

ISAAC BARRETT, who was appointed a page in the United States Senate, upon the motion of Daniel Webster, fifty-seven years ago, is still connected with that body, acting as assistant door-keeper. He is writing his reminiscences of public men. A number of members of the present Congress were once pages, Senator Gorman being among them. There are no better schools in the country for sharpening the wits of a bright boy than the two houses of Congress, excepting newspaper offices, where boys are likely to receive a better moral training.

GEN. BOOTH, head of the Salvation Army, has been devoting himself to the effort of popularizing the methods of his followers in California. He has not met with great success. The hoodlums of San Francisco have proved too vigorous for the Salvationists. Booth has had to place himself at the head of a charging column a number of times, but even his heroism has not been equal to the task of overcoming the California mob. "Say, Booth, where's Barrett?" is a favorite salutation among the street urchins whenever the Salvation commander shows himself in public.

A CHURCH has come forward in Keyville, Va., who claims to have discovered a meteorological omen proving that Benjamin Harrison will not survive his Presidential term. It snowed on the 19th of November in the year when Benjamin Harrison's grandfather was elected to the Presidency. It snowed on Nov. 19 in the years when Taylor and Garfield were respectively elected to the high office in the land. None of these men lived to fulfill his administration. As it snowed on Nov. 19 this year the Keyville sage deduces the conclusion that Benjamin Harrison has not four years' lease of life. All of which is nonsense.

THERE are probably very few people who know the name of the inventor of the wheelbarrow. The sculptor, painter, architect, engineer—in fact many-sided genius and universal scholar, Leonardo da Vinci, of Italy—the man who painted the original picture of "The Last Supper"—is the inventor of the wheelbarrow. His fertile brain conceived the idea about the time Columbus discovered America. It is hardly possible to think of a man who was touched with the highest order of the divine art of painting bringing himself down to the diametrically opposite study of a simple mechanical invention, but such is the case, says history.

ONE of the proofs of the eminent respectability of these United States is that we have a dog for every three inhabitants. It costs us \$200,000,000 per annum to support our 20,000,000 dogs. The food given to an average dog every year would yield a return of \$10 if fed to chickens. Our high-toned dogs many of them ensue more than working people, and move in the very best society. Before any strange gentleman ventures to set foot within the gates of a Southern plantation he waits respectfully till the host comes to the gate and introduces him to his dog. Michael Davitt once declared with great eloquence and effect before a large and respectable New York audience that Ireland was the only country in the world where one could travel for miles through the country without ever seeing a dog. "Alas," he said, "a people living on the most productive soil in Europe, far less thinly populated than Massachusetts, cannot afford dogs, for they need the food themselves." No wonder Mr. Parnell resents the latest Tory scheme of England to devote \$25,000,000 to the forced purchase of farms from landlords. The wrongs of Ireland can never be patched over by such delusive makeshifts. But they show that the fear of Ireland's land monopolists never gives them any rest.

THE winter has no terror for the regular army even in the far Northwest. Uncle Sam is so open-handed with nothing to his soldiers as with stoves. They are always to be had for the asking, and sometimes without. Some years ago, when the Fifteenth Infantry was ordered to take possession of a deserted fort in New Mexico in the heat of summer, not a keg of nails could be procured from the department headquarters to help repair the barracks, but 150 stoves, at all times useless in that climate, came promptly to hand. The one difficulty the Government is meeting in providing winter supplies for its troops in Dakota and Montana is to find some substitute for the buffalo robe, which has now disappeared from the market. Tests are now being made of various furs in combination with stout canvas with a view of replacing it.

Paint your buildings, vehicles and tools.

A MOUNTAIN STORM.

We had left afar behind The Moors where the bracken grows; About us the freshening wind In gusts from the gray heights blew, And the larks low plaint Came sweetly faint From the pastures damp with dew. Below lay the lake asleep, By the mountain broose un stirred; And high o'er its bosom deep, Wooded and scarred and spurred Wild peaks arose In supreme repose By the racing clouds un blurred. And sudden, or ever we dreamed, As we gained the grandest height, While the far steep glistened and gleamed With slanting amber light, Above outspread, With open dread, A storm-wrack dark as night. 'Neath a bowlder sared and gray, While the tempest raved around, And blackened the brow of day, And shouted with angry sound, We crouched and saw, In breathless awe, The rain-drops leap and bound. With a shriek like a soul in pain The pitiless wind rushed by, And sweeping the slopes amain, Received its wrath on high. Far, far below, As if in woe, The valley's made reply. But at last a lull there came, And white rain veils of to fall; One peak was flushed with flags, Then the mighty mountain wall From east to west Flared, crest on crest, Till the splendor glared all. And a low of promise spanned Its brilliant arc in air, That led from the lake as if hand Like a heavenward-reaching stair; The loud winds died, And o'er us wide The dome of the sky grew fair. —Clinton Scobler, in Overland Monthly.

JUDGING TOO HASTILY.

"Here's that squawkin' bird o' your'n, Martha," said Mrs. Popham. "I always knewed it would come to that at last." Martha Popham was vigorously stitching away at her sewing machine, by the window of the little sitting-room, where the green and gold lights sifted through the leaves of the scarlet runner beans, that were trained there on strings, when the door opened, and something fell with a dull, heavy sound, on the floor—something that Mrs. Popham, who always did things by erics, had flung in. It was a bundle of iridescent blue and green and gold feathers—a limp, lifeless peacock. "It's Juan," cried Martha. "It's my poor peacock!" "Well, I guess you're about right there," said Mrs. Popham. "With his neck wrung, I found him a layin' in the bed, close to Harry Perry's fence. I always told ye he eat up the corn and cracked feed away from Mrs. Perry's hens, and scratched up her flower seeds like all possessed. I dunno how on earth the Perrys have stood it as long as they have. I don't feel to blame Harry much, arter all, folks has feelin's." "Mother has Harry Perry done this cruel thing?" "If he hain't I don't know who has," said Mrs. Popham, indifferently. "But, gracious me, child! don't take on so about it! A peacock ain't a human creature, no matter how you can fix it." Martha had left her machine, and was kneeling on the floor beside the confused heap of iridescent feathers, holding in her hand the poor, crested head, that hung down so heavy. The tears were dropping on the sheeny neck, her lower lip was quivering. "He was my pet!" she sobbed. "I brought him up from a little chick! I loved him. I will never forgive Harry Perry for this so long as I live." And when it was growing dusk she took the little garden spade and dug a grave for her favorite among the phloxes and tall tiger lilies by the garden path, and buried him tenderly, with roots of trailing myrtle above the mound. Harry Perry came in that same evening as she sat mending her mother's best lace collar by the lamp. "Martha," said he, "here's the second volume of 'Middlemarch.' Mollie is through with it now, and she thought you would like to see it." "I don't care for it," said Martha, turning her face resolutely away. "I don't get much time for reading these days." Harry stood a minute by the door, but Martha neither smiled upon him nor asked him to sit down. "Well," said he, tentatively, "I must be going." Martha made no response, and he went. But he was not thus easily discouraged. The next day he again put in an appearance. "My cousins, from New York, are coming up to spend the day, Martha," said he. "Will you come over and go with us on a day excursion to Spiderweb Falls? I'll ask the minister, and Mr. Volbeck, and—"

"I'm going on a picnic Thursday," said she, with the dimples dancing all around her mouth and chin. "To Spiderweb Falls. With Harry Perry's folks from the city. And my parasol ain't fit to carry. Harry asked me myself. We are to go in the carriage to the foot of the mountain, and to walk the rest of the way. Won't it be fun? I wonder they didn't ask you." Lillian was a fair-haired, balsam-complexioned young girl, with blue, wondering eyes, and an infantine innocence of expression. Martha looked at her with a sudden pang of dislike and jealousy. "Here is the parasol," said she curtly. "Oh, you're vexed, ain't you?" said Lillian, with a crackling laugh. "Well, of course, you know they can't ask everybody, and perhaps they may have some more picnics before the season is over. I'm much obliged for the parasol. I'll be very careful of it." And away she went, a great confusion of flying yellow curls, dimples and pink muslin gown. "She thinks—poor little Tuft!" said Martha to herself—"that I am jealous. And her! Am I jealous, I wonder?" with a quick impulse of self-examination. "As if Harry Perry could ever seriously care for an empy-headed little butterfly like that! And after all, even supposing that he did, what does it matter to me who Harry Perry cares for and who he doesn't?" And she sewed more diligently than ever. But when Thursday came—a perfect day, with blue skies, and breezes softer than fan the orange groves in Italian climes—she could not keep herself from following, in spirit, the progress of the picnic party. "Now," she said to herself, "they are at Wild Spring, stopping to let the horses drink; now they are driving, up to the very hubs of the wheels in daisies and red clover blooms, across Long Meadow; now they get into the purple shadow of the mountain where the hazel copes are, and the ferns grow like miniature trees; now—oh, please! there is the custard burning in the oven. I wonder why I can't mind my own business and let other people's alone?" Still her mind dwelt unasily on Lillian Tuft's exultant words and looks, and when old Mrs. Dartmoor came in that evening to bring a new pattern of "crazy" patchwork for her mother, and began to talk of Doctor Tuft's pretty, silly daughter, she listened eagerly. "Widow Bartlett tells me," said that gossiping old lady, "that it's going to be a match between Lillian and Harry Perry; but somehow I can't settle to believe it. They ain't no more alike than a stalk of corn and a cabbage-sprout. I always supposed—well," with a quick, laughing glance at Martha Popham, "it don't matter what I supposed," and she went home. She had scarcely closed the garden-gate behind her than another visitor arrived—Old Betsy Black, a wrinkled-visaged crone, who gathered herbs on the mountain, sold pennyroyal, thyme and burdock-roots to the wholesale druggists, and gained a precarious living by the sale of root-beer and cough-syrup, which she brewed herself in the cellar of her wretched cabin, down the road. "See ye've got more camomile blow than you need," said old Betsy. "I hain't no other use for 'em, I'd like to bibe 'em down, an' I'll give you a bottle of the tea when it's steeped." "You can have what you want," said Martha, listlessly. "We shall not use them." "And I'm dreadful 'bleeged for the fresh-baked loaf and the soft ginger-bread you left at my house yesterday," added old Betsy. "You are quite welcome, Betsy." "It ain't everybody would stop to think of a poor old body like me!" sniffed Betsy. "And I'm right-down sorry—that I be—that I wrung your peacock's neck!" "You wrung it, Betsy?" "Martha was roused into interest at last. "Yes," admitted Betsy, guiltily, twisting a stalk of lemon-balm in her fingers. "He was a-scratchin' up my new roots of lettuce, and he tormented me ever since I first began to make garden, and I just did it in a minute when old Satan got possession of me. I dunno what ail'd me. I've been sorry for it ever since. I can't say no more than that, can I?" But Martha heard nothing further of the old woman's excuses and palliations. Her face had brightened and gloomed over again in a breath. She had risen up and sat down again, in a breath. So Harry Perry had been blameless, after all. "I have been wrong," she said to herself—"wrong from the very beginning. Oh, how could I allow myself to be swayed so unreasonably by a mere impulse! And now—now, what shall I do?" And according to the nature of womankind, she sat down and cried heartily. Little Lillian Tuft burst into the twilight room like a yellow-tressed cyclone on a small scale, as Martha sat bewailing herself. "I've got back," said she; "and here's the parasol; and I'm ever so much obliged! There's a little bit of a grass stain on it, but I don't think it will show. And oh, Matty, I'm engaged to be married!" Martha felt an ice-cold current circle around her heart. "What I might have expected!" she said to herself. "And my own fault, into the bargain!" "He says he's loved me this long time, and to think that I never should have suspected it!" rattled on Lillian. "But we're to be married right off; and I do hope, Matty, you'll be my bridesmaid!" "Mr. Volbeck?" "Yes. Didn't I tell you? It's Mr. Volbeck I'm engaged to! Who on earth did you suppose it was?" a little tartly. Martha Popham thought that Lillian Tuft never would take her departure; but she did at length, and then Martha went over to Mrs. Perry's cottage. Harry stood at the door, looking thoughtfully up at the stars. Was his face very sad and pale, or did she imagine it? "Miss Popham!" said he, in some surprise. "No, Martha!" she corrected him. "I've come to say how sorry I was I didn't accept your invitation to that picnic, Harry!"

"I think you would have enjoyed it," said he. "And to ask your pardon, Harry, for all my horrid rudeness," she went on. "But—oh! I have been such an idiot!" And she burst out crying. "I course, all that remained was for her to tell him everything and the first she knew they were sitting side by side on a little, rose-twined rustic seat in the straight, with his arm around her waist, and she had promised to become his wife. And so she could not be pretty! Tuft's bridesmaid, because she was a bride herself at about that time. But she is never going to make up her mind too hastily again. So she says, at least. —Saturday Night.

King Ja Ja in Exile. King Ja Ja, the deposed West African monarch, who was captured some months ago by the marines of the British man-of-war Icarus, is still a prisoner on the island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, where the Icarus landed him. By the report recently brought in by a gentleman arriving on a West India steamer, the royal exile is having a pretty good time, though he pines occasionally for the company of his wife or one of the more wives left behind him in his late kingdom of Opopo. Ja Ja, it will be remembered, was accused of breaking a certain treaty with England. He purchased a couple of Krupp guns, it is said, and began to make preparations to blow any "blawsted" Britisher who trespassed on his territory to "kingdom come." He was induced by British Consul General Johnson to pay a visit to the Consulate at the mouth of the River Opopo for the alleged purpose of arranging matters. He was surrounded by marines, and almost before he knew it he was on board a prisoner. He still vigorously protests that he was not guilty of violating any treaty between his country and England, but he has grown more resigned to his exile. "Her Majesty," continued my informant, "has presented the King with a rear admiral's uniform, and he struts around in it as proud as a peacock." Governor Howden has treated him very kindly, and King Ja Ja has been furnished with a pleasant residence in Kingstown. Every day he rides out in style accompanied by a mounted orderly. He is also said to have become a great favorite in society, and he often dines at the Government House, where his broken English is listened to with great interest. "The colored people of Kingstown treat the monarch with a great deal of respect. His Royal Highness has a very careless habit of leaving jewelry scattered around loose in his apartment. It is related that a short time ago while King Ja Ja was enjoying a dinner at the Government House, a telegraph message announced the capture of a big black girl in the King's lodging. Ja Ja on hearing it jumped up and at once yelled through the instrument a request for the immediate release of the girl. "The latest news concerning the King is that he has finally induced his favorite wife to join him, and that she is now on her way to St. Vincent, from Liverpool, where she arrived some time ago. Her name, I believe, is Patience, and she is said to be about eighteen years of age, and a very plump creature, with an inclination to stoutness. She is not entirely black, and can, I understand, speak a little English. With her is her little brother, who will be one of the King's household." —New York Herald.

Squid-Eating Extending. Mr. Blackford thinks, says a bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, that the influence of the Ichthyophagous Club of New York has had much to do with the introduction of squid for food, and says that about three or four years ago the club first ventured to cook and serve squid at one of their annual dinners. It is a well-known fact, however, that squid are highly valued for food in Oriental countries, and that an important fishery for them is carried on in China. It is also probable that the Italians, who are the consumers of this product in New York, learned to eat squid in their native country before emigrating to America. Mr. Atkin Hughes, of North Truro, Mass., who is engaged in the trap fishery at that place, makes the following statement in regard to the demand for squid: "When in New York the three or four years past I was told that the Italians used squid for food, but that the quantity was small and the price low. Very little encouragement was given me to ship until the past season (1897), when a fish dealer in the Fulton Market said to me, about October 1: 'If you can ship me a few barrels of squid occasionally, I think I can sell them at a low price.' The squid season was nearly over then, but in looking over my books I find that we shipped to dealers in New York about fifty barrels in 1887, which sold from two to five cents per pound, netting about \$3 per barrel." Under date of December 2, 1887, he says: "The squid season is about over. Some days we have a few bushels in our weirs, but they have become such an article of food among the Italians of New York that we can obtain better prices by shipping them there than by selling them for bait. From the foregoing it would appear that with the increase of population in this country and with a better knowledge of the food value of certain species of marine animals which have heretofore not come into general use it is appreciable that the food supply from our ocean fisheries can be very considerably increased."

An Underground Lake. The lake which was discovered in the Huachuca Mountains was discovered by Messrs. Robbins and Bunch, of Ash Canyon Spring, while following up a ledge which had been discovered by them. The roof of the cave was entirely dry and the water of the purest quality and as clear as crystal. A number of human bones were found, also some relics of ancient pottery. The cave was explored for 300 feet in length, but no estimate of its extent could be arrived at. The fact that it had not been discovered before is due to the entire absence of any opening existing, until the discoverers of the ledge had picked away some loose rock at a point on the ledge where work had evidently been done many years ago. —Tombstone (Arizona) Prospector.

Electricity is the good genius of this century.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Rice Cooked to Perfection. Rice should be cooked in a milk boiler, then there is no danger of scorching. There are many methods of cooking this, and it is often served as a vegetable. We have found the easiest way the following: Wash one cup of rice and put on to cook with two cups of cold water and a level teaspoonful of salt. Cover and keep constantly cooking, and at the end of one hour it is ready for the table, every kernel perfect and soft. Do not stir it; it breaks the kernels. It is a good plain dessert, especially for delicate stomachs, with or without sugar and cream and raisins. —New York Observer.

Sovereign Food for Invalids. Milk is the sovereign food upon which physicians depend to nourish their patients through serious illness. Go into the room of the average patient, and you will find somewhere in it—on a chair, at the head of the bed, on the "window sill," or a convenient table—milk which has been standing in its glass for a longer or shorter time, possibly for some hours. To leave milk in the sick room is one of the worst habits a nurse can have, and only the most slovenly ever guilty of it. When your patient wants milk, go to the chest, or suitable place where it is kept, and pour out into a glass made as clean as possible, the quantity which you think is needed—no more. Let him take what he wants, and then at once throw what remains away, and wash out the glass. Never leave it in the sick room a minute. The same rule hold good with all invalid food. —Brook's Citizen.

Starching Clothes. Prepare the starch for the linen by allowing one tablespoonful of good starch to each shirt, collar and pair of cuffs to be starched, and dissolving it in a little cold water. Add a little dissolved blueing and a small piece of laundry wax. A favorite substitute for the wax is made by melting together equal parts each of spermaceti, white wax and paraffine into a cake, and adding a small piece of this. It at once prevents the polishing-irons from sticking, and aids in securing a polish. Stir this dissolved starch, and pour boiling water over it until it is clear but stiff. Make this starch much thinner by the addition of water, for starching dresses, skirts, aprons and laces. To starch shirts, collars or cuffs, lay the piece to be starched on a clean, smooth board, and rub in all the stiff starch it will absorb. Rub off superfluous starch on the right side and hang up to dry, as free from wrinkles as possible, either in the sun or near a hot fire. —Youth's Companion.

A Model Kitchen. It is possible nowadays, says an authority, by spending money lavishly, so to build a kitchen that the most ingenious of servants cannot keep it other-wise than clean. One need not waste upon her unappreciative soul the costly tiles with which one lines the bath room, but may substitute for them the glazed bricks that are as highly polished, and that will make the floor, the chimney, the walls, if desired, and even the ceiling, as easy to clean as a breakfast plate. Once built, no whitewasher and no painter would be needed for such a room, no smoke need cling to its walls for an instant, and no odor of cooking would be perceptible in it, even if it were used for generations. And the temperature of such a room need not reach the great height unavoidable with plastered walls, which permit the warmth of the chimney to be perceptible through their surface, and thus both the good health and the good temper of the cook would be maintained. As for coloring, such a kitchen may be precisely what one pleases, for the bricks are made in all hues, and they may be laid in patterns or in wide surfaces of one tint from floor to ceiling. Lastly, as such a room would be fireproof, a sliding or swinging iron door would so isolate it that no kerosene-quenched fire and no careless upsetting of ard could bring destruction to the room itself of which a little water would not clear it. —Scientific American.

Recipes. GINGER COOKIES.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of melted lard, one of boiling water, three spoonfuls of ginger, with flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven. MUFFINS.—One pint of milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to make a batter that will drop from the spoon. BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of molasses, two cups of butter, two cups of corn meal, one and one-half cups of white flour, three cups of brown flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda. Cover up as tight as possible in a mold, and boil hard for three hours. HANDED POTATOES.—Cut some cold boiled potatoes into small slices, butter a shallow baking dish, put in potatoes about half an inch deep, sprinkle with pepper, salt and bits of butter, pour enough milk over to cover them all and bake in a brisk oven till quite brown. WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, four cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar together, add the beaten yolks, then the milk, flour with the baking powder sifted through it, and last the beaten whites. Flavoring. Bake in one loaf. BROWNED CAULIFLOWER.—Beat together two eggs, a little salt, four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and a small quantity of grated bread crumbs well moistened with a little milk, until of the consistency of batter. Steam the cauliflower until it is tender, but not fallen to pieces. Separate it into small bunches, dip each top in the prepared mixture, and place in nice order in pudding dish. Brown in an oven, and serve hot. STEAMED SPINACH.—Wash well and put it into a saucepan, after it has been well drained. Add no water but cover the pan closely and cook until done. Then take it from the pan, chop fine, adding half a cup of cream or milk, and a tablespoonful of butter; return to saucepan and cook three minutes longer adding a little ham essence, if you have it. If not it is quite good without. Serve and garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. WASHED POTATOES WITH BACON.—Cut into a saucepan, in small pieces, one

quarter of a pound of bacon and an onion and place over the fire. The together several branches of parsley, one of them two bay leaves, placing within a couple of cloves, and when the onion commences to color place these in the saucepan and pour in one pint of water. Wash, peel and cut in quarters eight potatoes, season with a pinch of pepper and nutmeg, and add these to the contents of the pan. When the potatoes are thoroughly cooked remove the parsley with its seasoning, mash the potatoes well in the pan, and this dish is prepared.

"The Man With the Lantern." One of the greatest terrors of the Pennsylvania oil region is "the man with the lantern." He has been the cause of more needless configurations among oil wells than anything else, and has usually an employe about the well, and in nine cases out of ten, a man of experience and intelligence; but he persists in taking the chances in paying a visit now and then to some gas-evolving oil tank, carrying the lighted lantern with him. The result isn't always disastrous, but that is not to the credit of the man with the lantern. Usually an explosion results. If a destructible does not follow that, the fact will be without precedent. Sometimes the cause of a fire of this kind will not be certain at first, but it only needs a call of the employe of that particular well, the tool house stock to ascertain the cause. There will be one employe and the number of lanterns will be one. Then it is known that the man with the lantern has been working. The man with the lantern first appeared in history in 1844. It was Marietta, Ohio. Nobody knew what a fire was in those days, but he was carrying a well out there once oil was discovered. It was called "fossil oil" by local savants. There was a great deal of gas with it. A lot of the oil was collected in a cistern at night, and with the lantern came striking on the scene, but the pyrotechnical works and splendors that were displayed in his vicinity for days and nights as a result of his visit failed to compensate his wages and six small children for his transportation. Hesterized with the ginning of oil operations in the vicinity of Titusville twenty-eight years ago, his dread apparition will continue to walk abroad as long as oil wells are on earth similar to that of the man with the lantern. But her work being confined to the domestic hearth, she does not concern the oil trade in any way. She is first mentioned in history back in the early days of the "Creek." The Widow Mcintosh, one of the great Mcintosh families, was the first one on record who had to do with the oil with the lantern. She since become painfully famous through "DIXIE" magazine. She adopted the lantern as a means of less and more, and she was the first less world with it. The lantern was in from the Mcintosh family. Everybody knows how to use it. "Coal (if Johnny)" got a lantern. The oil can that was used in the New York Times.

An Infant Raised on Nicotine. Winchester probably possesses the youngest smoker in the State, for the whole country. His name is John Lochridge and he is one year and six months old. He will smoke a pipe of tobacco much ease and apparent content, confirmed smoker of all sorts of craves tobacco, and indulges in weed never makes him sick. Wallace has smoked ever since he was a year old, his father says, and he is evidently growing on it. Your correspondent saw the little fellow pulling away at a pipe in his father's livery stable this morning. The little fellow seemed to be in a narcotic dream, and he was smoking the great wreaths of smoke issuing from his tiny lips. He seems to have a real appetite for tobacco, and is deprived of a smoke. He is an unusual looking, stout and robust, and surely a wonder. A crowd collected in front of father's office, attracted by the little fellow pulling away delightfully at the nicotine-soaked pipe, and much wonder were evinced at the singular performance. This is a remarkable case, and an unusual instance of pervaded taste in one so young. There is no hoax about this. Your correspondent is well acquainted with the boy, has seen him at different times, as have also other people, and knows there is no humbug about it. The parents of the child are known and highly respected people; they are at a loss to account for baby's extraordinary passion for seductive weed. —Chatanooga News.

A Passion for Orchids. Referring to the Hon. Joseph Berlin, the prominent Englishman recently married secretary of the daughter, the Pall Mall Gazette, don, says: It is just possible that Mrs. Berlin's husband may curb his passion to him as well as to Mr. Gladstone and his orchid stock book, in which he has carefully noted from time to time the prices and the origin of the flowers, as well as the character of the blooms. "The fly-god of Elysium," according to Mr. Berlin, intends the birth and parentage of orchidaceae," and Mr. Berlin while not personally taking potting and repotting operations devoted in his attention to his worth. New plants are being bought. There are nine orchids ranging from 32 feet by 18 feet by 12 feet. They are all planted to the drawing room and are throughout by electricity. Berlin began to collect orchids the time he first went into the twelve years since. The "Lord of Highbury" is a first terra-cotta structure, standing little eminence at Moor Street, from Birmingham. The orchid is connected with Birmingham by telegraph and telephone.