

Nanny Wilton closed the book she had been reading, and lying back upon the lounge, gazed ruminatively upon her grandmother, who sat with her knitting at the open window, enjoying the waning light of the summer day.

It was a very unusual thing for Nanny to maintain silence when she was neither reading nor sleeping, but this evening—and, indeed, throughout the whole day, as her grandmother had noticed—she had been silent and meditative beyond her wont, and now, when she at last spoke, her remark was prefaced with a long-drawn sigh.

"Grandmother, do you think there is any truth in dreams?"
"That depends," replied her grandmother. "If you dream to-night that you go out blackberrying with Cannon's folk to-morrow, as I heard you promise Rose Cannon that you would do, I think it very likely your dream will come true."

"Oh, I don't mean every-day dreams like that; but strange, uncommon dreams; dreams that make a very deep impression on you. Don't you think they are ever sent as warnings?"
"Certainly; a warning that you have eaten something for supper which in future you would do better to refrain from."

"No—but earnest, grandmother—you are only joking now; I should like to know what you think about it."
The old lady glanced sharply over her spectacles at the inquirer, and there was a momentary pause in the quick, glancing needles, as she replied:
"Tell me first, my dear, why you ask."

Nanny sighed again.
"I had such a horrid dream about the home-folks last night! I thought mamma and I were making up the children's bed, and we came across a nest of snakes at the foot of it. Mamma was trying to get them out, and they were twisting themselves all around her arms and neck, and she could not get them off, and I was so frightened I couldn't help her. There was lots more of it, but it was all so mixed up that I could not make a straight story of it, if I were to try to tell it; but I woke up crying and feeling dreadfully. I told Sally about it when I came down, and she said that it was always considered very unlucky to dream about snakes; that it was a sure sign of trouble. You just can't guess, grandmother, how badly I have been feeling all day. It seemed as though I must go home, but I was afraid you would laugh at me if I told you what I was thinking about."

Tears were in Nanny's eyes, and her distressed face left no doubt of the real unhappiness she was suffering.
"You need not have feared that, child," said the old lady, kindly. "I have not lived this long without learning that imaginary troubles are almost as hard to bear as real ones. Let us see if we can find any cause for this unpleasant dream nearer at hand than your sixty-mile distant home. You walked all the way to Oak Grove and back yesterday afternoon. You came home pretty tired, didn't you?"

"Yes, indeed; tired and hot and hungry. Don't you remember joking me about the big supper I ate? And then I was so tired, I went to bed as soon as it was dark. I see what you are aiming at, grandmother. You think there is a physiological reason for my bad dreams?"
"Yes, and I dare say you think so too now. A tired body and overworked stomach will amply account for bad dreams, and if you study the matter a little further, maybe you will be able to account also for the particular form your bad dream took. Have you been talking or reading about snakes lately? Perhaps you saw one during your walk yesterday?"

"I did! I did!" cried Nanny, eagerly. "Grandmother, you are a real mind-reader. We came across a snake lying across the path the other side of Mitchell's Creek. We thought it was a crooked stick till we got close up to it, when it raised its head with a hiss, and glided off into the bushes. I was dreadfully startled, though I knew it was a harmless thing. Herb Cannon wanted to go after it to kill it, but Rose and I would not let him. Of course that accounts for my dream. How silly I have been to allow such a thing to worry me! I don't believe I should have thought so much about it if it hadn't been for what Sally said."
"Sally is an excellent cook, but I don't have much faith in her cabalistic powers," said the old lady, dryly.
"No, of course not," Nanny said, laughing a little, but blushing too. Her face had regained its usual happy serenity, but she sat quiet for some time before she spoke again.
"You are very old, grandmother; sixty-five, aren't you? A whole half-century

older than I am. You must be able to remember back nearly sixty years. Now, honest, haven't you ever, in all that time, had a dream that was really prophetic? One that affected in any way your actual life, you know?"

The old lady's face had grown thoughtful; a dreamy, far-away look came into her eyes, and though the knitting-needles did not cease their click, their motion had grown slower and more mechanical.

"Well, yes," she said at last, half-reluctantly, "I did have a very singular dream once, and one which had, as you suggest, considerable effect upon my real life. I have half a mind to tell you about it, but you must not let it make you superstitious, for remember, that in all my long life's experience, this is absolutely the only dream I have ever had which was followed by any effect whatever."

There was another meditative pause, and then the old lady began:
"You remember, my dear, that I am a twin; I have often talked to you about Bessie, my twin sister, the pair of us were so much alike that strangers could not tell us apart, but folks well acquainted with us could tell which was Bessie and which was Kate as soon as we spoke, for she was much livelier and sprightlier than I was."

"Mother was very proud of the likeness between us, and always dressed us alike and kept us together, so that each seemed to the other like a second self, and we hardly had a thought that we did not share."

"Until we were fifteen years old we had never been separated more than an hour or two at a time in our lives, but about that time—the last of June it was, I believe—there came a letter from a cousin of father's, who lived in the mountainous country east of Pittsburgh, inviting Bess and me to come and spend our vacation with her."

"Our home was in Philadelphia, which was a good city even so long as half a century ago, and father and mother were desirous to have us make the visit, which they thought would be a benefit as well as a pleasure to us, for we were growing fast and were not strong."

"It happened, however, that only a few days before we got the letter, mother had had a fall going down cellar, and was now laid up with a broken limb."
"We were the oldest girls of the family, and there were several little ones, so that, even if mother had been well, it would have been hard for her to have spared us both for a long visit. As matters stood, it was just impossible."

"After a great deal of talk and debate, it was at last decided that we should take our visits separately; that I should go first, and stay a month, and that when I came home, Bessie should go and stay the other month. Mother did not like the plan any better than we girls did. I overheard her and father discussing it, and she mother was actually crying when she said: 'I believe the children will die if they are separated, and I am sure the trip will do them no good if they don't go together.'"

"Father laughed at her, and said Bessie and Kate were two individuals, and her hobby of making us only one had gone far enough, and that he thought the present arrangement a good one, if only to teach us that we could live independent existences. I suppose mother thought he was right, for after that our separate trips were decided on, and mother was careful to say nothing that could make us feel worse about the separation than we did naturally."

"It took a long day to accomplish the journey. Father put me on the cars, in the care of the conductor, at six o'clock in the morning, and I did not get off of them until two in the afternoon. I was met at the railway station by Cousin John in his own carriage, and we had a ride of twenty miles, up hill and down hill, before we got to his house at Hillside in time for supper."

"Everybody was kind, but I was tired, and, in consequence, homesick. Cousin Susan seemed to understand just how I felt, and after a good deal of petting and a nice supper, acted on my own secret wishes by saying that she was going to send me right away to bed."

"She put me into the cleanest, prettiest, little white-curtained room I had ever seen; the sheets, pillowcases and towels all smelled of rose-leaves and lavender; and when she had seen me safely curled away in the big feather-bed, she kissed me heartily, and left me feeling quite happy. But I was too tired to sleep well, and if I had not been, the feather-bed would have made me restless, for I had never slept on one before."

"I tossed and turned and dozed brokenly the whole long night, and through all those hours of half-consciousness, Bessie was with me as she had been every previous night of my existence; and she was crying and moaning all the time—and so was I, too, I suppose."

"It was all nice and pleasant when morning came, however, and I soon forgot my uncomfortable night in the novelty and kindness that surrounded me. My entertainers were middle-aged folks, childless and well-off, and I seemed very glad to have me with them. They were both laying out all kinds of plans for my entertainment, and I think if Bessie had been with me, I should have been perfectly happy; even without her I managed to pass a very pleasant day, riding around with Cousin John, and gathering flowers on the hillside."

"I went to bed that night in good spirits, and just healthily tired; but the feather-bed made me restless, and with the restlessness came back the uncomfortable sensations of the preceding night. Again I imagined Bessie was beside me in the bed, but always crying and moaning, and seeming in some mysterious trouble. Toward morning, I at last dropped off into a sound sleep, and then it was that my strange dream came to me."

"I still heard Bessie crying, but it seemed now as though she were at home and calling me to come to her, and in my dream I thought I had started to do so; the journey was wonderfully real. I went through the carriage-ride, the wait at the station, and the long railroad journey afterward, exactly as if it was real life; there were endless stoppages and delays all the time that worried me dreadfully, but I got to Philadelphia at last."

"It seemed to be just coming on dusk, and I was alone, but our home was not very far from the station, and I knew my way very well."

"I thought I reached the house and found the front door standing open, though no one was to be seen inside or out, and I entered without knocking or ringing. Then it seemed as though I were at the door of mother's room, though I don't remember going up stairs; there I saw mother bending over the bed, crying and sobbing and making strange, wild motions of grief, and on the bed, stretched out as though she were lifeless, was Bessie."

"I could not get a step further than the door, though it seemed as if I were straining every nerve to go to her; and while I was in this state of distress, I saw Bessie rise up slowly in the bed, open her eyes and hold out her hands, saying in a strange, muffled voice, 'Come, Katie, come!' and then I woke up."

"I woke up at once, and entirely. I knew exactly where I was, and that all I had gone through with had been a dream. It was light, though the sun had not yet risen. I sprang out of bed and dressed myself as fast as my trembling hands could accomplish the task."

"Without any reasoning or conscious mental action, I had made up my mind to go home as fast as I could get there; I felt absolutely certain that I had received a mysterious summons which, if I did not obey, I should never see Bessie again alive. I hurried down stairs and surprised my cousins, who, early risers as they usually were, had themselves but just left their room."

"I told them of my strange dream and of my desire to go home at once; of course they were astonished and hurt, and at last actually angry, but nothing they could say made any impression upon me. I was as uncontrollable as an insane person, and at last Cousin Susan said: 'You'll have to take her, John; she will fret herself into a fever if you don't; and poor Cousin John, seeing no other way to quiet me, departed to make ready for the journey, muttering as he went out that he would never ask other people's children to come and visit him again.'

"Cousin Susan was kind to the last, and seemed to have some sympathy with my forebodings; but Cousin John said it was all childish folly, and was cross and grim through all our long ride together; and after seeing me safely on the train, and receiving the conductor's promise to land me safely in Philadelphia, took leave of me with a very brief and crusty goodbye."

The impression my dream had made upon me continued sharp and vivid as ever through the whole journey; all the time I saw before me Bessie's white face, and heard the strange, muffled call, 'Come, Katie, come!' All that I had ever heard or read of the mysterious connection between twins—and that was not a little, for it had been a subject of great interest to our mother as well as ourselves—came back to my mind during those weary, anxious hours of travel."

"I had read of instances where twins had died when separated, and I seemed to have an instinctive certainty that ours was a case of the same nature; my only hope was that the warning dream had been sent in time to prevent a fatal catastrophe, and that by my rapid return I might reach home before it was too late to remedy the evil. Of one thing I felt sure: if I found Bessie dead, I should die, too. But she was not dead—she could not be—else why should I still so plainly hear in my mind the cry of 'Come, Katie, come!'"

"The evening of the long June day was closing around me when my journey came to an end, and I stood once more in the streets of my native city. My luggage, the conductor had assured me, would be kept safely until called for, so there was nothing to hinder me from setting out at once for home. It was a little later than the hour of my arrival had seemed in my dream, otherwise all my experience was the same; the weariness, the trouble, the mental confusion, all were repeated, and as I sped along the well known streets, I seemed to be living my vivid dream over again."

"I reached our house, and, with my heart beating almost to suffocation, I saw that the door was standing open. My dream still verified! I darted in, and I mounted the stairs and rushed into mother's room."

"No one was there but mother, who was lying on her lounge, a cripple, as I had left her."

"You have got home, Bess, have you?" said she; "I did not hear you ring."
"It is not less, mamma; it is I—Katie. Where is Bess? where is she?" I gasped; but before mother could get her wits sufficiently collected to answer the question, Bess answered it for herself by bounding up the stairs and into the room in even more than her head-over-heels fashion, crying: 'Oh, mamma! we have had such a splendid day—papa and me! if only you and Katie could have been with us!'"

"Then father came in, and the girl with the lamp, and you may imagine, if you can, the noisy and exciting scene that followed. I crying, Bess laughing, father scolding, and mother doing her best to quiet all of us and find out what my unexpected appearance meant. What I saw and felt I cannot describe. 'And your sister Bessie was not dead, and had not even been sick!' cried Nanny, breathlessly; and her grandmother replied:
"Not at all; Bessie was not nearly so hysterical and imaginative a girl as I was. She couldn't be homesick, because

she was at home; and to keep her from feeling lonesome and missing me too much, father was giving her as good a time as he could. He had taken her on an excursion to the Delaware that day, and I don't suppose she had had a gloomy moment since I had left her."
"But you said your dream had had a great effect upon your life?"
"I think it had. I never saw either Cousin John or his wife again; they both died within the next ten years, leaving all they possessed to the family of another cousin. I think it was very likely that, as father afterward said, my foolish faith in a dream cost both Bess and myself a nice little legacy."
"Bessie lived to be fifty, and a grandmother, and though her death was a great sorrow to me, I have survived it fifteen years, as you see and hope still to spend some happy, cheerful years before the Good Father summons me to jolt her."—*Youth's Companion.*

Ahead of Bullets.

Colonel Bob Leech, says in the *Arkansas Traveler*: "I don't know how fast an engine can travel, but I give you an idea of how fast one did go. During the war I ran a scouting engine for the Confederate Government. It was my duty to carry a telegraph operator, who, at different points, would cut the wires and send dispatches. We were running at a rapid rate one day, when, upon rounding a curve, I saw a thousand gun barrels blaze in the sunlight. I also saw that a number of cross-ties had been piled on the track. To stop in time was an impossibility, to go on seemed certain death, for if we escaped being killed by the wrecking of the engine we would be shot to death, for we were regarded as spies. I decided in a second what to do. Telling my companion to lie down in the tender, I seized the throttle, and in locomotive parlance threw her wide open. The engine jumped like a rabbit. I threw myself flat in the tender, expecting every second to be hurled to an awful death. Bang, bang, bang! went the guns. Then all was silent save the whirl of the wheels. Could it be possible that the engine had knocked off the obstructions? I arose and looked out. We had passed the enemy and scattered the ties. My companion, as much astonished as myself, got up. I looked back, and just above the tender I saw what I took to be a swarm of big black flies. I reached out and took hold of one. Gracious! I then discovered what they were. They were a shower of bullets that the enemy had fired after us. Well, we ran along at this rate until the bullets all fell behind." The gentlemen looked at one another, but no one disputed the statement.

Struck by a Meteor.

A correspondent writes: "As a gentleman, a well-known public official, was passing from St. James' Park into Pall Mall by the garden wall of Marlborough House, on Saturday last, at 4:45 in the afternoon, he suddenly received on the right shoulder a violent blow, accompanied by a loud crackling noise, which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. On recovering his footing and turning round to see who had so unceremoniously struck him, he found that there was no one the pavement but himself and the policeman on duty at the park end of it. On reaching home the shoulder was submitted to examination, but nothing was at first discovered to account for the pain in it. But in a little while the servant who had taken away the coat to brush brought it back to point out that over the right shoulder the nap was pressed down flat in a long, straight line, exactly as if a hot wire had been sharply drawn across the cloth. The accident is therefore explained as having been caused by the explosion of a minute falling star or meteor. It is an unprecedented and most interesting occurrence, and deserves, I think, to be placed on public record."—*London Times.*

A Barometer.

A kiss is an unfailing barometer. The initiated can tell "the signs of the times" invariably. It is a sure indication of a cold wave if the young lady's best beau tells her her kisses are ever so much sweeter than the girl's across the way.
There is sure to be a storm if the young woman's father catches him in the act.
There will be heavy clouds in the sky if, when he is just about to kiss her, he stops short and asks her "how's her mother?" The rule is just as sure when the girl has been eating onions.
If he puts his arms around her like a bear and almost smothers her when he kisses her, they are not married. If he comes up with his hands in his pockets and gives her a tasteless snack, the probabilities are that they are.

After all, what would a girl be without lips? She might be blind, and yet be beautiful. She might be bald, and yet wear some other woman's hair. But if she had no lips her woman would be a deerskin drape.
Ah, it is woman's lips that try men's souls!—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Picnic.

The picnic is an ancient institution, but it has reached its full-blown maturity on American soil. With all its big bugs and little bugs and red bugs and hum-bugs it comes to us like water in a thirsty land, like a benediction of rest to the weary. It is better than the ball with its full dress and its flirting, amid lamps above and laughter below. It is better than the religious festival so common in the great cities of the North, when a man is robbed to the sound of sacred music and eats oysters for charity at a dollar a dozen.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

An Italian chemist has invented a phosphorescent printing ink. Newspapers printed with it can be read in the dark.

WASHING THE DISHES.

She stood upon a shady porch
Before a milk-white table,
And o'er her head a rose-vine wreathed
The brown old fashioned gable.
A pretty cotton gown she wore.
With sleeves rolled up, displaying
Her lovely arms, and on the breeze
Her curls were lightly straying.
This side a cage of song-birds hung,
And that a globe of fishes,
And butterflies flew in and out,
And hovered lovingly about.
The maid that washed the dishes.
At first she dreamed not I was near,
And never ceased her singing,
While through the shining bubbles fast
Her dainty mop went swinging.
But soon she spied me, and I heard
A little rill of laughter,
And straight my heart sprang to her side,
And I sprang quickly after.
And in a moment more I'd told
My love, my hopes, my wishes,
And marked her bright eyes brighter grow:
And then—work must be done, you know—
She washed, I wiped, the dishes.
—Margaret Eytone, in *Basar*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A good place to loaf—The bake-shop.
Are you tired of your engagement?
Chew onions.—*Siftings.*
We may not like hotel-keepers, but we have to put up with them.
Some parts of Arkansas are so dry that the water is dusty.—*Arkansas Traveler.*
After all, this world is a dangerous place—very few get out of it alive.—*St. Paul Herald.*
Russia claims that the Turks have no legal rights in Europe, as they are all squatters.—*Life.*
The Labor Question—"Henry, are you going to get up and make the fire?"—*Norristown Herald.*
"Carpets will be lower than ever," says an advertiser. Going to put them down cellar next winter?—*Call.*
It is curious about yachts. Everybody seems to like them, and yet everybody insists that they must go.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*
"He lives above his station"
Was what the people said,
And true—he was the depot man,
And lived up over head.
—*Youkers Gazette.*

"I hez bin movin' 'round on top dis yairt moas' eighty y'ars now, an' it am my solemn belief dat de pusion who pays de least attentun to de weather enjoys life thirty per cent. de best."—*Brother Gardner.*

The man whose head was bald last year,
Who swore about the flies,
Now of these insects has no fear
And their attacks defies;
For their assaults cares not a fig,
Because this year he wears a wig.
—*Boston Courier.*

A couple of visitors from a rural district in the House gallery were trying to pick out their Congressman on the floor. "I can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation. "Of course not," was the honest reply; "he can't even distinguish himself."—*Washington Critic.*

Hogs' Bristles and Hair.

After the hogs are killed in the great slaughter houses of Chicago, they are dropped into a cistern of boiling water, where the hide is thoroughly scalded. A machine then scrapes the hair and bristles off before the meat is cut. The hair and bristles are then separated, the bristles dropping out readily on account of their stiffness. They are taken to the roofs of the houses and spread out to be dried by the sun.
The hair is then loaded on wagons, and taken out to the field prepared for the purpose and dumped. There the men with rakes begin their work of gardening. They spread the hair in layers as thin and even as space will permit, shaking it up to allow the hair to pass through and to dry it thoroughly. Whatever foreign matter, such as pieces of hide or dirt, may be in the hair, generally drops out when it is dry and is shaken well with the rakes.

When the hair is dry it is taken back to the packing house and put into a steam press that makes compact bales of comparatively small size. It is then sold to the wholesale hair dealers by weight. A single packing house in Chicago sends out ten or twelve wagon loads to the hair fields every day in summer. About one pound of hair is taken from every hog, and that is seven-eighths hair and one-eighth bristles. There were killed and packed in all the packing-houses of Chicago, during the year ending March 1, 1886, nearly 5,000,000 hogs, yielding nearly 2,500 tons of hair and bristles.

Some of the packing houses have machines to curl and comb the hair before selling it. Most of the houses, however, leave those processes to the hair dealers. The hair is used principally for the upholstering of furniture. It was sold last year by the packers at four cents a pound wholesale, but is now sold at five cents a pound. The bristles sell at from fifteen to eighteen cents a pound.

The population of Brooklyn by the Federal census of 1880 was about 366,663. The compilers of the new directory of that city, just published (which contains 173,761 names), estimate that the present population is 768,075—an increase of 201,412 in less than six years.

It is estimated that there are no less than fifty colored people in Philadelphia worth more than \$10,000. Half of this number are worth over \$20,000, and at least fifteen of them are worth \$50,000, while one is said to be the possessor of \$250,000.

Five snakes were killed in the top of a palmetto tree, at Crescent City, Fla.