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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

In spite of the fact that New York's requirements for a medical license are the highest in the Union, it is the coast of the Mail and Express that the Empire State heads the list of doctors with 11,171 licensed practitioners.

The President not infrequently makes his appointments at large to the military and naval academies from among the sons of army and navy officers. Much as the officers of the two services grumble at grievance real and imaginary it commonly happens, notes the Detroit Free Press, that they are glad to see their sons appointed to the academies.

Florists are constantly looking for such plants as produce flowers that will live long after being cut from the parent stem, and also for those that flower in early spring before their leaves appear, and thus present masses of unbroken bloom.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has opened a large new warehouse in Jersey City, and is prepared to give exceptional facilities and quick transportation to Southern garden truck sold in New York.

Now that it is stated that dollar wheat may no longer be expected because of competition of Argentine, Russia and India with the United States, attention is called by the New York Independent to the fact that the average number of bushels per acre raised in the United States is but twelve or thirteen, about half the average in England.

A writer on the public debts of nations presents an interesting table comparing the figures of 1865 with those of 1890. During that quarter of a century the grand total increased enormously. The only nations showing any decrease were the United States, Great Britain and Denmark.

Table of public debts for various countries including Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Russia, Italy, Spain, Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, and Switzerland.

MISERIES OF MATING.

THE SUFFERINGS MEN UNDERGO WHILE COURTING.

Lovers and Their Ways—The Jokes Made at Their Expense—Deafness and Blindness Are Unalleged Blessings—Preparing to Engage a Father-in-Law.

Chapter on Courtship. "My dear," said a prim aunt to a newly engaged niece, "do you know that it is a solemn thing to be married?"

"Yes, aunt," was the pert rejoinder, "but it is a great deal solemnier not to be."

From the standpoint of youth and beauty, the girl was undoubtedly right, for whatever may be the side issues of dungs and toilet powder, of gold-embroidered dresses, ham-shaped sleeves, and the extravagant costumes that the arbiters of fashion declare shall be worn by the beauties of the day, there can be no doubt that the ultimate end and aim of each and every adornment is, for the young lady at least, nothing more nor less than matrimony.

It is interesting as all these things are to women, they are none the less so to men, for no matter how strenuously the latter may protest their indifference to a fair anticipatory of matrimony, it is a settled historic fact that whenever a woman is married a man is found entering the holy estate of matrimony at the same time, to say nothing of the additional amount to the business usually do the courting, and so on.

For getting married, both in the preparatory and in the final stages of the process, is, in the opinion of a St. Louis Globe-Democrat writer, undoubtedly a very solemn thing. In the first place there is the courting, for, save in France, where everything is managed by the parents, or in Iceland, where a betrothal is a legal matter, the young man and woman, when they are brought together, are usually in a state of nervous excitement.

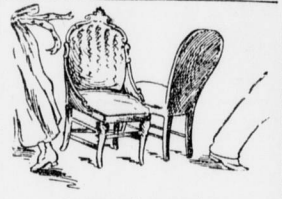
When the matter of comfort enters into consideration, a field is opened, as the clergyman says, too wide to enter, for one of the most astonishing things about that phase of idiosyncrasy known as love is the peculiar influence it exerts in changing the nature; sometimes intensifying traits already existing, sometimes bringing out qualities whose existence was altogether unsuspected.

After the terrors of courtship have been endured for a season the misery of a proposal is in order, and if there were no other objection to getting married than the necessity of making a proposal, this of itself would seem to be sufficient to diminish the number of marriages 75 per cent. in a single year.

direction of her house, so much the better, for he finds his mental operations much quickened by that circumstance. When he gets back he is tired to death, it is true, but that is a mere trifling; only his muscles have given out, his mind is as fresh as ever.

It is his miseries and with the aching of his tired limbs, however, he would be singularly blest, but they do not, for one of the penalties of being in love is the fact that the man who is courting somebody is never exactly certain about his footing. He is like a

boy walking on rotten ice, who takes step after step in dismal uncertainty whether at each thin crust may not give way beneath his feet and let him through. To be sure, he might make a rush and so end the suspense, but somehow or other he prefers the suspense.



SOMEbody's coming!

It is usually receive much comfort from the fair object of his regard, for if there is one thing a woman delights in more than in all sorts, kinds and conditions of finery, it is to keep two or three admirers on the tenter hooks of expectation, each alternately hoping and fearing, and each afraid to open his mouth to her on the subject of fear of hearing that fatal "no" which he can not but believe would end all the happiness that life has for him, and even clothe the heavens in a figurative black that would, he fancies, aptly portray his feelings.

While to lovers on themselves their business is of the most momentous consequence, to people who are not in love, or, having been so, found their complaint speedily and permanently cured by matrimony, it is a triviale endurance only because it is so funny. It is not to be denied that the world at large the lover is a source of infinite quip and jest, a standing butt of jokes and humor.

It is well that the lover is blind; he is additionally fortunate in being deaf, and other people would be somewhat in luck if he were also dumb. But that never happens save when the lovers are alone. It is a curious fact which may be commended for observation and study to the students of sociology, that two lovers who can sit in a parlor a whole evening without it making noise enough to keep the flies in the holes, can go out into a public hall and by their clatter cause the people in three rows of seats to become loudly profane.

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But even in such cases, while everything may be perfectly satisfactory for the young lady, the horrible truth is that youth has just begun, for in all well-regulated families papa's consent to the engagement must be obtained, and as the necessity for this formality is presented to the interested youth by his inamorata, he may be excused for feeling that, as the idyllic proverb says, "there is a time for all things," (this is the proper time for a cold sweat, and he has it, too, for as the dismal words are poured into the portals of his reluctant ears, he feels that death would be a relief. But there is no help for it, so he arranges with himself a time when he will call on his prospective father-in-law and adjust matters.

He does not, in the language of Old Virginia, "hanker after the job." He has a dim consciousness that an interview with a hangman on the gallows would be a joyful, not to say hilarious, occasion by comparison with the hours he must spend from time to time, giving himself a reprieve from the inevitable. When, however, it can be no longer deferred, he puts on as bold a face as in his depressed condition he can possibly assume, and starts for the house.

Contentment has not been at starting, however, he becomes a pitiable picture before he reaches his destination. His courage oozes out in an inverse ratio to the distance; that is, the nearer he gets the faster it oozes. He disseses what he has to do, and then he goes on or runs away out of town, or go off somewhere and quietly die. He tries to think of something to say and fails. He tries to think what he shall answer if the father-in-law, that is to be, asks him any questions, and he fails. He tries to think what he shall answer if the father-in-law, that is to be, asks him any questions, and he fails.

Major Hall has written a graphic account of the chase and capture of the Cora for the Century. An extract from his story follows: "In President Monroe's administration, the United States and Great Britain by treaty agreed to maintain each a squadron carrying at least eight guns, on the African coast, to suppress the slave-trade, which to that time had received no real check. Each nation could search and might capture the merchant vessels of either, upon proof which satisfied the naval officer of the violation of the laws. In point of fact, while this right was occasionally used by British men-of-war, still they seldom exercised it against American vessels, and it became almost the rule that American men-of-war should perform the duty. This fact came about because the slave-trade was largely carried on by American vessels. And strange as it may seem, by way of parenthesis, the American vessels were invariably fitted out and despatched from Northern ports, only one in many years immediately preceding the war, having Southern ownership—the schooner Wanderer, which landed slaves on the coast of Georgia; but these slaves were at once gathered in by the United States Government, and sent back to Africa on the steam-ship Niagara.

"Engaged in this duty the Constellation was cruising on the African coast, the men finding relaxation only at long intervals in a short rest at Madeira, or the Canaries; or perhaps on one of the islands in the Bight of Benin. After one of these cruises, when off the Ambriz River, near the Congo, in August, 1860, the calm gave way to a refreshing breeze, and the Constellation, with all squareset to royals, had just shaped her course for St. Paul de Loando. It was about 7 p. m., the sea was as smooth as a floor and a beautiful moon lit the waters with a splendor rarely seen. The crew and officers were all on deck enjoying the refreshing change. Songs were heard forward, messenger boys were skylarking in the gangways, officers were anchoring the lee quarter-deck. Suddenly from the foretopmast yard rang out the cry, 'Sail ho!'

"Instantly laughter ceased, songs ended, men jumped to their feet—all was now expectancy. 'Where away?' came sharply through the speaking-trumpet from the officer of the deck. 'About one point forward of the weather beam, sir.' Every eye caught the direction indicated. Sure enough, bright and glistening in the reflected moonlight the sails of the stranger were seen, hull down, with the upper parts of the courses in view.

"The slaver was well on our starboard bow. Mr. Fairfax called me to go with him on the gun-deck, where we ran two heavy 32's out to our brille-ports ready for a chase dead ahead, which soon occurred. I was directed to carry away the upper spars and rigging, and under no circumstances to hit the vessel's hull! 'Aim high and make your mark,' he commanded. It touched my cap and smiled; it was no like the admonition of an ambitious mother to her son. Soon one gun was sending round-shot whirling through the rigging.

Suddenly our attention was attracted by dark objects on the water ahead of us. The slaver was lightening ship by throwing overboard casks, spars, and even spare masts. The sea appeared as if filled with wreckage in a long line. All at once boats were seen. 'They are filled with negroes,' I heard some one cry on deck. 'Steady on your course,' I heard the officer shout on the forecastle just above my head. Sure enough they were boats, and as we sped they seemed to be coming swiftly to us. My heart beat with quick emotion as I thought I saw them crowded with human forms. Men on deck shouted that

CHASE OF THE SLAVER CORA.

THE LAST SLAVE-SHIP CAPTURED BY THE UNITED STATES.

She Fell Prize to the Steamer Constellation, and Was Taken in Charge by a Mere Lad.

ONE of those true romances of the sea that put to blush the best efforts of a Captain Marryat, a Fenimore Cooper or a Clark Russell, was the chase and capture of the American slave-ship Cora, by the United States steamer Constellation.

The Cora was a staunch bark, freighted with no less than 720 slaves, and she was commanded by a bold, resolute and resourceful man. At the time of the capture the captain gave his name as Campbell, and claimed that he was an English subject, and merely a passenger on the bark. By a man's friendship he managed to escape from the Constellation at St. Paul de Loando, and in after years he met the young naval officer who was detailed to command the prize. Then he was the painted and spangled performer in a circus, the celebrated clown, William B. Donaldson, and he confessed that this was his real name. Says his captor: "He had been sailor, longer, and pseudo-gentleman of leisure on Broadway, negro minstrel, clown, slave-captain—perhaps the list had better be closed; but he had a faithful, generous heart. He was a brave man, even though a statutory pirate."

The Cora was the last slave-ship captured by the United States, and the young officer who played so prominent a part in the affair was Lieutenant Wilburn Hall. As soon as Lieutenant Hall, who was in command of the Cora, landed his prize in New York, he cast his fortunes with the Confederacy. After serving through the Civil War he became one of the American officers on the staff of the Khedive of Egypt. He is now the American Consul at Nice.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO MEND TABLE LINEN.

Table linen is best mended with embroidery cotton of a number to correspond with the quality of the cloth. Under the ragged edges of the tear baste a piece of stiff paper, and make a network of fine stitches about an inch beyond the tear. Thin places and breaks in linen may be run with flax or embroidery floss, and towels should be mended in the same way.—New York Journal.

TO DEFY THE MOTH.

If you wish to defy that unpleasant little animal, the moth, in packing away your furs and woolen garments, here are a few suggestions to follow: First, beat out all the dust from the garment and let it hang in the open air and sunshine for a day. After this, shake very hard, fold neatly and sew up closely in muslin or linen cloth, putting a small lump of gum-camphor in the centre of each bundle. Wrap newspapers about all. In addition to these precautions, secure as a packing case a whisky or alcohol barrel but lately emptied and still strongly scented by the liquor. Have a close head and fit it in neatly. Then set away in the garret.—New York World.

AN OLD SEWING MACHINE.

Blessed is the plant lover that can count among her possessions an old sewing machine, exclaims Anna Lyman in the New York Independent. Mine was gathering dust and cobwebs in the garret, when the happy thought suggested itself to make it into a plant stand. The top works and large wheel underneath were soon taken away, and here was a strong, pretty looking table on iron legs with casters, the last being invaluable on zero nights to wheel my establishment nearer the stove. A box was made, six inches high and somewhat larger than the stand. This was half filled with sand. Here I learned a florist's secret. You notice they put their pots on sand or soft earth and not on a dry shelf or table, as we amateurs generally do. So my geraniums and other plants were put down on the sand, and the air was kept moist, as plants like to have it. Tradesmen was stuck in around the pots, making a shaded carpet. The old fashioned green Virginia creeper has gone out, and lovely colored leaves take its place—striped, silvered, pink, white, gray, bright as flowers. My stand was a grand success all winter, and I hope to get hold of another old sewing machine to make a fernery for my north window. In the summer it will be moved to the piazza, and I can have a geranium in bloom, or some other pot plant, and it will be a grand place for the chrysanthemums later. If I want stands or vases for my plants, I am pretty sure to find some discarded thing in garret or cellar that answers the purpose.

RECIPES.

Hard Gingerbread—One cupful of sugar, one of butter, one-third of a cupful of molasses, half a cupful of sour milk or cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour enough to roll. Roll thin, cut in oblong pieces and bake quickly. Care must be taken that too much flour is not mixed in with the dough. All kinds of cakes that are rolled should have no more flour than is absolutely necessary to work them.

Cheese Fingers—Take one-quarter of a pound of puff paste and roll it out thin; then take two ounces of Parmesan cheese, half a teaspoonful of cayenne and a pint of salt. Mix these and sprinkle the cheese over half the paste, turn the other half over it and cut it with a sharp knife half an inch wide and any length you please. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot, shaking a little grated cheese over them. The fingers must be piled in a dish, crossing each other at right angles.

For Chicken Omelet—Scrape the bits of meat left on the body bones of a baked chicken after it has done service on the dinner table. Use all the dressing left with it. Mince fine with the chopping knife. Beat two eggs light, and add one spoonful of flour and one gill of milk. Mix with the minced chicken and fry in a well-buttered pan on top of the stove. When brown and set, fold over in half and serve at once. Omelets should never be allowed to stand and grow cold.

Rice Muffins—One pint of milk, one quart of flour, one pint of boiled rice, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, two of cream of tartar. Mix the sugar, salt, soda and cream of tartar with the flour and rub through a sieve. Beat the eggs and add to the milk. Stir gradually into the flour. When it makes a smooth, light paste, add the rice and beat thoroughly. Bake thirty-five minutes in buttered pans. This quantity will make three dozen muffins.

A Railroad of Curves, The first railroad west of the Alleghenies was built from Lexington to Frankfort, Ky., in 1831. The road was laid out with as many curves as possible, the engineers declaring that this was an advantage. The cars were in two stories, the lower for women and children, the upper for men, four persons being seated in each compartment. The cars were at first drawn by mules, but after a time a locomotive was made by a Lexington mechanic. The tender was a big box for wood, and a hoghead was provided for water, which was drawn in buckets from convenient wells. In place of a cowcatcher there two poles in front fitted with hickory brooms for sweeping the track.—Lancaster Eagle.

One of the pioneers of California is Won Yip Nong, who came from Hong Kong in a sailing vessel in 1844.

WISE WORDS.

Cupid is not a calculator. Life is too short to get square. No man can buy the sunshine. Love is a spontaneous combustion. The world is the tramp's treadmill. Economy was not born in the poor-house. The fools do not say all the silly things. Many absurdities are accepted as axioms. A genuine holiday must be honestly earned. The king can do no wrong without everybody knowing it. Pessimism is an evidence of a sour stomach or of inherited taint. All things come to the way of him who does not expect too much. A house that is divided against itself cannot stand outside interference. He who has schooled himself to silence has set his world wondering. It can never be that everybody else is wrong and you alone are right. Much harm is done by people who think they are doing what is right. A man who really loves horses and dogs loves women and children next. It is pitiable to see a poor man "gauged" wrong for a small income. The man who is sometimes too busy to hear the whistle blow is seldom out of work. People talk little ills into great ones, but seldom talk little goods into great ones. It is hard lines to win a woman with bonbons for a year and feed her on bread and butter for a lifetime.

A Rhyme for "Massachusetts."

Referring to a statement in the Boston Globe that there is no rhyme for Massachusetts, and the attempt of a Massachusetts man to show that there is, a correspondent of the New York Tribune submits a rhyme which he thinks wholly beyond criticism. It is as follows:

A man named Heath Has, of false teeth, Just got him two brand new sets. Now, Tribune, dear, Pray find just here A rhyme for Massachusetts.