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Many Syrian Arab mendicants are flocking to this country. It is said that nearly 3,000 are already here, and they are coming in steadily increasing numbers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of the English Church, says that one of the greatest evils by which the working classes are afflicted is the custom of early marriages.

Kerosene lamps turned down so as to burn low soon poison the air of a room. This practice should never be allowed in a house, and certainly not in sleeping-rooms or sick-rooms.

The annual Cookery exhibition recently opened in Paris. The finest exhibit was a composition sculptured in mutton fat and lard of the "Suicide of Vatel," the famous cook who stabbed himself because the fish was late for the dinner given by Conde de Louis XVI.

Of the 8000 Presbyterian Ministers in the United States there are not quite 600 who are disqualified by age or sickness for regular work. These and their families receive from the general church fund an average of \$300 each a year.

There is a wonderful brown and golden bird in Mexico, a species of bee-eater, that was remarkably expert in catching the bees on top of his head so that his crest looks exactly like a beautiful flower.

The introduction of natural gas at Pittsburgh has displaced the use of 4,500,000 tons of coal a year. One-half of the 50,000 houses in Pittsburgh use the natural gas for fuel and light.

The fear that France or Germany, in the event of war, will attempt a rush through Belgium, has inspired the Belgians to tremendous exertions to prevent such a calamity.

The woman who kept the shop called the Hesperid de Lafourchette, in Paris, where the poor resorted for most of their supplies, had died in a small retreat.

The British Consul at Baltimore, in a report to his Government on the oyster fisheries of Maryland, says: "In some of the lower counties, down the Chesapeake Bay, oysters pass as current money, and in one town which boasts of a weekly newspaper a large percentage of its readers pay their subscriptions to it in oysters."

The announcement of an "infallible remedy" for seasickness, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser, ought to prove tidings of joy to a great many people who in the pursuit of business or pleasure, are compelled to experience this tribulation.

Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, says in illustration of the inaptitude of well-informed people to estimate properly, that a railroad President and several conservative business men recently gave it as their deliberate opinion that three thousand men were out of employment in Lawrence, Massachusetts, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants.

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BYGONES.

Ye doubt and fears that once we knew, Ye bitter words of anger born; Ye thoughts unkind and deeds untrue, Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn.

SOMETHING BEHIND IT.

"Oh, yes, mother, you're always saying, 'There's something behind it.' I'm glad I'm not so suspicious of everybody and everything.

"Well, then, I'll say no more about it, but I don't like to see you so often deceived as to the real motives of people, who pretend to be actuated by friendship only.

"I am going into the kitchen now to show Kate about the baking; if you want to see me, call on me; if you don't care to read, take a nap before dinner-time."

The most interesting topics to Mr. Martin were his harrow and his physical appearance; six feet in his stockings, broad-shouldered and muscular, he was a fine specimen of manhood.

"Only a month's supply? That's close enough to ruin; I don't like to run too low. I might as well order for you now; we shall want the same brand as before."

"I don't know what you have performed at our Royal Kraal, Swaziland, on rings, poles, chairs and sticks; that you also have played with an iron tree, and also carried a large cannon on your back and fired it off your back in our presence.

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"Humph!" granted Mr. Martin, slowly rubbing his injured ankle and changing the position of his feet. "I'm glad the doors were all shut; I wouldn't had mother hear the Deacon for a farm."

Mr. Martin coming in later found him thus, and was just in time to admit a tall, cadaverous looking individual, with pants tucked in boots, a raw hide under his arm and a powerful odor of tobacco permeating all his garments.

Mr. Martin's face was a study. He positively could not meet his wife's eyes. "I—be—came up this afternoon—and I gave him an order, not knowing, of course, of this. Well, guess we're in for it this time. It's too bad; I'll look into things more sharply after this."

E. McKay tells how he prevented the loss of his leg, writes the Milford correspondent of the Boston Globe.

"I brought a load of lumber up this forenoon, an' herd 'em y'day as how you'd hurt your leg, an' I loved then I'd cum to see you to-day, how du 'em save you? Pooty ruff, hey?"

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Dust Spider Webs. A correspondent writes: "I have observed that many of the webs supposed to be the work of spiders are formed by particles of dust, which cling to each other until the thread has gained considerable length, when a current of air will often attach the hanging end to the ceiling again, thus making a regular column."

Cement to Mend Rubber Articles. A lady of Hope, Maine, has given the world the following account of her way of mending rubber bags, bulbs, etc.

Secret of Cooking Tough Meat. A thoughtful Western lady in a letter to the New York Times writes: "I have always disliked to be obliged to cook fowl's over a year old, because they were not only tough, but I fancied tasted a little bit strong."

He Saved His Leg. E. McKay tells how he prevented the loss of his leg, writes the Milford correspondent of the Boston Globe.

Recipes. SALAD OF LIMA BEANS.—Put some lima beans, potatoes and peas, all boiled tender in a cool place, and a short time before serving cut the potatoes and beans into rather thin slices, add the beans and dress with oil, pepper, salt and vinegar.

Milk For the Metropolis. The milk trade of New York City has extended its arms to take in Dromedary, Cortland and Chaguan counties.

A Close Shave for His Life. The barbers' assistants of Naples, Italy, were out on a strike. A rich Englishman arriving at a hotel asked for a barber.

THE SICILIAN VESPER. Silence o'er sea and earth, With the veil of evening fell.

Fresh hair.—The new kid. Ill-fitting garments.—Law suits. A still hunt.—An internal revenue raid.

Amelia is as neat and trim As maiden well can be; In private she is thirty-one; In public twenty-three!

Yes, waiter, I am a magnetist; would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter.—"No, sah; but if it's all the same to you, sah, tip de waiter."

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A SENATOR'S BIG RANCH.

LELAND STANFORD'S WONDERFUL CALIFORNIA FARMS.

A Farm Which Contains 56,000 Acres—What It Grows—The Senator's Beneficence.

Mr. Henry B. Shackleford, a Southern Senator in the employ of United States Senator Leland Stanford, was in Atlanta, Georgia, recently, and was interviewed by a Constitution reporter.

"We are not in the fruit business extensively, for we have only some 30,000 fruit trees planted. These are mostly peach and plum."

"What about the stock farm?" "This stock ranch is known all over the world. It is known as Palo Alto, and is situated thirty miles south of San Francisco.

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THE SICILIAN VESPER.

Silence o'er sea and earth, With the veil of evening fell.

As the convent tower sent deeply forth The chime of the vesper bell.

One moment, and that solemn sound Fell on the willing ear.

But a sterner echo passed around, Which the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up In the torchlight and dim.

And the priest let fall his incense cup, And the virgin hushed her hymn.

For a bodied clash, and a clanging tramp, And the summoning voice were heard.

And fretted wall and tombstone damp And the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound, As he sat beside his hearth.

And the laugh and dance were hushed around And the fiddle laid aside.

The chieftain shook in his bannered hall As the sound of war drew nigh.

And the warden shrunk from the castle wall As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe, woe to the stranger, then, To the chief and mailed lord!

They were gathered there, those doomed men, To the harvest of the sword:

For the wounded pride of an injured land Had burst its iron thrall.

And vengeance cried, with a blood-red hand, "Woe, woe to the sons of Gaul!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fresh hair.—The new kid. Ill-fitting garments.—Law suits.

A still hunt.—An internal revenue raid. Why call a man a crank, when no one can turn him?

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

It is not altogether strange that a bectrothral should lead to a honey-moon.

The Signal Service is not always posted on coming rain, but when a blizzard is traveling the bureau generally gets wind of it.

Hereditary gout is a most unjust disease. The father has had all the fun and the son catches most of the pain.

One of the Western ranches is owned and managed by a woman. She is probably the cow belle of the West.

Amelia is as neat and trim As maiden well can be; In private she is thirty-one; In public twenty-three!

A Michigan man has a chicken which is sixteen years old. Sea-ed proposals for the purchase of it will be received from boarding house keepers.

Jones—"Fish are spoken of as the fisherman's harvest. Why is that?" Smith—"Because the fishermen have to plough the waves to get them."

"Yes, waiter, I am a magnetist; would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter.—"No, sah; but if it's all the same to you, sah, tip de waiter."

"No; what is it?" "Irrigation. But for irrigation many of the farms which now blossom as the rose would be dreary, sterile wastes.

Take the San Joaquin Valley for example. Much of this land was unproductive and given over as worthless.

Why, the transformation was phenomenal! These barren stretches were at once converted into fruitful ranches, yielding plenteous crops of grain and hay.

Irrigation is regarded as a necessity in California. The truth is, it would not pay to farm but for this mode of artificial watering.

Now, I will tell you something else about its value. Land which a few years ago was untitled because it would not pay to cultivate it, now is planted in alfalfa.

This is a sort of grass which has been found to make the very best kind of hay. Here we raise five crops a year.

Four tons to the acre is not infrequently cut, and this sells for \$10 a ton. What farming land in the south yields so profitable a crop as this?

This is in response to the ranchman, who prefer it to all other kinds for cattle. It is a great milk-producing feed.

Milk For the Metropolis. The milk trade of New York City has extended its arms to take in Dromedary, Cortland and Chaguan counties.

Put three-quarters of a box of gelatine to soften in a half pint of cold water in a warm place. Crush a quart of raspberries, but do not entirely mash them; add a teaspoon of boiling water to the gelatine when it is soft and stir it on the stove where it will melt, but not boil, till it forms a thick mullage.

Put this to the raspberries. Sweeten with half a pint of granulated sugar, using more or less to taste, as the raspberries are more or less sweet. Pour into a mould and set on ice till next day.

Curried Eggs.—Boil six eggs quite hard and when cold cut each in four pieces so that they may stand on the dish plates uppermost; lay aside. Fry two onions shred very fine, in butter, add one tablespoonful of very powder, two ounces butter rolled in flour and by degrees half a pint of milk, let the whole boil up for a quarter of an hour, then stir in very slowly two tablespoonfuls of cream, simmer five minutes, put in the eggs and let them heat slowly for five minutes and serve in the same with melted butter.

In 1885 the United Kingdom built 151 iron steamships, and 150 of steel. In 1887, thirty-five new ships were of iron, and 236 of steel.

A St. Louis man says that March is the lucky month for the birth of great statesmen, and instances in support of his statement the fact that many of the Presidents of the United States and the sovereigns of Europe were born in that month.