## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It was not until 1530 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and then only by chance. A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil; and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital.

The tallest men of whom record is made were a German named Hans Bar and a Hungarian soldier, name not given, who lived several centuries ago, each of them being eleven feet high; their weight is not known. The heaviest man of whom record is made was Miles Darden, the Tennessee giant, who was seven and one-half feet high and weighed over 1,000 pounds; he died in 1857. Daniel Lambert, the English "mass of flesh," was five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighed 739 pounds.

Some one truthfully says that the science of mechanics draws its vitality from coal and iron. Coal emancipates iron from its crudeness and furnishes it with power as an instrument of commerce. The union of these two minerals has solved the question of production, and has rendered distribution easy. The world is embarrassed only with the difficulty of consumption. Coal fashions iron and drives the finished machine. The dirty thing is the great vehicle of civilization. Iron is an instrument; coal is a cause. Iron is an agent of industry, and coal is a master power.

"Spirit photography" is explained by a Rochester photographer: "I take a piece of glass and on it paste the photographed heads of such 'spirits' as I wish to produce in hazy outlines about the head of the sitter—so. In the center of the glass I put nothing, but arrange the 'spirits' in a semi-circle. Then from this prepared plate I take a negative, and afterwards a positive. When a sitter comes for photographs I take a negative just as I would any one's. When the printing is done I place the positive plate of the sitter under the positive plate of the 'spirits,' and allow the sun to print both. The 'spirits' being in a semi-circle, the finished photograph appears as if the sitter were surrounded by heads in the air."

### Whistling in England.

There is much less whistling among farmers' men than forty or fifty years ago, and less singing also. When I was a boy most of the men sang at plow and with their teams. Their voices, borne over the hills by the breeze, were one of the charms of a country ramble. They mostly sang love songs or sentimental ditties. I remember "The Mistletoe Bough" was a great favorite with one of my father's men. Some time ago I remarked to the rector of a neighboring parish how very seldom I heard men singing at the plow compared to when I was a boy. He replied: "That is because you were bred among the hills, and now live in a flat country; men don't sing in flat countries." I felt this was correct. Milkmaids sang to their cows, without which it was believed they would not "give their milk down." If you meet a country girl now-a-days and ask her, "Where are you going to, pretty maid?" you can never say the reply was, "A-milking, sir," for maids no longer milk, but leave it to be done by men called "garthmen." At the "clippins" all the men are expected to sing, but those who could not might whistle, as I have heard them more than once. Like milkmaids, "clippins" have all vanished. Those kindly gatherings, where the master and his neighbors and his men all made merry together, have all gone, and we have steam plows and reaping machines and laborers' unions instead. Although there is yet more singing in hilly than in flat countries, it is certain that farmers' men neither sing nor whistle half as much as they used to do. As far back as I remember our middle classes considered whistling vulgar (as boys were not allowed to whistle). It is possible the laborers have now got to think so too. Railway trips, and more ready access to towns, are bringing everything to a dead level, and gradually effacing the old-fashioned country ways.—*Notes and Queries.*

### Trees and Health.

Everybody knows that trees take the carbonic acid thrown out in the breath of men and animals, separate it into its component parts—carbon and oxygen—give back the latter to be used over again, and work up the former into wood and fruits.

It is also coming to be generally understood that forest trees do important service in promoting rainfalls, and in helping to retain the surface-water for springs, streams and general use.

It is also known that certain species, planted in malarial localities, help to render the latter healthy by somehow using up the deadly miasma.

It would now appear that trees growing near drains carry off the sewage water.

A gentleman, whose cess-drain was constructed just like his neighbors' and in the same kind of soil, had found it unnecessary to clean it out, while the others had to be cleaned out frequently.

An examination showed that three large trees, whose roots had penetrated into the vicinity of his second, or waste, cess-pool, were clearly the channels through which the waste all escaped.

Whether it was changed into plant-food, as is likely, or was exhaled through the leaves, in either case it was disposed of with equal safety.

### Haunts of Charles Dickens.

Mr. J. H. Liddons, who knew Charles Dickens, says he found himself very late one night at a railroad station near Northwitch. "Scarcely had I set foot on the platform," he writes, "when I was accosted by a tall young man of the yeoman type, who had come to fetch the letter-bag. "Do you wish for a bed, sir," asked he, "or are you going on?" I told him that I was bound for Northwich, two miles off. "You cannot get there, sir, till later in the morning. I will drive you there as I go with the mail-bag at eight o'clock." Accordingly I concluded to accept a bed and a supper, if possible, at the hostelry close at hand. I entered the kitchen where a brisk fire was burning, and sat myself before it. There was a kettle on the hob singing a duet with a chirping cricket. A large wiry terrier came and crouched at my feet. There was nothing strange in this. But presently I heard "clock, clock," behind me, and turning round I beheld Tilly Slowboy in a pair of wooden clogs! The idea dawned upon me that I was among some of the *dramatis personæ* of the "Cricket on the Hearth." Supposition soon grew into conviction, for in a few minutes a pretty little round woman came in and informed me that my supper was ready in an adjoining parlor. "Dot, by Jove!" I more than muttered. Late my supper and went to bed. My host roused me at half-past seven, gave me a cup of coffee, and bore me off in his little chaise to Northwich. On the way we passed a fine old-fashioned house. "Who lives there?" I asked. "That, sir," was John Peerybingle's reply, "belong to Mr. Hogarth, a musical gentleman." "Hogarth! Why, he must be Mr. Dickens's father-in-law." "He is, sir, and Mr. Dickens do often come down here; and he has been and took off me and all my family and put us into a Christmas story, which he do call the "Cricket on the Hearth;" but it ain't all true, for there's no blind toy maker in these parts, and Dot and me never had a dispute about her brother."

### Daniel Boone's Snake.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial* deserves the ribbon for the champion snake story of the season. The narrator tells how he was engaged in blasting with gunpowder some large and tough logs. From one of the logs thus split open crawled an enormous serpent, which was easily killed. The man who tells the story continues from this point as follows: "On stretching it out I found it to be 31 feet and 2 inches in length, and the thickest part of its body measured 29 inches in circumference. It was a different species of serpent from any I had ever seen before. Its tail was armed with a sharp-pointed and curved horn; its body was variegated with alternate brown and dirty-yellow stripes, and on close examination I discovered that it had been totally blind, its eyes seeming to have turned into a reflectionless, hard, bone-like substance. This explained its undecided, hesitating movements when it first came from the log. A strange crease appeared about the neck, just back of the head, which I found to be caused by a stout thong of leather, about which the flesh of the serpent had grown until it had sunk almost out of view. Cutting this thong and removing it, I found attached to its under side a copper plate which had been heretofore hidden by the body of the snake, and on one side of which was scratched 'D. Boone, April 15, 1779.' I split the log in two, and near the lower end of the hollow I found where there had once been an opening, but long years ago it had been closed up with a plug made of oak wood, above and over which the maple had grown until it was almost concealed. The dead appearance of the small portion visible of the oak plug, was all that called my attention to its existence. My theory of the matter is this: Daniel Boone many years ago, probably on the date recorded on this piece of copper, caught the snake, then young and small, fastened the copper plate about its neck, and imprisoned it within the hollow of the tree by the means of an oak plug, where his snakeship had remained until the day I delivered him to the free air and sunlight again."

### A Midnight Vigil.

The night is dark, the air is raw and chill and damp, the storm is raging. An old and eminently-respectable citizen, out on North hill, is sleeping the sleep of the just with the snore of the wicked, and the private clocks, on their respective brackets and mantels throughout the city, for Burlington has no town clock, are tolling, as well as they know how to toll it, the hour of 1:30 a. m.

A violent jangling at his door-bell awakes the eminently-respectable citizen.

Shuddering, he crawls out of bed; muttering, he gropes across the floor.

Swearing under his breath, he falls over a rocking-chair.

At last he finds a match, lights a lamp, and, descending the stairs, opens the hall door, and admits a gust of wind that blows out the lamp, and a torrent of rain that drenches him to the skin.

"What is wanted?" the respectable citizen asks.

"Are you the resident owner of this property?" promptly inquires the caller.

"I am," wonderingly replies the eminently-respectable citizen.

"Were you in bed when I rang?"

"I was," replied the eminently respectable.

"That was right," cheerfully exclaims the caller; "that is the place for a man of your age at this time of night. I am surprised to see you out of it. Get back to it, and pleasant dreams—"

All is silence after the crash that ensues, save the mocking smile that dies away in the distance. The fragments of the lamp that are revealed on the sidewalk by the coming of the dawn indicate either that the lamp fell out of a balloon at the height of about twenty-nine miles, or was hurled at some object with great force. When will the mystery be solved?—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

### Historical.

"Now, ladies and gentleman," shouted the book-agent; "before the picnic concludes, I want to sell every one of you a copy of the 'Life of Pocahontas.' She was an Indian girl, Poky was—they called her Poky for short—but she wasn't the kind that went around peddling baskets and blow-guns. Not frequently. She stayed at home playing croquet in the front yard, or went to the Ladies' Aid Society, and didn't take no coppers off o' nobody. The celebrated John Smith came traveling them parts as agent for a family paper, but Poky wouldn't let her father raise a club. She married Smith afterward, and the last act of her life was to die of consumption." Just here Officer Uncle Sammy Jones approached with a shot-gun, and the meeting adjourned.—*New Orleans Times.*

### The Law of Matrimony.

Yesterday morning an old negro man arrived in the city from St. Louis in search of his before-the-war wife. The old man went off into the war with his master, but, undergoing a change politically, deserted him and embraced the emancipation cause, and now, after so long a time, he comes back to the scenes of his childhood. After making a great many inquiries he learned that his wife had married again and that she and her husband were living down on Second street. Arriving at the designated house the old man, stiff with rheumatism, hobbled up the narrow steps and fell against the door, which, yielding to the weight of his body, opened. Sitting near the window was a tall, bony woman. Near the fireplace, rubbing a fiddle with a greasy woolen rag, sat a man.

"It seems ter me like," said the visitor, dropping down on a trunk, "that you useter be my wife afore de wah."

"Bless de Lord!" exclaimed the woman, "it's beginnin' to hitch onto me in de same direction."

"What does dis prankin' mean?" said the last husband, dropping the rag and throwing the fiddle on the bed. "Splain yourselves."

"Dis 'oman useter be my nat'ral wife, and I've come heah ter see if we can't make some sorter 'rangements in regards to it."

"Ole man," said the last edition of matrimony, "de bes' and mos' p'lite thing is for yer to go 'way an' ten' ter yer business. Dis 'oman aut myself understands each oder putty tolerable well, an' de bes' thing is fer yer ter leve us."

"Daniel," said the woman, "when yer was young yer was a pretty squar sort of feller, but now de rheumatiz have cotch yer, and fore God I doan' wanter rheumatized man. Dan, you's bow-laigged at de bes'. 'Sides all dat, I'se changed my 'ligion."

"Let me sight yer to a parablo in de law, 'cording to Blackstone," said the second husband. "De firs' deed and de las' will am de mos' powerful. De firs' deed am subject to de las' will. Wasn't it a deed when you married dis 'oman? Wan't de ack of marryin' her a deed?"

"Tibber shoah," said the first husband, reflectingly.

"Wan't our marriage a will? Wan't it de 'oman's will dat she married me? Answer de question squarly."

"Yes."

"Well, den, 'cordin' to de law, de 'oman's mine."

"Dat's a fac', Dan," said the woman.

"Ain't yer gwine to give me no allum money?" asked Dan.

"De law don't mention that," said the victorious husband.

Dan arose from the trunk and looked around the room. A tear stood in his eye. Suddenly his face brightened.

"Gin' me dat catfish over dar, an' I'll leave you."

"De law don't mention de fish, but I'll gin' it ter you."

Daniel picked up the fish, ran his finger through its gills, and passed out into the street.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

### Packing a Trunk.

"The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key. Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when her husband went up stairs at 10 o'clock she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes. "You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I must lop down for a few minutes." She went away to lop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused: "Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilize it." Removing everything, he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly-starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom-up in its box and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed, when she returned, and said he was the only good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key. "It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronizing reply, as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar-alarm. When that wife opened that trunk! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.

### An Anecdote of Gen. Johnston.

Of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston it is related that one day in Utah, when his command was two days distant from a mailing station, he found that a Captain had returned to camp forgetting to post a letter which the General had intrusted to him. But all the commander said was, "I can imagine no excuse for such carelessness, Captain."

Not long after the General himself discovered in a winter coat which had been packed away a letter which a long time before he had received from the Surgeon with the request that he post it. He had taken it to the station, forgotten to post it, and it had remained in the pocket for six months. The conscientious General first apologized to the Surgeon, and then he sent for the Captain and said, "I beg your pardon for reproving you for an offense in which I myself set the example."

### The Medicine Man.

A colored man known as Uncle Squills was yesterday circulating around the City Hall with a basket of pop-corn, "warranted to cure dyspepsia in its most aggravated form." He had pretty fair luck for a while, but at length came across an official, who nibbled at the corn and remarked:

"Uncle Squills, I had always supposed you to be an honest man."

"So I is—so I is."

"I'm afraid not. Here you are selling pop-corn under false pretences. You know perfectly well that this corn won't cure dyspepsia."

"Well, sah—well," stammered the old man, as he scratched his head.

"Come, now, Uncle Squills, own right up that this stuff won't cure dyspepsia," urged the official.

"Well, sah," replied the old man, after a great mental struggle, "I am not dun certain 'bout the dishpepsy bizness, but, fo' de Lawd, I do believe dat dis co'n will turn de wuss case of consumpshun wrong side out less'n free days by de clock! I'll sort o' weaken on dishpepsy, sah, but I'll stick to consumpshun right frew de season, sale or no sale!"

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

It is said that quinine may be quite deprived of its great bitterness without injuring its virtues by combining two grains of tannic acid with ten of quinine.

To Prevent the Hair Falling Out.—The common application, in Oriental countries, is the bruised bulbs of the *Asphodelus bulbosus*, garlic or onions, mixed with gunpowder. An infusion of the small leaves of the orange or lemon-tree in red wine, containing twenty grains of tannin per litre, has also proved serviceable.

Rat and Mice Exterminator.—A German newspaper gives the following simple method for exterminating rats and mice, which, it states, has been successfully tried by Baron Von Backhofen and others for some time past: "A mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put around for rats to eat." Several correspondents of the paper write to confirm the experience of the noble Baron and his neighbors in the extirpation of rats and mice by this simple remedy.

To Preserve Eggs for a Twelve-month.—There is nothing so excellent as a fresh egg, or so execrable as a stale one, and, considering how many good eggs go wrong every day, it will certainly be worth our readers' while to note the following process, to which Dr. Phipson has called attention, for preserving them fresh for many months. On removing the eggs from the nest, they are coated with butter in which 2 or 3 per cent. of salicylic acid has been dissolved, and then they are placed, individually, in a box filled with extremely fine and absolutely dry saw-dust. Care must be taken that the eggs do not touch each other, and that they are completely enveloped in saw-dust; and, should these precautions be strictly observed, they will keep fresh for several months, possibly more than a year. Dr. Phipson tested the process for two years with most satisfactory results.

Protection Against Rust.—For farm implements having metal surfaces exposed, for knives and forks, and other household apparatus, indeed for all metals liable to be injured by rusting, we know of no simpler, more effective application than that furnished by the late Prof. Olmsted. He used it on air-pumps, telescopes and various other apparatus. Take any quantity of good lard, and to every half pound or so add of common resin an amount about equal to half the size of an egg—a little more or less is of no consequence. Melt them slowly together, stirring as they cool. Apply this with a cloth or otherwise, just enough to give a thin coating to the metal surface to be protected. It can be wiped off nearly clean from surfaces where it will be undesirable, as in the case of knives and forks, etc. The resin prevents rancidity, and the mixture excludes the ready access of air and moisture. A fresh application may be needed when the coating is washed off by storms or otherwise.

English Ivy.—English ivy will succeed better in our dry, warm rooms than almost any other plant, and requires very little care. If 2-year-old plants are secured they will begin to run after that time. It is not necessary to give the plant a large pot or to change this often. Good, rich loam and plenty of water are all that is required. Move the pot as little as possible. Once a week wipe off all the leaves carefully with a large wet sponge, fastened to a long stick. As the ivy does not require sunlight it can be grown anywhere, and makes a charming frame-work for doors, windows and pictures. Sometimes it is planted in large tubs and trained up a stairway, forming a mass of green foliage from the hall below to the floor above.

### Bismarck's Dog.

"My dog, where is my dog?" were Bismarck's first words on alighting from the railway station at Vienna.

The dog Sultan, who attacked Gortschakoff during the congress, bounded to Bismarck's side, ignoring Andrassy and Prince Reuss, who kept at a respectful distance. Bismarck and Andrassy entered the Emperor's private carriage, when the window was suddenly opened, and a stentorian voice cried, "Mein hund, wo ist mein hund?" If anything had befallen "Sultan" it is believed the Austro-German alliance would have collapsed. However, "Sultan" was assisted by the court flunkies into the carriage and sedately sat on the rug.

The crowd at the hotel were stupefied to see "Sultan" leap out of the court carriage, contrary to etiquette, and greet the by-standers with unpleasant demonstrations.

The sight was ridiculous, and the people fled in all directions, "Sultan" having a bad reputation. Recently he maimed the Berlin foreign-office official for life, for sitting in Bismarck's chair.

Six Berlin detectives are watching Bismarck's hotel, Sultan's predecessor having been killed, as Bismarck firmly believes, by two social democrats.—*Vienna Cor. New York Herald.*

### A Snake with Twenty-Five Rattles.

Mr. Robert Blevins killed, last week on top of the Iron mountain, southeast of Bristol, a wonderful rattlesnake, lacking only one inch of being eight feet long. Circumference six inches behind the head, and twenty inches in center of the body. When coiled it could not be more than covered by a large-sized wash-tub. It had twenty-five rattles.—*Bristol (Va.) News.*

The people of the United States receive their letters through 50,000 post-offices.

### Oratorical Success.

The purpose of a great speech is to persuade men. It may be brilliant and eloquent, so much so that men will say of it, "that is oratory," and go on about their business. When men act as if they had not heard a word of a speech, it is a failure, even if it is thought worthy of a place among "specimens of eloquence."

"A great speech," said O'Connell, speaking of addresses to a jury, "is a very fine thing; but, after all, the verdict is *the* thing."

Prof. Mathews, from whose book on "Oratory and Orators" we quote O'Connell's remark, insists that no one would discover the perfect orator, if such there could be, while he was speaking. He tells two anecdotes to illustrate his assertion:

When Chief Justice Parsons, of Massachusetts, was practicing at the bar, a farmer, who had often heard him speak, was asked what sort of a pleader he was.

"Oh, he is a good lawyer and an excellent counsellor, but a poor pleader," was the reply.

"But does he not win most of his causes?"

"Yes, but that's because he knows the law, and can argue well; but he's no orator."

A hard-headed bank President once congratulated himself, in the presence of Mr. Mathews, on resisting, as foreman of a jury, the oratorical blandishments of Mr. Choate.

"Knowing his skill," said the hard-headed man, "in making white appear black, and black white, I made up my mind at the outset that he should not fool me. He tried all his arts, but it was of no use; I just decided according to the law and evidence."

"Of course," answered Mr. Mathews "you gave your verdict against Mr Choate's client?"

"Why, no; we gave a verdict for his client; but then we couldn't help it; he had the law and the evidence on his side."

It never occurred to the bank President or to the farmer that Choate and Parsons were after verdicts, not admiration. And they got them, because they sunk the orator into the advocate.

"Thou madest people say, 'How well he speaks!'" said Demosthenes to Cicero, in Fenelon's "Dialogues of the Dead," "but I made them say, 'Let us march against Philip!'"

That was true, but it required many passionate appeals from this prince of orators before the Athenians uttered that cry.

### Gossip About Senators.

One of the pages in the United States Senate gave in a crisp style his opinion of some of the members of that body, who are courteously alluded to as statesmen. Of Senator Thurman he said, "He is a good man. He whirls a big bandana and blows his nose on schedule. He is the snuff Senator. There is only one thing he likes better than Ramsey's jokes, and that is casino. Senator Bayard is a very fine gentleman, and is good to the pages. His weakness is good goers on the road. He is like Grant and Bonner. Everybody likes Blaine. He is just what you would suppose him to be from the reports of the newspapers. Hoar is good-natured, but somehow the boys don't hang to him. Jones is a brick. I made $80 on one of his speeches. Always got money, and trusts the boys with his errands; have known pages to have $6,000 of his money at one time. Ransom, of North Carolina, is as good as the best. Gordon and Lamar are pleasant, and Ben Hill is not a bad man. Wade Hampton is a fine fellow. The pages get $75 a month. The boy that gets the President's room is rewarded with $1,400 a year. The perquisites for the pages are considerable. A good one has no trouble in making $100 a month. A complete book of the autographs of Congressmen and heads of departments brings $50. A page made $300 out of what was known as the dead-lock picture—a humorous sketch. While the Electoral Commission was in session the boys had a good opportunity to make something. They speculated on the extra tickets the Congressmen shelled out. I knew a boy who made $80 off the bier of Charles Sumner. He sold the flowers for $20. Wormley paid him $10 for one bouquet. When the casket was removed, he watched his opportunity, and cut the fringe from the bier. He sold it to the colored people for $60, dealing it out in pieces. We pick up a good many relics. I have the inkstand President Grant used in performing his last official act." And this is the way these pious little pages turn an honest penny.

### The Mystery of the Lakes.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only sixty to seventy feet deep, but Lake Ontario is 592 feet deep, 230 feet below the tide of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the River Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herrings are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not-improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

### All That Glitters is Not Gold.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never tasted of the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, and rides $25 worth; and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a half-blown dead-beat. He "puffs" a concert troupe $10 worth and gets $1 in "complimentries," and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentrics were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes in as a part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratiously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars for the Fourth of July, base-ball club or church is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a greet thing to be an editor. He passes few," you know.—*Utica Observer.*

## PITH AND POINT.

A man cares little for his wrongs when getting his funeral rites.

The "Sons of the Iron Knot" is the name of a Jewish order.

A short negro resembles a white man because he is not a tall black.

A physician has discovered yellow-fever germs in ice. The safest way is to boil your ice before using it. This kills the germ.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know; I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

Professor in law recitation—"Mr. ——, what is excusable homicide?" Senior, promptly—"Excusable homicide is when a man kills himself in self-defense."

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly, I do not even know what my own may be in a year from now."

Teacher, to boy who has to be corrected frequently—"Can you tell me where the Blue Ridge is?" Boy (rubbing his shoulder)—"No, but I can tell where the black-and-blue ridge is." He is treated more ridgerously than ever now.

An Albany genius calls a new suspender which has been patented "The Conscience Suspender." It owes its name to its extreme elasticity.

A man sometimes parts his name in the middle for euphony and beauty. Even Jacob has a good effect on a card when placed as J. Cobb Smith.

Seth Green's assistants have p into the Upper Hudson 6,686,000 shad fry this season, the largest season's wor in five years.

Herr Isaac Lilienfeld, a member of the Jewish community at Gotha, in Germany, expressed a wish in his will that his body should be burned after death. The cremation was effected last month, in the presence of a large number of persons of various religious denominations.

The importation of horses from Canada to the United States has increased thirtyfold in the last four years, from 214 horses with a value of $28,955 in 1876, to 6,632 in 1879 valued at $491,235.

"Smile when you can," is the latest thing we are asked to do by those gratuitously admonitory beings the poets. No one can smile when he can't.

In 1878 2,708 medical students were graduated from fifty-nine colleges of the United States. As the statistics show that in this country an average of 500 people support one physician, there must be a constant supply of over 13,000 patients, who must pay the handsome sum of $1,976,000 a year, in order to allow each doctor only $2 a day.

An Englishman named Putton has written a book on music. It will l "Putton Airs," probably.

Allan Dinger was waylaid in Nevada by a highwayman, who offered the usual alternative of money or life. Dinger was mounted, but unarmed, and the robber had a revolver close to his head. Nevertheless he was cool and brave enough to say, "I don't believe you'd really shoot me and take the chance of hanging; so I'm off," and he spurred his horse away. He says that the ride was hardly enjoyable until he got out of range; but his reasoning had been correct, and the robber did not fire.

A young man, dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there and it would not sink."

A Montgomery (Ala.) man was choked to death, the other day, by a negro woman with whom he had a figh about his washing.

The Philadelphia *Times* reports that the Rev. A. A. Willits is a good shot and tells this story about him: A Quaker who met him as he returned from the field, with his game-bag well filled said to him in an admonitory tone "Friend Willits, it seems to me that bird has a right to live until its time has come to die." The doctor replied "Friend, you and I agree perfectly, fo I find that generally when I get my gun trained on a bird his time to die has come!"

The fact that drunken and crazy men are always well supplied with knives and pistols is a sad feature in the records of crime.

A well-known Bostonian was tryin a horse one day, in company with the owner, a professional "jockey." Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard and showed a good deal of spirit, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said: "Do you think that is just the horse for a woman to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

Counsel (to witness)—"You're a nice sort of a fellow, you are!" Witness—"I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

It is always the smoke from the other man's cigar that is offensive to the young lady.