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"Old Paris" continues to be demolished and new and handsome buildings erected on the site. Visitors remark the great amount of building now going on in the French capital.

Dr. Beddoe, of London, says blondes are going out of fashion. Brunettes are now all the rage. This will necessitate a darker colored hair-dye, says the malicious Chicago *Saturday Herald*.

The anticipated failure of the potato crop in Ireland has in it the threat of dire famine and great suffering in the near future, remarks the *Mail and Express*. The potato is literally the staff of life in the Green Isle; and when it fails gaunt hunger comes in at the door of the peasant's cabin.

The Millers' National Association at Minneapolis, Minn., passed a resolution asking Congress to enact a law establishing uniform weights and measures of the various products of the United States, and especially fixing a standard for each of the divisible parts of a barrel of flour, now largely sold in sacks. The American sack holds ninety-eight pounds of flour, or half the contents of an American flour barrel. The European sack, which is used in the export trade, holds 280 pounds.

Next April the British census will be taken. So far as possible the work of enumeration will cover the British Empire, and the effort will be to make the census the most comprehensive yet taken. To this end the schedules will be simplified. No inquiries will be made as to religious faith or creed, and those bearing on occupation will be condensed. The census will be stripped of everything that could make enumeration cumbersome, and the great end and aim will be to ascertain the number of subjects of Queen Victoria. There are sections of her dominions where only approximations are possible. In British Zambesia or the Niger Protectorate the work of the enumerator would encounter peculiar obstacles, not only in the unwillingness of the inhabitants to be enumerated, but their willingness to reduce totals by slaughtering census attaches. But making all these allowances, the forthcoming census will doubtless be satisfactory. It will at all events show that the British Empire has somewhat more than 330,000,000 enumerable inhabitants. The current calculation is that at the opening of the year 1890 the population of the British Empire was very nearly 328,000,000, of whom 38,125,000 were dwellers in the United Kingdom, 271,380,000 in India and the remaining 19,000,000 in other possessions. Two years ago the Indian Government estimated the population of British India at 208,793,350, and that of the native States at 60,684,378.

A blow has fallen upon the disciples of hippophagy. Those who have proclaimed in favor of horse flesh as a fit and strengthening article of diet for poor people are, says an English paper, beginning to find that their philanthropical ideas will not form into practical shape. Much has been written at various times and in various countries upon the subject, and it is now pretty generally admitted that the succulent equine is almost as good as beef. It certainly seemed, without going deeply into the question, that horse meat must be better than no meat, and upon these grounds it was recommended to people in an humble station of life. What a surprise is now sprung upon the horse-eating benefactors! The poor have taken the advice offered; they tried horse flesh, and what is more they like it; so well, indeed, do they like it that in Cologne, Munich, Dresden and Hanover the supply cannot keep pace with the demand, and the price of horse-flesh has risen so high that it is beyond the means of the classes who were encouraged to consume it. Is this increase in value to be maintained? Will horses become so sought after as food that none but the wealthy will be able to indulge in the luxury? What a vista of extravagance this suggestion throws open. The time may come when ducal sideboards will groan beneath the weight of a noble baron of bay colt and a saddle of two-year-old-filly will grace the table of the rich. How we shall be able to do honor to our distinguished visitors! Only the other day a Paris paper referred to the enormous prices which blooded stock realized in the market. If hippophagy continues to progress we may eventually find ourselves giving $1000 for a yearling and serving him up whole for the delectation of a royal guest.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

You should see her
in the kitchen,
Cap and apron
White as snow,
In her eyes
The love-light shining—
On her cheeks
A rosy glow.

Oh, that pleasant
Farmhouse kitchen,
What a charm
It has for me.
When I view
Its broad dimensions
Where the firelight
Leaps in glee.

But the picture
Would be dimmer,
And the colors
Not so bright.
With sweet Nancy,
Pretty Nancy,
Young and cheery,
Not in sight.

Sleeves rolled up
Above white elbows,
Sweeping here
And dusting there,
This fair daughter
Of the farmer,
For the household
Hath a care.

And her song
Is just as tuneful,
And her step
Is just as light.
As when she,
Sweet merry-maker,
Joined her mates
In play, last night.

By and by will,
In a moment,
Cap and apron
Disappear,
And in snowy gown
And ribbons,
Pretty Nancy
Will appear.

Oh, the little
Farmer's daughter,
(Heaven bless her
As she goes).
She is fairer
Than the lily,
She is sweeter
Than the rose

Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in Family Story Paper.

THE MYSTERIOUS DRESS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"You are invited to the regiment ball, my dear," said Mrs. Ackland, as her daughter entered the room, her dripping water-proof and umbrella giving evidence of a sturdy battle with the storm that could be plainly heard even through closed shutters and dropped curtains on that upper floor. "The most polite letter from Colonel B——, and knowing that I forsook society long ago. Mrs. Colonel B—— will take you with her own girls. It is really charming of her. Here is the ticket."

The elder lady's frail fingers drew two elegant squares of pink and gold pasteboard from an envelope as she spoke. But the girl, having hung her water-proof in an adjacent kitchen, and perched her umbrella where it could drip harmlessly in some stationary tubs of said kitchen, did not even pick them up.

"It would be better to publish the fact that I have retired from society also, mamma," she said, a little sadly.

"You!" cried her mother. "At twenty, Effie?"

"It comes to that when one has one black frock," said Effie, "and that patched at the elbows."

"You could go in white," said her mother. "You look very girlish. Gentlemen admire white, or used to. White and a few flowers, and no jewelry. No one could find fault with that style. The greatest heiress in Boston, when I was a girl, was known for her simplicity—always white."

"I fancy I should be if I went in a sheet and pillow-case costume," said Effie. "Really, that would be the only white one I could manage. That poor old white dress that still exists in your memory is short in the waist, short in the skirt, won't meet in the belt, and has a sleeve that would not go over my wrist. I've grown a great deal in five years, mamma."

"Is it five years since you went to your cousin Jennie's wedding in it?" cried Mrs. Ackland. "Dear, dear, how time flies. Couldn't you make over one of my old silks?"

"I should be a laughing stock, mamma," said Effie. "Well, I can live without going to the ball, though I should enjoy it very much."

"The daughter of Captain Ackland ought to have opportunities," said the widow. "How are you to marry if you never meet any one, I can not think. A pretty girl like you was never meant to be a spinster and work for her bread."

"Things point in that direction now," said the girl. "Type-writing is not a lively amusement, and I am as likely to marry as I am to go to Cuba. Don't sigh so bitterly, mamma. It would only make you lonelier if I went to the ball, and I should be up late and make mistakes next day—lose my place perhaps. I'll write a very polite regret when I get some fine note-paper. Now, let us have tea."

The little brown tea-pot, the two blue cups and plates to match were soon on the table. Effie Ackland had a way of making excellent little dishes out of next to nothing—it was very convenient under the circumstances—and though the girl pined for something besides the daily routine of type-writing, and evenings spent in listening to her mother's reminiscences of former grandeur—for Mrs. Ackland had been a belle and a beauty and an expectant heiress when she married the dashing young captain—it was the mother who bemoaned herself.

At last, tea being over, it was discovered that the storm had passed, and that moon and stars were shining, and Effie declared that she would run down to the little stationer's and get some note-paper of the proper sort on which to reply to the kind invitation and offer of the general and his lady.

It was a quiet neighborhood and very late, and Effie wrapped herself in a thick cloak and tied a little blue hood over her head, and ran lightly down stairs and down the street toward the stationer's shop. However, when she reached its door she found it closed. The old woman who kept it had expected no customers and had retired early. Effie knew of another shop of the same sort a few blocks further on which was always open late, and turned her steps that way—at least, she intended to do so. But there are still portions of New York city where it is very easy to lose one's self; and besides, Effie was not an old resident of that part of the town. Somehow she missed the right corner, crossed the street at a wrong angle, and shortly discovered that she was lost.

It was a gloomy and unpleasant street in which she found herself, and the girl was somewhat frightened. However, she decided that the best thing she could do was to keep on walking until she came to a decent shop or met a policeman of whom she could ask the way. She acted on this resolution with her usual promptitude, but for a long while she went on seeing nothing but liquor or cigar shops and meeting not a solitary guardian of the peace, and came at last to an old building with a blank wall, in the center of which an arched gate stood open.

Just as she stood opposite this gate two drunken men came howling down the street, and in terror of them she stepped beneath the arch. They passed without seeing her; but before she dared to venture out a light shone in her face, and, turning, she saw a figure in black, with red shoes, a red cap, horns, hoofs, a long tail which he carried over his arm, and in his hand a great paper parcel—in fact, Satan as we see him portrayed in ancient pictures, acting for the once as messenger-boy.

Startled beyond expression, Effie was about to fly, when the demon spoke.

"Well, mamselle, I've been waiting for you a long while," was his characteristic remark. "I came so far to save time. Won't you get a roasting!"

Then he tossed the parcel into her arms, turned and fled.

Effie fled also. What the demon had given her she did not know, but she quite mechanically clutched it as she flew along the lonely street, and by mere accident took the right direction and found herself at the corner of an avenue she knew. She arrived at her own door just in time—at least, so her mother declared—to save that lady going out of her mind with terror. She had no paper, but she had the parcel which the demoniac personage had crammed into her hands to prove that she had not merely imagined the meeting with him, and now she unfastened the many pins that held it, unfolded the paper and sundry muslin wrappings within, and behold—a dress—the loveliest ball costume of golden satin and black lace that could be imagined!

The demon had presented her with a dress in which to attend the ball.

"What does it mean?" she ejaculated. "Really I feel as if I was out of my mind."

"It must be providential," said the mother. "Try it on, my dear."

Effie obeyed. The costume fitted her perfectly.

"You look like an angel!" said the mother.

"But the demon said I should have a good roasting," said Effie.

"It was only a man in some queer dress," said the mother.

"Of course," said Effie. "At least, I suppose so."

"And now you can go to the ball," said the mother.

"Shall I dare? Will I not find my costume vanishing, like poor Cinderella's, in the midst of my dance, with whatever stands for the young prince at the officers' ball of the regiment? I doubt if it will be here in the morning; besides, I ought to advertise it: 'If the fiend who presented a young lady with a black lace ball-dress, in a dark alley on the night of the —th, will kindly call,' or something of the sort."

"Oh, we will look into the papers, of course," said the mother. "But I don't believe we will find anything—fate intends you to go the ball."

So it seemed indeed.

Effie went to the ball, and her dress was pronounced charming. In passing, I will mention to the reader that it was there that she met the gentleman who afterward became her husband, and that much happened and all good fortune came to her through the demon's gift of the ball-dress.

No one ever advertised for the dress, and it hung in Effie's wardrobe until her wedding-day. She never wore it again, and never expected to solve the mystery that surrounded it.

Effie had married a rich man and lived in very elegant style, and a man servant was one of the necessaries of the household. Mrs. Ackland—who lived with her daughter—suggested a Frenchman, and having advertised for such a person, a candidate presented himself. He had but one reference, but that was a good one.

"I will tell you the reason I have no more, madame," said he. "I have had my ambitions—desired to go upon the stage. I even obtained a position—I played a demon in the last act of a great spectacle at the —— Theater. There were seventy-five demons—it was glorious. But alas! I got into difficulties there through my good nature. The renowned Senora V—— had been playing at the theater, and left behind her a lace dress. She telegraphed that she would send her maid for it, as she was to wear it that night. Every moment was precious, and the old lady who had charge of me had sprained her ankle. 'My friend,' she said to me, 'if you would but go down the long stairs and to the end of the passage, and wait with the parcel until Mamselle Fanchon, the senora's maid, comes for the dress, you will save us all much trouble—you will not be wanted for an hour.'

"I obliged her, of course. I even went into the damp alley of the back entrance and waited there. I was kept a tremendous time, and when at last a young woman rushed in, I gave her the parcel—like an idiot—without asking who she was. I gave it to the wrong woman. Fifteen minutes after the real maid arrived. Oh, there was a row! All I was worth would not have paid for the dress. But I was dismissed at once. I deserved it. It was the act of an idiot. How well do I remember what I said to her—'you'll get a roasting, mamselle.' Well it was I who got the roasting. At first they accused me of stealing the dress, but—"

"I am sure you tell the truth," said Effie, and engaged the man at once.

That day Senora V—— was astonished by receiving a box which contained the long-lost dress uninjured.

A letter which was inclosed told the story in full, but without giving any names, and Camille—the new waiter—never guessed that the liberal gift he received at Christmas time was offered, not to the accomplished waiter, but to the demon who had brought about so much happiness by his gift of a ball-dress.—*Fireside Companion.*

The Strangest Fish in the World.

The strangest fish in the world is said to be the humble herring. He is as common as mud, and as cheap as dirt, but he cannot be beaten for flavor; and it is claimed for him that he supports more persons than any other creature in the world—in the catching, the preserving, the selling, or the eating. Another curious thing is that he assumes so many shapes and names. Catch him in one place and he is a bloater; in another, a sodger; in a third, a sprat, and, when young, he is taken from the Thames and called whitebait, while across the Channel in Brittany, before he is more than a couple of inches long, he can be found tinned and labeled in pure olive oil as a sardine. He is a wonderful fish and from the out-and-out genuine ancient and fishlike smell during the herring harvest that obtains in the neighborhood about Amsterdam, it is not very hard to believe that that ancient and highly-respectable town is really built, as they say, on herring bones.

Once upon a time the herring used to be worshiped in Holland, a custom that obtains to-day in Scotland in a very practical manner. They have a cheerful method at some of the fishing ports in that country of insuring luck before they start out with their boats on a fishing trip. Each man thrashes his wife, and the one who first draws blood is sure to have the biggest haul. For self-protection the women invented a peculiar method of lacing their corsets, which thus became known as herring boning, a term now in every-day use among seafaring men. The men will not go out, however, if a woman wishes them "good luck," or if a rabbit or a pig crosses their path, being perfectly sure that they will have nothing but their labor for their pains.—*New York Times.*

To Dislodge a Fish Bone.

It sometimes happens that a fish bone, accidentally swallowed, will remain in the æsophagus, and be troublesome. In fact, death has been occasioned by the great irritation of a fish bone. In such cases as soon as possible, take four grains of tartar emetic dissolved in one-half pint of warm water, and immediately after, the whites of six eggs. This will not remain in the stomach more than two or three minutes, and probably the bone will be ejected with the coagulated mass. If tartar emetic is not convenient, a spoonful of mustard dissolved in milk-warm water and swallowed will answer every purpose of the emetic.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Stuns by Its Odor.

A Dr. Juenemann, of Vienna, has invented a fluid, the use of which, he claims, will minimize the horrors of war, making it almost bloodless.

The fluid is to be placed in a shell, projected in the ordinary manner, which is so constructed that it will burst in falling or striking any object offering but slight resistance. The fluid, upon being released, so affects persons inhaling its odor that they immediately become unconscious and remain in that state half an hour or more.

The inventor is endeavoring to obtain a test of his invention by the military authorities.—*New York Telegram.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

To make labels adhere to tin use a freshly made solution of gum tragacanth in water.

A large deposit of glass sand has been discovered near the mouth of Lewis River, Washington.

A monstrous brass casting was successfully run at a foundry in Pittston, Penn., the other day. It is a pump chamber weighing 6000 pounds.

It has been estimated, from a microscopic examination of the impress of the word "hello" on a phonograph cylinder, that it contains sixteen thousand indentations.

The census of 1880 placed the number of water wheels operating as motive power in the United States at 54,404. This tally represented a total of 1,225,379 horse power.

The owner of a new tire, made of hollow spring steel, circular, oval, or square, thinks that it will succeed rubber tires for wagons or bicycles. It can be fixed on so that it can never come off.

It is now said a new industry will spring up for the manufacture of rope, twine, paper, etc., from hop vines. Experts have made a test, and it is said they are well adapted to those purposes.

Frank B. Crockett, of Tipton, Ind., has built a midair railway for passengers and freight traffic. The only motive power he calls "the power of gravity." The track consists of an iron cable suspended by slides which work between posts arranged in pairs forty rods apart. His track is a half a mile long. He gives exhibitions daily.

Workmen were sounding for foundations for a railroad bridge in the Oconee River, Georgia, and struck an artesian well in the centre of the stream. The piping projects into the river bed some fifty-two feet, while the other end projects a few feet above the surface of the water. From the end of the pipe a bold stream jets high into midair. The water is almost as cold as ice and as clear as crystal.

Electrically heated flat irons are now made which are very serviceable. The flat iron is of the usual form, but made hollow. The interior contains a lot of coiled wires, through which the electrical current passes and heats the wires red hot. The latter are arranged between protecting sheets of mica and asbestos. You turn a switch, and the flat iron at once heats up ready for use. The street wires supply the electrical current.

Oil varnish is [illegible] as follows: Three pounds of resin melted is mixed with two pounds of Venice turpentine and one gallon of drying oil (boiled linseed oil), when well mixed by stirring while hot it is cooled a little and one quart of turpentine is added. Another way is to melt three pounds of resin with half a gallon of drying oil, and when nearly cold add two quarts of turpentine. The first mentioned is least liable to crack and most elastic.

The Cannibals of the Oubanghi.

Father Augouard, Apostolic Pro-Vicar of the Oubanghi, contributes to the *Missions Catholiques* the narrative of a journey which he has just made from Loango to the Oubanghi, an affluent of the Congo. He states that it is his intention to found a station upon the upper Oubanghi, 1100 miles from the coast, among the anthropophagous tribes with whom the slave is regarded simply as an article of food. He gives some curious information as to these tribes, remarking that while in certain parts of Africa cannibalism only exists as an incident of war, to deprive the vanquished of even the honor of burial, in the Oubanghi country human flesh is an article of regular consumption, not a day passing without a village immolating some victim destined to provide a feast. Sometimes it is the death of a chief, at others the celebration of a victory, at others the arrival of a piece of good news, which serves as a pretext, and one chief will vie with another to see which can immolate the most victims. These savages regard human flesh as a dainty morsel, and prefer it to any other food, considering that it is a noble kind of food, far superior to that of animals. When told that it was horrible to eat their fellow-creatures, they simply replied: "No, it is delicious with salt and spices." When Father Augouard went on to point out to them the difference between man and the animals, and to say that if they fell into the hands of their enemies they might be eaten in their turn, all they said was that that was the fate of war, and that, just as man was nobler than the animal, so his flesh was "more noble to eat."—*London Times.*

Heat and the Growth of the Hair.

It is generally understood that the hair and nails grow faster in hot weather than in cold; but, perhaps, few are aware that any temperature can impart so great a stimulus to the growth as Colonel Pejevalsky, the Russian traveler, says the Central Asian heat did during his journey in those regions in the summer of 1889. In June the ground and the air became excessively hot, so great, indeed, as to render travel in the daytime impossible. Within a fortnight after this oppressive weather began it was noticed that the hair and beard of all the party was growing with astonishing rapidity, and strangest of all, some youthful Cossacks, whose faces were perefectly smooth, developed respectable beards within the short period of twenty days.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

THE WORLD A GRAB BAG.

The world is a grab bag, long and wide,
And the truest hero, he
Who deepest thrusts his hands inside,
Whate'er his manners be.

No matter who he tramples on,
The people all confess,
The stain of his offense is gone
If he but win success.

About the bag, men strive and shout;
Some one breaks through the ranks;
A prize he seizes and throws out
To those behind, the blanks.

More curious still, the men behind,
Forgetting selfishness,
Heroic traits in that one find
Who wins from them success.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Parts unknown—On a bald head.—*Texas Siftings.*

If the boys do not kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Americans want p[illegible] on a hot day they like to ha[illegible] in over them.—*Columbus D[illegible]*

A Texas debating so[illegible] had for a subject, "Is it proper [illegible] and the r in dorg?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Tramp—"Say, mum, your dog bit me." Lady—"Well, never mind, I'll wash his mouth."—*Good News.*

Greene—"He can lick you, can't he?" Bryton—"He? Why, he couldn't wake me up in fifteen minutes with a club!"—*Chatter.*

Mrs. Youngwife—"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?" Judge—"No, I never did but I dare say they deserve it."

Two periods.—Before marriage: "Why so pensive, dearest?" After marriage—"Why so expensive, Mrs. Jones?"—*Racket.*

Debtor—"I want to pay that little bill of yours." Creditor—"All right, my dear boy." Debtor—"But I can't."—*Beacon.*

"Give every man his dew," remarked the nocturnal atmosphere as it soaked the tattered garments of the tramp.—*Washington Hatchet.*

"They say fogs are detrimental to tomatoes." "They are. I had about eight bushels of them stolen one foggy night by tramps."—*Bazar.*

Mr. Borrowit—"I wish you would help me out a little to-day." Mr. Busy—"With pleasure. I'll hold open the door."—*New York Weekly.*

Citizen (agitatedly)—"What, a writ for me? Why, God bless us!" Constable (stolidly)—"Nop. Wrong again. Mandamus."—*American Grocer.*

"I don't mind the pitfalls of life," he said, as he rubbed his head ruefully and picked himself up, "but these bananaskin falls 'll kill me yet."—*Bazar.*

Whether Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, is to marry Millionaire John Jacob Astor or not, there is many another Miss willing.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

He only shaved clean once a week,
And when he died his widow bought
A cactus plant and kissed it oft;
Thus was he to her mem'ry brought.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

Blobson—"Poor Mrs. Tufstake! Do you know how she happened to lose all her money?" Dumpsey—"Yes; she took three lawyers in to board."—*Burlington Free Press.*

He (at the baseball game)—"Do you know what a 'muff' is, sweet?" She (blushing)—"Why, of course I do. It is something your hands can meet in."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Visitor (to prisoner)—"What brought you here?" Prisoner—"Misplaced confidence." Visitor—"How was that?" Prisoner—"I thought I could run faster than I could."—*Racket.*

"Your circus doesn't seem to be particularly attractive this year," remarked a visitor. "No," replied the manager, "But you ought to see my advance advertising car."—*New York Sun.*

Johnny—"Please, pa, let me have a quarter to give to a poor lame man." Pa—"Who is the poor man lame man, Johnny?" Johnny—"Er—well, pa, he's the ticket-seller down at the circus."—*West Shore.*

Stout Old Lady (to druggist's boy)—"Boy, d'ye keep a preparation for reducing weight!" Boy—"Yes'm." Stout Old Lady—"Well, I don't know exactly how much I ought to get." Boy (diagnosingly)—"Better take all we've got, ma'am."

Beggar—"Ach, my dear madam, can you not give me a pair of old boots?" Lady—"Why, those you have on are quite new yet!" Beggar (in a whining voice)—"That's just it; the horrid things ruin my business."—*Das Humoristische Deutschland.*

A lecturer once prefaced his discourse on the rhinoceros with: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—*New York News.*

Teacher—"Bobby Swapples, what is a quadruped?" Bobby—"A quadruped is an animal with four legs." Teacher—"Right; now give me an example of a quadruped." Bobby—"A horse." Teacher—"Right; can you give me another example?" Bobby—(enlightened after much thought)—"Another horse."—*Jester.*