

A NORTH CAROLINA paper tells of a 13-year-old boy, deaf and dumb from birth, who visited a camp-meeting, walked up to the mourners' bench and astonished the crowd by singing a hymn.

At his home at Mansfield, Ohio, Senator Sherman lives in a fine house built on an eighteen-acre lot in the outskirts of and overlooking the city.

THE believers in the superstition attached to the number thirteen can find support for their belief in the fate of a New York gentleman, Mr. Henry Mataran, who recently invited twelve friends to enjoy an excursion "up the Sound."

ACCORDING to the official estimates for 1881, just published, the population of Scotland is 3,744,685—far less, probably, than most people believe—of whom 1,802,901 are males and 1,941,784 females.

ACCORDING to information furnished by recent numbers of the Ferhan, the journal of Ispahan, civilization is making considerable progress in Persia.

AMONG the convicts in the Texas penitentiary is John Wesley Hardin, who formerly was the most-dreaded desperado in De Witt county.

ACTORS who attempt to play female parts should take warning from the case of John Talbot Binns, who died the other day in a Philadelphia insane hospital.

THE population of the earth has long been a fascinating study for statisticians Behm and Wagner, who have just

published an amended edition of a former work in Germany. They give the total as 1,433,887,500—which is about 22,000,000 less than their estimate of two years ago.

THE hobby of Samuel J. Tilden's life is his new city palace in Gramercy Park, New York. He intends to spend \$500,000 upon it, to make it a mansion that will throw Vanderbilt's new home completely in the shade.

THE artistic beauty of the exterior of the mansion, it is the interior that will excite the most general admiration from lovers of profuse decoration.

Carpet Beetles.

THE carpet beetle is one of the worst, most-destructive and difficult to overcome of all household insects. It was introduced into the United States from Europe, and is sometimes mis-called the "Buffalo moth," probably from the fact, one author claims, it was first noticed as destructive in this country at Buffalo, N. Y.

IN some parts of the country it has become so troublesome that carpets have had to be dispensed with and matings used in their place.

EVERY twenty-four hours 1,140 trains rush past the signal tower of the Pennsylvania railroad on Filbert street, Philadelphia, a record that can be equaled by no other point on the globe.

CURIOS AND SCIENTIFIC.

THE quantity of silver held in solution by the waters of the ocean is estimated at 2,000,000 tons.

IT is said that belts made from mineral-tanned leather are cheaper and a good deal stronger than belts made from leather tanned in the usual way.

A NORTH CAROLINA man has invented a folding barrel or hoghead for use in transporting dry material. The heads may be taken out, the staves rolled together, and the whole thing made barrel-shape again with a few quick motions.

AFTER a cruise of a few months in the South Pacific a French man-of-war was found to have specimens of living coral growing upon her hull.

THERE are four vast areas still to be opened up or traversed by civilized man, and which, among them, constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe.

Mount Etna.

Mount Etna is one of the celebrated historic fire-mountains of the globe. The first recorded eruption of Etna, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, is supposed to have occurred about the time of the Trojan war.

THE eruption of 1669 destroyed fourteen villages, about a thousand lives and utterly devastated the country. A fissure twelve miles long opened in the mountain flank and poured forth a sea of fire, and afterward five other parallel fissures opened which emitted smoke and thundering detonations.

The Era of Bad Cigars.

WE scented it everywhere except where it should ever be sent. We buy it for half a dime, 10 cents, three for a quarter and eight for a dollar, and (in our midnight oblivion) pay as high as 50 cents for a single weed.

occupation. The lobbies of hotels, theaters and dining halls are thickly frosted with its vile layers of smoke, and on the decks of excursion steamers it successfully defies the perfumes of gaudy fashion, and even the ambient sea-breeze itself.

Better than Physic.

HUMAN life is a talent, a privilege, a probation. To live to purpose, men should live long, in order that they may gain experiences, for by the wise use of these, grand things are said and done.

MORE people die prematurely from want of care in any given year, than perish by plague, famine, pestilence and war.

IF a child is regularly put to sleep at the same time, for only three or four days in succession, the habit will so rapidly grow upon it that, with the air of quiet and a little darkening of the room it will, if well, fall to sleep within a few minutes, of the time for weeks and months in succession, such is nature's love for system and regularity.

THE more clothes a man wears, the more bed-clothes he uses, the closer he keeps his chamber, whether warm or cold, the more numerous and warm his night garments, the more readily will he take cold, under all circumstances;

Deaf and Dumb Pro Tem.

QUIETLY entering a barber shop, the stranger removed his hat and coat, and, taking a card from his pocket, wrote on it: "I want to get shaved."

A barber stepped forward, read the card, and, pointing to a chair, said to his brother artists: "Deaf as a brass kettle, and dumb as an oyster."

THE man straightened himself out in the chair, when his manipulator began lathering his face.

"This deaf cuss has a cheek like a stone wall," he said, when a general laugh followed.

"Stick him with a pin, and see if he is entirely dumb," said another.

"Gracious, what a breath! It smells like a Dutch band of music."

"He ought to rent that nose for a locomotive headlight," etc.

WHILE all these complimentary allusions were flying about him, the operation of shaving was finished, and the man arose, put on his coat, and then turning to the astonished barber, said: "How much for the shave and compliments?"

"I—I—I—I," gasped the astonished man. "Oh, nothing—nothing, call again, excuse"—and, as the stranger left the shop, the discomfited barber swore they would never believe in a deaf and dumb man again until they had first fired a ten-pound cannon about his ears.

Robins.

THE robin has a real broast. They have a plaintive song, and sing as though they were sorry for something. They get their name from their great ability for robbing a cherry tree.

THE Idaho Springs in Tennessee are thus described: "Within a radius of twenty-five feet are found about six different kinds of water, which are well known for their curative properties.

MICHIGAN AFFAIRS.

Copper in Calhoun County.

THE Battle Creek Moon says that Stephen Gaskill, who owns a farm four miles south of that city, exhibited a lump of copper ore weighing five pounds at the office, which he picked up on his farm.

Michigan-Raised Figs.

Mrs. Peter Laquay brought to our office to-day a fine specimen of figs raised by herself on her husband's place in this city, and from a tree of about twelve years' growth, which this year bore a crop of 175 figs.

Michigan's Score at Creedmoor.

THE team of Michigan State troops who went to Creedmoor under the auspices of the Michigan Military Rifle Association lost a \$3,000 prize and a dozen gold medals by only two points.

A Traveler's Tale.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal discourses as follows concerning that largest and loveliest of American villages, Kalamazoo, and the Michigan Game law:

Kalamazoo is situated half way between Detroit and Chicago. This euphonious and unanimous patronymic, translated from the aboriginal dialect into plain English, turns out "Boiling Water." Kalamazoo is one of the typical and wide-awake cities of Michigan—a city in size, with a population of 15,000, yet "pointing with pride" to the fact that she is a village, the largest in the republic.

I ran across an interesting and entertaining institution and landmark in the person of Sam Brown, an old and wealthy mulatto gentleman who has charge of the depot. Sam is one of the most respected and important citizens. He was for twenty-one years steward at the Kalamazoo House.

He was born in Mason county, Ky., near Maysville, but left with his mother when very young, and has grown up and ripened with this country. He has amassed quite a snug fortune, and his latter days will be spent in peace and plenty.

His wife was the daughter of the hero of Fenimore Cooper's "Bee Hunter," one Harris, a colored man who came from Pennsylvania in the early days and settled on Genesee prairie. He was a very intelligent man and called himself the first white settler, because all his neighbors were Indians.

His name appears as Harrison in the novel, I believe. Harris lived about seven miles from Kalamazoo, and Cooper spent several summer seasons with the "hard-sense" mulatto, and wrote a number of the "Leather-Stockings" series, "The Deer-Slayer," "Oak Openings," "The Bee Hunter," etc. Cooper entered the township which bears his name. His will was probated in the County Clerk's office. He left his land to his wife.

Judge Wells, of the old and re-organized Court of Alabama Claims, resides here in sumptuous style. The court has, I understand, about \$9,000,000 to distribute yet.

Will Carleton, author of "Betsy and I Are Out," "Over the Hills to the Poor-house," etc., lives at Hillsdale, not far distant. He is nominally a farmer, and an awkward, gawky, plain and unassuming country squire.

It was here that the flying Flora Temple made her celebrated trotting, which stood so long untouched. It was 2:19—a rather slow pace for Misses Maud S., Trinket and other fluff-debutantes of the last few years.

Flora made her then phenomenal time engineers were sent from all over the country to measure the track to see if any fraud had been practiced, but they found the distance on time.

The famous frog farms are out some twenty miles from this point. The blue-backed beauties and delicacies of the bon vivant are caught among the swamps and along the margin of the lakes, and shipped in crates like wild pigeons. The Chicago market is supplied from this section. Not a few men make this their business—a remunerative one, too—and herd up the frolicsome frogs, feeding and taming them until they are easily caught by hand. There are few or no snakes in this

county (thanks to St. Patrick of the Emerald Isle) to bother Mr. B. Frog, and he sings sweetly and undisturbed until the Chicago picture signs and sends for his toothsome hindquarters. Under an enactment of the last Legislature no fish or game can be shipped from the State. The law was passed to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of game which succeeded the great forest fires. The widespread conflagration drove all the forest game into that neck of the State toward Mackinac Straits, and it was an everyday occurrence for men to kill forty or fifty deer and ship them to hotels and restaurants in every direction. If the wounded deer failed to fall within sight or short range of the hunter, it was not pursued, as others were nearer, and as a consequence the woods were full of carcasses.

A Repentant Singer—A Story of Early Michigan.

A contributor to the Kalamazoo Telegraph relates the following incident: The story I am about to relate was only a small incident at the time, but its influence in after time who can estimate? It was on a warm summer day in July, the announcement had been passed from mouth to mouth that Elder H. was to preach in the school house morning and afternoon. This was before churches had been begun, and before any settled pastors of any denomination had arrived within our settlement. One or two circuit ministers occupied the whole field, extending over and beyond the county lines to Slater's Mission on the north, and east and west as far as horse could carry them, so as to get round to meet at the appointed stations about once in two weeks. Although there were few pious people then in our place, nearly all the inhabitants turned out to hear what the elder had to say. All unnecessary work being suspended, the boys and girls were glad to appear, and in their better clothes, if they had any. On this day the school house was full. I remember the young men were nearly all there, for it was expected that a certain Miss S., then visiting a married sister, and lately come from an Eastern city, would help the singing. She was a young "school-marm," perhaps a trifle over-dressed for the occasion, but evidently refined in manners and education, and, withal, good looking. Of course she was the observed of those more intent on passing objects of beauty than their prayers, and she appeared well satisfied with her position. At this distance of time I could not describe her dress, but everyone, I believe, noticed her gold watch and long, small gold chain, such as was then worn. The elder gave out the first hymn and the tune, and as usual commenced himself alone, expecting the congregation to join. Scarcely had he reached the end of the first line when Miss S. poured forth her melodious voice, almost drowning the feeble voices accustomed to join in the singing. All but a few envious people enjoyed the sacred song. After a somewhat lengthy prayer, the elder commenced his discourse without notes. It was a warm day, in midsummer, the windows open to their fullest extent, and there being in the piazza of the next house a fine canary bird, scarcely fifty feet distant from the school-house, and as usual the bird appeared desirous of rivaling our music, and poured forth his song with all his force. Suddenly the elder stopped in his sermon apparently to listen to the bird—a long pause. We waited, expecting he would resume the thread of his discourse, but after waiting a long time the elder exclaimed: "Listen to the beautiful song-bird and learn a lesson. He obeys the command, 'Let every one that hath breath praise the Lord.'" The elder appeared to have taken that for a new text; he dwelt on the power or privilege of birds to manifest their joy, the instinct of all creation to praise their Creator in joyous music, and then in sorrow the preacher compared mankind with the feathered fowl, dwelling on the base ingratitude of Christians demanding pay for the privilege of singing praise to Him who gave them their voice. The arrow from this uneducated servant of God flew to its mark. I observed the wounded Miss S. wiping away the tears, and as soon as the preacher had finished his discourse she, with a nervous, hasty step, walked to the desk, and kneeling down with the eyes of all on her she exclaimed, looking up to heaven: "Heavenly Father, I have sinned," and, presenting the watch and chain to the elder, said, "take the wages I have received for singing at church, and what more I have had I will restore four-fold." She retired to her seat. The act was so sudden it surprised us all. The elder, with admirable coolness, took the offering, and, looking on the congregation, proclaimed aloud: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Brethren and sisters, let us join in thanks that God, in His infinite goodness, condescends to teach us. His children, our duty by the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields!" He then closed with a sweet, tender prayer for all mankind.

I am not yet prepared to approve or condemn this public demonstration of the wounded feelings of Miss S. It became a common subject of conversation for that Sabbath day at least. I remember that scarcely two viewed it alike. Such remarks as these I remember hearing: "The arch hypocrite played her part with skill. It is not her first performance. The paltry watch and chain she will get again; it was her bid for a beau." "It was a put-up job," and "I was disgusted with such clap-trap."

Others expressed themselves approvingly. One was completely carried away, and declared that Hannah never painted a Magdalen or the Virgin whose countenance revealed the wrapped devotion, the contrition exhibited by Miss S. I distinctly remember the remark of our Solon: "Gentlemen, you have all seen what you looked for; to the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, to the froward thou wilt show thyself froward."

FARMERS and property-owners should bear in mind that they are required by law to cut Canada thistles on their properties before they go to seed. They are finable for the neglect, and the complainant is entitled to a part of the fine.