

It is a curious fact that this country exported abroad 175,806,000 pounds of sugar last year, and 258,000,000 pounds the year before, notwithstanding we do not produce more than one-eighth of the sugar we consume.

In one pew in a church at Des Moines, Iowa, sit the widows of seven engineers; and yet there are only two women in the pew. One of them is the "relict" of three, and the other the surviving partner of four divines.

Perhaps one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna, in the Comoro group. The Sultan boards any ship that may call there, and endeavors to secure the washing for his wives, whilst the Prime Minister peddles coconuts and bananas.

The floating island on Lake Derwent-water, England, has again made its appearance. It came to the surface of the water a year or two ago near Lodore, after complete submersion for nearly three years. The cause of the phenomenon has never been satisfactorily explained.

There is said to be a man in Lendville, Col., who can tell, by the tingling sensation in his fingers, when he walks over a body of ore. He is a living mineral detector. His powers are said to have been thoroughly tested, and he has earned large sums by his peculiar gifts, but his fondness for gambling keeps him poor.

Miss Florent, Macnaghton, who lives in the north of Ireland, was recently trying to persuade a fisherman to become a teetotaler. He told her he would do so if she would swim the bay between Blackrock and Port Ballintrae. Nothing daunted, Miss Macnaghton swam the bay, which is a mile across, and now the fisherman is a teetotaler and has signed the pledge. That's a cold water girl.

The noble red man in the West is an enthusiastic gambler. The Winnemucca (Nevada) Silver State says: "A band of Shoshones arrived here a few days ago with several hundred dollars for the purpose of engaging in a gambling bout with the Plutes. Usually the Shoshones take away more money than they bring with them, but this time the rule was reversed, and they lost all their coin and their blankets."

Czar Alexander has suddenly found a diversion very soothing to his disordered nerves. A short time ago the complaint reached his ear that the carp and pike in the ponds of Gatchina were multiplying too fast. The Czar resolved to occupy his leisure hours with fishing. While at first only sport to him it has now become a confirmed habit. Indefatigably he sits on the bank with a fishing rod and waits patiently for a bite.

The New York *Financial Chronicle*, with estimates which appear to be carefully conservative, places the present population of the country at 61,518,399. In the seven years since the last census it places the increase by births at 7,373,471, and by immigration at 3,793,002, making a total gain of 11,166,473. With a corresponding increase we shall have considerably over 66,000,000 of people when the next census is taken.

Dan Emmett, the father of modern negro minstrelsy, is now selling milk for a living in Chicago. He is a genial old man of seventy-two, who entertains his friends with interesting reminiscences. Occasionally he blacks up and gives them a taste of what negro minstrelsy was before it degenerated into burlesque opera and male ballet business. Emmett's fame will rest on the authorship of "Dixie," which he wrote to please some professional friends in New York, never dreaming that it would become a national air.

The Atlanta *Constitution* thinks "there here can be no doubt that the discoveries and inductions of the present age have thrown a new light on the physiology of food. It is a happy thought; that some time in the future a man's cook will be his doctor—that he can prevent as well as cure his ailment, prolong his life, by securing a good cook. The cook and the physician have both killed their thousands in the past, and if they come to be the benefactors of humanity by uniting their best efforts, and pave the way to the millennium, they will certainly atone for much of their misconduct in the past."

The nominal cost of railway construction in the United States has been swollen inordinately, of course, by the "stock-watering" process. Apart from this form of inflation, however, the 125,000 miles of railway in this country have been put down at very reasonable figures compared with the cost of construction in Europe. We can see this more clearly in the following table, prepared by an English exchange:

American Cost per Mile.....	2212,000
United Kingdom.....	190,000
Belgium.....	138,000
France.....	106,000
Germany.....	100,000
Russia.....	50,000
Scandinavia.....	30,000
United States (Disregarding Watered Stocks).....	55,000

A CONTUMACIOUS SUBJECT.

Upon his throne the mighty king,
 His gallant courtiers kneeling round—
 Impatient, tapped his signet ring
 And said some new, diverting thing
 For his amusement must be found.
 Then spoke an old and trusty knight:
 "May I my king's indulgence crave,
 To bring within the royal sight
 A subject who denies the right
 Of any king to call him slave?"
 "How now?" the angry monarch said,
 "Who dare deny our sovereign power?
 Go, fetch him here, alive or dead;
 The fool shall bow or lose his head
 Within the passing of the hour."
 The knight retired with solemn stride,
 Then came a page, all sleek and trim,
 To say the queen would sit beside
 Her lord and see this traitor tried
 If he, the king, indulged the whim.
 The queen came in and took her place,
 The baby boy upon her breast,
 Unheeded of the treason case,
 Looked bravely on the monarch's face
 And snatched away his jeweled crest.
 He rushed the king's symbolic rose,
 Upraised the sceptre with a crash;
 Heaven twined the monarch's nose
 And kicked him with his tiny toes,
 The while he pulled his fierce mustache.
 All others at the king's behest
 Their serfdom hastened to declare;
 The babe alone, with freedom lost,
 Defied the king who ruled the rest—
 Most potent he the weakest there.
 —Willis B. Hawkins.

THE LAST MAN.

The light was well spent and darkness was near, when the Confederate attack ceased on that part of the Federal line at Chickamauga which was held by the troops under Thomas, on the second afternoon. Between the left of these forces and that of the army which had not left the field, lay a long stretch of forest, effectually cutting off the view between the two points. Just at dusk there was borne across the forest a sound of rapid musketry, but this was soon over, and then followed prolonged cheering. It was clear to those with Thomas that the cheers came from Confederates, and signified a capture of more or less importance. The incident served, in connection with what followed, to cast a deeper gloom over the exhausted soldiers.

That which followed was an order to withdraw from the field in retreat to Chattanooga. The left of Thomas's line rested upon a ridge, the end of which was covered with standing corn. At the foot of the ridge, to the left, was a fence. The left of the forest already mentioned. A line of Federal skirmishers was posted along the fence, and the orders were for this line to remain until the troops were well off the ridge in their retreat, and then to quietly withdraw and make the best of their way to rejoin the column. The skirmish line was composed of a single regiment, and a captain was in command, all the field officers having fallen in the two days' fighting. The captain, a straight and soldierly fellow, with bright brown hair and beard closely cut, was waiting with what patience he could command until his time came to retreat. It was an uncertain service at best, this staying behind in skirmish line while the army marched away. So thought the captain, evidently, as he moved uneasily a few paces back and forth behind his men. There was something else to trouble him; he winced whenever he put his left foot to the ground.

The captain had been waiting nearly half an hour when there came an ominous sound from the forest in front. It was too dark to see, but there could be no mistaking that sound. It was the tramp of men coming cautiously on, as a force would do in the dark, expecting to meet an enemy at every step. The captain thought it too early to retire, and there was nothing for it but to await the oncoming force and trust to fortune. On it came, and presently the dusky forms of a line of skirmishers were seen scarcely thirty paces in front of the Federal line. At the same instant the captain's men, standing silently in their places, were discovered by the others. Neither knew certainly by which army the other belonged. The line which came from the wood halted without command, hestitating. Then an officer stepped forward and demanded:
 "What troops are those?"
 Not at a loss for a moment, the Federal captain responded:
 "All right! We're going up the hill. Be ready to support us. Now, then, men—quietly! Pass the word along!"

Whatever the doubts of the other, the captain was sure that the force confronting him was Confederate. He was at last relieved of uncertainty—he must move now. His men understood; the command went from man to man in low tones, and the whole line of skirmishers quietly turned and marched up through the corn to the top of the ridge. As they came to the open ground at the summit they were met by the other line. Their comrades were out of hearing in their retreat. The Captain mounted his horse—which an orderly had been holding while the Captain was on foot with his skirmishers—and put his little regiment in motion to follow the army. He himself remained until the last of his men had filed by, and then followed. As he did this, he turned his face as if for a last look at the bloody field. There was nothing there now but darkness and silence, perfect silence, it seemed, thinking what had been there now less than two hours before. It was perfect silence, save that 200 yards down to the front, where the enemy's dead and wounded lay thick, a sharp cry came up out of the night now and then, his the hospital corps lifted a sufferer too roughly or turned some poor fellow over upon a mangled limb. Save, alas, that a rustling noise in the corn through which he had just come told the captain that the enemy's skirmishers left at the fence below were already moving on his track.
 "The last man at Chickamauga!" muttered the captain as he rode on after his regiment.
 They passed quickly down the rearward slope into the deeper shadow of the valley, and presently turning their heads to look behind, saw faintly outlined against the sky the figure of the South-

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

What Salt is Good For.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning, add a little copperas-water and salt to the whitewash.
 Sprinkling salt on the tops and at the bottoms of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up or down.
 For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia, drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.
 For weeds in the grass, put a pinch or two of salt in the middle of each, and, unless a shower washes it off it will kill the weeds.
 Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.
 In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.
 Salt and mustard, a teaspoonful of each, followed with sweet oil, melted butter or milk, is the antidote for Fowler's solution, white precipitate of arsenic.
 For stains on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off in clear water.
 For weeds in pavements or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water, put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too.
 If a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.

Recipies.
BROWN BREAD.—Three cups each of flour and soft milk, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, five cups of Indian meal, one tablespoon of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Let rise, then bake in a moderate oven.
BLACK PUDDING.—One-half pound each of raisins, currants, chopped suet and sugar; one pound of bread soaked in milk and beaten smooth, one-fourth of a pound of flour, spice to taste. Put in a bag and boil six hours.
FRIED TOMATOES.—Cut ripe tomatoes in half and fry slowly on both sides in butter and lard. When cooked brown take them out carefully, pour a little milk in the frying pan, thicken with flour, season with salt and a servet of hot pepper. When it steeps into a rich sauce pour it over the tomatoes and serve.
PEACH SWEET PICKLES.—Choose peaches that are ripe but not soft enough to eat; put a clove into each one; boil a pound of brown sugar with a gallon of vinegar; skim it well and pour hot over the peaches; cover them closely. It may be necessary to scald the vinegar again in a week or two. They retain their flavor well.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Three large cucumbers cut lengthwise the size of the dish they are intended to be served on; take out the seeds and put them into boiling water with a little salt, and let them simmer for five minutes, then place them in another saucepan with half a pint of good brown gravy and let them boil over a brisk fire until the cucumbers are tender. Carefully dish them, skin the sauce, pour it over the cucumbers and serve.
MOCK APPLE PIE.—Make a paste as for apple pie. Roll two small crackers, or break them in crumbs, and soak them in a cup of cold water while making the paste. Grate one lemon, or pare it very thin, and cut this paring into the smallest pieces possible. Add this and the juice of the lemon to the crackers. Flavor with nutmeg and stir in one cup of sugar. Cover a plate with paste, fill with this and set in the oven till partly done. Then lay the pie with narrow strips of paste, return to the oven and finish baking.

JENNETT.—A plain jennett is made by warming two quarts of fresh milk until a very little warmer than when just from the cow; pour the milk into a large ornamental bowl or dish in which it can be brought to the table, and, while the milk is warm, stir into it two tablespoonfuls of prepared rennet; stir gently two minutes, then set away in a cold place. It will soon become a solid, wavy curd. Serve by dipping and cutting out large slices with a small, flat ladle or broad spoon. It may be eaten with rich cream alone, or with cream and powdered sugar.
CHESTNUT FOCMEAT.—Take a few chestnuts—a dozen and a half will be sufficient for one large bowl—roast and peel the nuts, and then put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy. Let them boil in this for fifteen or twenty minutes, then drain off the gravy, and, when they become quite a cool, mince them, also chopping fine the liver of the fowl. Now take a teaspoonful of grated ham and a teaspoonful of black pepper, a pinch of grated lemon peel and two large tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. Mix these well in a mortar, adding the chestnuts and fowl's liver, and moisten the whole with a mixture of the beaten yolks of two eggs and two ounces of butter.

A Clean Crab.

Miss Gordon Cumming reports some of the "acute and pithy remarks" of the native Christian teachers at the Samoan islands. Among the rest is a trait of the crab in the island which was brought forward as an illustration of the commandment to cut off a right hand or a right foot, or to pluck out a right eye, rather than to be led into sin. One of the teachers told how often he had watched the crab, or land-crab, which by day burrows deep in the soil, but by night hurries down to the sea to feed and drink. It is a wondrously clean creature, and the Samoans declare that if on its seaward way, as it presses through the tall grass, it should chance to come in contact with any filth, which adheres to its legs, it will deliberately wrench them off, and thus, self-mutilated, hobble back to its hole, there to hide till its legs grow again.

A Great Place For Celery.

It is in and around the fair and far famed city of Kalamazoo that the celery lord, with all his innate pride and odor of garlic, may best be found. Here his coat of arms, consisting of a bunch of celery and a silver dollar guardant, may be seen emblazoned on his armorial bearings and also on the faces of the shopkeepers. Here it is that over 2,000 acres of "reclaimed" land is devoted to the cultivation of the crisp and toothsome stalk that is gifted with nerve strengthening properties. It is a saying that in Kalamazoo they swear by celery and eat everything else. The latter proposition may be a trifle harsh, but the former is self-evident to any visitor. In spite of the fact that Kalamazoo leads the country in light vegetables, wild mice, hawks and many other branches of manufacture, she still pins her faith and hope and trust to the celery lands and the celery lords. —Chicago Herald.

Strange Extremes of Heat and Cold.

Northeast Siberia presents a climate colder than the North Pole and hotter than the tropic of the Equator; and the torrid heat lasts only for a few weeks, while the intense cold endures for many months. In the volcanic peninsula of Kamchatka, says a writer in the *London Telegraph*, the banks of the inland streams are clothed with grass growing with tropical luxuriance and spangled with gay flowers—the Alpine rose, the cinquefoil, and the beautiful Kamchatka lily—while on the low lands cluster the poplar and the silver birch. The prevailing humidity of the Pacific seaboard, particularly in the Amoor Basin, favors the development of a splendid vegetation; and on the Ussuri the ginseng is largely cultivated for the Chinese market, where it fetches its weight in gold, the plant being esteemed a sovereign remedy against all disorders.

INDIAN BALL.

The game is not made up of nines, but of sides, and has twenty-five Indians on each side. The Cherokee Indians will have the right side of their faces painted black and will carry a spoon or stick, something similar to a Lacrosse stick. The Choctaws will have the same make-up, excepting that the left side of their faces will be painted red or yellow. When they get on the ground, Snake and Puppy, Chief of the Choctaws, and Lone Wolf, Chief of the Choctaws, will "toss up" to see who will throw the ball. Both sides take their position at either end of the grounds, with a board about fifteen feet in height behind them. This is what they call the goal—just like a game of football in this part of the country. The chief who has won the toss will take his stand about an equal distance from both sides, and will toss the ball in the air and give a whoop to notify the men to start for the ball. They all make a rush, and as they are swift runners they generally meet about where the ball lies, and as they cannot touch the ball with their hands they use their spoons, and when one man catches the ball he holds the spoon high in the air and makes a terrible race, with the remaining forty-nine players in hot pursuit, beating him over the head and shoulders with their spoons in order to gain possession of the ball. When the possessor of the ball reaches a spot with a clear field he throws the ball, and if there is not some man who will throw his spoon in the air and catch it, the ball strikes the goal, and the men retire to their places for another inning. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Selecting a Family Horse.

Among the good points to be noticed in the selection of the family horse, docility and gentleness must be kept well in view. The horse should be willing to share in the use and care of the horse, nothing vicious should be tolerated. If sound and previously well cared for, a horse eight, ten, or even twelve years old, may be bought with no fear of disability on account of old age. Mr. John Russell, who recently delivered a series of lectures in Boston on the care of the horse, said that "old wine, old friends and old horses"—and by that meaning those from front directions can be true, but if the horse does not come to maturity as early as some think, as the record of the trotting horse of America shows. A horse ten years old, that has no defect of body or limb, is practically safe from the ordinary horse diseases. So far as outward appearance, color, etc., are concerned, no general directions can be given, but if the buyer is inexperienced, it is better to go to some reliable dealer, stating what is desired and the amount of money to be given. An honest horse jockey in some people's minds is an anomaly, but many such may be found. —American Agriculturist.

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MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MATRI-MONIAL FIRM.

Mrs. Bowser Describes the Attempt Made by Her Husband to Sew on Some Buttons.

The other evening, when Mr. Bowser stepped off the street car at our corner, of his suspender buttons flew off. This may or may not have been the first time in his life that he lost a suspender button, but he took it so much to heart that I guess it was the first. He came into the house with the look of a man who had been deeply injured, and shouted at me:
 "Do you know whether I've got a single button left on any of my garments?"
 "What is it, dear?"
 "Don't what-is-it-dear me, Mrs. Bowser! If you were half a wife you'd look over my clothes once in five or ten years and catch up the loose buttons!"
 "Why, there's only one button gone, and I'll have that fixed in two jiffys. Let me get my needle and—"
 "No, I won't! It has been plain to me for the last year that sooner or later I'd have to do my own sewing, and now the climax has come."
 "Just one minute, Mr. Bowser."
 "Not one second! I shall hereafter sew on my own buttons, and I might as well begin now!"
 I had needle and thread and thimble at hand, but he turned away. Supper was all ready, and when I mentioned the fact he replied:
 "Go and eat it, then! I have no time. I have 200 or 300 buttons to sew on."

He wouldn't even permit me to give him the needle and thread. He hunted around and found a darning-needle and some coarse thread, and went off to his room and locked the door with a great bang. I went up after supper and looked through the key-hole. He hadn't got the button on yet. As the needle was larger than the eyes, he had tried to enlarge the latter with a bodkin, and thereby broke them all into one. He was lotherto know how to proceed, when I called:
 "Mr. Bowser, won't you let me in?"
 "No, ma'am! Your place is in the parlor, reading the last French love story, while your husband sews on his buttons."
 "But shan't I get you another button?"
 "No! There are no other buttons in the house, or if there was you wouldn't know it! I shall go down town and buy some."
 He came out, locked the door and started off, and in half an hour he came back with a dozen varieties of buttons, running from a pearl to an overcoat button. He also had three papers of needles, of his five species of thread, and to these he had added two dozen safety pins.
 "Won't you eat supper and let me sew on that button, Mr. Bowser? I asked as he returned.
 "Never! It's too late! I may get through in time for breakfast, but I can clean off the supper table. I have been losing buttons for the last five years, and now I propose to sew them all on."
 When he had locked the door again he got out every coat and vest and pair of pants from the closet and sat down to his buttons. I am telling you the solemn truth when I say that I looked through the key-hole and saw him deliberately cut every button off of two vests and a pair of pants, and he took two of his new shirts and coolly ripped it clean down the back to the bottom hem. And I will further make a solemn affidavit that the button he lost when he got off the car was the only missing button he had ever complained of.
 When he had cut the buttons off, as described, he lighted the gas and got out his needles and thread. Mr. Bowser is a neat-handed man, and our gas extras have hung pretty high. Between the two he got into trouble. It didn't seem to make any difference to him which end of the needle he threaded. Instead of jabbing the thread at the needle he jabbed the needle at the thread. After about twenty jobs he'd get discouraged and select another needle, or break the thread off at a new spot. He finally got the thread into the eye of the needle, and after twenty minutes of hard work he got the missing button back on his pantaloons. In his nervousness he put on a brass button with a shunk, and he used just three yards of doubled thread to make it secure.
 It was 10 o'clock before he came down stairs. He'd given up the job with the one button.
 "Well, have you got through?" I asked.
 "Got through! Do you expect I can sew on 284 buttons in two hours?"
 "Well, I'll see to the rest in the morning."
 "No, you won't! Don't you dare to touch any of my clothing! The worm has finally turned, and he proposes to take care of himself after this!"
 Next morning he put on one of the vests he had stripped of buttons and fastened it with five safety-pins. He put on a coat from which he had cut two buttons, and those were also replaced by the pins. He came down and paraded around to attract my notice, and I finally said:
 "Mr. Bowser, I want to beg your forgiveness. I knew there were over 200 buttons off your clothes, but I was shifting my blame to you, and I promise you—"
 "Didn't I tell you the worm had turned?" he interrupted as he waved his hand in an imperious way. "I have got to go down town in this fashion. People will remark it and of course they will understand how it is."
 He was gone about twenty minutes, and then he snatched back, slipped softly in and changed his clothes and skipped out.
 When Mr. Bowser came up to dinner either of us mentioned buttons. It was not until he was ready to leave the house that he said:
 "Mrs. Bowser this must never happen again—never! You are my wife, but don't drive me too far—too far!" —Detroit Free Press.

Dakota among the States and Territories.

Dakota stands sixth in the number of bachelors who are unmarried. Only eleven States raise more oats, sixteen have more schools, fourteen more newspapers, and but twelve have more miles of railroad.

TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.

The hand of mercy lights the past,
 But hides the future ill;
 It tempers every stormy blast,
 And bids us sweep our path with will.
 Whatever cloud may darkly rise
 Or storm may wildly blow,
 Whatever path before us lies,
 'Tis better not to know.

Our friends may falter one by one
 And leave us to our fate,
 If but the staff we lean upon
 May still support our weight—
 Unconquered by a dream of ill:
 Unburdened as we go,
 The storm may break beyond, but still,
 'Tis better not to know.

If faith in human conduct
 Be but a dream at best;
 If falsehood lurk where love should be,
 Yet in that dream I'm blest;
 If warning of a coming wrong
 Cannot avert the blow;
 If knowledge fail to make me strong—
 'Tis better not to know.

And if within my brother's heart
 A buried hatred lies;
 If friendship be an acted part,
 'His smile a cold disguise—
 The knowledge would each blessing dim
 And not a boon bestow—
 Ah! leave me still my trust in him,
 'Tis better not to know.
 —D. Houghton, in Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A genuine hum-bug—The locust.
 A half loaf is better than no vacation.
 —Inter-Ocean.

It is queer that Queen Victoria did not confer the Order of the Bath on some of Buffalo Bill's Indians. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

Advice to young ladies who are setting their caps: Use prudential caps so that the pop may be heard. —New York News.

When a girl pays her husband's railroad fare on their bridal trip, it's a pretty good example of love's transport. —Merchant Traveler.

The doctors tax their patients
 When they their bills display;
 Folks tax the doctors' patience
 When those bills they will not pay.
 —Goodall's Saw.

The hottest article of a man's attire are his suspenders. But, oh! how much hotter and more uncomfortable he feels when they happen to give way in public.
 —Burlington Free Press.

"The gentleman who is about to shoot," said the master of ceremonies at a target practice, "is a famous French duelist. Then the frightened crowd got right in front of the target and began to breathe easy." —New York Sun.

"Young man," said the old deacon solemnly, "do you realize that when you retire at night you may be called before morning dawn?" "I hope so; 'I'm a young doctor, and I need encouragement of some kind." —Texas Siftings.

"No," said old Bill Squeezers, who was down from Bodie the other day. "I didn't go to Judge Podger's wedding. The notice said 'No cards,' and I'm blamed if I can fool away a whole evening where there's no chance of a little four-bit ante." —San Francisco Wasp.

PROSPECTS SPOILED AS USUAL.

They thought to have a cottage neat
 With honeysuckle twining,
 And live in lovers' transports sweet.
 All other cares resigning.
 The goal of peace they thought to win
 And happily through life to jog,
 And so they might, had it not been
 For papa and the dog.
 —Merchant Traveler.

How Chocolate is Made.

"Chocolate," said a New York confectioner, "is made from beans that grow in pods on the cacao tree. These trees are numerous in the West Indies, and it is from them that we get our supply. The beans are brought hither in the pod, and put through a regular manufacturing process to produce the chocolate cakes that we use. The first operation is the breaking of the husks and separating them from the kernels by a blast of air. Then the beans are ground with sugar by revolving granite gratings. The stones are heated, and the oil contained in the bean makes the mass adhere and become a thick paste. This pulp is now partly dried and the air bubbles are squeezed out in a press, and it is transferred to the cooling tables. Here it is placed in molds, a blast of cold air is turned on, and in a few moments the beautiful glossy tablets are finished."
 "The British Government has recently directed that chocolate be served two or three times a week in the army and navy. In confectionery the Parisians exceed us in the number of preparations of chocolate. We use it in its natural flavor only, while they mix essences and other flavors with it, until their is no end to the combinations that they produce. In England much of the chocolate is adulterated. Some recent tests detected flour, starch of potato, lard, chalk, bran and old sea-biscuit in specimens offered for sale." —Mail and Express.

A Novel Musical Instrument.

Two Spanish naval officers were playing a duet in the cool inner room of a piano wareroom on Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon. A group of musicians, critics and employes of the company were sitting or standing around, attentively listening. One of the dark-bearded performers was playing an accompaniment for the other, who held to his mouth an instrument so small as to be entirely concealed by his fingers; yet the notes of "La Paloma," that sensuous, fetching Mexican air, rang out in tones like a piccolo's, yet so strong as to seem as if they came from a cello. When the air was finished, the infant duet was submitted for inspection. It was a section of a reed, very like those which are used for pipe stems, having three small holes beside the blow hole. It was not three inches long; yet from this scrap of perforated reed over two octaves of notes had been elicited with a strength that made the air palpitate, and the most rapid runs had been executed. It is a new instrument called *el reed flute*, and is quite a curiosity. For its size, it is the biggest instrument on earth. —New York Sun.