THE OWOSSO TIMES.

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Personal Notes.

Mr. John W. Garrett is to present the City of Baltimore with a $20,000 fountain, adorned with figures in bronze.

Senator Mahone weighs but ninety pounds, while Mrs. Mahone tips the scales at two hundred. Here is a chance for readjustment.

Senator Ben Hill's tongue is again giving him trouble because of his cancerous affection, and he is returning to Philadelphia for consultation with his physician.

Madame Christine Nilsson has refused to come to America, but has accepted an engagement for an English provincial tour. She is to receive $100,000 and a share of the profits if they exceed a certain sum beyond that figure.

It is related of Mr. Spurgeon that he was once addressed in the street by a person who, with the briefest of introductions, called him "a very great humbug." "I am only too happy, sir," was the preacher's reply, "to be a very great anything."

The Emperor of Germany possesses a constitution of iron. It was a matter of surprise that, at his age, as far back as 1859, when the war with Napoleon was waging, he could undergo the tremendous hardships and dangers of open field duty by day and night; and now, after the lapse of eleven years, in his 83rd year, he is found in the saddle three hours at a stretch, reviewing his troops.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, lately opened an office in Jamestown, N. Y., and himself informed the editor of the *Journal* of that town that he had not died in Amsterdam or anywhere else. The *Journal* credits his statement fully, even adding that his present robust condition is in striking contrast to his appearance when he came there first at the conclusion of his long fast.

Sojourner Truth has received from friends in England a valuable silk dress, and says she means to live to wear it out. Invitations for her to come on a lecturing expedition to England and Europe are declined, because, as she quaintly says, her work here is not finished yet. Her eye-sight is improving, her hair is growing blacker, and her general health stronger, in spite of more than 100 years of life.

The Chambersburg (Penn.) *Repository* says that Dr. Agnew first settled in the little straggling village of Upton, Franklin County, Penn., 42 years ago, and advertised his card in the issue of that paper for May 7, 1839, as follows: "Dr. D. H. Agnew offers his professional services to all who may favor him with their calls. He may be found at Mr. Thomas McCausland's, near the Greencastle and Mercersburg turnpike, midway between the above-named places."

Elizabeth, the young Queen of Roumania, speaks admirably six languages, and is a clever, handsome and kindly woman. Suffering has made her tender;—her great grief is the loss of her only child, a beautiful and gentle little girl four year old. The Queen keeps an album, in which she writes down her stray thoughts, and a Continental journalist has copied some of them. Here is one queenly sentiment: "Life is an art in which too many remain only dilettantes. To become a master, one must pour out one's life-blood." Again: "White hairs are the crests of foam which cover the sea after the tempest." "Sleep is a generous thief; he gives to vigor what he takes from time." "If you could throw as an alms to those who would use it well the time that you fritter away, how many beggars would become rich!" "Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it and it smiles upon you." There is a keen satire in the following: "The world never forgives our talents, our successes, our friends, nor our pleasures. It only forgives our death. Nay, it does not always pardon that."

Sports and Amusements.

The announced withdrawal of Maud S. from the track for this season is a great disappointment to the Fleetwood Association. There are other great trotters that may come to the front before the snow falls.

The famous gelding Little Brown Jug is now the acknowledged champion of the world. At Hartford, Aug. 25, he won the free-for-all pacing race in the unparallelled time of 2:11¾, 1:11¾ 2:12¼, the fastest time ever made by a pacer, the fastest three consecutive heats ever made by either trotter or pacer, and the fastest time ever made in a race with other horses by any trotting or pacing horse in the world.

A party were bragging of the size of the fish they caught, when an appeal was made to an old fisherman whether he had ever seen a larger fish caught in that lake. He replied: "Wal, I can't exactly tell as to the weight, but you folks can figger on it. Now, you know it is over 200 miles around this yer lake. Put that down. As I said before, I don't know the weight of the biggest fish I ever yanked out, but I did haul one up on the beach, and after I landed him the lake fell three feet, and you can see by the watermark over yonder it hasn't riz since."

Horse Conundrums.—When is a horse like a business man in trouble? When he breaks.—[*Philadelphia Sun.* When is he like a miner? When he is working the shafts.—[*Steubenville Herald.* When is he like selecting a cheese? When he has a bit in his mouth.—[*Richmond Baton.* When is he like a lover? When he is going on a swinging gait. When is he like a young lady out shopping? When he is driven home by the reins. When is he like a negro entry clerk? When he is a coal black charger.—*Yawcob Strauss.* When is he like a man who has eaten himself full? When he is stalled.—[*Phil. Idem.* When is he like a drunken man?—When he has the staggers.—*N. Y Ele. R. R. Journal.* When is he like Ned Hanlan? When he's a roan.—*N. Y. News.* When is he like these conundrums? When he is played out.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The oldest missionary in India is the Rev. George Pearce, of the English Baptist Society. He arrived in India in 1826, consequently he has spent fifty-five years in the service. The Rev. J. P. Rottler, who died in 1836, spent sixty years in India, a longer term than any missionary in that country.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the buscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content all selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
"There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay—
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have sumthin put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man purty nigh;
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go,
So, 'f I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du:
I'd be savin o wood as ever I could'—
Extra fires don't do any good;
I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in awhile;
I'd rather be sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough drink for me;
I'd be kind o'careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of my cheese and honey,
And egg is as good, nigh about, as the money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one du;
And as for the washer, an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they calklate women was made to shirk?

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood and ile
An' tea and sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

THE BELLE'S HUSBAND.

Many have heard the story of 'La Belle Paule,' of Toulouse. She was a mediæval married lady, so beautiful that her husband received orders from the magistrate of Toulouse to walk in public with her for at least two hours every week, in order that the people of the city might not be deprived of that happiness which comes from the contemplation of lovely features in women. There is, again, the story of 'Catherine Glover, the Fair maid of Perth,' whose wondrous charms drew more gallants to her father's door than old Simon Glover approved of. In short, there are many instances, both in fact and fiction, showing that the possession of an extremely beautiful wife or daughter may at times throw a man of easy-going ways into embarrassment.

Charley Despard had been married about two years before his wife's lovliness began, in ways at first unsuspected by him, to operate upon his fortunes. By that time he loved his wife not a whit less than he had done on his wedding-day, but, of course he had got accustomed to her winsome face; and then she was so domesticated that he never had occasion to be alarmed at the homage paid her. During the first six months after their marriage they travelled a good deal; at the end of a year a baby was born to them, for the next twelve-month Lottia Despard had plenty to do in attending to this little creature. In meantime, Charley Despard worked hard to earn money. He was a barrister without practice, who wrote a good deal for newspapers, and had succeeded in establishing what is called a good footing on the press. His 'copy' found ready markets in half-a-dozen offices of newspapers and magazines, and he got orders enough for special work to occupy all his time. Sometimes he was sent to report a state pageant, a royal wedding, a review; or he would go as commissioner to write about some accident on a railway or in mines; at other times he did the highly-colored descriptive articles of cricket-matches and races on the turf or the river. When there was nothing of importance going on, he indited leaders at the rate of about six a week, on all kinds of subjects.

Despard objected to undertake work which would oblige him to leave his home for more than forty-eight hours. He had a prettily-furnished house in Gower Street, to which he was attached; and, naturally, Lottie did not like him to go away on long expeditions where she could not accompany him. Consequently, Despard had always declined those tempting, because lucrative, offers of special correspondentship abroad during times of war or revolution. The day came, however, when such a really good thing was thrown in his way that he did not feel justified in refusing it, though the acceptance of it involved his leaving London for nearly a month. The editorship of a daily newspaper in a northern manufacturing town had fallen vacant just as an important Parlimentary election was going to take place. Despard was requested to accept the post for the electoral campaign, with the option of retaining it afterwards if he pleased. But for his month's engagement, which was to involve an immense amount of work and responsibility, he was to receive four hundred pounds. Plumbs of this size are not thrown into one's lap every day, and Lottie, though her heart was heavy at the necessity of being separated for a whole month from her husband, told him that he must go, by all means. So he went.

It was but a few days after this that Mrs. Despard's surprising beauty began to be talked about by a great many persons who now saw her for the first time. Lottie had resolved that she would spend the period of her husbands' absence in discharging a long roll of unpaid visits and renewing acquaintanceships with old friends whom she had allowed to drop out of sight, and almost out of memory, during the twenty-four happy honeymoons with which she had inaugurated her wedded life. The result of all this visiting, which was undertaken at first as an irksome task, was that Lottie was soon favored with a number of invitations to dinners and parties. Charley, to whom she wrote every day, advised her to accept these, for he was anxious that she should not be dull while he was away. Then, when he had been gone three weeks, Lottie wrote to say that she had been invited to take part in some private theatricals. At the end of her letter she said:

'What am I to do, Charley, dear? It is Lady Styrre, mamma's friend, who has invited me. She is going to give a performance at her house in support of some charity, and I am afraid it would look ungracious to refuse, though I do not like acting in public. I am sure I shall be so nervous.'

But Despard, who was now in the very thick of the electorial fray, with telegrams pouring into his office at every moment, dashed off a few lines to tell his wife that she ought not by any means to miss an opportunity of obliging Lady Styrre. So Lottie performed at the theatricals, and acheived a remarkable sucess. The performance was not enacted at Lady Styrre's house, as had been first arranged, but at one of the theatres, which had been chartered for one night. So many applicants for seats had, however, failed to get admission, that it was resolved to repeat the performance two days later; and thus Lottie appeared before crowded metropolitian audiences two nights within the same week. And she was applauded to the echo, not so much as an actress as a beauty.

So long as a woman lives quietly at home her beauty may be acknowledged by her friends, but it cannot be talked of as a marvel, for it lacks that renown which gives consecration to human gifts, whether they be of mind or of person. The case is different when a woman shows herself upon a stage, for then she appears to seek a public verdict, and must abide by the consequences. Lottie became dubbed 'the beautiful Mrs. Despard.' It cannot be said that the title displeased her. The admiration which was lavished upon her, though novel and somewhat disquieting in its sudden intensity, brought with it a sense of excitement and personal triumph to which no woman of flesh and blood could be indifferent. Lottie had been complimented in public by a royal prince, and from that moment all kinds of people in high society asked to be introduced to her, and sent her cards to social festivities, She received presents likewise—a great many boquets, and a handsome bracelet from the stewards of the charity for which she had performed. As a matter of course too, her services were solicited for other charitable objects. Would she sing at a concert? Would she join the Charade Club? Would she take a stall at the forthcoming fancy fair in aid of the Shoeblacks' Clothing Fund?

Lottie wrote amusing letters to her husband to relate her triumphs. He had been absent more than a month then, and she daily expected him home.

Unfortunately his absence in the north was prolonged by a series of unexpected events. The election was over, and the candidate belonging to Despard's party had won the seat; but now a new ministry, was formed, and the member for B., having accepted office, vacated his seat before he had formally taken possession of it. Contrary to all expectations, the reverse party resolved to oppose his reelection, and Despard, who had conducted the first campaign in a way to earn the heartiest thanks from his employers, was requested to remain a few weeks over the time to manage the second. He could not have well refused, even had not such satisfactory pecuniary terms been appended to the request. As it was, he contrived to run up to town for three days to see his wife, and then started back for his post, refreshed by this short holiday, and feeling game for any amount of work that promised good pay and praise.

Before he went, Lottie had asked that she might go with him. 'I do not like your being away so long, Charley, she said, with tears in her eyes; 'it feels as if our happy little home were broken up.'

'You couldn't go with me, dear,' answered Despard, trying to banter away her melancholy. 'It is a regular hole, and you would find nothing to do there. I am at work almost all day, and sometimes a greater part of the night, at the office. As for our home being broken up, child, why think of the lots of money I am making, and how many pleasant things we shall be able to afford when I return.'

'I liked our old style of living best,' answered Lottie, with a little sigh. 'I have so many new friends now, and they are forever wanting to take me away from home. I don't care about going to parties without you.'

'Well, I shall only be away for a fortnight this time,' affirmed Despard, as he kissed her. 'After that there shall be no more gadding about, except you go with me—eh, little woman?'

She smiled at him as he went off, and doubted not that he would return in two weeks. But these two weeks stretched into three; and then the new election taking place, Despard's candidate was defeated. A petition was lodged and there was considerable excitement over the whole country. Despard tarried a few days more to indite some leaders about the petition; and after this he remained yet awhile to help the plaintiffs in getting up their case. Every morning he used to write to his wife, 'I hope to be able to start for home to-morrow;' but something always occurred to delay his departure; and day after day slipped by without his noticing the flight of time. Having been well paid for his work, he was anxious, like a good fellow, to do more than he had been strictly paid for; but one morning he was abruptly recalled to a sense of his marital obligations by receiving an anonymous letter. It was a female hand, and ran as follows:

'When the cat is away the mice will play. The beautiful Mrs. Despard has no doubt a complacent husband, who does not mind his wife receiving compromising attention from Lord Galliard. At least this is what the world will say if Mr. Despard continues to shut his eyes much longer.'

'Some jealous catamaran wrote this, I suppose,' muttered Charley, as he crumpled up the letter. But after reflecting a moment, he resolved that he must go up to town. He took a train a couple of hours later, and on the journey a disagreeable thing happened. He had bought some of the lighter weeklies and comic papers to read in the carriage, and in two of these he read accounts of the 'beautiful Mrs. Despard's' appearance at the Charade Club and at a fancy fair. One of the papers called her the 'Dawning Beauty,' and gave a rough portrait of her with some idiotic lines of poetry appended. Despard was not pleased by this homage to his wife; but he was still less satisfied when on reaching his house in Gower street he found that Lottie had just gone out to a dinner party. It was seven o'clock; but the season was summer, so Charley, feeling unreasonably vexed at his wife's absence (for he had not telegraphed to her to say that he was coming), set out on foot to ramble toward his club. On his way some more disagreeables confronted him.

In the window of a shop in Oxford Street he saw a number of photographs of Lottie displayed (capital photographs, they were' too), with the name 'Mrs. Despard' written over them just as though that name were already well known to fame. Astonishment rooted him to the spot for a minute, then he marched into the shop and said sharply to a young man behind the counter 'I am Mr. Despard, and these are portraits of my wife. Have you Mrs. Despard's permission to exhibit her likeness in this fashion?'

I don't know, I'm sure, sir, answered the young man, startled. 'I know Mrs. Despard's photographs are in trade? We got them from the Collodion Company.'

'You must withdraw them from your window, please. The Collodion Company have no authority from me, and I shall take their manager to task about it to-morrow.'

He walked out much offended, but he had already made up his mind what to do. He repaired to the office of the Early Mail, a newspaper for which he worked a good deal while he was in town, and waited until the editor had arrived—towards eleven o'clock—asked him point-blank whether he could give him any commission for work abroad. The foreign manager of the Early was just then looking out for a correspondent to go to Athens and write up the Greek question in all its bearings. 'I am afraid, though, this will keep you several months away, he said, 'and I know you don't much like foreign journeys.'

'This will do capitally for me,' replied Despard. 'I can start the day after to-morrow.' and thereupon he went home. His wife had just come back from the dinner party. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely before; but her greeting was as affectionate as it ever had been. Her lovely eyes fairly sparkled with joy at seeing him. 'O, Charley, what a long separation this has been,' she said with her head nestling on his shoulder, 'but we won't part again eh?'

'No, dear, if you and baby can come to Athens with me,' he said, stroking her hair. 'What should you say to letting this house for a year and going to Greece? I have a capital engagement there.'

'To Athens?' Lottie echeod, opening her eyes wide, but showing no other sign of emotion. 'Why, dear, of course I'll go if you go. But I was just going to tell you that Lord Galliard has been assuring me he could get you a nice post in the customs at home.'

'I would rather not be indebted for any thing to Lord Galliard,' answered Charley Despard, with a frown.

'Why not? But, after all, I do not like the man either,' exclaimed Lottie, without waiting for an answer to her first question. 'We'll go to Athens, then, eh? What fun it will be, Charley! It will be like the old times, just after we were married.'

'And sha'n't you be a bit sorry to leave the scene of your new triumphs as beautiful Mrs. Despard?' asked her husband, with rather an uneasy smile.

'Sorry; O, no! If you only knew, Charley, how tired I am of London life. Anything and anywhere to be alone with you again.'

* * * *

A few days later the journal which had published Mrs. Despard's portrait remarked, ruefully, that this 'new star in the firmament of beauty' was to be only a shooting star, after all. She had 'set in the East.'

'What a foolish fellow that Despard must be,' observed Lord Galliard, with annoyance, when he heard the news.

'Well, I don't know that I should call him so foolish,' replied Lady Styrre, who perhaps knew something of that anonymous letter which Charley Despard had received. Lady Styrre had a daughter, whom Lord Galliard had first wooed and afterwards forsaken, when the beautiful Mrs. Despard had dawned. His lordship soon afterward took up with Miss Styrre again, and married her before the season had ended.

Who knows what his fate and Despard's might have been if he had succeeded in laying the latter under an obligation to him for a post in the customs?

The Weeping Willow.

You have all seen and admired the weeping willow tree—the Salix Babylonica—upon which the captive Hebrews hung their harps when they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and "wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the Garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it emigrated to this country.

More than one hundred and fifty years ago a merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a seaside city of Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the greatest poets of England, was the merchant's warmest friend, and sympathized with him in his misfortunes.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna he sent to Pope, as a present a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubbery and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs, Pope discovered in it a small twig of a tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the East, he planted the twig in the ground near the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from the weeping willow tree—possibly from the banks of one of the 'rivers of Babylon'— which flourishes best along the borders of water courses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree, spreading wide its branches and drooping, graceful sprays, and winning the admiration of the poet's friends as well as strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping willow trees in England.

There was a rebellion in the English-American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected it to end in a few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing tackle with them, to enable them to enjoy sport after their brief war. Others came to settle on the confiscated land of the rebels.

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oil silk, a twig from Pope's weeping willow tree at Twickenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston and kept the British imprisoned in that city a long time against their will. On his staff was his stepson John Parke Custis, who frequently went to the British headquarters, under the protection of a flag, with dispatches for General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, were glad to fly by sea for their life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight the British subaltern, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became a parent to all the weeping willow trees in the United States.

Some time after the war General Horatio Gates, of the Revolution, settled on 'Rose Hill Farm,' on New York Island, and at the entrance to the lane which led from the country road to his house he planted a twig from the vigorous willow of Abingdon, which he had brought with him. That country road is now Third Avenue, and the land is Twenty-second Street. Gates' mansion built of wood and two stories in height, stood near the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Second Avenue, where I saw it consumed by fire. The tree which grew from the sprig planted at the entrance of Gates' lane remained until comparatively a few years ago. It stood on the North-east corner of Third avenue and Twenty-second Street. It was a direct descendant, in the third generation, of Pope's willow, planted at Twickenham about 1722.—*Benson F Lossiug.*

Hanlan's final decision: Hanlan challenges Wallace Ross or any man in the world to row three or four miles for $2,000 to $5,000 a side, on a course to be mutually agreed upon within six or seven weeks. The challenge is open for two weeks, and its fulfillment or non-fulfillment, if not accepted within two weeks, will end his career as a professional oarsman.

Liverpool ranks next London in England, with a population over 550,000; Birmingham has over 400,000; Manchester and Leeds each exceed 300,000; Sheffield and Bristol have over 200,000 inhabitants each. Curiously the population of Manchester has fallen off 10,000 since the census of 1871.

Wise and Otherwise.

You don't guide a hen by saying "Gee Henna."

You will seldom find an attorney-at-law—he knows better.

The Kittatinny mountains are a continuation of the Catskill.

Vanity Fair says: The present style of ladies' evening dress is the low and behold style.

Charles Lamb remarked of one of his critics: "The more I think of him, the less I think of him."

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

"After all," says the Elmira *Free Press*, wiping its mouth on a red-bordered napkin, "the most popular greenbacker is a watermelon."

"Where are the nine?" sings Mr. Sankey. Why, they're down East, getting the stuffing knocked out of 'em.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A merchant died suddenly just after finishing a letter. His clerk added, in postscript; "Since writing the above I have died. Tuesday evening, 7th instant."

"Oh, you are too self-conscious," said Fogg to a young man. I self-conscious!" exclaimed Adolescence; "I am conscious of nothing." "That's what I said," replied Fogg.

If a man these days has not got enough money to live at home comfortably, he can at least afford to sail over the country forty miles an hour in an express train.

The fellow up in Michigan who undertook to run away with a girl and found himself running with three of them is running yet. Michigan girls love a good joke.—*Inter Ocean.*

Scene on the porch of a White Mountain hotel. Six-year-old-innocent—"Mamma, why is Mrs. Ficklelove called a grass widow?" Mamma—"Because Mr. Ficklelove died of hay-fever, my dear."

A Cincinnati paper complains that "there is not even a dew-drop" of moisture. But what does that matter to a Cincinnatian while "Old Crow" is cheap and glucose lager is plentiful?—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah," sighed a dandy, standing near, "I would I were a dog!" "Never mind," retorted the young lady, sharply; "you'll grow!"

Professor Bell claims that he has succeeded in inventing a machine that will "locate a bullet in the human body." He needn't think that's anything new. Almost every man in Denuer totes such an instrument.

When a member, in the course of a long speech, called for a glass of water, a member sitting near exclaimed sotto voce to his neighbor: "This is all contrary to the laws of mechanics—a windmill running by water!"

"Yes, You May Kiss Me, but Don't You Tell Pa," is the title of the latest song. It was very evident that this girl was not addressing a Chicago young man. In the free and boundless West the boys never tell pa.—*Graphic.*

A couple of lawyers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side." To which the older and warier replied: "Quite true; but what we want is the chief justice on our side."

The accurate editor made a mistake of "ninety" points. Brother Medill has reached the point in life when he might well afford to ask, "Am I with 'the ninety and nine?'" There is a large class of men who, when "the stuffin' is knocked out," will not have much left. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Olive Logan began one of her lectures recently with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

A newspaper agent, being told by an old lady that it was no use to subscribe for papers, as Mother Shipton said the world was coming to an end this year, said: "But won't you want to read an account of the whole affair as soon as it is over?" "That I will," answered the old lady; and she subscribed.

An extract from the letter of a recent emigrant—"I'm wurking on de roads here at Saratogy, but I don't intend to do it long. Shure Mike Mulhooley, who left home three years ago come nixt Aister, has a rich young lady to drive him around the city wid a beautiful span, and he sitting up behind an his airms folded loike a foine gentleman entirely."

"I wish," said the farmer's wife to her husband and six boys, "that some of you would shoot the yeller cat." So they all, when they happened to think of it, went and loaded the gun. Luckily, it was the youngest boy that fired it, for he was very healthy and could stand being kicked through a fence. When he came to, he went and baptized that gun "Old mule."

At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song. and began, "I'll strike again my tuneful lyre." Her husband was observed to dodge suddenly and start hurriedly from the room, exclaiming: "Not if I know it, she won't. She belts blue blazes out of me at home, and I stand it like a man, but when she threatens to hit me in a strange house, and calls me a liar before folks, I'll run as long as I have a spark of manhood left."

An eminent Scottish divine met two of his own parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer ungraciously put the question: "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask if you look upon them as white sheep or as black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know, if they are long here, they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

Several men were standing at the corner of a street when one of the most fashionable ladies of the neighborhood passed. "Ah," exclaimed one of the men, "what a complexion! There is nothing to beat it in the neighborhood. I am proud of that woman, I am." "Are you her husband?" asked a stranger. "No sir." "Her father, then?" "No, sir; I am no relation of hers, but I am proud of her complexion. I am the chemist that sold it to her. I make it myself."

He was a young fellow in the hardware line. One day when the boss was at dinner, a countryman came to buy some nuts. He found the article that suited him, and wanted a dozen. Young Blackie looked at the price list and found they were listed "25 cents a dozen, 30 off." He gave a low, inverted whistle, and then with a sudden inspiration, he handed the customer 5 cents and told him he could buy the nuts at the next store. "By George," he said, when he was telling the governor about the transaction, "I thought the best thing I could do was to save the nuts, anyhow."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Don't believe in coal-tar as an application to board-fences. It is the worst thing that can be used under the plea of being a protection. It rots the wood.

Nowadays, when we see a young man with his nose split open and four front teeth gone, we are unable to tell whether he is a professional base-ball player or an amateur bicycle player.

An improved stock car has been patented by Mr. Coroden J. Slafter, of Grand Junction, Mich. The odject of this invention is to facilitate the transportation of animals in cars, and promote their comfort while being transported.

To make rusty saws and shovels look bright and new: Scour with pumice stone powder moistened with muriatic acid diluted with about five volumes of water. Finish with emery cloth or paper and oil, and finally with cotton waste or a cloth and oil.

Feathers may be bleached by exposure to the vapor of burning sulphur (sulphurous acid) in a moist atmosphere, but it is usually necessary to remove the oily matters from them before they can be satisfactorily so bleached. This may be accomplished by immersing them for a short time in good naphtha or benzine, rinsing in a second vessel of the same, and thoroughly drying by exposure to the air. This treatment does not injure the feathers.

At the close of 1880, the number of narrow guage railways in the United States was 149, and the total mileage of track 5,962. During the seven months of the present year a considerable portion of this mileage has been changed to the standard guage, while comparatively few miles of the narrow guage have been laid; so that the figures at the close of 1881 will show a decided falling off of the narrow track system.

To clean brass, make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar; then place ready a pail of fresh water and a box of saw-dust. Dip the articles to be cleaned in the acid, then remove them into the water, after which rub them with saw-dust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass is greasy it must be first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water. This cuts the grease so that the acid has the power to act. This is a government recipe used in the arsenals.

Mr. William M. Turner, of Albia, Iowa, has patented an improved milk cooler designed to raise cream on the milk on the cream-gathering plan, so as to allow the farmers to set their own milk to be skimmed by the manufacturers of butter. It consists in a can having an upper and lower flanged cover and three vertical tubes, one of which leads from the tray formed by the flange on the top side of the cover, and conveys the cold water to the middle tube, which is larger, and which rises in the centre of the can to nearly the top of the same, and from the top of which the water passes into another tube on the opposite side from the first, to the bottom of the can, at which point the water emerges and surrounds the whole body of the can to height of milk, and passes off through an overflow orifice in a surrounding tank, in which the can is partially submerged, by which means a positive circulation and thorough cooling effect are produced.

Religion of the Presidents.

Washington and Garfield were the only ones who were church members; but all, with one exception, were men who revered Christianity. Adams married a minister's daughter, and was inclined to Unitarianism. Jefferson was not a believer—at least not while he was chief magistrate. Madison's early connections were Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have favored the Episcopal church. John Quincy Adams was like his father. Jackson was a Methodist and died in the communion of that church. Van Buren was brought up in the Reformed Dutch church, but afterward inclined to the Episcopal church. Polk was baptised by a Methodist preacher after his term of office had expired. Taylor was inclined to the Episcopal communion. Fillmore attended the Unitarian church, and Franklin Pierce was a member, but not a communicant, of a Congregationalist church at Concord. Buchanan was a Presbyterian. Gen. Grant attended the Methodist church, and President Garfield is a member of the Church of the Disciples.

A little boy, upon being told by his mother that too much ice-cream would make her sick, replied, as he extended an arm, "Guess it won't hurt me, cause I've been waxinated."