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CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. A. M. HILLS, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

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Dec. 10, 1868. 1y.

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March 27th, 1872 157-tf.

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Ravenna, May 22, 1876. 494-y*

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Quality of all goods sold by us GUARANTEED to be standard, and equal to any offered in this market.
PRICES LOW and sales rapid.
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All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms. Considerate Attention Guaranteed.

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We are just opening our SPRING CARPETS. Styles and colorings are unusually beautiful and desirable. Our stock, in all grades is immense.

We have the VERY LATEST PATTERNS
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Kentucky Philosophy.

You Wi'yam, come 'ere, sah, dis instunce. Wu dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say! Ain't sh'h'n' but rocks;
'Peahs fer me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi ye! der you think dat I's blind?

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, an I knows whah it growed;
It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel, dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascul—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en you c'n fine anywhar on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel he's shamed er wut you has done;
En he's tuck it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stolen by Wi'yam Josephus Vetters."

En what you s'poson Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school,
Ud say of he knowed how you's broke de good Lord's Gold'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuk to be a black villion?
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo mammy 'ud steal any man's watermillion.

En I's now gwinor cut it right open, en' you shan't have nary bite,
Fum a boy who'll steal watermillions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy! Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermellon! Who ever yeered fell er des sich!

Can't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump un en w'en dey go punk dey 'is green;
But w'en dey punk, now you mane me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wat I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—you heered me, you fan'nt, you hunk,
Bl you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!"

THE ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

THE ORIGINAL AMUSING STORY.

The original Arkansaw Traveller was not precisely the same character that Frank Chanfrau presents on the stage. In fact, his name was not "Kit," but "Sandy," and he never had a wife killed and a child stolen from him during his terrestrial existence. The Arkansaw Traveller's name was Colonel Sandy Faulkner, and he was born in Georgetown, Ky., in 1803. A correspondent says he came to Arkansas in 1829, and settled in Chicot County, on the Mississippi River, as a cotton planter. In 1839 Colonel Faulkner, with his father, the late Nicholas Faulkner, a Virginian by birth, took up his residence in Little Rock, where he died August 4, 1874, at the age of seventy-one years.

It was well-known throughout the Northwest that Colonel Faulkner was the original personator of the Arkansaw Traveller—it was his pride to be known as such. The story, it is said, was founded on a little incident which occurred in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State in company with the Hon. A. H. Sevier, Governor Fulton, Chester Ashley, and Governor Yell. One day in the Boston Mountain the party approached a squatter's for information of the route, and Colonel Sandy was made spokesman of the company, and it was upon his witty responses the tune and story were founded.

On returning to Little Rock, a grand banquet was given in the famous "barroom" which used to stand near the Anthony House, and Colonel Sandy was called upon to play the tune and tell the story. Afterward it grew into popularity. When he subsequently went to New Orleans, the fame of the Arkansaw Traveller had gone ahead of him, and at a banquet, amid clinking glasses and brilliant toasts, he was handed a violin by the then Governor of Louisiana, and requested to favor them with his favorite Arkansas tune. At the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing in gilt letters over the door, "Arkansaw Traveller."

The following is the best-authenticated account of the dialogue between Faulkner, the "Traveller," and the squatter:

Traveller. Halloo, stranger.
Squatter. Hello yourself.
T. Can I get to stay all night with you?
S. No, sir; you can't git to—
T. Have you any spirits here?
S. Lots uv 'em; Sal seen one last night by that ar ole holler gum, and it nearly skeered her to death.
T. You mistake my meaning; have you any liquor?
S. Had some yesterday, but Ole Bose he got in and lapped all uv it out'n the pot.
T. You don't understand; I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold, and want some whisky. Have you got any?
S. O, yes—I drunk the last this mornin'.
T. I'm hungry; haven't had a thing since morning; can't you give me something to eat?
S. Hain't a durned thing in the house. Not a moufful uv meat, nor a dust uv meal here.
T. Well, can't you give my horse something?
S. Got nothin' to feed him on.
T. How far is it to the next house?
S. Stranger, I don't know; I've never been thar.
T. Well, do you know who lives here?
S. Yes, sir.
T. As I am so bold, then, what might your name be?
S. It might be Dick, and might be Tom; but it lacks right smart uv it.
T. Sir! will you tell me where this road goes to?
S. It's never gone anywhar since I've lived here. It's always thar when I get up in the mornin'.
T. Well, how far is it to where it forks?
S. It don't fork at all; but it splits up like the devil.
T. As I'm not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours? And I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without any thing to eat or drink.
S. My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on it. And that thar tree is the old woman's persimmon; you can't tie to it, 'caze she don't want 'em shuk off. She 'lows to make beer out'n em.
T. Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?
S. It's been rainin' all day.
T. Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?
S. It don't leak, then.
T. As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow?
S. Putty well, I thank you. How do you do yourself?
T. I mean, what do you do for a living here?
S. Keep tavern, and sell whisky.
T. Well, I told you that I wanted some whisky.
S. Stranger, I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see, me and Sal went share. Arter we got it here we only had a bit betweenst us, and Sal she didn't want to use hern fust, nor me mine. You see, I had a spiggin in one end, and she in t'other. So she takes a drink out'n my end, and pays me the bit for it; then I'd take one out'n hern, and give her the bit. Well, we's getting 'long fust-rate till Dick, durned skulking skunk, he bor'n a hole on the bottom to suck at, and the next time I went to buy a drink there wan't none thar.
T. I'm sorry your whisky's all gone, but, my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?
S. It's got no balance to it.
T. I mean you don't play the whole of it.
S. Stranger, can you play the fiddul?
T. Yes; a little, sometimes.
S. You don't look like a fiddlur, but if you think you can play any more onto that thar tune, you kin just try it.

(The traveller takes the fiddle and plays the whole of it.)

S. Stranger, tuck half-a-dozen cheers and sot down. Sal, stir yourself round like a six-horse team in a mud-hole. Go round in the holler where I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fetch it and cook it for me and this gentleman d'rectly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, and get the old black jug I hid from Dick, and gin us some whisky. I know there's some left yit. Til, drive ole Bose out'n the bread-tray; then climb up in the loft and git the rag that's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, and give him some fodder and corn, much as he kin eat.

Til. Dad, they ain't knifes enuff for to sot the table.

S. Whar's big butch, little butch, old case, cob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I handled yesterday? That's enuff to sot any gentleman's table, out'n you lost um. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffey for supper?

T. Yes, sir.

S. I'll be hanged if you do, tho'. We don't have nothin' that way here but grub Hyson, and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetenin'. Play away, stranger; you kin sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T. (After about two hours' fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel to-morrow?

S. To-morrow! Stranger, you won't get out'n these diggins for six weeks. But when it gits so you kin start, you see that big sloo over thar? Well, you have to git crost that; then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two-acre-and-a-half corn patch. The corn's mitily in the weeds, but you needn't mind that; just ride on. About a mile and a half or two miles from there you'll come to the d—dest swamp you ever struck in all your travels; it's boggy enuff to mire a saddle-blanket. Thar's a fust-rate road about six feet under thar.

T. How am I to get at it?

S. You can't get at it nary a time till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile bycant you come to a place whar thar's no roads. You kin take the right hand of you want to; you'll foller it a mile or so, and you'll find it's run out; you'll then have to come back and try the left; when you git about two miles on that you'll know you are wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll then think you're mity lucky to find the way back to my house, whar you kin come and play on that ar tune as long as you please.

Tanner, the Faster, Outdone.

The details of a most marvelous case of protracted abstinence from food has just become fully known, though it has been going on in Forsyth, Ga., for about two months. Peter Cooley, a mulatto, hailing from Anderson, S. C., was arrested about June 1 in Monroe county on a charge of burglary and committed to jail to await his trial at the August term of court. He expressed his determination never to go to the chain gang, stating that he preferred to starve. He steadily refused food for weeks, as can be testified to by Sheriff C. A. King and Deputy Sheriff J. H. King, who has charge of the jail and sees to the feeding of the prisoners. He always refused to eat, and while it was then left in his cell the food was always found afterwards untouched.

He often begged Sheriff King to let him have a razor, under pretense of wanting to shave, and also asked the loan of his knife, but as Mr. King suspected his intention he was never allowed any kind of instrument. But he still adhered to his purpose of self-destruction, and after a month's total abstinence from food Mr. King called Dr. L. B. Alexander in to see the prisoner to ascertain his condition. He was found considerably reduced, but free from all symptoms of insanity, being, in fact, quite rational and intelligent. He reads and writes well, and is much above the average of his race. Mr. King and Dr. Alexander finally prevailed on him to sip a little milk punch, which he did under compulsion. But he has continued to resolutely refuse all food, and can be induced to taste only milk punch or wine occasionally.

Like Dr. Tanner, he drinks water freely, but outside of that he hasn't taken enough nourishment in over two months to keep an ordinary man alive three days. He has lost about sixty pounds of flesh, and is merely a skeleton. He cannot walk a step, and can only get up with assistance; When lying quiet he has the appearance of a dead man.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

Flowery Writing.

No one wants to read flowery writing nowadays. Common sense rules the pen. A poetic youth wanted to inform the prosaic world that there had been a fall of snow: "The angels rustled their wings at the hour when Aurora goes forth to fulfil her mission, and the earth was covered with a fleecy mantle of white." But the editor quietly dropped it into the waste-basket, and wrote instead: "Snow fell this morning." Here is an example, from a country paper, of the ambitious style of a weather paragraph: "After a long period of unsettled weather, it must have gladdened every one yesterday morning when the sun, with all his glorious brilliancy and splendor, shone forth, with golden ray scattering cloud and mist, and with his cheering beams and glowing smile causing the birds to sing, the trees of the forest to rejoice, and the flowers of the field to unfold themselves in bright array." Why not have simply stated that fine weather had at last set in? It was also a country brother who thus began a paragraph announcing the sudden demise of a local shoemaker: "We are being constantly reminded of the inexorability of death—the certain, and it may be sudden, visit of the angel with the amaranthine wreath,' as death is so beautifully designated by Longfellow—and it is our painful duty to-day to chronicle the melancholy fact that one who has played his part, and played it well in life, has passed through nature to eternity." No editor would pay a penny a line for that sort of thing in these enlightened times.

There is a curious geographical fact in connection with the Kootenai River. Its course is in the shape of a horseshoe. It rises in British Columbia, runs into the United States and waters a vast region, and then circles back to the land of its birth and empties into the Columbia in British territory. During its course it passes within half a mile of the Columbia, and a canal of that distance over a grassy prairie would save it a course of 500 miles before reaching its goal.

Over a million and a half dollars' worth of Clark county (Ohio) property changed hands last year.

A Serpent's Squeeze.

Fighting for Life in a Cage.

In the summer of 1880 I got a nasty squeeze from a big python in the Jardin Zoologique of Antwerp, which laid me up for several days. I had observed this snake, a female about fourteen feet long, in one of the dens, and from the white efflorescence about her lips, knew that she was suffering from caries of the jaw with ulceration of the mucous membrane, so fatal to snakes in confinement; and having pointed this out to M. Vekemann, the resident director, I obtained his permission to make trial of an ointment which I believed I had found efficacious in the early stage of the disease among my own snakes.

I came on the following morning, armed with my ointment; but the lady had betaken herself into a crevice of the rocks, where one could scarcely catch sight of her, much less get at her.—There were other pythons in the cage, some of them nearly twenty feet long, some not more than five or six; but though they projected their heads and commenced to hiss, they did not attempt to attack; and the keeper, an intelligent man who spoke French, said they would not come at us if we did not touch them. A little one jumped harmlessly at my leg as I stepped over him. For three days the pythoness remained in her rocky, or rather plastery, retreat; but on the fourth I caught sight of her at the very top of the cage, and at once climbed up and brought her down. The poor thing's mouth was in a worse state than I had anticipated. She came down quietly enough, and though nervous, was not spiteful, and allowed me to handle her.

Now, as ill-luck would have it, the regular keeper was absent on this particular morning, and his place was filled for the time by another from some other part of the gardens, who spoke nothing but Flemish, of which tongue I am as profoundly ignorant as he most certainly was of the creatures under his temporary charge. I went into the den with him, taking it for granted, of course, that he was accustomed to snakes, and gave him the box of ointment to hold until I was ready to use it.

When I had brought the pythoness fairly down to the floor, I gripped her hard by the neck, which had the effect—as I intended it to have, and as it always has with snakes—of making her open her mouth. I pressed her head away from me at the same time, to prevent her catching hold of any part of my clothing, in her efforts to bite. In her fright and rage, she drew her body up across my back, and twisted her tail round and round my other arm. All that I now required of the keeper was, by teasing or pinching her here and there, or by unwinding the tail when necessary, to cause her to shift her coils constantly, and prevent her resting long enough on one spot to apply undue pressure. My face I could protect for myself with the left hand. This I concluded he understood, as a matter of course.

I turned round to make a sign to him to be ready and to give me the ointment, when, judge of my dismay I caught sight of his stolid face, with a sort of dull, impartial interest on it, looking at me through the glass in front and the door closed on the outside! He had got frightened by the noise of the other pythons, and had quietly gone out again.

I was about to make an impatient gesture, when in the same instant the serpent tightened on me so suddenly and violently that I momentarily lost consciousness. I then found myself staggering about the den, fighting for life. I expected to feel my ribs give way every moment, yet my chief fear at the same time was of falling through the glass.

I pushed the reptile's head away from me with all my might, lest it should cross my breast, and I can remember catching sight of myself, a mulberry-colored figure, in the mirror. I knew, too, that I was trampling about over the other pythons, who, furious at the disturbance, were now darting about the den above and all around me in every direction; and I exerted every energy to keep my feet, for I had presence of mind enough left to know that if I went down it would be all over with me.

The heat was stifling. I could bear it no longer. The cage spun madly round and round before my eyes, and every thing seemed to flame and roar. I let go the head. The snake twisted sharply back over my right shoulder close to my face, but did not bite me, and slid off on to the ground. I just recollect falling against the door with outstretched hands, but nothing more until I found myself sitting on the steps outside, coughing violently, while the phlegmatic keeper was putting a hot key down my back, for some occult reason. I brought up a little blood, and drank a little brandy, after which I soon got better; but I was not well enough to walk home, and the bruise in my side did not fade for many a day. I suppose the whole affair did not last more than a few seconds, but I found it quite long enough. Fortunately the snake had only a small part of her body across my left side and back; had she encircled me with a whole coil I should have been crushed like an egg-shell.

Curiously enough, my left arm was quite paralyzed, and I did not fully recover the use of it for a week. I did not know it at the time, but she must have pressed her tail under my armpit, and so compressed the nerves. The accident was one of the stupidest and most preventable in the world, and was entirely owing to my taking the wrong man into the cage to assist me. I may add that I went in some days later with the proper keeper, and performed the operation, not only without danger, but without the least difficulty.

A Cute Trick.

Orpheus with his lute made trees and other objects dance at his pleasure, and a similar method of overcoming material difficulties seems to prevail in lodging houses in Queenstown. The difficulty of being in two places at once, like a bird, has been remarked on by an Irish metaphysician. Some other thinkers of the same race have been no less struck with the inability of two bodies to occupy the same space at the same moment. At Queenstown, whence emigrants start, the place which many bodies desire to occupy at the same given moment is a bed in a lodging-house. The difficulty has been overcome with singular ingenuity. In a report on overcrowding of emigrants, published by the board of trade, the method of creating a vacuum in bed is explained. As soon as the rooms in a lodging-house are full, and in that hour when sleep is sweetest to men, a fiddler is introduced. The lads (and, we presume, lasses) at once wake up and gallantly "take the flure," while a new set of emigrants jump into the vacated beds and sleep till the revellers are danced down. Then the new tenants of the bed are evicted, and they "take the flure" in their turn; the company thus alternately sleeping and dancing. This plan necessarily causes overcrowding, and would probably prevent the nervous from sleeping, and has other patent inconveniences. But there is something festal about the method after all.—*London Daily News.*

An Auburn man is the owner of the original "grandfather's clock." It was made when the city was known as Hardenburg's Corners, some seventy-five years ago, and cost $150.

Somnambulism in Dogs.

There is something peculiar about somnambulism when considered from a scientific and philosophical stand-point. The sleep-walker, it will be found, still retains a dim idea, even while he is asleep, of the condition of affairs when he went to sleep. For instance, if he leaves his clothes in a certain part of the room on retiring, he knows when he rises just where to find them, even in the dark. This is a question which opens up a wonderful field for physiological and mental research.

While young and giddy we became a somnambulist and excited a great deal of curiosity by our strange freaks during sleep, and this one question of the slumbering mind and its memory of facts existing prior to sleep was the most remarkable thing about it all to us. We puzzled over that a good deal. At night we would retire to rest and the next thing we would know we would wake up in the middle of a contiguous melon patch, and there would be two or three other somnambulists there in the same patch, and as much surprised as we were. Still there is the same truth staring us in the face. Every somnambulist there had through his sleep retained in his semi-conscious state a perfect recollection of where every article of his clothing was and how to get out of the up-stairs window without waking the old people.

Bye and bye the owner of the melon patch procured, at great expense, a large humorous bulldog, who was also a somnambulist. He walked in his sleep a good deal. That is why we quit. We didn't propose to descend to the level of the brute creation. We just said, if a bulldog wants to somnam, he can do so and we will leave the field to him.

We made this resolution one night just after we had plugged a watermelon. While stooping over in the act, we felt a pang of conscience and heard our suspenders break.

Perhaps the casual reader has never sat down on a buzz saw and felt himself gradually fading away. If so he does not know what it is to form the acquaintance of a somnambulist bulldog in the prime of life.

After that, somnambulism didn't have such a run in our family for awhile. We never slept so sound that we didn't remember places and objects that had made an impression on us prior to slumber, and that is why we say that there is something in this matter that scientists would do well to look into.—*Boomerang.*

Socrates.

Great men with great ideas are misunderstood by our world. Socrates, who opposed the Sophists by using their own weapons, was confounded with these Sophists. Aristophanes, in his "Comedy of the Clouds," makes Socrates figure as the chief of Sophists. His teaching, which insisted more on living a moral life than the mere formal observance of the service of the gods, was said to be "corrupting in its influence upon the youth and undermining all true discipline and morality." He was accused of introducing new gods. He was tried, and on account of his haughty bearing condemned to death. He told his judges that so far from being condemned, he ought to be supported at public expense for the rest of his life as a benefactor of the state.

He braved his judges. Socrates could plead his own cause; his friends were true to him. "O, Athenians, had you waited a short time the thing would have happened without your agency, for you see my years; I am far advanced in life and near to death." "It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the God." Socrates would have been put to death on the morrow after his condemnation but that it was the first day of a festival. He waited thirty days.

During the thirty days which he spent in prison he was engaged with his friends in cheerful conversation. These companions gathered around him, listening to his every word. He talked of the life beyond. Socrates was an old man compared with his friends. He had seen the three-score years and ten. He was ready to give up life. He had ascended the hill—he had seen life from its height. No young hopes and ambitions filled his soul. The thirty days were up. The day he was to drink had come. The hour came, and with it the administrator of the poison. "How shall I take it?" asked Socrates. "Simply drink it, then walk round until a heaviness comes upon you. After this, lie down, and soon the poison will have done its work." This Socrates did. Soon the heaviness came, the body became cold, and the spirit quietly passed away. It was at sunset, and the rays of that setting sun still give glory to the prison of Socrates.—*Rev. Albert Walkley.*

A Reader's Complaint.

I have never wished that I had been born in some other century than the nineteenth. Our age, if not a picturesque one—and I think it has its picturesque aspects—is, without doubt, the most comfortable to live in, take it on the whole, the world has yet known. It seems to me that persons of rational mind and humane disposition cannot be too thankful to belong to it, for it is hard to see how such persons could ever have enjoyed life in earlier times as we of the latest days can. The world has certainly gone forward, and the feature of its progress that I chiefly rejoice in is its advance in humanity. The elder world—the world but a very little elder than our own—was such a terribly cruel one! The only objection to living in the present time that I know of is the increased quantity of things one must know, or would like to know. Eighteenth-century people didn't have to read Lecky's history of their times in four volumes, or a hundred thousand other books it now seems obligatory upon all cultivated persons to acquaint themselves with. Nowadays one is required to read a small library every year, if one would have even a smattering of knowledge on the various subjects that invite an intelligent man's interest. The specialists, in the abundance of whom we glory, carry investigations so far forward, each in his own line, that the general reader cannot hope to do more than accept a number of things at second hand, or be content to have no understanding of them at all. It is hard to resign one's self to ignorance of so many interesting matters, and yet that is what one seems driven to. One finds that the first thing to learn is "how much need not be known," which is perhaps a sort of sour-grapes wisdom, but apparently the only wisdom obtainable.—*Atlantic.*

German Without a Master.

Lass mir den jungen Herrn in ruhe—"Give the young man a rest." Sie ist immer artig—"She is ever æsthetic."—Wo ist Ihre Frau Mutter?—"Where is your mother-in-law?" Minchen sass am clavier—"Minnie sat on the piano.' Das Hauschen stand in hellen Flammer—"The house was wrapped in Gehenna flames." Und schaucte vor sich nieder in tiefen Gedanken—"And he looked down at his feet in great astonishment." Sie war krank und gebrechlich, und konnte ihre Fuesse nicht gebrauchen—"She was a 'crank,' and all broken up and her feet could not wiggle."—*New York World.*

A Torpedo Launch.

There are many interesting phases of life at Newport (writes a correspondent) upon which one may hope to find time to touch, but the diversified "happening things" of this week rightly claim present attention. Monday dawning clear and bright after a hot Sunday, showed the New York yacht squadron in the harbor, and promised a most interesting exhibition in the afternoon at the torpedo station, to which Captain Selfridge (an old Boston boy) had bidden a number of his friends, including, besides a large delegation from the aforesaid yachts, Chief Justice Waite and Mr. Justice Blatchford, of the supreme court, ex-Gov. Morgan, and a number of others. After a salute of seventeen torpedoes had been successfully fired, we had an opportunity of witnessing the most wonderful performances of the torpedo launch invented by Lieut. McLean, U. S. N., of which it seems to me that far too little notice has thus far been taken. Suppose we wish to attack a certain port, and the entrance to its harbor is thickly sown with the most deadly of modern fixed torpedoes. Naturally we wish to destroy those torpedoes, or at least break all the connections with them. Well, alongside a vessel a mile away from the objective point lies a harmless-looking little launch without a soul on board; and on the deck of said vessel stand two naval officers, one of them with his fingers on the keys of just such a little box as the late Jim Fisk used to call the heads of the departments of the Erie railway. "Go ahead," says the officer, looking through his glass. His comrade depresses the index finger, and the launch starts straight to its destination. "Starboard a little!" Down goes his forefinger. "Starboard it is," and, like a thing of life, the boat turns. "Steady! Port a little!" and again it obeys. This is not the Alaska, but it is making good time, and coming up to the line of torpedoes. Of course the enemy is firing at it, but it is a small object, and there are no lives to risk. "Stop her. Let go!" The finger is again on the button, and then there is one more command. "Fire!" There is a tremendous explosion, a volume of water rises into the air and—the road is open, and the admiral can make the signal for the advance. Something like this happened on Monday, on a reduced scale. There was no enemy to speak of, and everybody was so friendly that none could be improvised, but I do not see why this wonderful launch should not do in real war just as well as it did at Goat Island. Where the necromancy comes in is the handling of all the machinery by a single wire.

Gastronomic Gossip.

Fish and shell-fish dinners are being carried to extremes.

Eight out of a dozen salads are ruined by inferior olive oil.

Van au vent of frogs maketh the epicure's hair stand on end.

It is only the French cook who can make the toughest steak tender.

There has been a considerable amount of mushroom literature of late.

An authority says the best way to eat oranges at a table is with a spoon. Spoony couples should bear this fact in mind.

The caster is no longer a necessary article of table furniture—in fact, it is dispensed with altogether on many handsomely-set tables: its place is supplied by pretty jug-shaped bottles at each end of the table, which is certainly a more convenient arrangement. The same tables are provided with pretty and quaint individual bottles at each plate.

Cookery is an art for which peculiar talent is necessary to bring forth good results. A serious error is to suppose that the subject of what one eats and drinks is unimportant, for the fact remains that scarcely one material consideration is of so far reaching effect as that of the kitchen. When one reflects upon the dependence of the mind and character upon the bodily condition, and how closely the latter is involved in the material that supplies it, one cannot escape the conviction that a good cook is a public benefactor, and the caterer who feeds his fellow-creatures wisely and well is greater than he who takes a city.—*Hotel Mail.*

A Wrong Theory.

Samuel Shin has learned a lesson which will remain fresh in his mind if he lives to be ten thousand years old. As he entered the lodge to arrange the chairs and benches for the opening of the regular Saturday night meeting, he discovered a big watermelon on the stove. Samuel is not always a respecter of the rights of property. His everyday theory is: "To the finder belongs the watermelon." Having no doubt that this fruit had been left behind by some member at the last meeting, and hoping that he had time to devour the whole of it before any one should come in, he proceeded to business. Scarcely had he laid hands on the melon before there was an explos