ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Virginian has 172 tobacco factories, which consume over 48,000,000 pounds of the weed each year.

A notion prevailed in Egypt that a citron, eaten early in the morning, was an antidote against all kinds of poison.

A new thought may be false; if it is it will pass away. When the new truth has come to life it bursts the old husks.

The number of the known members of the small planets is now 225. Palisa, of Vienna, discovered the last one on April 10.

Sparrows have become so numerous in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania that other birds are fast being driven from their old haunts.

A Chickasaw Indian has been intrusted by the American Bible Society with five hundred Testaments, which he is distributing to his fellow-Chickasaws.

Jackson county, Ga., is the only place in the South where clay fit for jugmaking is found. Two factories are run in the county, and the jugs are all made by hand.

The latest census gives the population of Japan as 36,258,994; males, 18,423,274; females, 17,835,720, an increase of 3,000,000 since the last previous census in 1873.

Yellow fever has visited the United States sixty-five times. The last visitation, in 1878, caused 100,000 cases, 20,000 deaths and cost, in direct and indirect losses, $100,000,000.

The actual amount paid for pensions, by the United States, on account of the late war up to March 1, 1882, is $500,781,950. The present number of pensioners on this account is 250,000.

The Japanese government has one-hundred and sixty-four foreigners in its employ, including seventy-three Englishmen, thirty-two Germans, twenty-one Americans and sixteen Frenchmen.

The census-takers appointed by the board of education of New York city to ascertain the number of children of legal school age, which is over five years and under eighteen, return a total of 47,552.

Andrew Harster died suddenly a short time ago, at Easton, Pa., aged ninety years, leaving an estate valued at $250,000. He had never used the railway, never seen a steamboat, and never been in a city.

Merchants predict that the taste for embroidered dresses will increase next season, and some economical persons think it well to buy embroidered cashmere dresses for next winter at their present reduced prices.

A Bothersome Boa-Constrictor.

"Did you ever carry any really dangerous animals on your ship, Captain John?" said I.

"Well," said he, "once when I was in Para I bought a snake, a boa-constrictor, seventeen feet long. I got him of four Indians, who caught him some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river. They brought him into town in a strong covered crate or basket, which they carried on two poles. When I bought him I had him carried into my old consignee's yard, and I got a stout packing-box and had it all double-nailed and holes bored in the sides to give him air. Then the Indians put the snake in the box and we nailed him up tight, leaving him in a snug corner for the night.

"The next morning I went around early to the market to buy something for my snake to eat. I got a couple of little animals, something like our rabbits, and I carried them around to my consignee's house. I found the old gentleman hadn't turned out of his hammock yet; but he soon got up and went with me into the yard. When we got there we saw the packing box all burst open, the boards all lying around loose and no snake to be seen. We looked about but could see nothing of him. I was amazed enough to be sure, and the old gentleman felt quite uneasy at the thought of such a creature wandering about his place.

"'We won't look for him,' he said. 'Those Indians are still in town, and we will send for them.'

"The Indians soon came, and they found him. You can't imagine where he had hidden himself. There was a pile of earthen drain-pipes in one corner of the yard, behind some bushes, and he had crawled into one of these short pipes, and then turned and crawled into the one next to it, and then into the next one, and so on, in and out, until he had put himself into five or six of the pipes. He had probably seen through the holes in his box some of my old consignee's chickens, and being made perfectly ravenous by the sight had broken out. Then, having made a meal of one or two of them, he had crawled into the pipes.

"The Indians were not long in capturing him. Fortunately, his head stuck out of one of the pipes near the ground; and one of the Indians, taking a long pole with a fork at the end, climbed on a high fence near by and soon pinned Mr. Snake's head to the ground, leaning on the pole with all his weight. Then the other Indians straightened out the drain-pipes in which he was and began to draw them off him, pulling them down toward his tail, and first exposing the portion of his body nearest his head. Then they took a long, strong pole, and, with bands of the tough grass which grows in that country, tied his body to the pole close to his head. Then they bound him again, about eighteen inches farther down. Slowly drawing down the pipes they tied him again to the pole, about eighteen inches below, and so on until his whole length was fastened firmly to the pole. Thus he was held secure until the box was nailed up again, and I had sent for a blacksmith to put iron bands around it, so that it should be strong enough to hold any snake. Then the creature's tail was loosened and put through a hole in the top of the box. Then another band was cut and the snake pushed still farther in. Then, one after another, every fastening was cut, and the snake pushed gradually into the box, until his head being loosened and clapped in, a board was fastened over the hole, and he was snug and tight and ready for his voyage."—*St. Nicholas.*

The Lovers' Teeth.

I performed an operation of transplanting under romantic circumstances on a certain occasion, says a Philadelphia dentist. A young lady, as pretty as a peach, and a fine looking young fellow came to see me one morning. After no little hesitation they told me they were betrothed and that he was in the army and was going away to the plains for at least a year, hunting Indians. "And we are very unhappy at parting," whimpered she. "Yes, we are," almost blubbered he. "We heard of transplanting teeth, and want you to take one out of each of our mouths and transfer them." For a moment I was transfixed with laughter and astonishment, and I attempted to reason them out of their foolish proposition—both had excellent teeth, by the way—but they insisted, so I extracted one of her largest back teeth and one of his smallest, and changed them about. Hers fitted in his jaw all right, and he went off a few days afterward to his post with his lady love's molar. His tooth, however, would not stick in, for within a week the young lady came back with her face dreadfully swollen. I reduced the inflammation and eased the pain, but could not replant her lover's fang, and she went away with it wrapped up in paper. Oh! the inconstancy of women. Six months after she married a man old enough to be her father. When the young lieutenant subsequently returned he indignantly told me of the manner he had been jilted, and requested me to immediately extract his false love's tooth, which I did, and he threw it in the cuspadore.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Not Cure, but Prevention.

Too many farmers wait until a disease has attacked their stock before taking precautions that should be a matter of course. Horses should have a bran mash twice a week, in which a handful each of salt and wood ashes have been mixed. Never feed musty hay or unsound corn or oats. Give plenty of fresh water, have a warm but well ventilated stable, and if in spite of a faithful attention to these rules a horse is attacked by a cough, however slight, give fifteen drops of tincture of aconite twice a day and send for a competent veterinary surgeon.

Pruning Melon Vines.

A practical gardener says: Last year I pinched the ends of the main shoots of the melons, squashes and cucumbers, and left some to run at their own will. A squash plant sent out a single stem, reaching more than forty feet, but did not bear any fruit; another plant was pinched until it formed a compact mass of intermingling side shoots eight feet square, and it bore sixteen squashes. The present year a muskmelon plant, thus pinched in, covers the space allotted to it, and it has set twenty-three specimens of fruit, the most of which have been pinched off. The pinching causes many lateral branches which produce the female or fertile blossoms, while the main vines only produce the male blossoms. The difference in favor of the yield of an acre of melons treated by this pinching process may easily amount to 100 barrels.

Care of Fowls.

The Poultry Monthly says, concerning the treatment and care of fowls: A teaspoonful of glycerine and a few drops of nitric acid to a pint of drinking water will generally cure a fowl that shows symptoms of bronchitis, when accompanied with a gurgling sound in the throat, as if choking. The sex of young geese may be known to the breeder by many signs. Among some breeds and varieties it shows in the color, size, carriage attitude, mode of attack, pugnacity, inflection of the voice or cackle, or recurved feathers in the tail, etc., and which may be noticed by comparison, close study and experience in breeding them.

A great and grievous error creeps into the management of poultry keeping by allowing too many fowls to mass together in restricted houses or yards. Buckwheat is one of the best articles of food for laying or fattening fowls. Young Turkeys must not get wet. This is an important consideration and should be strictly enforced in their management, and to secure it they must be kept housed for four or five weeks after being hatched. Coarse corn meal cooked or scalded with skimmed milk to drink is the cheapest and best diet we know of for fattening fowls. For the sake of variety, barley meal and oat meal mixed with milk, cooked vegetables and cracked corn may be fed occasionally.

Hints on Bean Culture.

The ground intended to produce a crop of beans should have good natural or artificial drainage, and sandy soils are preferable to those that contain considerable clay. It is desirable that the soil of the entire field be of nearly uniform character as regards fertility, so that the crop will be uniform and all the beans mature at about the same time. It is not best to apply rank manure to ground intended to produce beans, as it tends to make a large growth of vines and foliage. If any stable manure is applied it should be well rotted and well distributed. The soil of a bean field should be free from the seeds of weeds or grass, or the work of cultivation will be great. It is the general practice to plant the seed in drills far enough apart to allow a narrow cultivator to pass them. Sometimes a good crop of beans may be raised on the inverted sod of an old pasture by sowing the seed broadcast and covering it with a cultivator or harrow. In the New England States it is customary to raise beans in connection with corn, three beans being dropped in each hill. As the corn raised there is small the beans get sufficient sun to enable them to grow well, and their production is attended with little trouble or expense. This plan might be followed in those parts of the West where the smaller varieties of corn are raised. Beans should not be planted until all danger of frost is over. Pains should be taken to see that all the beans planted are of the same variety, as mixed lots never bring the higher price. The seed germinates quickly and the crop requires little cultivation if the ground is quite free from grass and weeds. The crop must never be worked when the vines are wet with rain or dew, as rust will attack the foliage if it is disturbed when wet.—[Boston Transcript.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A quart of ground feed per day, with good pasturage, will soon bring the sheep into marketable condition.

As soon as the tops are cleared rake onions from the ground, and, when dried, remove to the farm loft or garret.

An exchange advises planting plenty of rhubarb, tomatoes and melons as a substitute for fruits that have been injured by the cold weather.

If manure is plowed in at all, care ought to be taken not to cover it too deep. For most annual crops, it is enough to harrow it in thoroughly.

A salt-box does not cost much, and should be supplied in every pasture, where the farm animals can be constantly supplied with the needed salt.

Thinning fruit is one of the practices which will repay the fruit culturist for the time and labor expended in the operation. The more valuable the fruit the better it pays to thin it while young.

Farmyard manure is often seriously injured by allowing too much water to fall upon it, whereby some of its most important elements are washed out of it. This, with the loss of ammonia by drying, makes it useless.

See that the pigs have a good run of clover or fresh grass. Young pigs for the early winter market should be pushed to a rapid growth by extra feeding. Sour milk is not enough. Give grain in liberal quantities.

If you have hens of the right breed and age, warm and sunny quarters for them to stay in, and keep them supplied with everything they need, you will have eggs, simply because hens can no more help laying than they can help breathing.

If a breeder keeps several varieties, some of one variety will be bred as close as possible to another, which he may have. But few breeders possess an eye sufficiently critical to breed several varieties and keep them in perfection of form, color and points, as one breed must follow another to some extent.

Charred corn is excellent to feed to hens in order to increase their egg-laying capacity. It is not desirable to feed it as their general food, but a portion of it every day will be found beneficial. Char the corn on the cob pretty thoroughly, taking care not to reduce any part of it to ashes.

Grapevines, pruned at the proper time, will send out too many new shoots, which would grow and make a thick mass of branches and foliage. Rub off in time all the needless shoots, leaving the strongest ones equally distributed along the vine, at distances from eight to twelve inches.

Hundreds of farmers in Pennsylvania have turned their attention to fish culture. Many have stocked ponds and streams, and in most cases they have been successful, especially with carp, and in a few years they will depend upon fish for a subsistence as much as upon any other farm product.

A successful Boston florist says that he seldom fails to root slips of the most tender and rare plants. He credits his success to a layer of oats placed under the usual layer of sand in which the slips are planted. When moistened they act as a stimulant and feeder to the tender roots of the slip.

Never let the weeds get an inch high. Go over the beds once a week with a steel rake; the crops will grow faster and the weeds will not get a start. A few hours spent in this way will save days of weeding after the weeds have been allowed to get several inches high, by which time they will also have retarded the growth of the crops.

Grafts set early in spring should not be injured by shoots and suckers springing up from the stock about them. As soon as the graft shows that it is alive, rub off all these sprouts or shoots. If the graft should happen to die, leave the strongest shoot to grow for regrafting, and rub off all the rest. The same attention must be given to buds which are inserted last summer and the stock cut off this spring.

Shaping young trees may be easily effected if taken in time, by summer pruning and pinching. A needless or misplaced shoot, which might become a conspicuous distortion if left to grow, is rubbed off with the thumb when an inch or two long. Branches which are running out too long are stopped by pinching off the ends. By these means a handsome and symmetrical head is easily given to a young tree, if taken in time.

Recipes.

FRIED ASPARAGUS.—Blanch the asparagus a couple of minutes, and then drain it; dip each piece in batter and fry it in hot fat. When done, sprinkle with salt and serve hot. This is nice, and easy to prepare.

PRUNE PIES.—Soak a pound of prunes over night so that the stones will slip out easily; stew in some water with as many raisins as you wish, and sweeten; use less water than for sauce; when both are soft grate in the rind of two lemons and fill the pie, allowing two crusts.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Beat up six eggs with a tablespoonful of milk; heat two ounces of butter in a stewpan, put in the egg, with a little white pepper and salt, and, if liked, two teaspoonfuls of Parmesan cheese. Stir it over the fire well, then turn it out upon slices of buttered toast, and serve very hot.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw and stew in a covered saucepan till tender; drain it, return to saucepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water, cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, and add half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils stir in a teaspoon of flour moistened with a little milk; season, cook a moment and serve.

PLAIN BUNS.—One pound of flour, six ounces of good butter, quarter-pound sugar, one egg, nearly one fourth pint of milk, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a few drops essence of lemon. Warm the butter, without boiling it; beat it with a wooden spoon; stir the flour in gradually with the sugar, and mix these ingredients well together. Make the milk lukewarm; beat up with the yolk of the egg and the essence of lemon, and stir these to the flour, etc. Add the baking powder, beat the dough well for about ten minutes, divide into twenty-four pieces, put them into buttered tins or cups and bake in a brisk oven from twenty to thirty minutes.

AMBER SOUP.—Fry a large chicken with a small piece of pork and a large onion. Put them into the soup-pot with two or three pounds of veal or beef and a gallon of cold water. Let them simmer slowly for four hours, skimming very frequently. Add then a small carrot, a turnip, one stick of celery, two sprigs of parsley, four cloves, half a teaspoonful of small pepper-corns and a little salt. Let it simmer slowly for another hour, strain and return to the pot. Season it to taste with cayenne pepper and salt. Add the slightly beaten whites and shells of two eggs, stirring well to the bottom of the pot. Let it come to an active boil, then set it upon the back of the range. When boiling ceases and it becomes perfectly still, skim it well, add a tablespoonful or more of caramel and serve.

Household Hints.

Flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a sick chamber.

Oil-paintings hung over the mantelpiece are liable to wrinkle with the heat.

Leaves of parsley, eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequences of tainted breath by onions.

BARTHOLDI'S GIFT.

The Progress of Work on the Colossal Statue Destined for New York Harbor.

A Paris correspondent writes: I have just returned from a visit to the workshops on the Rue Chazelle, where M. Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty is now in process of construction. The first thing that struck my gaze on entering the inclosure was a mighty framework, towering high in the air like a lighthouse, its base a vast sweep of drapery in copper, with one colossal foot peeping from beneath its folds. Around this framework a crowd of men were busy, while from the adjoining workshops came a deafening din of hammering. My guide conducted me to the side of the improvised pedestal to show me the right foot of the statue, the tip of which rests lightly upon the earth, while under the sole of the huge sandal some half a dozen workmen were engaged in finishing off the interior.

M. Roustan, the newly appointed minister of France to Washington, clambered up into the interior of the foot, but I, being a stout and elderly party, declined to indulge in such uncomfortable gymnastics. That is the point at which the permanent doorway to lead into the interior of the statue is to be constructed. On the other side of the inclosure the gigantic head, familiar to the visitors of the international exposition of 1878, towers above in colossal completeness. The immense temporary structure that serves as a workshop was behind these finished portions of the work. On entering there I was confronted with a lofty wall of plaster, broken here and there by a curve or a fold; this was the model for one-quarter of the goddess, beginning at her knees. I contemplated the vast folds of her drapery, and came to the conclusion that never before had I seen a Paris-made gown that took up so much stuff or was so hard to make. The model, carefully enlarged from the original, is first cast in plaster in large sections, each comprising one-quarter of the figure, exclusive of the head and upraised arm. These models are then copied in bits of wood, artfully put together like a Chinese puzzle, and on this wooden and solid structure the sheets of copper are hammered into form. The din was deafening, one band being engaged on the arm and shoulders of the figure, while another group was working at the wooden copy of the plaster cast of the second section of the drapery. It is confidently expected that the whole figure will be completed and in place in the inclosure by the 4th of July of next year, and that it will reach America in time to be inaugurated there on the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Versailles. A government vessel will probably be placed at the disposal of M. Bartholdi to transport the colossal image to our shores. There is some uneasiness felt here as to the prospects of the completion of the pedestal on Bedloe's island in time to receive the statue, but I should think that all such fears were groundless. It is a noble gift, and will magnificently embody the golden friendship of the two great republics of the world. I hear that M. Bartholdi has consecrated no less than $20,000 of his own private fortune to this enterprise. He is rich and has no children, and he has thrown his whole heart and soul into the completion and erection of his mighty masterpiece.

England's Great Seal.

The mere holding of the Great Seal of England entitles its fortunate custodian to some $60,000 a year, to immense patronage in church and state, to be speaker of the house of lords, a privy Councillor, and the head of all judicial authority in the kingdom, to be designated lord high Chancellor of Great Britain, and keeper of the royal conscience, and to rank (next to the royal family) as the second subject in the realm. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to say when England first had a great seal. Seals were not much used by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, but came largely into fashion during the Norman reigns. The gilt crosses of marks of Edward the Confessor, and other Saxon kings, can scarcely be called seals, and partook more of the character of signatures of an illiterate age; but a grand and perfect seal of William the Conquerer exists, having the monarch crowned and throned on the one side, and mounted on horseback on the other, attitudes, which have been invariably observed to the present day.

One remarkable circumstance connected with the great seal, is its progressive growth in size as time advanced. Originally, eight hundred years since, not larger than the top of an ordinary modern teacup, it has been gradually enlarged from age to age, till it offers now the size and appearance of a muffin, and requires to be inclosed in a tin box for protection. Indeed, so cumbrous and unwieldy had the great seal become, that some three or four years since an act of parliament passed—containing very extraordinary provisions, directing that all the minor, and many even of the more important documents passing under it, should for the future be authent cated by a paper wafer of moderate size, which should be gummed on the instrument, and be deemed and taken to be the great seal itself!

The great seal has only three times been lost, twice temporarily, and once permanently. James II., on leaving the kingdom on his abdication, threw the seal into the Thames, whence, however, it was next morning fished up and brought to Whitehall. Lord Eldon buried it in his garden in Queen square during one night when his house caught fire, and he thought in the confusion it might be stolen. "And," writes the chancellor in his diary, "when the fire was extinguished, I quite forgot in the morning where I had buried it, and while the carriage waited to take me to court, my lady and I and all the household, were dibbing with pieces of stick, till we luckily found it." Lord Thurlow, who always held it during the night in his bedroom, had it actually carried off by burglars, from whom it was never recovered. A privy council was called the next day, a new seal was rapidly made, and during the remainder of his continuance in office, Lord Thurlow invariably deposited it of a night under his pillow.

Down to 1818 the great seal itself was made of copper, since then silver has been the metal employed. It is in two halves, somewhat like two very thick bright tin saucepan lids, fitting closely together, their inner surfaces deeply sculptured with the royal devices intended to be formed on the wax when squeezed between them.

Instruments having a limited duration are sealed with yellow wax. Others supposed to exist in perpetuity, such as patents of peerage, etc., are exemplified under green wax; and in the case of some letters patent likely to be exposed to a good deal of knocking about, or journeying from place to place, such as were the assize commissions, the wax seal was stamped after being ingeniously inclosed in cream-colored leather.

What the Face Shows.

Round-eyed persons see much, live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons, on the other hand, see less, but think more and feel more intensely. It will be observed that the eyes of children are open and round. Their whole life is to receive impressions. It is only when childhood is maturing toward man or womanhood that thought comes, if it comes at all. But what is it that most leads to reflection? Experience. Our errors, our shortcomings, our failures—these teach us to think before we act, to consider each step, to weigh every motive. When, therefore, the upper eyelid—for it is that which has the greatest of mobility—droops over the eye, it indicates not merely reflection but something painful to reflect about. Hence the length or drooping of the upper eyelid betokens confession and penitence.

The drooping of the half of the eyelid from the outer angle to the center indicates the disposition to confess one's faults to parents or seniors, to a "father confessor," or to the Supreme Being. The drooping of the half of the eyelid from the inner angle to the center betokens the disposition to repent, and to "do works meet for repentance." Closely allied to these signs are those of prayerfulness and humility. The former is indicated by the muscle which turns the eye directly upwards. The faculty of humility is indicated by the muscle which turns the eye directly downwards, as represented in the pictures of the Madonna. Prayerfulness is usually large in connection with the sign of confession, and humility in connection with that of penitence; the reason of which is, that between the faculties of penitence and humility there is the same close connection as between confession and prayer. One who has more prayer than humility has the eye turned habitually somewhat upwards, so that the upper part of the iris is a little covered by the upper eyelid, and so as to leave a slight space between the iris and the lower lid. The reverse is true of one who has more humility than prayer.

The faculty of truth—that is, the love of it—is indicated by the muscle which surrounds the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fullness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and wrinkles curving upwards from the outer angle of the eyes and eyebrow, indicate probity or personal truthfulness. There are three degrees of the faculty of justice. The first is a kind of exactness or strict honesty in small money matters which, some people would call closeness, and is indicated by a singular perpendicular wrinkle or line between the eyebrows. The second is the disposition to require justice in others, and is indicated by two perpendicular lines or wrinkles, one on each side of the center—a very common sign. The third degree is conscientiousness, or the disposition to apply the rule of justice to one's self, and is indicated by three or more wrinkles or lines, especially noticeable, extending above the eyebrow when the muscle is in action. The love of command is indicated by one or more short transverse wrinkles across the root of the nose, exactly between the eyes. It may be seen in great military commanders, in masters and teachers, and in those generally who are fond of exercising authority. In those who are wanting in the power to command, and have no desire for responsibility, this sign is also absent. The faculty of command frequently acts with that part of justice which reprimands, or requires others to do right, and both together produce that frowning and lowering brow which is so terrible to evil-doers, or to those who love to be approved rather than condemned.—[Phrenological Magazine.

The Russian Cucumber.

A recent traveler relates that a peculiar kind of cucumber, very short, and plump in the middle, is grown in Russia. The idea of female loveliness prevailing in the heart of the Russian peasant is inseparable from a certain roundity of figure; hence to say that a woman is "as plump as a cucumber" is considered a tender and graceful compliment. We fear our belles would consider this a very cool compliment.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Housekeeping in the White House.

Mrs. Stover, the daughter of Andrew Johnson, was a most thorough and excellent housewife, and by perfect order and management of the establishment, won a reputation for domestic talents that a New England matron might envy.

Mrs. Grant was altogether the best housekeeper the mansion ever had, and the most of her eight years was spent in devising how to patch, turn and make presentable the well-worn furnishings, since so much of the annual appropriation went to the roof, the water-spouts and the plumbing. Mrs. Grant left the house in the most perfect condition, with everything spick and span, scrubbed and polished about it, and gave a written inventory of every article from the kitchen traps to the rags and crippled furniture of the garret.

Mrs. Hayes left things more to the care of the servants during her four years, and during the illness of Mrs Garfield, and afterward the death siege of President Garfield, the place ran itself.

It was like cleaning the Augean stables to bring the house to a proper condition for President Arthur, and that fastidiously neat gentleman gave some very decided orders when he first inspected the White House from top to bottom with a view to residence. When it was scraped and scoured, cleaned, papered and furnished afresh, President Arthur entered into his domain with some reasonable complacency. He was ushered into his own private room, a poem of carefully blended tints of robin's egg blue and maroon, touched with dull gold and bronze, and then it was found that there was not a towel in the White House stores. The stock had diminished and then disappeared after President Garfield's illness, and his successor's first official act was to command the purchase of those necessary appliances of civilization before he could dry his hands.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fashion Notes.

Children's collars grow larger.

Straw collars are made for children.

Light colored grenadines have been revived.

Vandyke red is in high fashion this summer.

Dressing uniformly with bridesmaids is getting to be out of fashion.

Cut flowers are best sent by post in tin boxes, lined with spinach or similar leaves.

Tinted satin skirts, with pointed front breadths and lace tunics, drawn open to show the tablier and held back by sprays of French flowers, are very elegantly worn for balls and dinners.

Among other fancies is that of fastening the corsage with tiny, bullet-shaped buttons, set on less than an inch apart. The buttonholes are made by machinery. Sometimes there is a double row of buttons.

Pointed shoes of velvet, matching in shape the laced ones of kid now seen upon the promenade, have the toes covered with an embroidery of gold and silver beeds. They are laced over the instep with gold or silver cords.

The genuine India muslin, as glossy as silk, and diaphanous like gauze, is worn by English women of wealth, who import it directly from India. A batiste skirt is worn beneath this fabric, and both these are mounted on a silk skirt in order to bring out its finest effect.

Teaching Him a Lesson.

"Is this seat engaged?" the drummer asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't he put his sample-box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment. "Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?" "Ye-yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He wasn't in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match and position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons. "Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl; "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?" "Oh, yes, thanks," murmured the drummer. "Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?" "No, please," he muttered; "I—I'm doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm round your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can!" "You ll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer; "I—I don't think you really mean it." "You look so tired," she pleaded; "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories." "No—no, thanks! I won't to-day. I'm very comfortable, thank you!" and the drummer looked around hopelessly. "Your scarf-pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!" and she arranged it deftly; "at the next station I'll get you a cup of tea and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance. "I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauling down his grip-sack he made for the door knee-deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow-passengers.

"Strange," murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and, big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly all the same and at a convention of drummers held in the smoker the morning it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.—*Chicago Times.*

Fuji-Yama.

The Japanese, whether he come from north, south, east, or west, is proud above all else of Fuji-yama. He paints it, he carves it in wood and stone, he rhymes to it, he dedicates volumes to it, he ascends it religiously, and to him it is the unapproached marvel and glory of the whole world. A Yeddo boatman could not credit the writer when he was told that Fuji was not visible from Europe. The Japanese learn to pronounce its hundred names as a child; he can repeat endless stories and fables about it long before he has mastered the difficulties of the Katakana syllabary; he never wearies of looking at it, and feels his momentary superiority to be incontestable when he can point it out for the first time to a stranger. Vast temples, beautiful scenery, gorgeous palaces, are well enough in their way, according to his ideas, but first of all see Fuji. To the south glitters the expanse of the bay of Yeddo, dotted with innumerable junks and a few vessels of European build, and by the side of the bay runs the Tocaido, the great road of the Southern Sea, which may be traced by its brown fringe of houses until it is lost to sight among the hills behind which lies the European settlement of Yokohama. In the "good old days" this was a terrible road to travel. Processions of great lords were continually passing up or down, and the penalty for not making a humble obeisance was a blow from a keen sword. Ronins—disbanded soldiers and gentlemen of the road—infested its length, and perhaps to no road in the world clings such a history of bloody occurrences as to the Tocaido. Now it is peaceful and quiet enough, for with the new order of things the great lords were banished and Ronins suppressed, and the completion of the railway has taken from it most of its ancient traffic and prosperity. Signs of its old importance, however, still exist in the shape of huge tea houses, now mostly decayed and deserted, and innumerable temples and shrines by the wayside.—[London Society.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Religious News and Notes.

Joseph Cook goes from China to Australia, and thence home.

The Congregational General Association of Connecticut is 173 years old.

The London Missionary society recently sent twenty missionaries to Central Africa and Madagascar.

The Chinese Sunday-school of the Mount Vernon church, Boston, numbers 110, and is increasing so rapidly that it is difficult to find teachers.

At the end of the first year Dr. Sozinsky says that on an average a male child should be thirty inches high and should weigh twenty-five pounds.

Dr. Chalmers astonished Scotchmen by declaring that the Free Church of Scotland must have an income of $1,500,000 a year. Its income has since then been as high as $2,500,000 annually.

Rev. Dr. Hall's church, New York (Presbyterian), gave last year $30,000 for mission purposes, $70,000 to the church Board of Home Missions, $50,000 for foreign missions, $328,597 for congregational work, and to the Bible, tract and city mission causes, $227,984.

The Catholic Union having a few weeks since referred to their eighteen institutions of learning in the state, four being colleges, the Baltimore Methodist calls attention to the work of a Methodist college in that state, and notes that the Protestants in the state maintain but two colleges.

Clergymen or Physicians.

The following extract is from an address of Rev. Dr. Richard L. Storrs, before the graduating class of the medical department of the University of the City of New York, at the Academy of Music: I wish that I might impress upon you the great truth that every man is a debtor to his profession. It lies with him to enlarge its resources, to increase its usefulness, to multiply its capacities for making the world better. The man who places such an ideal as this before him can alone hope for a true and grand success. It does not shut out a due and proper respect for the past and its truths; but along with that it is ever welcoming the spirit of the new light. I know there are sometimes men, in the medical as in the clerical profession, who sail away from the practical world as in a ballon. In their own estimation at least this balloon of theirs swings level and tranquil in the air; and to their eye it is the earth that seems to sink far down below them. Now, there is often a wonderful fascination in such theories; but we must remember that their chief and only constituent is gas. Not only that, but they are environed with peril, and they frequently end in death. It is in accordance with the highest laws for progress to keep what is true, and to advance from that to other truths. We are impelled to recognize this in our lives. Gentlemen, remember, that whatever may be your skill or your learning or your reputation, you need a firm, sweet, strong, moral spirit, by means of which you will be able to bless your patients more than by all the drugs in the pharmacopœia. I have known physicians—and justice requires me to add, I have known clergymen also—who answered a description which Rufus Choate gave of one. "Stiff as a poker did you say? Why, he is a terrible example to all possible pokers."

Every such man, be he clergyman or physician, is a depressing influence wherever he goes. Let the physician come to the sick room in a spirit of sympathy, and an influence for good will pass from him as real, though as imponderable and impalpable as the perfume that fills the air with its fragrance. I once knew a physician of Boston, who lived to be almost ninety, sunny to the last. He never entered a sick chamber without giving a leap to the pulse—a man whose smile was a benediction, whose whole life was cast in the highest and noblest mold. Wheresoever he went it was at once his duty and his privilege to minister to the body and spirit of man. The power of such men as these reaches to the very roots of life. I count it a privilege of your profession and of my own that we have to be genial men; the full chalices of our own souls run over and bless those around us. This sympathy and this geniality must be realities in your nature; they will not come by being extemporized. The golden aureole of the saint is produced by a sway of the brush; but it is only by patient endurance and toil that the highest character becomes ours. No physician or clergyman will ever reach the head of his profession unless that spiritual imitates him.

Skobeleff Killed in a Drunken Brawl.

The London *Telegraph* publishes a letter from its Moscow correspondent which gives the following account of the late General Skobeleff's death: Skobeleff is indeed dead; but the details officially published concerning the manner and place of his decease are said to be absolutely false.

The facts are as follows: The evening before the general's death he was in his usual health and spirits, and dined heartily with some boon companions at one of the restaurants in the town. After dinner the party proceeded to the Ermitage Gardens, a place of entertainment in the environs of Moscow, of the same character as the Cremorne Gardens used to be in London. More friends were met at the Ermitage, and, after a very lively evening, the party returned to the town, Skobeleff inviting some of the company to join him at supper at a small hotel of indifferent repute, in the Petrovka street, named the Hotel d'Angleterre. In this hotel and in this society the general died.

Skobeleff had numerous enemies, and by many it is believed that he was a victim to foul play; but those who best knew his character, and who also know who were in his company at the time of his death, consider it far more probable that he was killed by one of his male companions in a drunken brawl. I myself, immediately on hearing of his decease, sought information at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I was refused admittance, and when I attempted to question the proprietor he declined to reply. He "had never seen General Skobeleff;" he did not know he was dead; and he did not know why I asked him about it. Other inquirers were in my presence similary refused information. The general's body was at night secretly removed to the Hotel Dusaux, where the next day it was given out that Russia's greatest military chief had suddenly expired from heart disease.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A friend is easier lost than found.

The latest fashion is often the latest folly.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

We tell God we are sinners, but cannot bear to be told so by others.

Young men should pattern after pianos—be square, upright, grand.

He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, powers or energy.

Without consistency there is neither love, friendship nor virtue in the world.

To be angry with a weak man is a proof that you are not very strong yourself.

Our good qualities often expose us to more hatred and persecution than all ill we can do.

When a good resolution is formed, beware of the tempter—he is then always nearest.

There is no passion that more excites us to everything that is noble and generous than virtuous love.

The Hon. W. C. DePauw, of New Albany, Ind., proposes to give $1,000,000 to Asbury University on condition that the citizens of Greencastle will furnish one hundred acres of land whereon to erect new buildings.

A NIGHT IN A STRANGE PLACE.

One of the Odd Corners of the Metropolis That Many Have Never Visited.

In passing through Hester street from the Bowery toward the East river, as evening approaches, one comes upon one of the most interesting parts of the city. After crossing some half dozen dimly lighted streets, and wending his way among the population that pours out into the thoroughfare in this season picking his way around boxes, avoiding stepping upon babies and children of tender age, tacking to escape collision with bevies of maidens and swaggering coteries of East Side young men, the visitor at length reaches Ludlow street, and there comes upon a sight which would tax the skill of an artist to imitate. Even he could not give an impression of the shifting, glancing, dancing panoramic movement that is going on here and extending to and over Essex street, where the climax of the scene is reached.

Your first thought is that you have hit upon a combination of Vesey and Chatham streets. The sidewalks are incumbered with almost every kind of article that will serve for traffic. Every basement is a store, and every flagstone constitutes a branch shop. Bedsteads, chairs, tables made as good as new from old legs with fresh pine tops, sawhorses, wheelbarrows and furniture of every kind lie in confusion awaiting a purchaser. Sandwiched in among these motley collections are fruit stands without number, upon which, in the same happy disorder, lie bananas, oranges, lemons, watermelons, apples, and all seasonable fruit. Each stand is illuminated by at least two torch-lights, whose yellow, smoking flames give the appearance of an army encamped for the night.

The furniture dealers and the fruit venders are a very busy set. With sleeves rolled up, they ply their traffic with unceasing energy. The watermelon stands seem, next to the lemonade stands and soda water fountains, to be the center of attraction. At one corner a diminutive lad cries out ever and anon at the top of his voice, "Watermelon, a cent a slice; sweet as sugar, cold as ice." Another lad, a short distance away, takes up the refrain and hands it on to a third, and so on. As the cry runs musically through the street you imagine for a moment that watermelon must be the panacea for all human ills, summed up just now in thirst. The cent-a-slice trade is a heavy one. An endless procession of boys and girls, men and women, who have saved just enough from a day's earning to indulge in the luxury, come filing up to the melon stands, eat their slice with gusto, and pass on, a cent the poorer, but proportionately happier.

The soda fountains are the most glaring feature of the spectacle. There is one at each corner of the street, with broad facades of variegated marble, and imposing array of silver mounted stop cocks, and above all, setting everything out in strong relief, an electric light, whose radiance throws a softening influence over the scene. The genius of the fountain is generally a hatless man, with his sleeves rolled up and a cigar in his mouth. He is sober, sedate, deliberate, attentive, moving as regularly as a pump handle, and the cause of much apparent satisfaction to the patronizing multitude. Bevies of girls, troops of children, mothers with babies in their arms, young bloods with abundance of cash to buy a one cent, two-cent or three cent glass of soda, constitute the endless throng that moves on and up to the fountain, quenches its thirst, and passes on, disappearing in the dim beyond.

Turning from stand and fountain, you can walk leisurely on and glance into the basements. Every available inch of space there is given over to the rush of business. Goods are heaped in confusion, already for a pell-mell transition into the hands of customers. The proprietor is never at a loss, however, to l