Since the introduction of postal cards in the United States in 1872, nearly [illegible] million have been used, the exact value of these being $[illegible].

The success of irrigation on the far Western plains and in the foot-hills tends to make the days with the low stomach more confidently and pentatorily upon those bottles that are said to be fit only for stock grading.

New York and Pittsburg capitalists have just purchased nearly 100,000 acres of the desert pine forests in the South. The lands are along the southern line of South Carolina and the northern boundary of Georgia, mostly in the latter State. The price paid was $1,000,000 in cash. The lands are to be held until the price of lumber greatly increases their value.

A remarkable balloon ascension has been made at Paris by the aeronauts, Captain Paul Jovis and M. Mallet, in the celebrated sporting balloon "The Poitevin." The aeronauts started from the La Villette Gas Works, Paris, at 7 22 a. m., and after rising to the altitude of 6,720 meters, or nearly 22,000 feet, subsequently descended in Belgium. This is an extraordinary altitude to reach, and "sky sharpers" are very interestedly in the highest levels ever reached by aeronauts.

A speaker before the Association for the Advancement of Science gave a critique upon American living. He said: "To the rule that those who most need to economize buy the cheapest food, the dietary practices of the people of the United States seem modern exceptions, in that every, even among those who do claim to economize, are positively expensive in their tastes in food. They too often endeavor to make their diet attractive by paying high prices in the market rather than by skillful cooking and careful sorting of home."

The dancer of Cabul is a real "Arabian Nights" kind of a sister. The editor of London Truth says that the dancer was recently afflicted with a boil while on a country excursion. On returning to Cabul the principal court physician was summoned, and he applied an ointment, which was no doubt intended to be highly efficacious in its ultimate results, but at first it considerably aggravated the dancer's anguish, and, having passed a sleepless night, he ordered the instant execution of his medical adviser, who accordingly was forthwith beheaded in the courtyard of the palace.

"It is a fact not generally known," remarked a railway official to a reporter of the Chicago Journal, "that Illinois can boast of a road in the shape of a railroad which has no duplicate in the United States." "What's that?" asked a listener. "A road where stock is held by the original incorporators!" "Nothing of the kind," replied the first speaker. "The road is a railroad where side tracks are more of an item greater in length than the main line." "Where is such a road?" "The Peoria and Pekin Union. It runs from Peoria to Pekin, a distance of fourteen miles. That is the main line. Being a belt road, caring for the cars of the several road running into our city from one point to another, it has many miles of side tracks—over 140, I believe. This accounts for the peculiarity of a road having more miles of side tracks than it has in its main line."

According to Mr. J. R. Dodge, the statistician of the Agricultural Department at Washington, the value of the dairy product of the country this year is $[illegible]. The number of milch cows now in use for dairy purposes is 21,000,000. Calculating that each of these gives 700 gallons of milk per year, there is an aggregate yield of 7,350,000,000 gallons, of which about 4,000,000,000 gallons is consumed in making butter and 700,000,000 gallons in cheese making. The quantity of butter produced is estimated to be about 1,250,000,000 pounds, and cheese 650,000 pounds. The cheese is almost entirely consumed at home, but the cheese shipments last year to the English market amounted to over [illegible] pounds. On the other hand, we import large quantities of fancy foreign cheese. In this country, notably in Connecticut, of late years have been made some excellent imitations of Roquefort, Edam and Cheddar cheese.

The New York Times says there are two new additions to the list of profitable products of the farm which promise to find employment for many farmers who have the requisite facilities. These are due to foreign culture and tastes imported chiefly from France and Germany along with the numerous adopted citizens who land from these European shores. One is the gaudeville, so called by the French, who stream it as a choice article for the entertainment of culinary skill. It is now served up at the first hotels and restaurants in the large cities, New York especially, and appears in the markets as a regular article of sale. The animal is easily bred and reared, and feeds itself and thrives most abundantly in meadows. The other is called escargot, and is used for raising snails and frogs, but is eaten also boiled and roasted. This animal is also easily reared, and requires no feeding but dew better when a pasture is provided for it. Known in common parlance, the first as the frog and the other as the snail, these really civilized animals have never until now been considered as of any value, but no doubt hereafter will furnish special business here, as they have done for many years in Europe, to thousands of farmers.

Banana Liquor.

The Indian Agriculturist calls attention to the fact that India abounds in bananas or plantains, and wonders that the fruit has never been employed in the distillation of a fermented liquor. The common prickly pear has been utilized for this purpose in Malaga, and with considerable advantage to the distiller; and it now appears that aborigines in the Congo region have discovered that a beverage made of bananas is a preventive of galloping fevers. A banana liquor company has recently been started in India for producing banana liquor in either an alcoholic or non-alcoholic form, and which can be used with equal advantage as an ordinary liquor or diluted with hot or cold soda water.

Genius is an ever that it must improve one when one gives it.

A JEWEL.

Love placed a jewel in my crown,
A stone as brilliant as the day.
He called it Friendship, and it shone
For me alway.

Love herrowed it, though I knew not,
I thought its splendor all its own.
But now the stone is dull and dim,
For love has flown.

—*Edith Dunforth*

A Mining Speculation.

BY PLAYED OUTT MINER.

The clatter of the farm-yard, mingled with the drowsy humming of the bees, fell pleasantly on the ear as Squire Harvey sat on his front piazza, toward the end of a hot summer afternoon, reading the newspaper. Now and again a particularly obstacious fly would alight on the bald spot in the centre of his head, causing the Squire to raise his hand and to bring it down suddenly, often harder than necessary, with a subdued exclamation that sounded like "fly-gash." But for this frequent aggressive movement one would imagine that he was sleeping. It was nearly time for supper and the Squire had picked up the paper merely to have something to hold during the few minutes that elapsed before the welcome meal. He was not reading, for his thoughts were busy with the farm, and he was wondering at what price Farmer Griggs, who was in somewhat straitened circumstances, would sell his corner lot. "It is very convenient to my property," mused the Squire, "and I ought to be able to make a good bargain with my impecunious neighbor."

The sun sank a little lower in the west, throwing its beams through the branches of the trees, and one little ray, as golden as his thoughts, twinkled before the Squire's eyes. With a sound midway between a chuckle and an exclamation of disgust, Silas Harvey elevated his paper to shut out the sunbeam, and as he did so his eyes fell upon the following advertisement:

SILVER CRESCENT MINING COMPANY.—Of the Silver Crescent Mines, situated on the banks of the Bonita River, Nevada. Stock paying 25 to 35 per cent. annually to the holder. The chance of a lifetime! Only a few more shares left. Write to Secretary S. C. Mining Co., Box 788, New York.

"H'm," muttered the Squire, as he reread the advertisement. Then the supper bell broke in upon his meditations. He laid down the paper and entered the house.

After supper, however, the Squire, in a very agreeable frame of mind, picked up the paper once more, and with a pencil made some calculations with which he was apparently satisfied, for he nodded his head to an approving manner. Again and again he read the seductive advertisement, his brain busy with figures. Before he retired that night, a check for two thousand dollars had been made out to the Secretary of the Silver Crescent Mining Company.

Silas Harvey was undoubtedly the leading spirit of Northbrook. It was not a very progressive place, in fact it was rather behind the age, but the townspeople preferred to follow the slow but safe guidance of the good man, who was decidedly conservative in many matters, rather than the aggressive spirits who proposed gas, patent sewerage and reform. Forty-five years before, the Squire had come to the village poor and unknown but a "go-a-head-iveness," which he had now outgrown, had won him a place in the esteem of the farmer for whom he worked and finally he married the farmer's daughter. On the death of his father-in-law, whose many acres were added to his small plot of ground, Silas Harvey arrived at the prosperous period of his life, from which point he continued to advance until he held the position of first man in the county. But no one remembered those days now, and the cast to point a moral to the rising generation. As Justice of the Peace he presided over those cases of the village, and no judge viewed with a sterner eye the shiftlessness of an individual, and woe to the unhappy mortal who came before him charged with vagrancy or theft. On the other hand he was lenient to the very unfortunate, and many a weak, erring man or woman received the kindest attention at his hands, blessing the fate that threw them into the path of Silas Harvey.

A nephew of his, a partner in a flourishing banking house, had spent a few weeks of the summer vacation at Northbrook, and from him the Squire heard of the doings of the stock-market. The young man gave glowing accounts of the fortunes made in the "Street." But of the many who lose their all this nephew did not tell. Why? old he? There is no need to spoil a pleasant little story by introducing unpleasant features that might as well remain in the background. The young man did not dream of planting in the heart of his interesting listener the desire for speculation, and though the Squire did not offer to invest any money in that way, he formed his own opinions on the subject. When his nephew had returned to the city Silas Harvey anxiously scanned the papers for an "opportunity." "A man to make money must watch his interests himself and not leave it to any one else," said the Squire, and, in the simplicity of his heart, he resolved to do a little speculation on his own account. He had read the advertisement—the opportunity had come and the Squire straightway embraced it—hence the check.

A few days later he received an acknowledgment of the check for two thousand dollars from New York and the letter closed with the flattering information that at a meeting of the directors of the S. C. Mining Company, Silas Harvey, Esq., had been elected to fill a vacancy in the board, and it was hoped that Mr. Harvey would [illegible] company the privilege of using his name, etc. This pleased the gentleman beyond measure and he joyfully accepted the position. As to his duties as a director he was somewhat in the dark, for the letter made no mention of them. When he saw his name in print heading the list of trustees of the Silver Crescent Mining Co., he felt that perhaps he had lost somewhat by not mingling more freely with the outside world where he would have had an opportunity to display his talents to greater advantage. For some reason or other the S. C. Mining Co. did not pay the expected dividend at the end of the quarter, but it was explained to him by a courteous letter that all the funds had been invested in improvements for the mine, which would eventually yield threefold the amount originally put into it. So the Squire was thoroughly contented, chuckling over his ability and judgment.

Other things engrossed his attention, however, and as the weeks passed by he almost forgot his investment. A resolution for the introduction of some new system was before the Board of Education, of which the Squire was a member, and in order to maintain his reputation for conservatism, he felt bound to oppose it. So he set to work to prepare a scathing condemnation of the resolution whereby he hoped to squelch it at the meeting. The day came, and the Squire, full of his speech, arrived a little late. As he entered the hall, he noticed that two strange men stood near the entrance, and, in passing, he heard one of them whisper to the other: "There goes the old hypocrite." It is not a very pleasant thing to hear some one designated as a hypocrite, especially when you believe that the term refers to yourself. But, paying no attention to the remark, the Squire hurriedly passed to the platform, where, after opening the meeting, he proposed to deliver his address.

"The Chair begs leave to make a few remarks," he began, and then waited in order that the words might have the desired effect. He had learned the phrase from a newspaper report of a meeting, and was proud of it, so he stopped and gravely eyed his listeners.

"The Chair would say——" he went on, when a tap on his shoulder interrupted him, and, turning, he saw one of the men he had noticed at the door.

"May I speak a few words with you? —alone," he added, mysteriously. Wondering what it was all about, the Squire led the stranger into a corner.

"Silas Harvey, I believe, Director of the so-called Silver Crescent Mining Co.?" said the man. The Squire nodded.

"I am a detective from New York. Here is a warrant for your arrest. Will you come with me quietly, and take the nine o'clock train to the city? It will save trouble," remarked the individual, hurriedly.

The room swam before the Squire. Detective—arrest! What did it mean? Whispering a few words to a colleague, and in an agitated voice begging the audience to excuse him on the plea of urgent business, Silas Harvey, like one in a dream, followed the man out of the room.

He knew scarcely anything until he found himself on the train speeding to New York, with the detective at his side and the other man seated opposite.

"Look a here," began the loquacious officer, pleased that he caught his man so easily, "we've got two of the other of you fellows safe enough, and they've made a clean breast of the whole affair; so you had better speak right out to the Judge. Tell him all. I'm givin' you a friendly 'tip' now. This is the third company gone to smash this week, and it'll go pretty bad with you, I guess."

"What—what company is this?" gasped the Squire, a faint idea of the business beginning to dawn upon him.

"What company!" laughed the detective. "No funny games now, old man." Silas Harvey winced perceptibly at the last words and glanced at a paragraph pointed out in a paper that was handed to him.

"Two directors of the last swindle, the Silver Crescent Mining Company, were caught to-day, and another one is regarded by the police as safe. The others managed to get out of the way and have left for parts unknown."

The Squire sat as one dazed. He connected with a swindle, his name heading a list of frauds! The old man saw his error too late. He inwardly cursed his greed, his vanity. He felt that he was a disgraced man. He saw the daily papers holding him up to scorn, his name in flaring headlines that told of his deceit, and he wished that he could throw himself from the car window. Above all, he felt most deeply the probable loss of his position in Northbrook. Had he lived and labored all his life to die a felon? The detective looked curiously at his prisoner, who seemed almost unconscious, and the train rattled on, bearing the Squire nearer and nearer to his fate.

How he reached the police station Silas Harvey knew not. He remembered but dimly entering a carriage and giving his name, age and occupation to the sergeant at the desk, and then he found himself within the four walls of a cell. The whole seemed to him like a horrible nightmare, and when he confronted the Judge the next morning he had grown grayer and more haggard, and walked like an old, old man.

"Bail is fixed at $2,500 in this case," remarked the Judge when he had heard the charge. "Do you know any one in the city?"

"My nephew," the Squire gasped, as the first thought came to him that he perhaps might receive some help from that quarter.

"Well, you may write to him," was the rely. "Call the next case."

The innocent prisoner scratched off a few lines which he gave to an officer, and then he wearily trudged back to the cell. Hours seemed to drag slowly by until he heard a pleasant greeting, and looking [illegible] swung open and his laughing relative beckoned to him.

"Come on, uncle, you're out on bail," cried the young man, and the Squire came slowly forth. Although only a few hours in confinement, the broken-down old man imagined that half his life had been spent within the narrow dungeon, and with a deep sigh he took the arm offered to him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" commenced the young fellow, when they had entered the carriage that was waiting for them, "ha, ha! excuse my laughing, but it is so rich, ha, ha!

The Squire blinked sorrowfully at his nephew, which sent the young man off again. "Who would have imagined such a thing, my old respected uncle a director in a fraudulent concern! How did you happen to join it?"

"You, Harry, you," murmured his uncle, so sadly that the graceless Harry was threatened with an outbreak. "You told me all about stocks and I thought one thing was as good as another in that line."

"Now, look here, Uncle Si," at last remarked the convulsed listener, "I am driving you to the railway station. Go back to Northbrook as though nothing had happened and my lawyer will set matters straight. Why, you're all right. I'll get those other fellows to make a confession that will clear you of all blame."

"No, Harry, no; think of the papers, the disgrace," and the old man shook his head at the idea of returning to his home.

The pedestrians looked wonderingly after the carriage from which came peals of laughter as the merry nephew held his sides and gave vent to his mirth.

"The papers!" he cried, when the flood of merriment had been checked, "why uncle, dear, it's not worth noticing in the papers, except in a little paragraph, and there will be no room for names."

A feeling of relief came to Silas Harvey. He felt that he was saved and he poured forth his joy in tears. His nephew was touched by this display of feeling, and so assured the poor old squire that all would be right that he was rewarded with a hearty kiss which nearly caused a renewal of laughter.

As the late director of the Silver Crescent Mining Company entered his house, he thought of the ill-fated two thousand dollars for the first time, and he inwardly muttered: "Dang it."

Ten days later his nephew wrote him, saying that the matter had been arranged as he said it would be, and after reading the good news, Silas Harvey, in his easy chair on the piazza, slept the sleep of the just, while a fly exercised itself undisturbed upon the Squire's bald pate until the supper bell rang. The Silver Crescent Mining Stock was old Harvey's first and last speculation.—*The Epoch.*

Where Fat Women Abound.

If the visitor be desirous of seeing the very fattest women produced by the continent, let him run across the Bohemian frontier to Marienbad, and when the band plays he will see them rolling, literally rolling, along the paths in the forest to the orchestra, in all degrees of obesity, past the wildest imagination to picture. Marienbad has the credit of reducing fat. I sat at table d'hote one day there, wedged in among fat women, and saw and heard them eat. Then I ceased to wonder that they were fat, and my opinion of the powers of the Marienbad waters to reduce such vigorous and omnivorous eaters into moderate proportions rose to a high pitch.

This is what the fat lady opposite me ate: Soup, boiled beef, veal cutlets, roast pork, raw herring and onions, baked veal, then ordered "gefullte taube" (stuffed dove) and when she had eaten that was a gefullte taube herself.—*Cornhill.*

A mistake is one thing and a blunder another.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

For Gold.

I.

They'll robe me in my bridal gown,
Ah me, ah me!
They'll robe me in my bridal gown,
The orange buds will be my crown,
The white veil will go floating down;
And I shall bear the splendor meet,
And wish it were my winding sheet,
Ah me, ah me!

II.

They'll twine white gems around my neck,
Ah me, ah me!
They'll twine white gems around my neck,
And I shall give no sign, no check,
But well enough I too shall reck
That dewy pearls are for my tears,
The deadly opals for my fears,
Ah me, ah me!

III.

They'll lay my prayer-book in my hand
Ah me, ah me!
They'll lay my prayer-book in my hand,
While I shall calm and stately stand,
And hear the organ pealing grand;
And I shall neither faint nor fail,
But live and smile on through it all,
Ah me, ah me.

IV.

They'll lead me to the altar rail,
Ah me, ah me!
They'll lead me to the altar rail,
And my false life will never fail,
Nor my false heart will never quail
As I breathe o'er those words of ol
And sell myself for love of gold.
Ah me, ah me!

—*Saturd*

Origin of Rice Th[illegible] drop[illegible]

The *Chinese Times* give[illegible] version of the origin of the [illegible] throwing rice at weddings: In [illegible] of the Shang dynasty, some 1,7[illegible] B. C., there lived in the pro[illegible] Shansi a most famous sorcere[illegible] Chao. It happened one day tha[illegible] P'ang came to consult the oracle [illegible] Chao, having divined by means o[illegible] tortoise diagram, informed the trem[illegible] P'ang that he had but six days to [illegible]. Now, however much we may trust [illegible] sagacity and skill of our family physician, we may be excused if, in a matter of life and death, we call in a second doctor for a consultation, and, in such a strait, it is not to be wondered at that P'ang should repair to another source to make sure that there was no mistake. To the fair Peachblossom he went, a young lady who had acquired some reputation as a sorceress, and to the tender feminine heart unfolded the story of his woe. Her divination yielded the same result as Chao's; in six days P'ang should die, unless, by the exercise of her magical powers, she could avert the catastrophe. Her efforts were successful, and on the seventh day great was Chao's astonishment, and still greater was his mortification and rage, when he met P'ang taking his evening stroll and learned that there lived a greater magician than he. The story would soon get about, and unless he could quickly put an end to his fair rival's existence, his reputation would be ruined. And this was how Chao plotted against the life of Peachblossom. He sent a go-between to Peachblossom's parents to inquire if their daughter was still unmarried, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he befooled the simple parents into believing that he had a son who was seeking a wife, and ultimately he induced them to engage Peachblossom to him in marriage. The marriage cards were duly interchanged; but the crafty Chao had chosen the most unlucky day he could select for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant. Surely as the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But the wise Peachblossom knew all these things, and fearing [illegible] defeat him. When the wedding came, she gave directions to save rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit bird seeing made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped into the bridal chair and passed on her way unharmed. And now the ingenious reader knows why he throws rice at the bride. If any interest has been engendered in his breast by this tale of the fair Peachblossom, let him listen to what befell her at the house of the magician. Arrived at Chao's house, no bridegroom was there, but an attendant was given her, and the two girls prepared to pass the night in the room assigned to them. Peachblossom was wakeful, for she knew that, when the night passed, the "Golden Pheasant" would be succeeded by the "White Tiger," whose power and ferocity who can tell? "Go you to bed first," she said to the maid. The girl was soon asleep, and still her mistress slept not, but continued to pace the room, and at midnight the tiger spirit came, the morning light showed Peachblossom still pacing the room, while on the bed lay the lifeless body of the little maid. Thus were the magic battles of Peachblossom and Chao, and many more were there, until they took their flight to heaven, where now they reign as gods. And on the earth the actors have not idols more prized than those of Peachblossom and Chao Kung.

Fashion Notes.

Gauze fans are all the rage now.

For trimming, net, ribbons and flowers are used.

For young girls dresses of white muslin are in favor.

Gold or steel beaded panels, vests, [illegible] and collars are worn on plush, velvet [illegible] silk costumes.

Lace jabots, with a single rev[illegible] velvet, are much liked for the f[illegible] dressy basques.

Stockings are an important a[illegible] dress, and more attention is giv[illegible] than ever before.

It is predicted that the f[illegible] hats will give place to ha[illegible] crowns and wider brims.

Now that all plaids and che[illegible] favor, the old-fashioned cro[illegible] muslin has been revived, and ver[illegible] morning dresses are made from it.

Shirred side breadths are seen up[illegible] skirts of dressy cotton fabrics. A [illegible] cluster of shirring is arranged just b[illegible] the belt, and another half way down [illegible] skirt.

Some of the color combinations of [illegible] present season are very vivid. An example was a smoke-colored costume which had a vest and other trimmings of brilliant yellow.

Among the newest sashes those having Pompadour stripes are seen. These show bands of satin strewn with small natural-colored flowers, alternating with plain stripes of watered silk.

What tailors designate as the "banded bodice," but which is really only a belted waist, is in high favor for toilets of all descriptions, from simple tennis flannels and wash materials to elaborate dresses of embroidery and lace.

Effect of Eating Arsenic.

The exact state of affairs brought about by arsenic eating, according to the New York *Post*, is a diminution of the strength of the blood; the capillary blood vessels are stopped from working; the ends of the blood vessels are killed; no blood is supplied to the skin, and the real reason for the white, transparent nature of the skin is that it is practically dead. If the result of arsenic eating is the highly transparent state of the skin, and if this can only result from the killing of blood vessels, the claim that there is no harm in the habit becomes an absurdity.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Electricity has entered sport. For the angler who wishes to let his line float gently with the stream, without the trouble of watching it, a little electric arrangement has been devised whereby a pull upon the line closes the circuit and rings a bell.

French chemists who have recently investigated the nature of saccharine put on record the fact that this compound traverses the organism without any alteration, and that it has an antiseptic property; its sweetness is not similar to cane sugar, as has been asserted; its flavor is slightly saline and raw.

According to recent investigations by Dr. Chon, an eminent authority on the subject, diffused daylight is not injurious to the eye, the great desideratum therefore in artificial illumination being to imitate the conditions of natural light—that is, it should not be dazzling, should be supplied bountifully, should not heat the eyes, and should burn steadily.

It has been assumed that the pain which follows the stinging of the nettle, and possibly other plants, is due to formic acid. Dr. Haberland, of Vienna, demonstrates clearly that this is an error. It is not formic acid that is emitted by these stinging hairs; though just what it is the Doctor is not able to determine. It may lead to examination now that the generally accepted belief is demonstrated to be erroneous.

Prof. Manuel Mararta has discovered race of dwarfs, not more than four feet [illegible]gh, in the valley of Rebas (Gerona, [illegible]), at the end of the Eastern Pyrenees. [illegible] the individuals have red hair, [illegible] strongly developed jaws, flat [illegible] eyes which are oblique, like [illegible] Mongolians. The males have [illegible] beard save a few hairs, and the sexes are very much alike. They intermarry among themselves, live isolated from their neighbors, and have no chance for improvement.

Some singular objects which appeared in Berkshire, England, in January, 1871, were described by Rev. A. Bonney at a late meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society. A little before noon, a group of air bubbles, resembling ordinary toy balloons in size and shape, were seen to rise from a level space of snow to a considerable height, and then to move up and down within a limited area and at equal distances from each other. After about two minutes they were caught by an air-current and borne eastward out of sight. Another group rose from the same spot and exhibited precisely the same movements.

In recounting some of the scientific discoveries and inventions of modern times, Sir John Lubbock declares that recent investigations show that many old principles have a far wider application than was suspected by those who discovered them—as, for instance, that the formula of the law of gravitation, as is now known, applies to electricity, and probably to other modes of force. The invention of dynamite and other nitrogen compounds, as a destructive force, says Professor Lubbock, promises to play an important part in the history of civilization. Chemistry has yielded a large number of compounds to prevent disease and alleviate pain, and for the use of the arts. In connection with the sciences of heat, light and sound, much has become known, the application of which has greatly increased the comforts and pleasures of life, but it is to electricity that the largest number of useful inventions are due.

Points on Memory.

"Memory can be cultivated, of course, but a great deal of nonsense is written about the so-called art of mnemonics," said a professor of philosophy. "There are different kinds of memory, to be sure, and all susceptible to improvement. [illegible] a man's memory is strongest when following the particular bent of his occupation. General Grant had a fine memory as to persons. Once a reporter met him in San Francisco and had just a few words with him. Five years afterwards he met him in Washington. The General said: 'Yes, I remember you,' and called him by name. Outside of this his memory was not extraordinary.

"There are many 'freak' memories, as I call them. They are in an abnormal condition, of course, and strong only in one direction. The boy who takes the guest's hat at the hotel as he goes in to dine and remembers to give back the right hat has no 'freak' memory, but simply one he has acquired by practice. Clerk Carr, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, remembered a California banker he had not seen for forty years. The banker did not recognize him, and asked if he knew a Mr. Carr clerking in the hotel. The reply was: 'Yes, I am he.' Then the banker said: 'I will stake a great deal that you not know me.' Mr. Carr immediately called him by name. Mr. Carr's memory, outside of names and faces, is not extraordinary. Ex-Gov. Charles Foster, when Governor of Ohio, remembered the name of every county officer throughout the State. He now remembers where every gas well in the United States is situated and its daily output. Thomas M. Nichol knows by rote nearly every message that President Lincoln sent to the Senate."—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Thousand Islands.

The Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River are mostly owned and occupied by wealthy men who use them as summer resorts. George M. Pullman and other millionaires are among the number. The late Dr. J. G. Holland, author and poet, owned one which he named "Bonniecastle." Many fanciful and poetic names are printed on the rocks like advertisements, telling to the world that the owners desire to be recognized. In the early ages, when the accumulated waters from the great chain of lakes tore through this spot to find an outlet to the sea, they washed away all the soil and loose stones and left nothing but solid rock behind. On this a thin soil was gradually deposited, out of which came grass and trees, and thus the islands were made. Near the source of the river the rocks are large enough to divide the water and form two channels for many miles. The rockiest and wildest part of the river between Kingston and Montreal lies within the first fifty miles from Kingston. About forty miles down from Kingston the two channels come together and form one stream.

Indians Preserving Their Traditions

Judge J. D. Walker, of Florence, Arizona, says that the Pima Indians select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for repositories of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legions pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors of many years ago. They have knowledge of the tribe that built the old Casa Grande and other vast buildings, whose ruins now excite such curiosity.

The Witching Hour.

When the mantle of night o'er the earth is spread
And the sky with its twinkling gems is starred,
Again on the roof of the back-yard shed
The feline solo and chorus is heard;
Then the neighboring windows are upward raised,
And white-robed forms through the gloom we spy,
And swift from the hands of men half crazed
The showers of boots and bootjacks fly.
Hushed for a while are the lullabies,
And the wrathful people go back to bed;
But ere sweet sleep has sealed their eyes
The concert's resumed on another shed.

—*Boston Courier.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Didn't Wan't Any—Frolics in the Atlantic—Security Demanded —Sectional Hate—A Suggestion, Etc., Etc.

Barber (to bald headed customer)—"Ah, Mr. Jones, you ought to try some of Professor Invigorator's hair restorer. It's—"

Customer—"But I don't want any hair."

Barber (in astonishment)—"Don't want hair?"

Customer—"No, I'm married.—*New York Sun.*

Frolics in the Atlantic.

French Woman (at Long Branch)—"Oh, we hat sooch a fine time bathing in de otcean. M'sieur Brown, he gif me—vot you calls 'em—a gosling."

American Woman—"A gosling? Why, a gosling is a little duck."

French Woman—"Zat is vat he gif me—a leetle duck.—*Tid-Bits.*

Security Demanded.

Teacher—"Class in interest, take the floor. What is the medium of exchange in the United States?"

Class (in concert)—"money."

"Yes, but there is something more. Can't you think of another article that is used as a medium of exchange?"

Class silent.

"Supposing I were to come to you and want to borrow a hundred dollars, what would you demand of me?"

Class (animatedly)—"Security."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

Sectional Hate.

"Going West, sir?" inquired a Chicago drummer of a fellow passenger, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, sir, I expect to take in the representative cities."

"You will find Chicago a lively town."

"Oh, I shan't visit Chicago; only the representative cities, you know."

"Conductor," whispered the Chicago drummer a little later, "who is that four-eared mongrel I was talking to a moment ago?"

"He's a St. Louis fish dealer," said the conductor.

A Suggestion.

"Gosh blame the measley hammer any how," howled a traveling man who was tacking down a piece of carpet, as he flung down the hammer."

"What's the matter?" asked his wife.

"Look at that," he said, taking out his hand from under his arm and showing the thumb. "I can't hardly bend it."

"Why don't you aim at your thumb when you are tacking down carpet?" asked his wife sweetly.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Only a Brief Interruption.

It was in one of the stately mansions of Beacon street, Boston, that our story opens.

He was declaring his love in language that only a Boston youth can use, and even he must be sober.

"Dearest Penelope," he said, "if I had loved you less I could have told you that I loved you long ago. I——"

But he suddenly stopped. A far away whither-am-I-drifting look had come over the girl's face, and his heart sank within him.

"If my words are displeasing to you, Miss Penelope," he went on in his broken tones, "if I have said what I ought not to say, or you ought not to hear; if I——"

"Not at all," interrupted Penelope, looking wildly about her, "but I have certainly lost my spectacles. Oh, there they are. Thanks. As you were saying, Mr. Waldo——"—*New York Sun.*

A Surprising Reception.

Book Agent—"I am offering to the public a new work, the 'Encyclopedia Universal, Eternal,' only five—"

Omaha Man—"Come in, sir. Don't stand there in the hot sun."

"I—I guess you didn't understand. I am selling—"

"Certainly. There, take that seat by the window. I am delighted to see you."

"Permit me to 'xplain. This book, glorious work, is complete in forty-five volumes, at $5 a volume, and I am the agent for it."

"I am sorry you brought only one volume. Can you get the rest soon?"

Oh, yes, but—"

"By the way, there's the bell. Stay to dinner, won't you?"

"I—I beg pardon. This is very strange. Am I awake or dreaming?"

"Yes, the house don't look very pretty, does it? You see, this is a private lunatic asylum, and I am one of the patients."—*Omaha World.*

Held on Like Grim Death.

First Omaha Burglar—I tell you, it's awful the way things are in New England, twenty or thirty women to every man.

Second Omaha Burglar—I suppose so. All the men have come West.

"Yes, that's how it is."

"Did you get much boodle there?"

"Yes; but I had a narrow escape once. I noticed a lot of the finest diamonds you ever saw on a Boston girl just going out of the house to a lecture or something, and I watched my chance and got in and hid under her bed. You see, I was thinkin' she would be so interested in the lecture she went to that she wouldn't think to look around for burglars, you know."

"Yes."

"But when she came in the first thing she did was to look under the bed, and there she saw me."

"Did she scream or faint?"

"She just grabbed me with both hands and held on like grim death."

"Eh! How did you get away?"

"I explained to her that I was already married and she let me go."—*Omaha World.*

He Lost.

The occupant of an office on Larned street went out the other afternoon, leaving a boy in charge, and pretty soon a stranger called and asked:

"Is Mr. Blank in?"

"No, sir."

"Be in soon?"

"I—I don't know."

"Gone out of town?"

"I dunno. You want to see him personally?"

"Yes. How long has he been out?"

"Quite a spell. Can't you come in to-morrow?"

"No; must see him to-day."

The boy got up and walked around for two or three minutes, breathing as if considerably excited, and then observed:

"Say, mister, if you've got a case for Mr. Blank he ought to know it; if you've got a bill he won't pay it. I'll take the chances and ask what you want to see him for?"

"To collect a debt of $7."

"Humph! I took the chances and lost. He won't be home for a week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Postponed Funeral.

A lady who is famous among her friends for the correctness with which all her social duties are performed, and who is particular in attending to all the details of intercourse with her acquaintances and friends, was recently put in an amusingly awkward position by the stupidity of a servant. A neighbor being dangerously ill, this lady one morning sent her new maid over to inquire concerning her condition.

"Go over," she said, "and inquire how Mrs. X. is this morning. And if she is dead," she added, as the girl started, "ask when the funeral will be."

The messenger went as directed, and soon returned with the air of one who has done her whole duty.

"Mrs. X. is better this morning," was her report, "and they cannot tell when the funeral will be."—*Boston Courier.*

Vehicles in Mexico.

Besides the livery stables, which are confined to the largest cities where families of great wealth reside, there are in every Mexican town, writes Fannie B. Ward, many hacks, carriages, coupes, victorias, barouches, etc., which are really owned and run by the government, and whose price is fixed by law. To secure them you do not send to a stable—for nobody seems to know where they are kept—but look for them in the streets. In the capital alone there are 250 of these public conveyances, ranking officially as those of the first, second, third and fourth classes. Their "class" is distinguished by small tin signs in the form of a flag stuck up in front—those of the first-class painted green, the second blue, third red and fourth white. Their legalized tariff is respectively $2.00, $1.50, seventy-five cents and fifty cents per hour, except before 6 o'clock A. M., and after 10 o'clock P. M., and on Sundays and all feast days, when the price is doubled; and as *stratus* are of every-day occurrence, one may safely calculate upon what to pay. Most of them are dilapidated old rattle-traps, in imminent peril of going to pieces on these wretched pavements, like the deacon's one-horse chaise, and as a rule there is little difference in them except in the color of the flag. With customary pride, Americans usually insist upon the most expensive—foolishly, however, for the flag is immediately hauled down as soon as the vehicle is engaged and nobody can guess what you pay for it.

Besides the coachman, each carriage furnishes a footman without additional charge, though the proper thing is to give the unbargained-for appendage a shilling. The footman is called a mozo, and acts as a sort of apprentice or private secretary to the cochero, or driver. On entering a vehicle, the passenger who does not wish to be swindled should request of the driver his boleto, or ticket, upon which is printed the number of the carriage and its lawful tariff. Then the mozo rushes off to the nearest clock and brings you a card upon which the hour is written. At this point you will do well to consult your own watch and calculate accordingly, to avoid the dispute which otherwise is sure to occur if you insist upon your rights at the journey's end. The mozo also jumps off and opens the door for you, makes any inquiries you may desire and takes in your card when you are calling; and when the ride is ended he again produces the card upon which the hour was written, and you pay from the time of starting. After all these precautions, should any differences of opinion arise between yourself and the cochero, they may be settled at the office of public carriages, located in the municipal palace of the town. The cocheros, heedless of the fact that you may be getting more ride than your money's worth and bumps without numbers, drive pell-mell over the worse pavements in the most reckless manner; and more than once, in my experience, have coach and horses parted company, leaving me sitting forlornly in the street in the condition of the girl whom the poet left behind him.

The Great Tumble Weed.

This weed once grew plentiful through this country and Colorado. When green they present a very pretty appearance and look more like a dwarf tree than a weed. They are very dangerous in case of a prairie fire, and often dangerous in plain [illegible] case of fire the flames seem to strip the plant of its leaves, and it at once goes rolling before the flaming hurricane a perfect wheel of fire. These revolving wheels of fire will jump any ordinary furrow or fire break and carry the fire into the timber or grass, as the case may be. Nothing can stop their progress but a river. Into these they jump, leaping out into the stream forty, fifty and sixty feet, and go down with a hiss, throwing up a column of steam where they sink.

In Colorado windstorm-storms these weeds are also a source of much danger. In Middle Park, a few years ago, a party of travelers were suddenly overtaken by a storm. Seeing what they supposed to be a mass of huge boulders in the distance, they made for them, thinking they would afford at least partial shelter. To their surprise, as they approached, the boulders suddenly broke loose and commenced rolling toward them at a furious rate, cutting all sorts of curious capers and gyrating menacingly as they came. At times they would strike an obstruction and bound high in the air, and again striking the ground resume their rapid circular motion. The travelers put spurs to their horses, and it was only by the greatest effort they managed to escape from the track of these monsters. On examination they found their supposed boulders were really immense weeds, which had been torn up by the roots by the windstorm.

These weeds are so solid that they are a great menace to man and beast under such circumstances. Impelled by a heavy wind, they go with force enough to kill a horse, and a human being is in great danger if he cannot get out of the track of these monsters when they are running before a hurricane or in case of a prairie fire.—*Wichita (Kan.) Journal.*

Parisian Fly Catchers.

Fly-catchers have a busy time of it in Paris during the summer season. The calling is not a recognized or classified one, nor do parents as a rule bring their sons up to it. But there are hundreds of experienced hands employed at it during the dog days, and a good haul of flies is often profitable enough. The London *Telegraph* says:

The fly-catcher is generally a good-for-nothing rascal from the suburban lanes and alleys, who does not want to leave Paris, and is too lazy to go into the country for the hay-making or the harvesting. Sometimes he is a person who unites in himself a variety of callings, being by turns a corner errand-runner, a bootblack, a dog-shaver and clipper, or even floor-waxer out of employment.

His method is as follows: He takes a tolerably large-sized box with a little hole in its top, and stations himself outside a grocer's shop where the winged insects are busily buzzing against the window panes on the lookout for stray drops of molasses or chance grains of brown sugar. These the catcher dexterously imprisons in his palm, in the schoolboy fashion, and, dislocating some of their antennæ, puts them into his box. Some times he is allowed to pursue his calling inside the shop when customers are not numerous, and is thus enabled to fill his box with celer