

The statistics of the Board of Charity of the State of Illinois, show that the cost of supporting each pauper in the State to be sixty-six and three-tenths cents per day, twenty-six cents more than the laborer gets on an average.

The California *Forest* offered a gold medal to the person who should select the most appropriate national flower. Thirty-five answers were sent in, and the judges decided that the sunflower's partisans had made out the best case.

The Amphitrite, one of the double turreted monitors, which have been fourteen years under construction in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is to have her steam trial immediately. The Terror, Miantonomah and Monadnock, sister ships of the Amphitrite, are also progressing, but it will be a long while before any of these vessels, which will be of excellent service for coast defense, can be fully equipped and put in commission.

The representatives of the Negus, of Abyssinia, at the celebration of the 900th anniversary of the introduction of Christianity in Russia have been commissioned to ascertain whether the gold cross sent by the Negus to Alexander II. ten years ago, had been received by that monarch. The Negus asserts that he has received no answer from the Russian Government to his repeated inquiries, and it is reported that he has threatened to kill his emissaries should they return without the desired information.

"An extraordinary scene," says the Nashville (Tenn.) *Advertiser*, "took place at the funeral, in presence of Thomas Oates, who had drowned himself in consequence, it was said, of an unhappy home. He had lived with his wife and mother-in-law. Two thousand persons attended the funeral. When the organists left the mob tried to hustle the young widow and her mother into the grave. Failing in this, they stripped the young woman of her widow's dress, bonnet, gloves and wedding ring. A policeman gathered into the sexton's house, and he and three volunteers of the peace saw her safely home. They were followed by a jeering and shouting crowd, the worst among whom were women."

A novel point in the law of libel, observes the New York *Herald*, has come before one of the English courts. A man dismissed his servant by a written order, which he handed over to his wife, who gave it to the servant. The reason for the dismissal was stated in the order, and was derogatory to the character of the servant. The latter sued for libel. The defence was that the paper complained of was a communication between husband and wife, and hence was privileged. This view was sustained by the Judge, who remarked that it would be a pretty state of affairs if husband and wife couldn't talk or write to one another about their domestic servant without being amenable to the law of libel whenever either should repeat the matter to the servant.

The famous specialist, Dr. W. P. Hutchinson, says in the *American Mercury*: "I have recently met with several cases of insomnia due to over-taxation of the American nervous system, and have been requested to prescribe some drug that would be effective to produce sleep and be at the same time harmless. No such drug exists! There is not one medicine capable of quieting to sleep voluntary life that has been working ten hours at high pressure, except it be more or less poisonous. Consumption of alcohol, bromine in some form, or opium, has increased in this country to an incredible extent, is still growing, and a large number of Americans go to bed every night more or less under the influence of poison. Sleep thus obtained is not restful nor restorative, and Nature sternly exacts her penalties for violated law, more severe in these cases than in most others. Digestion suffers first— one is rarely hungry for breakfast, and loss of morning appetite is a certain sign of ill-health. Increasing nervousness follows, until days become burdens and poisoned nights the only comfortable parts of life.

George V. N. Lothrop, our Minister to Russia, is tired of St. Petersburg, has resigned and is coming home. That has been the rule with our representatives to that country, asserts the New York *Graphic*, for the last twenty years. Not one of them has filled out a full term of four years. They have simply been unable to endure the climate of the country and the half-dead and alive existence of the Russian capital, and the comfortable salary of \$17,000 per year has not availed to keep them in diplomatic service there. Sturdy old Senator Cameron tried the place and remained only a few months. So did ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, with the like like result. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, hurried away from St. Petersburg, and ex-Secretary of the Navy Hunt came back after a short residence there to die in New Orleans. John W. Foster, of Indiana, and Judge Taft, of Ohio, both tried the place and were glad to return home again, yet it is altogether likely that some aspiring patriot will be found who will be quite ready to fill Mr. Lothrop's place.

A SONG.
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings away;
There is the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bloodied trails in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering cozily.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrup the whole night through.

The buds may blow, and the fruits may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and true;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

"I hope they'll be nice," said Celia, thoughtfully biting her crochet-needle, and looking through the porch-vines toward the next house.

"They won't be," said Maggie, swinging her pretty foot from the railing on which she was perched. "I'm certain of it; and besides, Celia, what if they are? It isn't like you they'll have much to do with us. Anybody rich enough to buy the Moulton House associating with the poor little dot of a house next door? Oh, no!"

Maggie spoke with calm conviction, and an entire absence of despondency. She was a sensible and independent little person. Celia was watching the unloading of a van at their new neighbor's gate.

"I am afraid they are awfully rich," she admitted. "They've unpacked some of the things out of doors, and the furniture is lovely—push and stamped leather, and cherry bedroom sets; and they've a grand piano."

"Well," said Maggie, gaily, "let 'em have 'em. We've got our own chairs and a cotone sofa, and pine bedsteads and a melodeon; and what more could you ask for?"

"Well, a few things, perhaps," said Celia, smiling at her bright younger sister.

"If Tom Carson gets rich in the grocery business," said Maggie, banteringly.

"Fshaw!" said Celia, getting red.

"In all probability you can have them," Maggie concluded, and jumped down and tripped away.

She went around to the rear of the house, and down to the garden.

It was not a large garden, and there was not much in it now but cucumbers and tomatoes. But it was a remarkable garden, nevertheless; for Maggie had made and tended it herself. Her mother and Celia had protested, but Maggie had gone determinedly to work. For the possession of a garden substantially reduced their grocery bills; for Tom Carson was in the grocery line; and Maggie had decided that they couldn't afford to hire Pat Murphy this year. And she was proud of her garden.

They had had lettuce and onions, and beans and peas; and Maggie's round face was browner, and her robust health more robust, than they had been in May.

It was Maggie's tomatoes that made the trouble. She burst into the sitting-room a week later, with excited speed.

"What do you think?" she demanded, breathlessly. "They keep 'em—yes, there are fifty, if there's one; and they haven't a sign of a hen-pick, and I've just been chasing them out of my tomatoes."

"My tomatoes?" said Maggie almost tearfully. "The fence-pickets are so wide apart they can hop right on. They'll have to put up another fence—that's all."

"They seem like nice, quiet people," Celia commented, as she presumed they'll be willing to do something.

"Nice and quiet," said Maggie, with sarcasm. "I should think so. The pokiest old couple you ever saw. Recently if they're a day, and—well, just nibbles; I know they are. He—what's the name? Tisdale—well, Mr. Tisdale, he wears the dirtiest old clothes, a coat that's just as shabby, and a bent-in old hat. And she goes about in an old sarong that must have come out of the rag-bag; and you ought to see her bonnet—such a thing."

"He says they're in reduced circumstances," said Celia, reprovingly.

"With that lovely house and furnishings?" said Maggie, unanswerably. "Oh, no! And—come back to the fence—they must fix that fence. I can't lose my lovely tomatoes. Think of all the cans we were to have. Celia—fill sauce and pickles, and the little yellow ones in preserves! Oh, I won't give them up to Mr. Tisdale's hens!"

And Maggie wandered away into the yard again, in aimless anxiety.

Mr. Tisdale was just over the fence, hoeing about the roots of a grape-vine. Maggie looked at him in contemptuous astonishment. What niggardliness! to do himself, and at his age, work which he could so well afford to have done. He was decidedly common-looking; he had a broad face and small eyes, and a stubby gray beard, and he had on a coat with frayed sleeves, and a patch on its back.

Maggie stood irresolute; Mr. Tisdale did not look inviting. Then she stepped to the fence firmly.

Even then a straggling flock headed by a highly-colored, pugacious-looking rooster, was coming through the pickets and toward the tomatoes.

"Mr. Tisdale!" said Maggie, timidly.

"Mr. Tisdale!" she repeated.

He did not turn the fraction of an inch. Maggie gazed at him.

"If you please—" she cried, with the strength of indignation.

But her neighbor stopped to unclog his hoe in utter silence.

Maggie grasped—What a boor! what a brute! What could Celia say now? The flock had reached the tomatoes. She could see them contentedly pecking there—a dozen of them. What should she do?

and we can't afford to lose them. Won't you?"

She stopped—not because she had finished, but because Mr. Tisdale, after a blinking in pection of her, had turned about and gone on hoeing without a responsive syllable.

Maggie's face burned hotly; her pretty lips trembled.

"If I were a man!" she murmured, with her little brown hands clinched. "How can he! What does he mean by it! The beast!"

The clucking in the tomato patch had reached a triumphant pitch, and a fresh flock was wandering through the fence. Maggie forgot Mr. Tisdale. The hawk was coming down the street from the noon train, laden with passengers; but she cared not for the observation of hawk passengers, nor, for that matter, of kings and queens.

She seized her white, beruffled apron in her trembling hands and rushed toward the garden.

There was a wild cackling, a frightened peeping of little yellow balls, and a frenzied scattering.

"Shoo—shoo!" cried Maggie, her voice unsteady with indignation and approaching tears. "Shoo!"

If the hens were alarmed and temporarily routed, the brilliantly-tinted, sulky-eyed rooster was not.

He stood motionless on the spot where Maggie's onslaught had found him—motionless save for a rising, a swelling, and a trembling of his gay, red comb, while his eyes grew fiercer.

Maggie shook her apron with cyclonic energy.

"You impudent old thing!" she cried, the laughter struggling through her tears, and charged upon him valiantly.

She felt a sudden whirl in the air, an angry up-rising of yellow legs and bright feathers, and she put her hands to her face with a little scream.

A sharp peck came down on her fingers; she heard his fluttering wings in the air, close to her face.

She lowered her head into her apron, and fought at him with one courageous fist. And then she heard rapid, striding steps, and a rattling crash through the dry bean-vines; there was a panicky-stricken squawk, choked in its first stage, a dapping of wings, and silence.

Maggie took her head out of her apron. It was as though her fairy godmother—if she had one—had been at work. Mr. Tisdale's rooster lay on the ground in an expiring flutter, his sheeny neck twisted, his warlike eyes forever dulled.

And close at her side, anxious and agitated, and withal most attractively nice-looking, stood a strange young man in a well-fitting, travel-stained suit, and a soft traveling-cap. Fallen among the tomatoes were a cane and umbrella, strapped together.

"Are you hurt?" he said.

He had taken out his handkerchief, and was pressing it to her hand, on which the blood had started.

"I saw it from the back, you see, and I lost no time in getting over. Do you think your hand is badly hurt?"

"No," said Maggie, bewilderedly.

But she was not quite dazed. She saw that the hawk had stopped at the Tisdale's gate, and that a trunk was unloading from it.

He had come on a visit; a relative, probably. She felt a thrill of regret at that.

"No, she said, gratefully: "it was just a peck. How very good in you! And look at your handkerchief!"

"My handkerchief!" said the young man, reproachfully.

For Maggie, her pretty, brown face flushed and her eyes softly smiling, looked very sweet, despite her rumpled hair and her wrinkled apron; and there was something more than mere polite concern in the young man's pleasant eyes.

He took her arm, still anxious, and led her to an open box at the edge of the garden. There was room for them both, and they both sat down.

"Thank you! I do feel a little queer. I was frightened," Maggie admitted.

"And I can't thank you enough for your goodness. What should I have done? I think he really meant to kill me—and just because I wanted him to go home!"

He smiled in her laugh, reassured by her brightness.

"Honey," he repeated. "What's next done?"

Maggie nodded.

"They have so many chickens, and they're all so fond of my tomatoes."

They laughed. Somehow they felt as though they had been acquainted a long time.

"I must see to that," said the young man, decisively. "I'll speak to Wilson about it. He must have a park built, certainly."

"Wilson?" said Maggie, timidly.

"What?" said Celia.

And Maggie explained at enthusiastic length.

"He wants to call on his mother," she continued, prettily. "Of course we'll go."

"But it isn't likely they'll take any notice of us," said Celia, slyly.

"But—why, Celia—it's different, you know," said Maggie, with a blush.

"Ah, yes!" said Celia, smilingly.

And, with shrewd foresight, she was almost as certain at that minute as she was some months later of having Mr. Tisdale for a brother-in-law.—*Saturday Night.*

Brushes of Infinite Variety.

The manufacture of brushes, remarked a maker of those indispensable articles to a New York *Sun* reporter a few days ago, "is an entirely modern industry. The ancients, with all their boasted skill and wisdom, were ignorant of both the broom and brush as we know them, or anything resembling them. In lieu of the brush and broom they employed rude instruments of clumsy manufacture and material, and unmanageable bulk and weight.

The modern brush, of infinite variety and graceful design, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. A well-made brush is a work of perfect skill and high mechanical art. This adjunct of our modern civilization being used for every conceivable purpose, is accordingly made of every kind of material. Wire, rubber, wood and the hair of the hog, horse, badger, sable, squirrel, bear and many other animals are used in brush-making. The fine hair of the little Egyptian ichneumon is largely employed in making artists' brushes.

Few people are aware of the consummate skill required in the production of a good brush. All fine brushes are hand-made; the wood work alone being done by machinery. Brushes are more frequently used than any other kind of hair.

Upon their arrival at the factory the hairs are carefully bleached and sorted. The latter is done by passing the hairs through combs of various sizes. The thick hairs are lodged between the teeth of a fine comb, and are thus quickly separated from hairs of smaller circumference. When sorted the hairs are neatly and securely bound with wire and placed into the little holes prepared for their reception in the wooden body. An ordinary house-painter's brush contains several hundred bristles, into each one of which the hairs have to be placed separately, and without the aid of any mechanical device.

The process of brush making has made but little progress in the past century, so far as the invention of new machinery for expediting the manufacture is concerned. Of course, machinery is employed in making the wooden parts of a brush, but beside the drill for boring and the lathe used in turning the ornamental rims and handles, no assistance is obtained from any mechanical contrivance.

A Monster Bell in Japan.

If I were a good Buddhist, says a correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, I would say a prayer or two to the Chioin bell, the largest bell in Japan, but a monster breathing sweet music that thrills one from head to foot, and ringing so seldom that the dates are kept in mind carefully, lest one miss the great treat. The bell hangs in a shady little place at the top of a stone staircase by itself, and is strung from the outside by a swinging beam that gives the soft reverberations, that do not jar on the ear no matter how powerful they are. When the huge beam is un-hinged and swung it is generally at the time of the five o'clock mass in the morning, and heavy sleepers have been unconscious of the musical booming and missed it all. Others are awakened by the strange vibration and the soft music ringing and pulsating on the air, and in the half-consciousness of waking it seems like a part of some beautiful dream. It is the greatest pity that with such a magnificent bell the temple does not see fit to ring it oftener.

The Chioin is a rich temple, and its altar one of the most gorgeous in Kioto, a mass of carved and gilded ornaments surrounding a massive gilded shrine. Occasional worshippers come and kneel on the mats and mutter their prayers, but most often one finds the only occupant of the space before the altar is a lone old priest industriously hammering away at a modern drum shaped like a huge round sash bell. From five o'clock in the morning until the temple closes at four in the afternoon the *Chioin* keeps up. A nice old woman, who must be a professional member, from the incessant patting and darning of blue cotton garments that she keeps up, takes care of the snags while one roams the temple stocking-footed, but she does not enter to mend the foreign stockings worn out on matted and polished wood floors.

Luck and Chance.

A term used not long since in connection with an accident strikes a line of reasoning worth following up. The term used was "the laws of chance were against them." Webster says chance is "the absence of any defined or recognized cause," or "an event which happens without any assigned cause." Clark hit the mark truly when he wrote: "It is strictly and philosophically true in nature and reason that there is no such thing as chance or accident; it being evident that these words do not signify anything really existing, anything that is truly an agent or the cause of an event, but they signify merely men's ignorance of the real and immediate cause. It seems as if the 'laws of chance' would be a pretty good field for study, and that some pretty solid laws are in existence some where on nature's statute book. Another term goes with 'chance.' It is called 'luck.' Sometimes they go hand in hand as a 'lucky chance.' Luck is disposed of in Webster's as 'that which happens to a person; an event, good or ill, affecting a man's happiness or interests, and which is deemed casual; a course or series of such events regarded as occurring by chance.' Now, then, luck is what chance does, and we must 'take the chances' if we wish knowledge of this matter. To acknowledge that there are 'laws of chance' admits that a cause precedes each event, and gives some ground to work upon. If a man would think twice before he used the words 'chance' and 'luck,' he would not use them at all, but reason out, as far as his knowledge would permit, the cause of each event he calls luck.—*Boston Gazette.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The scientist declares that ninety per cent. of man is water.

The best of rules, sextants, quadrants, compasses, lines and knives are made of worn out saws.

A man at Hartford, Conn., received a shock from an electric wire, and was supposed to be dead for some minutes, but was revived by another shock.

A workman in the Carson (Nev.) mint has discovered that drill points, heated to a cherry red and tempered by being driven into a bar of lead, will bore through the hardest steel or plate glass without perceptible blunting.

Analysis of natural gas shows the proportion of each constituent in 100 parts of the gas to be as follows: Carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, each; oxygen, 8; olefiant gas, 1; ethylid hydride, 5; marsh gas, 6; hydrogen, 22; nitrogen, 3.

It has been estimated by Professor Kirchhoff, of Halle, that the language most spoken on the globe—for the last thousand years, at least—is Chinese, for it is without doubt the only one which is talked by over 400,000,000 of the human race.

In calico printing works it is customary to supply each printing machine with a separate engine to drive it. One reason for this arrangement is that every time a fresh pattern is put into the machine it requires to be driven with exceeding slowness, and is frequently stopped until the attendant has adjusted all the rollers, so that the various parts of the pattern fall exactly in the right place.

An instrument called the osteotome has been invented as an improvement over the tedious and clumsy surgical methods of cutting through bones by means of saws and chisels. It is practically a circular saw revolving at very high speed by an electric motor. An ingenious device shield, which passes around the bone to be operated upon, protects the surrounding flesh from injury.

A French gardener does not care what kind of soil he starts with. He would be satisfied with an asphalt pavement, because he makes his soil, and so much of it that he has to sell it to keep his place from being gradually raised above the level of the surrounding country. When a farmer once understands the laws of chemistry he has no difficulty in making soil that contains all the materials needed for plant life.

Heavy machinery is now run by artificial power in many parts of France, and the experience of the French shows that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. The famous Grenelle well, sunk to the depth of 1,800 feet and flowing daily 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, the water being also so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals.

An ingenious employe of a New Jersey concrete firm has invented a paving composition which has some very remarkable features. He claims that his preparation, the composition of which he keeps secret, is just as durable as stone, but is so soft and elastic to the tread, so that it is not only pleasant to walk upon, but actually gives the foot an impulse like that—in a lesser degree, of course—gained from a spring board. Whether his invention be a possibility or not, something of the kind would certainly be acceptable to tired townfolk whose feet ache and blister as they stamp along on the hard and noisy pavement.

The Young Son of a Revolutionary Veteran.

It is a remarkable fact that we have in town a man only 41 years of age who fought at the battle of Bunker Hill. Winfield Scott Haskin is the man we have reference to. His father, Stephen Haskin, was about fourteen years of age at the time of the battle, witnessing the engagement from the steeple of the church at the North End and carrying water to the soldiers of the Copp's Hill battery. He learned the trade of a clock-maker and located in Charlestown, N. H., says the *Claremont Advertiser*, becoming in the course of time keeper of the Engle Hotel, making with his own hands the eagle still used for a sign. We understand that he also made the eagle which surmounts the town in Claremont. He made several town clocks, some of which are still in use. Mr. Haskin in 1877 married Susannah Hastings, daughter of Captain Johnson. Five children were born to them, and in 1841 Mrs. Haskin died. The same year Mr. Haskin, then some eighty years of age, married Lucy A. Miller, of Spring Hill, Vt., a woman many years younger than himself, and five more children were born to him during the next ten years. He died Feb. 4, 1861, aged about 100. Of his children only two survive, W. S. Haskin, above mentioned, and his sister, Mrs. Eugene A. Randall, of Charlestown, who was born two years to a day after his birth.

Opium Smokers Increasing.

The number of opium smokers in China appears, according to Mr. Consul Hughes, to be increasing. Even women, he tells us, are now in the habit of frequenting opium dens, but efforts are being made by the Chinese authorities, with the assistance of the municipal police, to prevent the spread of this demoralizing custom. The customs returns show a great falling off in the importations of opium, but this is because the native production has superseded the supplies from India. Shanghai draws its present supplies chiefly from the north of China. A leading merchant affirms that it is mixed with Indian to the extent of thirty to thirty-five per cent., but other authorities put it lower.—*London Daily News.*

Origin of "Boodle."

Boodle is probably derived from the old English word *bottle*, a bunch, or a bundle, as a bottle of straw. "The whole kit and boodle of them" is a New England expression in common use, and the word in this sense means the whole lot. Latterly boodle has come to be somewhat synonymous with the word *pile*, a term in use at the gaming table, and signifying a quantity of money. In the gaming sense when a man "lost his boodle," he has lost his pile or whole lot of money, whatever amount he happened to have with him. The word may be an Anglicized form of the German word *beutel* a purse, and in a figurative sense, money.—*American Notes and Queries.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet. Bolivia declared its independence in 1824.

The sword is the earliest weapon mentioned in Scripture.

Aurelian was the first Roman Emperor who wore a diadem.

The first notice of battering rams occurs in the prophecies of Ezekiel.

San Francisco has had over four hundred earthquakes since her first settlement.

At the Philadelphia Zoological Garden there are an alligator that climbs a five feet high.

Houston county, Ga., is the home of chicken whose feathers are so like those to give the effect of fur.

A tornado which stripped the feathers from chickens and blew away farm-stones is the latest product of Kansas.

A gas meter has been invented which on receiving a nickel in a slot on its measures of so many feet of gas for a sumption.

Railway time-tables are now made convenient size and shape to be inserted inside the cover of a watch for convenient reference.

The invention of the game of chess attributed to Palamedes, 850 B. C., some authorities the origin of the game is referred to the Hindoos.

The caliper compass, whereby the circumference of small arms, etc., is measured is said to have been invented by an artificer of Nuremberg in 1540.

Frank Ross, a Derby (Conn.) painter, lost the four fingers on his right hand recently and could no longer work. He brooded over his misfortune until he went insane.

A man in Walker County, Ga., who had a horror of burial in earth, so close as to a rock, had his tomb built upon a hill and now sleeps in a grand granite mausoleum.

A Michigan man heard that his father had left him a portion of the fortune, and at the appointed time he went to the post-office to get his check. He waited for seventeen cents.

It is said to be customary for women employed in a lace factory work with needles in their mouths. It has held as many as 274 needles in the mouth at the same time.

Mr. Tate, of Hazelhurst, Ga., was in history as the man who killed a deer at one shot, the animal's head "locked" in front of him while he acted of firing, and both receiving the charge in their heads.

An inch of steel-knife blade which had been in the brain of a Florida man two weeks was finally extracted. The doctor said the patient would, out doubt, get well, medical practice to the contrary notwithstanding.

Grandmother Heaton, of Vermont, is doubtless the only person in the United States born in the Tower of London. She is eight years old, and her parents were employed in the grim old prison when she was born.

The old cabin once occupied by W. Mackay, of bonanza fame, was mined at Allegheny City, Pa., in 1856 to 1859, is to be exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco. Picks, shovel and rocker used by Mackay will also be exhibited.

A canny bird died at Iroquois, N. Y., recently, at the advanced age of 60 years and six months. He was a singer, and possessed all his powers until the last year, when he seemed to be in his dotage. During the last two months his eyesight had failed him.

Every year the Emperor of Japan takes a trip at the vernal equinox to a temple of agriculture, and, after giving a few furrows with his own hands, offers sacrifices at the four altars of gods of heaven. This ceremony deemed necessary to insure good crops during the coming season.

Bismarck's Weighing Chair.

Close by the side of Prince Bismarck's bath, says the *London Figure*, is a chair, chair, covered with red velvet, the most modern construction, the great German Minister never fails to weigh himself at least once a day, and the result of his trial in the dairy he keeps attached by a string to the arm of the weighing chair. There was a time when Prince scaled the somewhat 600 weight of 347 pounds, but "he happened since then," as his lordship Beaconsfield once remarked among other things, the Prince not to "bloating," but to a new system of dealing with one's "solid flesh." Thanks to determined severance in the system, the Chancellor was recently able to sit at the breakfast table, in a triumph, that he that morning weighed 150 pounds. Europe, such a deep interest in Prince's continued life and good health, do well, if possible, to secure information a daily return of the weight recorded in the Chancellor's little diary.

"Marriage by the Glove."

A marriage by proxy, or, as it is called "marriage by the glove," is practiced in Holland, and is brought about by the fact that many of the eligible young men after having finished their education depart for Dutch India. A girl selects a willing young lady, goes with a substantial dot and conforming closely to the spirit of the letter. A photograph favored one is enclosed in a letter. After the lapse of a few days a soiled left-hand glove, with an attorney, is received from the bachelor. The friend in Holland selects the bride in precisely the same manner as if he were present, and the young wife, with the next India mail steamer, departs for the lonely one in the East. A marriage of this description as binding as if the bride were present, and is never repudiated either party of the glove marriage would share the property of the bride in accordance with the law of the *Traveller*.

In a Chicago glucose factory 1000 bushels of corn are converted into daily.