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THE NEWSPAPER ENGLISH OF THE FUTURE.

Picked up a paper here to-day, and, by my conscience, I must say that they do write in the funniest way.

Some time ago, over my cup, went sound asleep—just woke up; must have been—well, let me see—Eighteen hundred sixty-three. Cows came along—bells would tinkle—Roused me up—a second old Winkle; fell asleep by their wayside, Nine and thirty years ago.

About that paper? I was struck All in a heap, sir; just my luck! Miss Susan Smiller will *obviate* Next Thursday evening, I stood mute; Never, in all my life, had heard Of such an outlandish, barbarous word. Eloquent? Eloquent, I declare! I bit my whiskers and pulled my hair; Looked in my Webster, it wasn't there. Gave the thing up in wild despair; Said to myself—'It's mighty queer.'

Pretty near choked myself with rage; Paper set forth on another page— Wonderful piece of local news— "People 'tween us are going to *enthus*." And then this thing gets worse and worse— "To-morrow the citizens *enthus*."

"July Fourth, happy to state Folks are all going to *enthus*." Think I'd better shut up shop— "Mr. A. B. is a *philanthrop*!" And then, look here, why be *trused* my eyes, What in the world is that? I declare! Eyes of mine, can you be *trused*? "Coal-oil factory all *combusted*!" "Circumstances *enthus*!" "Mexican Empire *revoluted*!" "And since the days I went to school, What sort of a thing's a '*perpendicular*'?"

Reading along, why, bless my fate, Here's a man who's going to *enthus*. Why, what on earth's this paper about? I'll go stark mad if I don't find out. Most be French, and yet I know I never heard of the word till now. Folding the paper, undecided, Bless me, some one's *homicided*. Oh, my heavens, show to me The good old English of '63.

Laid down the paper right away, For, by my conscience, I must say That they do write in the funniest way. —N. Y. Graphic.

SCENES IN A MADHOUSE.

A Talk with a Billionaire—A Greeting from the King of Ireland—A Young Man Who Thinks he Can't Put a Suspension Bridge Across the Atlantic—The Violent Maniacs.

"Here you will see the people who own the world and everything in it." This is what Dr. Troutman, of Ward's Island, told me as he led me to the first ward of the insane asylum on Wednesday not long ago. Dr. Troutman is the assistant superintendent there, and he was very polite to me. The doctor put a polished brass key into the big oak door, and, admitting me into a long corridor with a floor scrubbed until it shone like wax, quietly locked the door again and dropped the key into his pocket. Groups of men, nearly all dressed alike in grayish clothes, were walking about aimlessly. Some were talking to their fingers in an animated fashion; others were having an earnest debate with the blank wall; two were talking to each other simultaneously, but what in the world they said I couldn't make out. An orderly in a blue uniform walked about among them. Two keys dangled below his waistcoat. They were fastened to a stout cord tied around his waist. This was done to prevent the patients from taking the keys from the orderly to use as weapons. What particularly struck me as I surveyed the strange scene was that nearly all the lunatics had high foreheads. It forcibly impressed me with the truth of the saying of a certain anonymous modern philosopher, that it requires the possession of brains to become a lunatic.

"These men," the doctor said to me, "are the paralytics. There is no hope for them. Their disease is fatal. It is general paralysis. Here you see, for example, one of our billionaires."

The doctor stopped to shake hands with a little man with a thoughtful look.

"Yes, yes," he cried, in an animated tone, "I'm worth just one hundred thousand millions of dollars, and the fortune is increasing day after day."

"You see," remarked the doctor, in a kindly tone, "our friend here is laboring under one singular disadvantage. He possesses all this vast wealth, and yet a power holds him back so that he can't get it. But he is perfectly happy in the consciousness that it is increasing steadily. Every yacht that passes here he will tell you is his, and all the vast shipping of the ocean is operated in his interest."

The lunatic gazed at the doctor with a look of real gratitude, and shook hands heartily with me as we passed on, stopping now and then to note other interesting examples of mental hallucination.

"How old are you to-day, my friend?" the doctor asked one patient with a strikingly prominent forehead.

"Now, it's difficult to estimate that," said the patient with a smile. "My methods are different from the ordinary world's. I have been here long, very long. I find by careful computation that I am three times the circumference of the world."

"But I am the Spirit of God," cried another, running up lest we should miss him. "Don't forget that, please. All the women of the world are my wives. I am going to have more, too. I have lived thousands of years as a spirit. I can see you all, but you can't see me. I have wings and I fly through the air seeking to better the condition of mortals. Yes, yes, we're having a beautiful day, a beautiful day, but not half so beautiful as the Spirit of the Good. I wish you farewell," and he ran off.

A brooding lunatic caught me by the hand as we passed further on by the neat and airy rooms. "How do you do? how do you do?" he cried heartily. "You are my old friend. You see I am King of Prussia now and you are all my subjects."

"Who else are you to-day?" inquired the doctor, patting the patient on the back encouragingly.

"Ah! yes, the King of Ireland, too." "And something else?" "The Rock of Truth." "Now, what else are you to-day?" The lunatic appeared annoyed. He frowned and exclaimed: "The King of Prussia, King of Ireland, and the Rock of Truth; for pity's sake, ain't that enough for one day?"

We went to the opposite end of the ward, and the doctor turned and bid the patients all good day, and they returned his salutes courteously, all smiling and full of glee. They opened the door, and locked it behind him carefully and quickly.

"They will all be that way until they die," he said, as we were ascending the stone steps leading to another ward. "It is the happiest form of the disease. They gradually lose all control of themselves, so far as the power to talk and walk and think is concerned. Then they die. Life goes out like a flickering candle. The next ward will show you types of what are known as chronic cases. They, too, have hallucinations."

We went through the ward as before. One of the most interesting patients was a young man whose brain had got tangled up hopelessly about the Brooklyn Bridge. He consumes an amazing quantity of foolscap paper and lead pencil daily figuring out his plans for bridging the Atlantic by a suspension bridge. He will sit down and demonstrate its possibility by figures whenever a visitor will listen.

Another patient was an elderly man, who had once been a professor in Columbia College. Since he has been in the asylum he has written a work on art, and is now daily occupied on a text book on the calculus. The ex-professor talked with perfect clearness and sanity upon learned subjects, but he was possessed with the idea that both the doctor and myself were what he called dogs in the manger, and keeping him from his freedom.

A one-legged patient seemed overjoyed when he caught sight of me. He bowed low, held out his hand, and cried: "Ha! welcome to our home." The next instant the man was hopping up and down the corridor in his one rubber boot, frantically waving a pair of crutches. He seemed in a delirium of delight, but it was not over pleasant to watch his antics. The doctor waited until he had locked the door behind him and we were once more upon the stairway, and then said:

"That man is shod with rubber because he has an unpleasant habit of kicking people. He killed his father-in-law in a fit of frenzy and has been here ever since."

As we continued our journey each succeeding case presented features of more and more violent mania. It was getting decidedly uncomfortable and it needed the doctor's cool, unconcerned demeanor and the presence of orderlies to keep the spirits from sinking. The lunatics crowded around me with an eagerness and interest that was absolutely oppressive in its strain upon my nerves. I shall never forget the terrible glare of their restless, glittering eyes. One man fastened his eyes upon me the moment I entered and never took them off while I remained in the ward. He followed me everywhere, and I could feel his eyes almost, even when my back was turned to him. Before we left this ward the doctor went to a workshop in an alcove of the corridor and displayed rugs, mats and brooms. The workmanship was very good, indeed.

"The lunatics make all these themselves," said he. "It gives them relief to have occupation. The rugs are made from bits of their own old clothes. They use knives to cut the brooms with. We allow them knives to work with."

I breathed easier when the door was locked on the lunatics.

By the time we had been through seven or eight wards I had seen all of the insanity I wanted to see. The remembrance of it will last for years. I begged to be excused from further sightseeing.

"You have not seen the really violent cases," said the doctor quietly. "In one of the upper wards we have to go along the wall sideways and keep our eyes upon the lunatics, lest they should steal up behind us unawares and strike us. It is a life of constant watchfulness on our part. The patients sometimes secrete the spoons they are given to eat with. Then they grind the handle down to a fine edge when they get into the cells. A spoon becomes a very ugly dagger after this operation. We can never tell when a patient will be seized with a homicidal mania. Three physicians were killed here within a year. The physicians never carry arms. We all carry whistles and blow them when attacked. The orderlies come to our aid at the alarm. No one is ever allowed to use violence toward the patients. Some months ago a patient seized my hand with his teeth and tried to bite it off. I only saved myself from severe injury by pressing his head back and holding my hand against his teeth until the orderly came to my assistance."

When I had got back once more to the office the doctor said:

"We are receiving more and more patients here every week. As civilization advances it is found that insanity increases. Some of the queerest things the mind of man ever could conceive of get into the twisted brains of these unhappy people. They are truly to be pitied."

I looked out at that moment upon the rather pleasing prospect that forms a picture which the lunatics may watch from the corridor windows. Twenty or thirty men were busy with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows laying a new pathway along the green sward.

"We let them work as you see," continued the doctor. "These men are all inmates, but they are the quieter patients."

Afterward I saw the types I had left behind all duplicated in the Emigrant Asylum on another part of the Island. In one part female lunatics were confined. To get to the asylum I had to pass the lunatics at work on the walk. I made the journey in time which I felt would do credit to a professional pedestrian. I didn't stop to view the scenery.

"You were foolish to be frightened," said Mr. Peck, the Superintendent. "By exhibiting fear or uneasiness you give a lunatic an immense advantage over you. If you look them straight in the eye and show by your bearing that you mean to have no nonsense, you can control them. They are really very cowardly."

"Yes," said another official, "in an outbreak of massed men I would rather face the lunatics here than the men over there at the Penitentiary. The lunatics lack concentration of purpose. If one becomes violent and attacks a keeper, it is a hundred to one that the others will fall to and help the keeper." While the keeper was talking I heard that a quiet, inoffensive, melancholic patient had nearly cut his head off with an old razor he found in a heap of rags in a cellar. I waited for no more, but started for the Commissioners' boat. The last view of lunacy I got was the spectacle of a grinning man, who shouted good-by to me over the wide expanse of a huge necktie, on which he had fastened the brass cover of a square inkstand which had an agate set in its center.

As I got in the elevated cars, homeward bound, two white-haired eags with very intellectual faces sat down opposite me, and by a singular coincidence began to discuss the proposition that the white human race is composed simply of the victims of hallucination.

"Why," said one to the other, "there are philosophers who assert that people who think they live are deluded. The idea that there is any such thing as life is simply a wild flight of the imagination."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Diogenes, when he joined me at supper and I told him what the man said, "that philosopher is more or less correct. We are all crazy on some things. I have seen a man who saw three Kings get mad. It is notorious that plumbers' bills drive people crazy. Careful students have also found that women are crazy on the subject of dress. But we'll not discuss that, for the lodge meets to-night and I must go at once."

That is the kind of lunacy I have to put up with seven days in the week. Oh, yes, if it really requires brains to make a man a bona-fide lunatic, nature has saved Mr. Diogenes all danger of ever becoming the inmate of an asylum. —Mrs. Diogenes, in N. Y. Sun.

A Chapter on the Newly Married.

After the honeymoon is over, in which each lives in the seventh heaven of bliss, and is blind to all outward surroundings, there comes a day when the mere matter-of-fact duties begin, and they settle down to the realities of life. The habits, the manners and the tempers are things that neither knows anything about in the other, and that which was long concealed in an engagement for months is quickly revealed in the close relationship of married life. Some little habit that the bachelor or maiden has formed rasps to rawness the nerves of the other, and the determination on either side to break the other of the fault only chafes and frets both without attaining the object. He thinks that home life should fill their every thought. She thinks a little society and gaiety would be preferable. He is tired when he comes home at night, tired of seeing people, tired of talking to them; he has been in a whirl all day. She has moped by herself through the same long hours in the love of a cottage; that seemed so poetic to talk about, or has spent a cheerless winter day in her room at their boarding house, and is only kept from downright rebellion by the thought that when "Charlie" comes home they will go to the theater, or to see "ma." Then there is disappointment on both sides. She thinks he is "real mean" because he does not indorse her plans, and he thinks she is downright silly to wish to leave such a cozy fireside and such a comfortable little home place for any other spot on earth.

She has always found her "I wills" and "I won'ts" the law and the gospel, and then chances to one Charlie yields to her imperial highness, and is forever after a hen-pecked husband. But if that same Charlie is wise, and can convince his "little wife" without wounding her, he has forever won, not only her heart, but her judgment; and she looks up to and respects him for his firmness.

It is very seldom the case that the first months of married life are the happiest and it takes a big stock of love and good sense to launch a couple over the breakers into a smooth, open, matrimonial sea. The faults that are discovered, the weaknesses that are shown, the foibles that are betrayed, can only be met with forbearance, if a pair hope for a blissful future; then every after year confirms their oneness of heart, of sympathy and of purpose, and any couple of this kind long married will tell you they are happier after all those years than they were the day they were married. —Detroit Post and Tribune.

In the little village of Milton, less than a score of miles from Boston, stands the old house where, about 1800, Benjamin Crebore completed the first piano constructed in America. —Boston Post.

Railroad Traveling in Europe.

The first thing that is likely to strike an American traveling for the first time in Europe, as being especially peculiar, is the marked difference in the railroads and their management, as compared with ours at home. The cars are much smaller than ours, being but little larger than those used on our narrow-gauge roads. Each car is divided into four or five compartments seating from four to eight passengers. These compartments are entered from the sides of the cars, and are entirely separated from each other. After one gets used to the change, it is quite a pleasant way to travel. Especially is this true if four or five friends are traveling together; they can usually have a section to themselves, and this is decidedly pleasant, as we have already found. With a well-filled lunch basket a day's travel in one of these rooms, with a couple of friends, is very enjoyable indeed. You have the same privacy and seclusion that you would enjoy in your own home.

On the whole, traveling here is much cheaper than it is in America. First-class tickets are sold at about three cents per mile; second-class, two cents; third-class, one and a quarter cents; fourth-class, at about three-fourths of a cent. There is but little difference between the first and second-class compartments, both being very nicely upholstered, and quite comfortable. The third-class has comfortable seats, but they are not upholstered, and the fourth class is without seats. The second and third-class cars are the more largely patronized, very few going first-class. I have noticed many seemingly well-to-do people go into the fourth-class cars. Many who go fourth-class carry with them camp stools, while others stand up during the entire journey. The cars run at about the same rate of speed that we are used to at home, perhaps a trifle slower, but there is not a noticeable difference in this respect.

There are also sleeping-cars (Senlaf-wagen, as they are called here) attached to the night trains.

Great care and caution is to be prevented accidents; especially is this the case in the country where the public roads across the railroad track. At every one of the crossings a guard is stationed, whose duty it is to open the highway when any one wishes to ride or drive across the railroad. At all other times it is kept closed, and is only opened when there is no danger from an approaching train. People in Germany are not killed on railroad crossings.

The same care extends to every department of the road. At the depots, ropes are stretched along the side of the platform to prevent any one from being thrown under an incoming train. No one is allowed to pass immediately in front of an engine when it is standing at the depot. These and many other precautions are taken that it might be well for American railroads to import and adopt. —Cor. Chicago Journal.

Convict Photographs.

The convict who has to pose for his portrait is, of course, as well aware as the operators of the purpose for which it is required. It is one which, assuming that the rascal has no present intention to abandon the crooked path and walk in the straight, can be no other than inimical to his future welfare. His study, therefore, is to make it as little like him as possible. To manage this, he need not seek to disguise his nature; an expression of countenance by extravagant contortions. Were he to resort to such flagrant device he would jeopardize his accumulated good conduct money, and after all be compelled to do what was required of him. But it is easy to assume a joyous smile—the delightful prospect of speedy release sufficiently accounts for it—quite foreign to his visage, to project the under jaw a little, or purse the lips, or, as though lost in innocent wonderment as to what on earth they were taking his likeness for, the convict may, without exciting suspicion, so raise his eyebrows as for the time to completely do away with the scowl that is his natural wear.

There are a dozen similar tricks, which, judiciously practiced, will answer the purpose. That it is an artifice commonly, if not invariably resorted to, is notorious. From time to time I have had opportunities of narrowly comparing dozens of recently-executed convict photographs with the originals, and I can positively say that in no more than one instance in six is the resemblance so unmistakable as to leave no room for doubt. Indeed, it would seem that the prison authorities themselves are alive to the desirability of strengthening the photographic evidence of identity, for of late the convict's right hand appears in the picture as conspicuously as his face. With fingers, spread, it is laid, knuckles outward, on the man's breast, and, seen in that prominent position, any peculiarity that may characterize the limb is apparent at a glance. At first thought, there may appear to be not much in this, but it is an ascertained fact that if a hundred hard-working right hands were closely examined, there would be found no two passably alike. Apart from such disfigurements as enlarged knuckles, the effect of rheumatism or accidental injury, or crooked fingers, or scars, there is almost certain to exist some distinguishing natural peculiarity—an unusually thick thumb or fingers, or an exceptionally broad or narrow palm. A man may alter the expression of his features, but his faithfully photographed hand will bear witness against him more reliably than even his handwriting. —London Telegraph.

The average in Texas is one hanging to thirty murders. —Chicago Herald.

Promises.

One of the proverbs of the people, which is as old as the hills, and seems destined to survive for generations to come, says that "promises, like pie crust, are made to be broken." Such really seems to be the case as the world now wags. If "hell is paved with good intentions," the earth and sky might be said to be scrooled all over with broken promises. Men and women generally are a promising set, and all sorts of promises are extorted with little effort. Promises commence with the cradle and end with the grave. In the nursery children first begin to learn faithfulness of humanity, by the promises which are made and violated by their parents. The promised reward for meritorious conduct fails to come and the child grows indifferent as to future conduct. The promised chastisement is not administered, and the youngster grows bolder in disregard of parental authority, and reaches out after new license in the paths of disobedience and folly. The youth is said to be a "promising young man" who recklessly runs in debt, and constantly meets his creditors with flimsy excuses and promises, which he does not expect to fulfill. If the law of the land holds contracts as sacred, the social law, which seeks the highest good of the community, should also endeavor to enforce the sacredness of promises. Good faith between man and man can only be secured by solemnly and faithfully adhering to the sanctity of promises.

It is true that some promises are better broken than kept, but against such silly and meaningless promises, or wicked and unprincipled pledges, men and women should beware. The greatest interest of our political and social fabric call for thorough and sweeping reform in this direction, but while mankind is so full of folly and feible, so prone to err, it looks as if it might be hoping against hope to expect that a universal era of good faith will come in our day. But we are progressive creatures, and improvements in manners and customs, if they come late, are better than those which come not at all. People had better make no promises than to break those which should be kept. The politician may further his schemes by pledges known to be false, and men in general may secure temporary gain by deceit and fraud, but in the long run truth and candor will pay best. Many an efficient business man has been ruined by the infidelity of those to whom he entrusted his interests. Many a heart has been broken and many a life prospect darkened through treachery and falsehood. It is not necessary to success and happiness that the world should produce a rich crop of idle babblers, but it is necessary, whether man be a creature of many or few words, that he be faithful and just in the matter of his promises. Good men often suffer in character and interest through the faithlessness of so-called friends. Words are never more fully and wisely spoken than when uttered in the interests of candor and truth. —Columbus (Ga.) Sun.

Mr. Brick's Lunch Can.

Somebody got at Mr. Brick's lunch-can awhile ago and cooked onions in it, and as he can't endure that vegetable he got the notion that he never could get the taste out of the can, and so he threw it away. Mr. Brick is the baggage-master on a train, and he had the can made for him and his address put upon it. When he got back from work the day he threw the can away, he found that one of the neighbor's children had picked it up and returned it. He appreciated the kindness of the child, but took the can and chucked it into another neighbor's garden. In half an hour that neighbor sent it home. Then he determined to get rid of it anyhow, and he took it to the depot next day and threw it into the freight-depot.

Then he went into the depot for a minute, and on returning to his car found some one had picked up the can, and left it for him. Quite exasperated, he chucked it into an empty car that was being hauled away toward Chicago and he didn't see it again until the next day, when it arrived in an express package on which he had to pay seventy-five cents. Then he tore around religiously, and tied it to a dog's tail and the dog ran off with it, and this was an unlucky move, for half an hour later the dog's owner brought the can back and tried to thrash Mr. Brick for abusing his dog, the result being arrest and fine. Then Brick was thoroughly aroused, and he took the can and sank it off a dock. The next day when he entered his car there stood something done up in paper that he knew to be his can, and he kicked it sixty feet into the air, and had to pay thirty dollars for the valuable bird in the cage.

Then he felt sure that he was rid of the thing, but a diver happened to find it and got thumped on the head for returning it. Then Brick took the can home, and at night filled it with dynamite and exploded it. The people in the neighborhood, who were violently hurried from their beds by the noise, were quite indignant, and when they found out what caused it they attempted to tar and fessher Brick, and he had to pay a heap for repairing the windows wrecked. And to add to his horror he found he had taken, instead of the can he detested, a new one, and he was about wild, and concluded that he never should get rid of the thing. But one day he induced some one to borrow it, and he has never seen it since. —Germantown Telegraph.

The first train stuck in the snow this season was on the Burlington & Lamoille Railroad in Vermont. —Rutland Herald.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will build twelve acres of shops in Glenwood, five miles from Pittsburgh. —Pittsburgh Post.

The vibrations of machinery on upper floors are said to be entirely stopped by the introduction of a piece of rubber between the base of the machine and the floor.

Paper gas pipes are the pipes of the future. They are cheaper, more durable, and being poor conductors of heat and cold the gas is far less likely to freeze. —N. Y. Herald.

Herr Krupp, of Essen, has taken out a patent on a flat-headed artillery projectile. It tapers slightly at the butt, and not only pierces the plates more easily than the pointed kind, which are apt to deflect when striking iron at certain angles, but it is calculated to hit the iron-clads below the water line.

It is thought that the earliest patent in the United States was that granted by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Samuel Winslow, who had a method of manufacturing salt. "None are to make this article," said the patent, "except in a manner different from his, provided he set up his works within a year." —Boston Transcript.

The Scientific American describes the method by which the great cables of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Suspension Bridge was lately repaired. When a defective piece of wire was found it was cut out and a new piece of wire nicely spliced in so as to bear the strain it ought to sustain and no more. When the wires were renewed the whole was coated with linsed oil and then with white lead.

In a paper read before the London Society of Arts some interesting particulars are given as to the savings effected by science in various industries. Amongst others it is related that whereas the outside and inside husks of silk cocoons used to be considered useless and thrown away, they are now considered of great value, and in the United States alone from 2,000 to 3,000 bales of "waste silk" are used up annually at a value of over \$1,000,000.

A book-binder and paper-ruler of New London, Conn., has added one of the most ingenious little pieces of labor-saving machinery of recent invention to his very complete workshop. It is a wire-stitching machine, which with one motion of a lever forms a rectangular staple, drives the end through the leaves to be bound, and clinches them on the under side. The wire is coiled upon a wooden bobbin with a spring tension, and is otherwise regulated by an automatic movable arm which seizes the required length and feeds it to the outters with an accuracy and precision of movement that can not be equaled by the most experienced craftsman. —Hartford Post.

PITH AND POINT.

Adam is said to be the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way his mother used to cook."

A man confessed that he married his wife because she was a good carver. That's the kind of a help meet every man wants. —The Household.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. —Pope.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks. —Dr. O. W. Holmes.

A Western paper says "silk kerchiefs knotted around the neck will be much worn this season." The West is getting very nice about such matters. Not long since a rope was thought to be good enough. —Philadelphia Call.

Another chair that came over in the Mayflower in 1620 has been discovered. This makes the 246,784th. They must have considerably crowded the 675,092 cradles and the 401,831 spinning wheels that came over in the same vessel. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Of the new Post-office building in Detroit, the Press says: "Some say that there will be a bellify with a bell in it, and that the bell will ring whenever there is a letter for anybody; but such statements are roorbacks set afloat to influence the next election."

If at any time you desire the wind to change suddenly, take a pan of ashes, go into the back yard, and, facing the direction that you desire the wind to blow from, quickly empty your pan. All who have ever tried this rule have never found it to fail. —White Hall (N. Y.) Times.

One of the latest bits of society news is that a Nob Hill family will be taboored in first circles this season, because, at a recent dinner given by the family, one of the items on the menu was boiled onions, printed in English. This is the most flagrant social offense that has been committed in San Francisco since 1849. —San Francisco Post.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual. "Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?" "Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion into your head?" "Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said." —Philadelphia Call.