THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

KATIE'S KISSES.

To "Katie Rattle I said: "It's a taste
Cv thim lips that I'd have, an' indade
They belong to me now wid yerself,
An' so purty for kissin' were made."

But she answered an' could me, wid eyes
That no star in the sky could eclipse:
"An' it's thrue they belong to yerself,
Sure how 'od ye kiss yer own lips?"

"Just as easy," I cried, "as to spake,
An' easier nor honey. The sun
Is powlder by far." But she cooed
The like av it couldn't be done.

Then I offered the coxcomb to restore
Wid a soul, sir, as thrue as the day!
But she said: "I 'od never take back
What once I had given away."

"An' I'll find ye the loan av 'em, dear,"
I replied; but was infinite scorn
She axed, "Did I think that her lips
Were made fur to rint or to pawn?"

This I sez just—quite as a stone,
An' niver a word did I say
Till Katie, coaxing like, pouted her lips
(Och, the rogue!) in a raytishin' way,

An' wid dimples to timpt all the saints,
An' wid blushes way up to her brow,
As soft as an angel she spake: "O! ye like
To be kindly, the loan av 'em now."

TOO MUCH FOR HUNGRY JOE.

The Prince of Confidence Men Swindled by a Cow-Boy.

A few weeks ago a man arrayed in store clothes, a slouch hat and blue spectacles registered at a fashionable hotel on Broadway as B. Ashley, of Abilene, Kan. The stranger had just come in by the Western express from Chicago on the Erie Road. His garments were the product of a ready-made clothing store in Abilene, and they added slightly to his general bucolic appearance. His hands and face were tanned, he walked with the parenthetical gait of one whose legs had been curved by years spent in the saddle, and his bearing was in other respects indicative of the wild Western borderman. Mr. Ashley speedily developed other tendencies of the prairie type. He insisted upon going out for exercise on horseback every morning shortly after daybreak, and upon these occasions he employed his own rawhide bridle and his well-worn Mexican saddle, which had formed a part of his luggage. His accent was a peculiar blending of English and Western types of speech. He had weak eyes and was in consultation with a prominent physician here, while stopping for a month in New York on his way to Europe to put himself under the care of the most eminent oculists abroad. Mr. Ashley seemed to have very little occupation beyond horseback riding at unearthly hours of the morning, visiting his man of medicine in the afternoon, and lounging about the immense and richly-gilded rotunda of the hotel in the evening. He was bountifully supplied with cash, and he expended it with considerable liberality. He smoked a good deal, but drank little, because his doctor had objected to one habit and absolutely forbidden the other, by reason of its effect on the patient's eyes. Many people about the hotel drank at the expense of Mr. Ashley, but he seldom indulged himself in more cheering beverages than lemonade and vichy.

One day Mr. Ashley strolled through the lobby of the hotel in the company of a young man whose face is well known to the regular promenaders of Broadway. This young man is always faultlessly dressed and clean shaven. He has prominent features and peculiarly thin and compressed lips. He lives handsomely and always has plenty of cash. With his new-found companion, Mr. Ashley, the wear-eyed child of the guileless West, occupied a seat in the bar-room for some little time. Upon this occasion Mr. Ashley departed from his usual custom sufficiently to assist in the liberal absorption of champagne. When his Broadway friend went away, Mr. Ashley sauntered again through the office of the hotel. He was beckoned by one of the clerks.

"Mr. Ashley, how long since you have been in New York?" queried the gentleman behind the diamond stud.

"Near eight year," responded that uninformed gentleman. "Never was here afore, and never since."

"Do you know the person who just left you?"

"Yes. Met him two nights ago at the Madison Square. I couldn't buy a seat, and he offered me one of his. Said his friend hadn't come, and he would be glad to accommodate a stranger; so we sat together. Seems to be a nice sort of a chap."

"I have no doubt of that," continued the clerk, with a slight air of superior knowledge, not unblended with sarcasm. "That young man is Hungry Joe, one of the most celebrated confidence operators in America."

"You don't say," drawled the Western man slowly, and with some astonishment. "Well, I'm darned."

He went thoughtfully away. That night the young man with the thin lips and the handsome clothes called for Mr. Ashley after dinner. As they came through the office the occidental innocent took out a large pocket-book filled to repletion with money, drew from its inner recesses about $600, and deposited the wallet, with the balance of its contents, in the hotel safe. His companion viewed this proceeding with a passive face but a gleaming eye, and the two went out together. Mr. Ashley returned to the hotel just in time to take his morning ride on horseback. He slept until about four in the afternoon. Then he drew $200 from his wallet and left.

"You are fully warned," observed the clerk, as he handed over the amount, "and it is your own fault if you lose any money to Hungry Joe."

"Correct," responded Mr. Ashley, stuffing the bills into his pocket.

His next appearance in the hotel was a little after midnight, and this time he put $300 away in the wallet, with the declaration that the New York sharps might be pretty stiff on bunko, but they were a little behind the times on draw poker. "In my country," he explained, "two deuces and a bowie will open a jack pot every time."

Mr. Ashley passed several days in quiet and seclusion. A full week went by before he drifted out again with his companion of the compressed lips. The next day after that he drew a round $1,000 from the safe, and seemed annoyed when the clerk smiled a broad and knowing smile. "No game ever phazed me," said Mr. Ashley, in a dogged way, "and a man who can hold up his end with cow-boys isn't going to be bested by any broadcloth brigade that was ever hatched." There was a lull of eight or ten days in the proceedings, and then Mr. Ashley drew another $1,000. A couple of days later he drew $850 more. That afternoon he went for a drive with his gentlemanly companion. His face had been suffused with sadness all the morning, but it was noticed that he seemed somewhat brighter on his return from the drive. That evening Hungry Joe and two of his well known Broadway companions spent several hours in earnest conversation with Mr. Ashley. That gentleman's weak eyes made it necessary for him to wear his broad hat well down over his forehead. When the three young men went away, the inverted shadow of a smile played about the mouth of the Western man. From the table at which they sat the three young fellows went straight to the telegraph office, where they sent the following dispatch:

Postmaster, Abilene, Kan:

Do you know Benjamin Ashley, cattle-raiser? Telegraph full particulars, my expense.

B. Dickson, Brower House, New York.

The reply was evidently in all respects satisfactory, and within two days Mr. Ashley received in his rooms at the hotel a visit from the three confidence operators and a lawyer, who is more or less celebrated in this city. The head porter of the hotel was called up into the room after the visitors had been there an hour or longer, and was requested to append his signature to a certain document in the capacity of a witness to the signing thereof. This done, and the papers signed by Mr. Ashley, a large sum of money was paid over by the gentleman with the thin lips, and the lawyer, with a roll of dollar bill out of the pile. The visitors slowly withdrew from the hotel, and Mr. Ashley deposited that night the sum of $14,000 cold cash in the office of the hotel. Two days afterward he took passage on a Cujon steamer for Liverpool, having explained to the hotel clerk that he had sold a half-interest in his Kansas cattle ranch to its friends, and that Hungry Joe, as he was called, had expressed a wish to retire from city life. Mr. Ashley was "seen off" by his enthusiastic New York acquaintances after the most approved style of the art. They toasted him right royally in "yellow labe," presented him with a big basket of flowers with the word "Farewell" in large blue letters across the center, and otherwise marked his departure with evidences of tender regard.

Mr. Ashley had been gone from the fashionable Broadway hotel precisely eleven days, when a tall man came in from a carriage that was loaded with trunks and steamer chairs and other appliances of ocean travel. He signed himself on the register, "Benjamin Ashley, London." The clerk looked up hurriedly as if to apologize for not recognizing his guest, then looked surprised, muttered a hasty word or two, and assigned the stranger a room, all in a confused and preoccupied way. This was apparently another Benjamin Ashley. He was tall and slender, and well dressed, and pale. But he spoke with a slightly Americanified English accent not unlike that of the other Benjamin Ashley. The clerk was pretty well posted, and that night he took good care to have the stranger's full name and address inserted in the list of arrivals published daily in a periodical devoted to that purpose and warmly patronized by the confidence fraternity. The clerk went on duty early the next day, and as he had fully expected, one of the first callers was the thin-lipped young man, who asked to have his name sent up to Mr. Ashley's room. Word came back that Mr. Ashley would see the gentleman in the drawing-room, and thither the clerk followed after a moment. Hungry Joe was sitting in a large arm-chair when the tall man from London came into the apartment. The New Yorker merely bestowed a passing glance on Mr. Ashley and looked away. The Englishman, however, seeing no one else excepting the clerk, advanced, courteously and said:

"Did you wish to see me? I am Mr. Ashley."

"Eh?" queried Hungry Joe, with a startled look. "You're not Mr. Benjamin Ashley?"

"Precisely."

"Not of Kansas?"

"Yes, of Abilene, Kan. How can I serve you?"

The thin lips of the confidence man were rather white by this time, and they were more firmly compressed than ever. He regarded the tall Englishmen in a dazed fashion for a few moments. Then he asked:

"Do you own a large cattle ranch thirty-five miles south of Abilene?"

"I believe I do. Why do you ask?"

"Been to Europe to have your eyes doctored?"

"Yes. I have been abroad four months. But, my young friend, these questions are rather odd. Please explain yourself."

"Odd!" echoed the Broadway man. "Well, I should think they were. If you are Benjamin Ashley, and you do own that ranch, the cleverest man in the country has given me a deal, that's all. Why, it ain't two weeks ago that me and two friends bought a half interest in that ranch, and, by George! the man who sold us stopped in this same hotel."

Mr. Ashley seemed rather astonished by this information, and beckoned the clerk, who had been listening to their conversation quite intently. That individual gave a careful description of the previous Mr. Ashley, and the New York sharper told how he had won some $3,250 from the man, who was on his way to Europe for the benefit of his eyes. He had represented himself as the owner of the Ashley ranch, and at his request the speaker had telegraphed the Abilene Postmaster, who had replied, giving details as to the property, which is valued at about $35,000, and had added that Mr. Ashley himself had gone abroad for medical treatment. The man had represented that he wanted to make certain expenditures in Europe, and that his card losses would prevent unless he could dispose of an interest in his ranch. He produced deeds to establish his ownership, and they seemed satisfactory even to the lawyers. Thinking he had a chance to get $25,000 worth of material for $14,000 the victim had taken two friends in with him, and by clubbing together they had raised the necessary amount.

"Really," observed the Englishman, when the recital was finished, "I am very sorry for you, but you have unquestionably been swindled. For my part I shall not have the slightest difficulty in establishing my identity. As to your friend, the bogus Mr. Ashley, he is probably one of my cow-boys, Henry Barnes by name. The description certainly fits that person. He came to the ranch—let me see—about fourteen months ago and asked for a place. Now I remember he wasn't much like the other boys, but I needed more help, and I took him on. He may have been in hiding for some crime, for all I know. But on the plains we can scarcely go into such matters. He did his work all right, and seemed rather more refined than his companions, though he tried to conceal it. I heard once or twice from my men that he played a very cold hand at poker."

"He does," said Hungry Joe, mournfully.

"He was an expert penman, now I come to think of it, and he did some work of that sort for me. He was still there when I came away."

"And that's the cuss who got off to Europe with my money, hang him," burst in the defrauded confidence operator, angrily. "What's worse, he went away full of my champagne, and smelling of my basket of flowers. That man's an infernal swindler, that's what he is."—*N. Y. Times.*

The Opera.

What is this?
This, darling, is the opera.
My! but who are all these people?
The audience, my love.
But they seem to be bored to death.
They are, dear.
Then why do they come?
To be looked at.
Gracious, is that a pleasure?
Yes, precious.
Why, how?
Why! the privilege costs about ten dollars an hour.
Then only rich people can afford it?
Only the immensely rich, dear.
But I see there a young man who is not immensely rich.
Yes.
How can he afford it, then?
Dress! he dresses tolerably well.
How "indirectly?"
Why, he will eventually make his tailog foot the bill.
Those funny people on the stage—
Sh! dear—they are singing.
Singing what?
A duet.
Why do they doet?
Hush, darling.
Are they unwell?
Why no, my precious!
Then why does that queer little gentleman with the short trousers and in sword throw himself around as if he were suffering from green watermelon.
Because he is a tenor.
Why is he called a tenor?
He charged tenor fifteen dollars a minute for his work.
And the other—the lady with vocal hysterics?
She's the prima donna.
Is she singing, too?
O yes.
But neither of these people have any notes?
Yes, they have.
Where?
In their pockets.
Can they sing without these notes?
Yes, they can, but they won't.
Is not the poor manager a great philanthropist to bring all these people together and pay them so much?
O, yes.
We should thank the poor manager very heartily.
Of course.
We should be willing to pay him any sum he chooses to ask, shouldn't we?
Certainly, dear.
He is so disinterested.
Very, my love.
We should likewise be very grateful to that excited little gentleman with the ebony stick, who looks like he were flapping his wings and trying to crow?
Yes.
He often succeeds in quite drowning the prima donna in a torrent of fiddling?
Yes, dear—that is his business.
These people in the boxes seem to very tired.
Very.
They are trying very hard not to listen.
Yes, sweet.
But I thought people went to the opera to hear the music?
That was in the dark ages, love.
What is music?
Music is a harmonious combination or succession of certain sharps, flats and naturals.
What is a sharp?
A sharp, my dear, is a—well, do you remember that gentleman we passed in the lobby, with the buttery smile and corpulent pocket-book?
Why, that was the manager.
Yes, my sweet.
Well?
He is a sharp.
And what are flats?
Look in the baghnores and see the stockholders.
And a natural?
The young man you spoke of who spent his little all for a seat.
He is a natural what?
Idiot.—*Life.*

The Lesson of Peter Cooper's Life.

The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem: "Is life worth living?"

Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worth caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he were usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstances, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, "the wisdom of innocence," often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception.

So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy and contented. With "honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends," he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt.—*Mrs. Carter, in the Century.*

—It was only four years ago that Chester P. Lord was a reporter on the New York *Sun*. Then he was made night editor, getting a salary of $40 a week. About six months afterward he was given $100 a week. Now he is editorial manager of the paper at $10,000 a year. When Mr. Dana retires, which must be soon, he will succeed to $15,000 a year. We throw these facts out as a little pointer to the public in their estimate of newspaper men.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Jones asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Appearance and Daily Life of the Pope.

One of our correspondents has had a conversation with Rev. Philip Barry, Canon of the Cashel Cathedral. The Canon spoke as follows: "Leo XIII. is now seventy-four years of age. He is tall, thin and bony. His face is of an ivory tint, and his eyes and lips are very expressive and smiling. He looks very firm. Simeon says he resembles Voltaire, but Leo XIII.'s smile is totally different to Voltaire's smile. The Pope wears his age well and walks remarkably straight. He has snow-white hair and very finely marked eyebrows. His eyes are wonderfully intelligent-looking, and his voice is extremely harmonious. He speaks several languages as well as any professor of languages. He never says a foolish thing nor does a foolish thing, like poor Pius IX., whose policy was fatal to the Pope's temporal power. He rises very early, and spends the first hours of the day in prayer and generally in his bed-room. At six o'clock he says mass. At eight o'clock he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate, reading his correspondence with christ[illegible]. At nine o'clock he receives Jacobini and the chiefs of religious societies. At noon he receives those Roman patriarchs who have remained true to him and the Embassadors.

"At one o'clock he dines, his dinner rarely costing more than two francs, or half a dollar." "And he keeps so many cooks!" said the correspondent. "He is obliged to keep up appearances," answered the canon. "Once upon a time Popes were great eaters and drinkers, and were given to every kind of extravagance; but Leo XIII. is nothing of all this. After dinner he takes a little walk in the Vatican grounds, or he visits the museums, galleries, etc. Sometimes he is carried in a chair quilted with white satin. He is very fond of the garden, and likes to play the gardener at times. He frequently receives visitors in the garden, and talks of flowers to them to avoid other subjects. The first and second times I saw him he was in the garden. When I went with the pilgrims he was preceded by three noble guards, and at his side was Monsignor Macchi, his secret chamberlain. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a large red cloak. We were presented to him one by one. He looked at us and scrutinized us well. I saw he recognized me, but he treated me like the others—as if he saw me also for the first time. 'Are you all Irish?' he said; 'I am happy to receive the faithful of that nation!' He then looked again at us as if he would have read into our souls. 'Your Bishop,' he continued, 'brought me offerings from a people pressed with poverty.' Then seeing me still on my knees, he offered me his hand to rise me. 'I had thought,' he continued, 'that the offerings would have decreased; but it was not so. We live on charity (and here he smiled sadly) for all we had has been taken from us. Oh! these persecutions!' he cried with a loud voice. 'They purify us even when the heaven is pure and immaculate.' "I seem to see him now," said the canon. "His head looked like a relief in a blue sky. The sun was setting, and he[illegible] up to the sky as if [illegible] tion there, [illegible] 'that notwithstan[illegible] of anguish in Ireland, [illegible] full of people. May the Lord be pr[illegible] and blessed, and may my prayers bring peace on the people! Lord, hear our prayers and judge us!'

"He then blessed us, and the audience was finished. I have never seen so much power united to so much simplicity. At four o'clock the Pope resumes his official audiences in the Vatican. At seven o'clock only he takes a little rest, but at eight o'clock he returns to work in his private rooms, where he remains until ten o'clock, when he retires for the night."—*Il Capitan Fracassa.*

The Prince of Naples.

All boys and girls who have read recent Italian history are familiar with the name of Victor Emmanuel, who united the various States of Italy into one kingdom. As the Italians had long been hoping and praying for this union, they naturally regarded Victor Emmanuel as the savior of their country, and were much grieved when he died, in 1878. His son Humbert succeeded him on the throne, and he in time will be followed by his only son, the Prince of Naples, this title corresponding in Italy to the title of Prince of Wales in England.

The little Prince bears his grandfather's name, Victor Emmanuel, and was born November 11, 1869, in Naples, probably the most beautiful city of the whole world.

The young Prince spends his winters in Rome, and may be often seen driving on the Corso, the main street of the city. Were it not for the bright scarlet livery of the coachman, a stranger would not notice particularly the neatly and quietly-dressed boy, driving with a middle-aged gentleman. But the Romans all know and love the boyish face, raising their hats politely as the carriage passes, while the *Principino* (little Prince), as they call him, gracefully bows in acknowledgment of their courtesy.

At rare intervals he is seen driving with his mother, the beautiful and beloved Queen Margaret; but he is usually accompanied by his private tutor, a cultured and educated man, whose chief thought is to interest his young charge and improve his mind. They often drive by in earnest conversation, the Prince evidently asking questions about something he has seen in passing, and the tutor giving him all the information in his power. I am sure the gentleman is fully sensible of the great responsibility resting upon him, for upon him more than any other man depends the character of the next King of Italy, who will have grave matters to decide and momentous questions to settle. Judging from his face, I feel equally sure that the Principino himself thinks seriously of the importance of improving the present, in order that he may know how to rule his people with judgment and wisdom.

I give the following incident as it was related to me by the personal friend of an English peeress who was in the habit of attending the court receptions. She was at a private reception of the Queen, when the Principino came into the room and gave her a kiss of greeting. His mother told him it was rude not to ask permission to kiss a lady. The boy replied, archly: "Ah, mother, *English* ladies like to be kissed."

The Prince of Naples speaks the English language very well.—*Olive Mey Eager, in St. Nicholas.*

—"I know," said a little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."

Re-Appearance of the Comet of 1812.

On the 3d of September Mr. Brooks, of Phelps, New York, discovered a telescopic comet. Its advent was quickly made known to the scientific world, and it was described as round and faint, and having no tail. Its course was toward the earth, and it was hoped that it would become visible to the naked eye in two or three months. It was generally accepted as a new comet, making its first visit to the chime of the sun, and was known as comet Brooks, or comet *b* 1883.

Instead, however, of being a new comet, the comet is an old friend that made its first recorded visit in 1812, and is known as Pons' comet, from the name of the discoverer, or, more simply, as the comet of 1812. Encke, an astronomer of the time, found that the comet moved in an ellipse, with a probable period of nearly seventy-one years, so that its return was looked for about this [illegible].

The Rev. George Searle, of New York, was the observer who discovered the identity of comet Brooks and the comet of 1812.

Cometic astronomy was comparatively in its infancy when Encke made the computation of the orbit of this comet. It is simply wonderful that, with the data at his command, he should have reached a result so nearly accurate. Within a few years, however, two series of observations of the comet have been discovered which were unknown to Encke. Two French astronomers, Messrs. Seulhof and Bossert, undertook to compute the orbit, using all the data known. The Paris Observatory published the result of their labors in a pamphlet of 200 pages. From time to time the enthusiastic French observers issued memoranda of the probable position of the comet when near enough to be seen. Unfortunately, the first observations of comet Brooks did not seem to agree with the French ephemeris, and it was hastily concluded that the erratic visitor was a new member of the cometic family, come to take its first peep at our little planet.

The Rev. Mr. Searle studied the question more carefully, and verified the computations more accurately. He proved beyond question that the positions marked out for comet Brooks were identical at the time of observation with those in which a comet would be found that was traveling in the ellipse computed by Encke. He went further, using the new orbit of the French astronomers, and proving that the comet was observed in the exact position where it should have been found according to the orbit computed seventy years ago.

There is therefore no shadow of a doubt that our eyes behold the long expected comet of 1812. Its perihelion passage will take place on the 29th of January, 1884. It will then be about [illegible] miles distant from the earth, two-thirds the distance of the sun.

In 1812 the comet presented, when discovered, in July, the appearance of a [illegible] nebulous mass, with the [illegible] nucleus wanting. In September [illegible] was five minutes in diameter [illegible] was two degrees sev[illegible] In the returning comet, [illegible] been presented similar che[illegible] About the 23d of September, however, a remarkable and unexpected change occurred, the nucleus expanding into a confused circular nebulous patch of light, and the comet increasing many times in brilliancy in the course of two or three days. On the 23d the nebulous mass was two minutes in diameter; on the 24th it was four minutes in diameter and shone with a luster equaling a star of the seventh magnitude. The activity of the display is almost unparalleled in cometic history, and is specially noteworthy on account of the comet's great distance from the sun at the present time. Since this curious outburst the comet has been a well-behaved member of the family, but it is impossible to predict what vagary it may next indulge in.

The comet of 1812 may now be seen in the evening in the northwest in a telescope of moderate power, and is said to be visible in a good opera glass. In a few weeks it will be easily perceptible to the unassisted eye, and when the year 1884 makes its advent, it will be near its culminating point. It will not equal the suberb comet of 1882 in size or brilliancy, but it will be visible in the evening sky and will be so much more convenient to observe that there will be compensation in its lessened splendor.

It is an astronomical triumph, that with the inadequate means at command for computing an ephemeris, an astronomer seventy years ago was able to predict nearly the exact time for this comet's return. Our ancient friend is winging its swift flight toward us, and before long our eyes will be gladdened by a sight of its face after a long travel of threescore years and ten, when almost every eye that noted its first appearance has ceased to behold the shining picture that nightly arches over the earth. There are several comets with a computed period of from seventy to seventy-five years. Halley's comet with a period of seventy-five years is the only one of them that has made more than one return. Its last appearance was in 1835, and it is next expected in 1911. The comet of 1812 with a period of seventy-one years now records its first return. The comet of 1815 with a period of seventy-four years is confidently anticipated in 1889.—*Scientific American.*

—People who seize pistols at night and nervously bang away at noises in their houses generally make mistakes. Sometimes a somnambulistic mother-in-law is killed; sometimes a belated son is laid out, and often an innocent window curtain is destroyed. Mr. Choate, the teller of a bank in Newark, N. J., had good luck a few nights ago. He found an uninvited guest in his house. He promptly killed him. The man turns out to be a genuine unknown burglar.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Jim Baker, one of the oldest Rocky Mountain trappers, has retired from his wild life, after having spent forty-seven years in the wilderness. "Jim, the Scout," as he is familiarly called in Denver, is now over seventy, but his form is still as straight as an arrow, his eye as bright as a child's, and his step as elastic. He is now living in Denver, and talks of the time when he camped in the wilderness which is now the capital city of Colorado.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In the last two years there have been 472 enlistments for the signal service, of which fifty-three were college graduates.

THE DAIRY.

—One quart of cotton-seed meal, free from husk, one quart of corn meal, and one of wheat and rye bran, fed twice a day, is the ration given by an exchange for a cow in full milk.

—The *Homestead* says that estimating the butter crop of Iowa at eighty million pounds a year, a loss of five cents per pound means one-twentieth as many dollars as there are pounds, or four million dollars.

—Slow milking of cows never secures the full product. The cow becomes tired of relaxing the udder muscles, and after a time resumes the more natural position of contracting them. This makes much stripping necessary, and a slow milker will never have patience to strip a long time. Partial milking soon dries the cow and greatly reduces her value.

—A Hartford paper makes the charge that there are farmers in the surrounding country who have for years brought into the city butter for dealers and families, who for now and [illegible] years or two have ceased to do so, buying [illegible] and supplying it to their customers as the genuine product of their own dairies.

—The well-known fact that a cow will give more milk and make more butter on a bright, sunshiny day than during one of a dull, dark character is a strong argument in favor of having our winter stables so arranged that the animals get the benefit of plenty of sunshine. If possible, have the cows on the south side of the barn, and provide plenty of windows.—*American Cultivator.*

—A cement floor is not the best for a dairy, as it absorbs the drippings of milk and becomes foul in a short time. A good floor is of matched plank, with tight joints and painted, so that it will absorb no moisture. Whatever drippings fall from the churn may be washed off such a floor without leaving any traces. Brick is quite as absorbent as cement. A flagstone floor with close joints set in cement, is the best of all.

—A correspondent writes the *Country Gentleman* that large quantities of Dutch cheeses are annually imported into this country. They are round as a ball, of uniform size, and weigh about three and a half pounds each. They are generally of excellent quality, not colored, but the outside painted or stained red for protection. They are every year more sought after; for one reason, among others, that they can be kept, especially in summer, in a better state of preservation by so cutting them, with serrated edges, that they can be kept closed tight, except when opened to take out what is from time to time required. They are retailed here at one dollar and ten cents each. Why cannot just such cheese be made here? Surely it can be done and at a large profit, and with a saving to the country of the large sums sent abroad to buy them.

The Advantage of Dairying.

It is a proverb among farmers that dairying enriches the land and the farmer too. We have heretofore shown how it is that the production of milk does not exhaust the soil, and how it must necessarily continually improve it, so long as the dairyman feeds some kind of purchased food to his cows, which all do more or less. But although this may be one result of this business, it is not one that operates by itself without the aid of the dairyman. Plums may fall from a tree into a man's mouth, but he must take care to be there with his mouth open when the plum falls, or it drops without advantage to him. And so the dairyman should have the credit for the result of his business—first, because he has the good sense to choose it; next, because he generally manages it well; then, because the very nature of his business compels him to be a studious man, and lastly, because the nature of his business is such that the study of it makes him thoughtful, and this makes him inquiring, and that induces him to gather himself together in meetings to talk over his business and discuss its intricate points, and moreover, to seek in papers and books all the possible information he can in regard to the conduct of his affairs. Moreover, all these things make him a sharp business man, and he studies the markets and suits his products to the demand, and so gets the full value for them. Being all this, and being consequently prosperous, the dairyman may very well be studied by the farmer and his ways and methods adopted as far as they may be, for, being sound and practical, and, moreover, successful, these ways and methods will serve the ends of the farmers as well as they have done those of the dairymen.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Creameries Will Stay.

It was said awhile ago that the creameries had fulfilled their purpose, and "must go." They will not go; they have come to stay, as the *Dairy* pertinently says, "for the very bottom principle upon which they are based is one that is indispensable for success in any kind of business. The creamery or factory does the work of a hundred pairs of hands and turns out a ton of butter or cheese at the cost of the labor of one-tenth as many. That is, the manufacture of dairy goods, under this system, is reduced ninety per cent. Along with this economy of labor there is a saving of time to an equal extent, for ninety pairs of hands are set free for other useful employment, or if the hands are idle, there are ninety heads at liberty to think and originate valuable new ideas. Moreover, it occupies one special pair of hands and head constantly, and this constant practice soon makes an expert, the more quickly and perfectly as the person may be the more intelligent or apt to learn by experience dexterity gained in this constant practice. So that there is the needed cheapness of product, more effective work by the use of the best machinery, and the best quality of product that is possible with the material used. Again, the creamery or factory, for its own interest, exerts an educational influence by its oversight upon its patrons, and new and better methods of lodging, feeding and milking the cows are very quickly introduced and practiced in the contributary dairies. The factory and the creamery are improvements. Improvements never go backward. The march of improvements is always onward and forward, and until some better device is found to take their place, the creameries have come to stay. But we do not expect they will ever monopolize the dairy. In the very nature of things they can only average their product, and the best class of private dairies, in which capital and the highest skill are available, will always surpass them in the quality of both their butter and their cheese."

Gold.

—In a *Journal* re[illegible] acquaintance at [illegible] "I've had some[illegible] for about three [illegible] sight to be told. [illegible] with the story, [illegible] only the story. [illegible] mouth ago a gen[illegible] the Denison House [illegible] here. He was a [illegible] of medium height, [illegible] like his beard, [illegible] wing, quite long, [illegible] that curled beauti[illegible] trimmed. His skin [illegible] nose hooked and [illegible] years. He was [illegible] and ready talker, [illegible] of English, [illegible] forcibly [illegible] accent. [illegible] soon after his arrival, to [illegible] Co.'s agency, and [illegible] stating that [illegible] which he [illegible] desire to interest a [illegible] number of [illegible] with the [illegible] was furnished [illegible] of several of [illegible] gentlemen [illegible] He [illegible] as much secrecy as a dealer in counterfeit coin. He had found the secret hunted for through several centuries, and could transmute metals to gold. The few citizens he approached were too shy to entertain his propositions, and he did not even unfold them; but he got two elderly gentlemen interested (don't look at me that way; I'm not one of 'em), and renting an up-stairs room on South Meridan street, fitted it up with lead-lined tanks, curious shaped bottles, crucibles, retorts, alembics, etc., so that it looked like the lair of a medieval alchemist. He had the room fixed up like an illicit medicine, 'secure from observation,' and everything was altogether mysterious. He didn't show the capitalists his hand until the room was ready. Then he brought them there and showed his apparatus, which of course impressed them. He told them he had come from New York with little more than $100. He could not undertake to do what he wanted to do there. He could transmute metals into gold; had spent his life and fortune in acquiring the secret, and if he did not know that he could do what he promised he would commit suicide, as life was not worth having any longer. He impressed my friends with his earnestness. At the laboratory he took two $20 gold pieces, $2.50 in silver, and chemicals which he said cost $20, in all, as he represented, a total value of $42.50, and with this he proposed to make $120 in gold.

"Indeed, he told the two amateur alchemists that they themselves might put the material in the crucible. He would stand at the other side of the room, and they could make the gold themselves. He explained to them that the gold and silver needed in the experiment had been subjected to the potent influences of compound gases for the purpose of revivifying their molecular energies. This did not show any external change in the coin, but the molecular transition had, he said, nevertheless taken place.

"They put the gold silver and chemical compound into the crucible, and in a little while poured out a nugget which, as he said, was actually gold, with a trace of silver, and worth nearly $120.

"My old friends were very much excited. They made a hasty calculation and thought they saw $50,000 a day clear profit—if they worked hard at the melting pot, $75,000. But they suspected the chemical compound; it might be hocussed, and so furnish the additional gold in the nugget. The amiable Hungarian smiled and gave them a portion of the chemical to have analyzed. They had it done, and there wasn't a trace of the valuable metal in it. On finding the stranger's word thus confirmed they were eager to close with him, but they restrained their ardor and asked a few more questions. They wanted to know if he could transmute metals into gold why did he need silver, and, above all, why did he need gold to assist in the transmutation. Easily explained. He said that he had discovered that gold was not, as chemists held, an element. Nothing of the kind; it was a compound. He had discovered all the ingredients that go to make up the compound called gold, except one, and that had partially to be supplied by gold itself and a little silver, both being requisite to supply that want.

"He had nearly silenced every doubt, and the capitalists were about to invest, when, for some reason, the Hungarian got frightened and skipped the town, and they were thus undoubtedly saved from being the dupes of as clever a scoundrel as ever walked in shoe leather. I asked a scientific friend of mine how he supposed the Hungarian managed the thing, as my friend undoubtedly rolled out the nugget. His idea was that it was done by a clever slight-of-hand, or that the silver pieces might have been filled with gold, though that wouldn't account for all the gold turned out of the nugget. Of course it was a swindle, and I am surprised that two such old, acute, and long-headed financiers should have so narrowly escaped being taken in. I'm not quite sure he didn't get money enough of them to pay his hotel expenses here, at least. If I were to give you the names of the gentlemen who wanted to go into the manufacture of gold, you wouldn't—but, by Jove, I will give 'em to you, but you musn't publish 'em."

When the reporter heard the names he tumbled in a fit, and has just recovered sufficiently to be able to write the foregoing.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Traveling on His Good Looks.

"Where air you from, stranger?" asked an inquisitive Arkansaw man of a commercial traveler.

"O, up the road apiece."

"But how fur up the road?"

"It might be farther, and then again it might't."

"Yer heart, stranger, but I'd like ter know how fur ye've come."

"O, about as far again as half from the forks of the road."

"I s'posed so. Say, now, how're yer travelin'?"

"Why, along this road, of course."

"I s'posed so, but that aint how."

"Well, I'm going away from the starting place."

"I s'posed so, but I want ter know just how you're travelin'."

"Gaze on me; I'm traveling on my good looks."

"That's enough, stranger. I don't know how fur you've come, caze I don't know yer age, but I'll bet a coon skin it'll take six months' travelin' that way, to get from one side of the road to t'other."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A crank arrested in Pittsburgh claimed to be a son of President Garfield, stolen when seven months old.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—"The Joe Brown University" is to be the name of a Georgia college, with Senator Brown as patron.

—Union College, Schenectady, has given to a lady the important post of registrarship, and she is discharging her duties with complete success.—*Troy Times.*

—Cardinal Manning recently told a wealthy congregation, that an attempt to reach the masses and to provide something for the suffering of his poor, was of more account than an endeavor to raise a second Westminster Abbey.

—The old church at Whitingham Center, Vt., which was built in 1798, and has been unoccupied and going to decay for many years, has been pulled down. It was used at the Centennial celebration of 1880 by taking out one side to accommodate the crowd.—*Rutland Herald.*

—The Williams "College Catalogue," 1883-84, is issued, and shows large classes and a generally successful state of things. The Seniors are fifty-four in number, the Juniors eighty-four, the Sophomores sixty-one, and the Freshmen eighty-five.—*Boston Post.*

—The school system in England bears very unequally upon the artisan class. The mechanic whose earnings are three shillings a week for every member of his family pays no fees, but if this sum is exceeded by a single cent he must pay. The working classes are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present regulations.

—The question of "caste" came up in the recent meeting of the American Missionary Association, the subject being the work in the South. The *Advance* says: "Shall we organize 'caste' churches in the South? No, because 'caste' is unchristian, equally in Georgia and India." No discrimination is the wise policy proposed.

—Rev. R. Cherryman, aged eighty-five, of Hinsdale, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., who has not preached for several years, retired to his bed one night recently and dreamed a complete sermon. On the next night the dream was repeated word for word, and so vividly was it impressed upon his mind that upon arising in the morning he transferred the "dream sermon" to paper and delivered the same from the pulpit the next Sunday. All who listened to it pronounced it the best he ever delivered.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The Providence (R. I.) *Press* makes a strong plea in favor of compulsory education and truancy laws. "Their effect," it says, "has been uniformly salutary. Of course, it is not claimed that they have entirely done away with immorality and crime, nor that they are likely to do so. But it is claimed, and abundant facts support the assertion, that the operation of these laws has directly resulted in a large and gratifying increase in school attendance, and a consequent decrease in illiteracy, immorality and crime."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Never fear of spoiling children by making them too happy.

—They are vaccinating the Indians of Alaska. If vaccination will prevent