SOME QUEER CUSTOMERS

THAT GOTHAM'S GUNDEALERS HAVE TO LOOK OUT FOR.

The Would-Be Suicide—The Insanely Jealous Lady, and Lastly the Three Bad Boys.

"There is no one who has to be a better judge of human nature," said a Broadway gundealer, "than a man in my business. I can size a man up the minute he steps into my store, and if I notice anything peculiar in his manner I watch him as closely as a cat does a mouse. What for? Why, because I don't want my place made the scene of a sensational suicide if I can help it. I began business here in 1875, and during that period some rather exciting incidents have happened in front of my counter. As we see, I believe it was in 18[illegible]," and the dealer scratched his head in a reminiscent manner, "that I was at my desk one morning making out some bills, when a gentleman fully six feet in height and broad shoulders in proportion, came in. 'Will you let me see some of your revolvers?' he asked, in an ordinary tone; 'I am desirous of getting one for target practice.' I showed him several of the finest I had in the case, but they didn't seem to suit him. Then he asked to see a derringer. This request, coupled with an indefinable feeling that I had already felt that there was something wrong about the man, aroused my suspicions. What on earth can he want of a derringer for target practice, I said to myself, but I showed him one. He said he would take it, and asked for a quantity of cartridges to go with it. 'I am very particular about my cartridges,' he said, as I was about to do them up. 'Will you kindly open one of the boxes so that I may examine them.' The request seemed reasonable, and I did so. He glanced at the cartridges, took a few from the box, examined them, and then replaced them, with the remark: 'I guess they're all right. You may do the package up.' His calm manner partially allayed my suspicions and I started to wrap up the revolver and cartridges, when the man suddenly exclaimed: 'By Jove! that's a funny thing,' pointing toward the door. I turned my head, and, seeing nothing unusual, took a step or two in the direction he pointed. Still seeing nothing strange, I turned to ask him what he referred to. I didn't ask him anything, though, but instead jumped forward just in time to prevent his brains being scattered upon the floor. While my head had been turned he had slipped a cartridge which he had concealed in his hand into the revolver, placed the muzzle against his temple, and was about to pull the trigger as I sprang upon him. My fingers closed on the hammer just as it was coming down, and broke its force so that the cartridge was indented but the least bit, not enough to fire it. The man seemed as cool as a cucumber, and surrendered the weapon to me without a word. I put it back in the case, and as I did so he looked at me inquiringly. 'Won't you sell it to me?' he asked, and when I replied most emphatically in the negative he said: 'Well, suit yourself,' and walked calmly out, humming a fragment of a then popular air. I have never seen the man since, but for weeks I watched the papers to see if a gentleman of his description had killed himself. If he did I never found any account of it."

"Do you think he killed himself?"

"I do not, for this reason. If you have ever investigated cases of suicide you must have noticed that a person generally kills himself upon the impulse of the moment. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but they generally occur among the lower classes. If a man of any intelligence yields to a suicidal impulse and is foiled in his attempt he is likely to believe that fate has intervened and that his luck will change. It is unlikely, therefore, unless he is crazy, that he will again attempt to take his life."

"Have you ever had any other strange experiences of a similar nature?"

"I can't remember any just like that I have told you about, but I have had other strange ones. One morning a woman who was refined looking and had quite ladylike manners, came in and asked to see some revolvers. I showed some from which she selected one. 'This will do,' she said, 'please load it for me.' I told her that I couldn't do that, as it was against my rules. She urged me for some little time to load it, but I still refused. 'Very well, keep it then,' and sailed out in an indignant manner. Hardly had she passed through the door when a detective with whom I was well acquainted came in. 'Did you sell that lady a revolver?' he asked. I told him I had not. 'Very well, don't sell her one if she should come here again,' he said, and rushed out after her. Either the same or following day she came in again. 'I'll take that revolver,' she said. 'I've got a friend who will load it for me.' 'I am sorry, madame,' I replied, 'but I cannot sell it to you.' 'Can't sell it to me,' she exclaimed. 'That's strange. What's the reason you can't?' I told her that I could give her no reason, but I could not sell her the revolver. She appeared very indignant, and went out, simply saying she would buy one somewhere else. A few days after I saw my friend, the detective, and he told me that the lady was well known in society, where she was a great favorite. 'She has a fine looking husband, who is devoted to her,' he said, 'but at times she becomes insanely jealous of him for no cause at all. At such times she is really out of her mind, and unless watched would do herself or him some injury. Every two or three months she has those spells, which generally last a day or two and then pass away. At such times I am employed to watch her. I get well paid for doing it, or you can bet I'd steer clear of such work. It's no picnic, I can assure you.'"

"Did you ever see the lady again?"

"Yes. Not long after she passed here leaning on the arm of a tall, handsome gentleman, whom, I suppose, was her husband. She was chatting gayly with him, and both seemed supremely happy. As they passed I saw her glance in my direction, but apparently without recognition. I understand that she is entirely cured now.

"There is one more curious case that I want to tell you of, and then I'll stop. One cold March afternoon three small boys, the oldest of whom could not have been over 13, swaggered into my store and asked 'ter see some of them guns and pistols.' I showed them some rifles and revolvers, and the oldest one of the crowd selected a Remington rifle, two revolvers, a quantity of ammunition, three bowie knives and some fishing tackle. The whole bill amounted to $60, and they settled it then and there. Of course, I knew there was something wrong, and so while the boys were selecting their outfit I sent my office boy out with a note on which I had written 'Call the first policeman you come across.' The policeman came and took the boys, outfit and all, to the station house. When the case came up before Justice White the next day it was discovered that the three little rascals had robbed a third boy of $80, which his father had sent him with to pay the rent. Filled with a desire to go West and kill Indians they had secured the money and came to me to buy their outfit. The remaining $20 was to pay their fares West. It is unnecessary to add that they never got further than the reform school, where I believe they still linger in durance vile." *New York Press.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The total number of Mormons is 260,000.

Under the State law of Michigan no duelist can cast a vote.

The center of population is in the vicinity of Indianapolis, Ind.

A cooking school in Pittsburg, makes a specialty of educating men cooks.

In the year 1888, Pawtucket, R. I., polled 1888 Republican presidential votes.

It is said that a man can live and support a family on ten cents a day in Mexico.

Barbecue is derived from the French words *barbe a queue* which means from snout to tail.

In the Sandwich Islands the natives paint their faces and knock out their front teeth in mourning for their friends.

One of the gifts to the Russian Czarina during her late visit with the Czar to Baku, was a bouquet-holder valued at $10,000.

A talking piano, operated by numerous keys and producing words of all kinds, is one of the curiosities at a New York museum.

An Oregon man has in his garden a tomato vine that is thirteen feet high, and the branches of which cover an area of twenty feet.

Three Englishmen now have statues in France—Lord Brougham at Cannes, Jenner at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and Shakespeare in Paris.

A man who was severely injured in a row in New York the other day, had his wounds photographed so that their extent could be shown in court after they had healed.

A newspaper man in Liverpool secured the names of 482 sailors, and only two among them were named Jack. In all his talk with them he never heard them use a nautical expression.

Bread baked from basswood sawdust and corn starch passed muster in a Boston restaurant as "Indian bread," but some of the eaters afterward complained that their hunger had not been satisfied.

A new humanitarian society has been organized in New York. One of its objects as laid down in the constitution is to compel storekeepers employing counter clerks of either sex to provide seats for them.

While a wedding party was waiting for a squire to perform the ceremony at Alpharetta, Ga., the groom excused himself and fled. The bride proposed to the groomsman on the spot, and they were married within an hour.

John Stokes, of Philadelphia, has just been awarded $400 damages against the man who hit him in the eye with a potato aimed at quite another person, and thereby drew blood, and is said to have injured the sight of Mr. Stokes.

Orwell was four years a flourishing little town in Kansas, with a good newspaper and other signs of prosperity. Now it has not a single inhabitant, and the houses gaze vacantly on the surrounding prairie. The railroad was extended and the people had to go with it.

Mr. Melleland, of Dakota, has a horse that is just like all other horses till you come to the pastern joint, below which he branches into two shinbones and stands upon two perfect feet to each of his forelegs. He is quite as nimble as if he had but the normal complement of extremities. The owner, who has refused $2500 for half of him, is yet willing to take $5000 for the whole.

Pneumonia's Fatal Progress.

According to a medical contemporary, Dr. Gouverneur L. Smith, of New York, has just given some interesting and startling facts in regard to pneumonia. Dr. Smith points out that the disease is becoming worse every year, increasing rathing than decreasing, both in the number of cases and the percentage of mortality. The statistics of the Pennsylvania Hospital shows that the mortality from pneumonia there advanced from 6½ per cent. in 1847 to 18½ per cent. in 1867, and 31 per cent. in 1886. Similarly, in the New York Hospital the ratio of mortality from this disease is more than double what it was in 1878. Thirty or forty years ago it was regarded as serious, but it did not excite anything like the alarm it does to-day. Dr. Smith is rather inclined to believe that the medical art, instead of progressing in its treatment of pneumonia, has actually gone back; and holds that the old methods of treating the disease at the time it was less deadly to have been abandoned for methods more finical but less efficacious. The first requisite, he insists, is a "superabundance of pure air about the patient. In pneumonia the breathing apparatus only partially performs its functions, for the diseased parts of the lungs are substantially useless. The working portion must perform the work of two lungs for a week or ten days in order to maintain the blood in a proper condition to sustain life;' and, therefore, 'the patient requires purer air and vastly more than one in sound health.' 'Pure air as a remedial agent in the management of pneumonia and other disorders, both acute and chronic, has ever been a more potent ally of therapeutics than any panacea offered by alchemy or any hobbledehoy presented by modern chemistry.'"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Fantastic Canes of Rare Woods.

One of this week's steamships brought over more and prettier cane and umbrella novelties than have ever been imported in one lot before. The larger number consist of French and Spanish creations, and of woods and ivory from the Holy Land. Spotted palm and Egyptian olive are perhaps the prettiest woods among the lot, and when capped and swedged with beautifully grained ivory they make canes which delight the eye of the most conservative connoisseur. The Egyptian olive wood is used principally in umbrella handles in the unfinished state.

Bouillion blonde, a very light wood from Algeria, and accasia, which grows in Spain, complete the list of new woods. Bleached buckhorn handles, with extra large, full crown, and lizard skin handles from Tunis, which have a decidedly snakish appearance, will please the ultra fashionable.

Mexican onyx is now being used in various designs for handles; shaped in Masonic emblems, it makes up very attractively, and bids fair to have a large run.—*New York Sun.*

The wife of a Wall street banker is reported as having invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent for which she has sold for $25,000 cash and a royalty.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Conducted by the Tionesta Union.

The W. C. T. U. meets the 2d and 4th Tuesday of each month, at 3 p. m.

President—Mrs. Eli Holeman.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. J. G. Dale, Mrs. W. J. Roberts.

Recording Sec'y—Mrs. L. A. Howe.

Cor. Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. S. D. Irwin.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.—Hab. II, 15.

The wicked worketh a deceitful work; but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a true reward.—Rev. 11, 18.

The Old Man's Lecture.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, about ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and my mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, there was a startling announcement made to our people. I knew nothing of its import, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a temperance meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what course would be best to pursue. The subject of the meeting came up at the table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair in great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of this same strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite Church and State.

The night came, and troops of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he refused. Finally thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and passed across the green to the church. I remember well how all the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off. In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued coming in, until there was a house full. All were curiously watching the door wondering what would next appear. The pastor stole in and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being there at all. Two men finally came in and took their seats near the altar. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a great stillness prevaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick in build, the other tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and quiet, good natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience. But my childish interest was all in the old man, with his broad, deep chest and unusual height; looking giant-like, as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came and went over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wild scar over his right eye. The younger arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery and attacked the position of the speaker, using the argument I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to bar up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking the old man had fixed his dark eyes upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word. As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me at the time there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full gaze upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church. He bent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern-keeper quailed before the searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been sounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit.

I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said though the scene was vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued:

"O God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the mourning of earth's children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunken can look and be helped; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and unmoved, but a tear trembled in every eye, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others, like raindrops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just. I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey; there is deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without home, friends or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death, without friends, kindred or home! It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye and I was no more ashamed of my own.

"No my friends, it was not so once! Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes there is a blessed light of happiness and home; I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols, that once were—now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its movements.

"I once had a mother. With her heart crushed with sorrow she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—as fair a woman as ever smiled in an earthly home, her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness, and the loving heart was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe—a sweet, smiling babe, but my hand destroyed it, and it lives with the One who loves children. Do not be startled, friends! I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child angel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the hallowed touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My boy if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for his treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow which maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, and a countenance unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. I left wife and children amid the wreck of their home idols, and rioted at the tavern. They never complained, yet I know they suffered. One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a home. Mary was up and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling over her pale cheeks. At this time the babe in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James, I have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. Must we starve?"

"The sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I, yes I—struck Mary a fierce blow in the face and she fell forward upon the earth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clutched both hands in her hair.'

"'God of mercy, James,' exclaimed Mary, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us; you will not harm Willie!' and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him to her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door. As I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurried her out in the storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wails of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers; and against his half awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he called to me by a name it was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to keep out the sight. It was—oh, God, horrible! It was Mary and her babe, frozen to ice. The ever true mother had vowed herself over the child to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the shot had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white upon its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of love and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no torture could have been like those I endured in my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic! I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark a one to me."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper. My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be; how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the left hand had been severed. They both looked for a moment in each other's eyes, and reeled and gasped.

"My own injured son!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's neck and wept, and it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and sad faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul!" exclaimed the old man; and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard.—*Musical Million.*

Temperance News and Notes.

Liquor bills are often paid at the lunatic asylum.

In Russia, last year, 80,000 dram shops were done away with by law.

The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union is raising a fund of ten thousand pounds for promoting temperance teaching in day schools.

The Presbyterian Synod of Tennessee has passed a resolution favoring the suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors by prohibitory laws.

In the National Temperance Hospital neither medicated pills nor tinctures with alcoholic basis are used. Remedies are prepared in aqueous extracts or saccharated powders.

A Temperance Temple has been built in San Diego County, California, at an expense of $6288. Saloons within three miles of the building have been prohibited by the city council.

It is alleged in the Congo country, Central Africa, there are seventy thousand gallons of rum to every missionary, and one hundred drunkards to every convert to Christ. Under the influence of intoxicating liquors sent from Massachusetts two hundred natives were killed by their fellows in a single day.

Dr. Joseph Parker, in a sermon denouncing the Whitechapel murders, calls attention to that other and more terrible, slow murder of women going on all over the world. As to condemning the criminal he pertinently asks if we had not better consider how far we are responsible for his creation by running profits so low as to drive young men to gambling and by surrounding them with legalized drinking places, yet fining them for drinking.

According to a Berlin correspondent, news has been received from Egypt to the effect that the tomb of Alexander the Great, which Dr. Schliemann sought in vain last winter, has now been discovered in Alexandria. The coffin is of marble, and is covered with beautiful decorations. Its breadth is about three and a half feet and its height three feet. The skull of a man was found in it. The coffin was found in a brick vault, about twenty feet high, covered by about eight feet of earth. The keeper of the museum at Boulak is going shortly to make a thorough examination of the tomb.

Enos Sturgis, 85, of Smithfield, Pa., is the author of thirty-six votes for Harrison. His three sons, two sons-in-law, twenty-four grandsons, and four grandsons-in-law all voted the Republican ticket. One grandson-in-law and one great-grandson-in-law voted for Cleveland.

Sir Percy Shelley has the heart of his father, the poet, which he keeps as a precious relic. The story is that when Shelley's body was cremated his heart was snatched from the flames and preserved.

Parting the Hair.

"On the right, if you please," said a representative of the *Call* to a tonsorial artist, who, brush and comb in hand, was about to part his hair on the left side of the head.

"All right, sir," remarked the knight of the brush and comb; "was going to part it on the other side from force of habit."

"How many people part the hair on the right side?"

"Should say less than one in twenty."

"And why do so many men part it on the left side?"

"Because," replied the artist, brushing back a stray lock, "they've been brought up to it from infancy. A mother facing her boy always holds the comb in her right hand, and it being easiest to comb the hair from left to right, she parts it on the left. The boy when he grows up and is able to comb his own hair finds the part on that side, and follows the line marked out by his mother. That's why the majority of men part on the left."—*San Francisco Call.*

We Are Japan's Best Customers.

Governor Hubbard, the United States Minister at Tokio, tells me that we buy more from Japan than any other foreign nation. "Last year," said he, "our imports from this country amounted to 21,000,000 Japanese dollars, or about 16,000,000 American dollars. We bought $11,000,000 worth of her raw silk and nearly $7,000,000 worth of her teas. The fair cheeks of our ladies were cooled last year with $97,000 worth of Japanese fans, and our noses were wiped with $816,000 worth of Japanese silk handkerchiefs. We buy nearly $300,000 worth of porcelain every year, and our imports of bamboo ware amount to $102,000 of Japanese money. We buy more than twice as much of Japan as any other country, and our imports are increasing every year. In 1887 we bought a million and a half more goods than in 1886, and the United States will probably continue to be Japan's best customer."—*New York World.*

A Professional Dinner Taster.

Paris keeps ahead in the invention of employments. The pitch of material civilization to which they have attained has now blossomed in a "dinner taster." There is only one of him. He drives rapidly from one house to another tasting the dinner and suggesting improvements and corrections, adding a touch of oil here, advising the passing of the carving knife through garlic, correcting flatness by a squeeze of lemon, etc. He is a chef of the first order, and having made a great deal of money contemplated retiring, but his artistic nature revolted, so he explains to a newspaper man over there, against total divorce from the congenial and sympathetic occupation of a lifetime; and he invented for himself the occupation of dinner taster, many people being delighted to have the benefit of the criticism of such a master who could not afford to employ such a one altogether.—*New York Graphic.*

Cure of Pneumonia.

HESS ROAD, NIAGARA CO., N. Y., March 24, 1886.

About a year ago I was taken with a severe pain in both lungs. I was first attacked with a violent chill, then a dreadful pain and then a cough accompanied by considerable fever. It looked very much like a bad attack of pneumonia. A friend of mine procured five ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS. One he put under each arm, one under each shoulder blade, and one on my chest close around my throat. In a few hours the cough ceased, the pain gradually abated and I broke out in a profuse perspiration. I fell into a profound sleep, and the next day was almost well. I wore the Plasters eight days afterwards, and have never had any trouble since. WILLIAM A. SAWYER.

NEVADA contains 109,740 square miles; was settled in 1860 at Washoe, and was admitted into the Union October 31, 1864.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night.

And each day and night during the week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Consumption. Get a bottle *to-day* and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

ESTIMATES of the number of dogs in the United States fix it at 20,000,000, and their cost of keeping at $200,000,000 per annum.

Shocking Accident.

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