

### Can We Ever Tame the Storm?

Some attention is being given to a question whether or not it is possible to avoid the disastrous consequences of the annual visitation of tornadoes in parts of the West. Careful observation has led to the belief that these wind forces are as much a matter of mathematical demonstration as periodical eclipses, and that calculation can be made with some certainty as to their course, even though it is impossible to determine the exact time of their appearance. It has been noted that the most frequent wind demonstrations of violence afflict the Missouri Valley, or that particular area is made the playground of the tornado and the cyclone, while other parts of the country, outside a certain longitudinal belt, are never affected. This curious problem is likely to prove its own solution, as it is natural to suppose that a specific effect has a specific determinable cause when repetition makes the occurrence methodical.

A contributor to the *Catholic World* has some thoughts on this subject that suggest a partial remedy if not an entire correction of the evil, though he does not intimate whether the defenses are to be in the avoidance of the wind paths or by the construction of natural barriers or refractors in the planting of forests. This writer classes the tornado, which is the condensation and intensification of the hurricane, as a local variable wind, the result of a local cause, acquiring its full force almost instantly, in apparent disregard of the laws of inertia. The agencies are conflicting and impinging air currents, polar and equatorial, governed by the varying speed of lateral points in the earth between the poles and the equator. By this this means a current flowing from the North pole is continually encountering an increase of speed in the East-going velocity of the earth, which deflects its own course more to the west, so that its line seems to be diagonal from Northeast to Southwest. The warm current flowing from the equator to the pole will naturally have an opposite travel, and in temperate latitudes the two currents begin to interfere, where they strike a balance—the one ascending, the other descending. The Mississippi Valley happens to be one of the compromise areas where the collisions occur and conflicts originate.

These are pertinent facts of eudionetry, and are not late discoveries, though just now their application to the tornadoes of the West comes as a new reflection, and though they suggest the laws governing these visitations and present the possibility of calculating their recurrence as to place, do not fix with confidence inspiring certainty the redress against the dangers of these paroxysmal air-currents. At the same time, there should be no greater difficulty in locating the path of these rather methodical wind instruments than there was in defining the ordinary path of the Mauritian hurricane, which occurs from February to April, nor is it impossible to conjecture, with an approximation to exactness, the season when these ill-behaving cyclones are likely to sweep over their chosen course. The careful gathering of all data bearing upon the past exploits of these contending currents should give the true theory of their travel, and the topography of the country could be studied to advantage in its important relation to the general results. Resistance seems to be out of the question, as the operating force of these windstorms is incalculable. It is found, however, that they follow pretty much a direct course, tending to the northeast, though sometimes zig-zagging, and that their track is rarely to exceed a half-mile in width. These sections, when determined, can either be avoided or preparations can be made for withstanding the shock by means that may be devised. For instance, some enthusiasts suggest that the discharge of a cannon in the face of the approaching cyclone might do much to disperse it or entirely overcome the aggressive force. There may be much sense in this, and if the experiment of building a fort in the path of the enormous foe should prove a failure, it would at least be no more ridiculous than some of our frontier forts constructed for defense.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### Adulterated Drugs.

The Philadelphia *Press* contains a most formidable list of the adulterations that are practiced, and from this list we select some of the most common. Cinchona is most frequently adulterated by taking worthless barks and treating them with chinoidin which increases their alkaloidal strength. Elm powder with flour and rye meal; wild cherry with sassafras root; and anise with an adulterant called *Geum urbanum*. Dandelion is largely chybary. Pure rhubarb and colchicum are rarely found. Anise is mixed with clay, and capsicum with common salt, also with red lead, brick dust, ground rice, turmeric, mustard husks, corn-starch, and horseradish. Lycoperidum is adulterated with starch of lentile, dextrine, resin, and potato-starch; ammonia with quartz, and assafoetida with sulphate of lime.

Adulterations are not always as harmless as the above. For instance, gum arabic is adulterated with sand and marble dust; myrrh with sulphate of lime; opium with lead; castor oil with whale and croton oils; olive oil with paraffine oils; wax with black earth coated with yellow wax; bergamot oil with alcohol; cinnamon with sassafras and clove oils; clove oil with a light volatile oil, the nature of which is not yet known; lemon oil with petroleum; peppermint oil with castor oil and alcohol; sassafras oil with resin; verbena oil with oil of lemon grass; and wintergreen oil with chloroform. As to tapoca, the report says: "As sold in this and other markets it is almost altogether a factitious article, made from potatoe starch. It is called 'trade tapoca,' but is sold by the majority of druggists, who do not take the trouble to explain its factitious nature, as tapoca. It is just half the price of the genuine, and, while nourishing and not many way deleterious in its effects, is still not tapoca."

The acids are just as impure as the solids. Acetic acid is doctored with manganese, glucose, and iron; citric acid with crystals of tartaric acid; muriatic acid with chloride of lead, sulphuric acid, and arsenic; sulphuric acid with sulphate of sodium, sulphate of magnesium, and sulphate of lead; tartaric acid with sulphate of sodium and alum; iodine with seaweed, water, chlorine, and ash; iodine with an unknown substance; iodine

of iron with lead; and magnesia with Rochelle salts and tartrate of sodium. Eher is principally characterized by its uncleanness, and out of eleven samples examined not one fulfilled the official requirements. Sulphate of quinia, put up in morphia bottles, is often sold for morphia. Mercury is adulterated with common salt. Cream of tartar, purchased from three wholesale and seven retail stores, contained "from 4 to 44 per cent of tartrate of calcium; some had in addition carbonate of calcium; one contained 89.5 per cent of tartrate of calcium; another had 92.9 per cent of terra alba. There were also samples composed mainly of carbonate of calcium, of sulphate of calcium, a little cream of tartar, and some starch and flour."

This is a pretty formidable list, though it is by no means complete, as we have selected only the most common drugs used in prescriptions; but if these are adulterated it is pretty certain that the others are, and the public may well ask what hope is there in prescriptions if pure drugs cannot be obtained? When it is considered that human life hangs upon the use of these drugs one is almost tempted to exclaim with *Macbeth*, "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it"; or with *Hamlet*, "This physic but prolongs the sickly days"; or with *Kenil*, "Kill thy physician, and the fee below upon the foul disease." One could tolerate with some degree of forbearance the adulteration of everything we eat and drink so long as it was supposed that the physician and druggist would come to our relief with sanative drugs, but if we can have no confidence in the purity of medicines, when cures depend upon their purity, what hope is there for mankind? If the old saying be true that the world takes too much medicine, then in the name of humanity let the adulterations be of a harmless sort that perchance less startling than they are at present. If it be impossible for the physician's little slip of paper, which stands between life and death, be honored when presented with bran and water rather than with noxious compounds. It is not likely that all druggists are dishonest, but would it not be well for physicians, now and then when their medicines do not have the proper effect, to analyze them and see what their ingredients are? As the case stands at present, the patient might as well refuse medicine altogether, in which case the chances for recovery might be even, or fall back on an old lady and pennyroyal, if they can be found in anything like original purity.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Alone on a Mountain.

One day last week an old gentleman from Atlanta visited the falls, bringing with him a charming daughter, just budding into womanhood. The young lady soon found among the guests at the hotel a young gentleman from Atlanta, who volunteered to act as her guide (as he knew every foot of the country), and show the fair visitor the sights. She thankfully accepted him as an escort, and on the second day of her stay the couple left the hotel for a ramble. They left about three o'clock, and at sundown had not returned. The father began to grow uneasy, and strolled as far down as the Grand Chasm to guide them home. He then returned to the hotel, expecting that they had arrived by another route; but a sad disappointment awaited him—nothing had been heard of the pair. He waited an hour longer, in great distress, when a darkness as black as ink set in. The frantic old gentleman then explained the cause of his distress to the male visitors, and begged that they assist him in the search. Several squads were at once organized, equipped with torches, and the search began. No one could tell in what direction the young couple had strayed, and so the first visited the falls, peering down all the precipices and into the pools of water, expecting to find their mangled remains. The agony of the father was intense. He led the search and recklessly exposed his life. It was just ten o'clock when the falls were thoroughly explored, when some one proposed searching the mountains on the opposite side of the river. This was accepted and a squad crossed the bridge, dividing up and going different routes. One party, who decided to go out among the mountains, when near the top of one, some distance from the hotel, thought they heard a moan of distress at some distance. Hastening toward the sound, they discovered the lost couple sitting at the foot of a large tree, and both crying as if their hearts would break, the young man having pulled off his coat to afford the lady a seat. It seems that they had rambled among the mountains and finally got lost just as night set in. They rambled around in quest of a path as long as they could see, and then, fearing that they might stumble over some precipice in the dark, decided to remain where they were until daylight. They were carried back in triumph to the hotel, and where the center of attraction. It was quite an interesting adventure, and created quite a sensation.—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

Handsome and costly buttons are a great feature of walking-dresses and traveling costumes, and as they can be transferred from one dress to another, they are really not extravagant purchases in the end. Tortoise-shell buttons, with crests or monograms in gold, enameled buttons in Maresque or Florentine styles, are effective and look well on bottle-green, Havane, or prune-colored dresses. Wooden and horn buttons are also worn, and small round French gold buttons—"grelots" with rough surfaces, are plentifully used on bodices, cuffs and pockets. Jet mosaic buttons, with monograms inlaid in jet on colored grounds and a jet border, are thoroughly elegant.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A correspondent says: "A Coney Island glass of beer is a teaspoonful blown up into a half pint by gas. A glass of it would probably float away like a balloon if the top of it was covered up. The sensation of drinking a glassful is something between a broken dream and a mouthful of fog." He might have saved words by simply stating that Coney Island beer is just like any other beer.—*Boston Post.*

The lah-de-dah cigarette smoking young man is affectionately referred to by the *Cleveland Leader* as "third-class male matter."

### Electric Railways.

The question of rapid, cheap transit is one which economically affects every large and growing city. Siemens, in Europe, and Edison here, have invented electric railways that have gone a great ways toward a new departure in furnishing a simple, cheap, clean, and convenient transit, applicable to cities; but their inventions have not been found so perfect as to warrant universal adoption. Another step forward has been taken by a Cincinnati boy. To describe the new motor scientifically would be to confuse most readers. Suffice it to say that the electric generator is supplied from a stationary generator to two copper wires laid between the ordinary rails, a few inches apart and a trifle higher than the rails. These wires will be protected by an iron tube, to which they will be attached by proper insulators. In this tube is an upper and lower slot extending its full length, the lower slot being the wider, that dirt falling on the wires may pass through, and the wires be kept clean and protected from interference. A decided advantage over previous methods. Siemens at first used the ordinary rails as conductors of the currents, but it was found that when the ties, rails, and sleepers were moistened by rain or dew, or any other means, there was a great loss of power, to say nothing of the danger to persons or animals who might complete the current by touching both rails simultaneously. Siemens has now discarded that method for wires placed above the track, from which the current is transmitted to the motor underneath by means of traveling pulleys attached to the car—a method both inconvenient and unsightly, with the element of danger still remaining. By Mr. Thomas' method the danger and the loss of current are both reduced to a minimum. The other distinguishing feature of Mr. Thomas' invention is in the motor, which has been constructed especially for railway purposes, and which enables him to overcome the extra-induced current usually present in such motors, and which has hitherto always been found very troublesome to inventors. The engine or motor has five wheels, the two forward ones being simply an ordinary truck, merely as supports as on an ordinary locomotive. The rear pair are larger, as ordinary driving wheels, and through them the power is applied. Back of them is the fifth wheel, somewhat wedged-shaped, and divided by an insulator of gutta percha, so that either side touches the wires before described through which the current flows, and swinging lightly, both laterally and perpendicularly, in order to easily turn curves or more easily pass over possible elevations or depressions in the conductors. Directly above this wheel is the electric cut off, moved back and forth by a lever, for the reversing of the current and consequent reversal of the motion of the car. The details of taking up the current from one conducting wire, the passing it to the motor, and from that to the other conductor—the power being meantime transmitted to the drivers by ordinary mechanism—are ingenious and have many advantages over previous appliances, but would only confuse the ordinary reader. The new points are the laying of the conducting wires as aforesaid and in the construction of the electro motor by which the secondary current, which has always before seriously interfered with its working, is reduced to about one-eighth of what it has heretofore been.

The model when being placed on the model railway, with tracks about six inches apart, worked beautifully and with the utmost precision reversing motion with the reversal of the cut off. To apply it to practice on an existing track, no change whatever would be necessary to the rails or ties of either street or steam railway, the only addition being the laying of the iron tubing containing the conducting wires. The power necessary is obtained from a stationary engine, and the length of road operated, Mr. Thomas says, would only be limited by the size of the conducting wire necessary to overcome the resistance found in a long distance, and the number of engines operated simultaneously. For instance, on a road, say, of ten miles in length, ten motors of ten horse power each would be used; then the power of the generator necessary would be one hundred horse power, though in practice one, or say, one hundred and fifty should be used, that there may be a surplus of power for emergencies and the loss in transmission. The crossing of tracks and the necessary change of switches which have been found very serious obstacles by Siemens and Edison, are overcome by Mr. Thomas by the use of flexible cables at those points, which, passing under and over one another, furnish the needed connections without the least interference or difficulty. Besides the furnishing of power to the motor, the conducting wire may be as well at the same time used for supplying electric lights, either to points along the road or to the train, or both. If the motor works as well in practice as in model—and in view of what has been done heretofore there is no reason to doubt it—we may expect to see it widely adopted, in cities, at least, where the absence of coal smoke, cinders, and one-half the attendance on the engine renders such a method of traction an almost inestimable boon.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

### Life in Siam.

Judge John H. Haldeman, United States Minister to Siam, now making a short visit to this country, arrived in St. Louis last week for a few days' stay before going to San Francisco to sail on the return trip to his distant place of office. The Judge was called on yesterday afternoon by a reporter of the *Republican*, and interrogated regarding the far away clime in which he makes his home as America's official representative.

"Well," said he, "the feeling in Siam toward the United States is of the best and kindest, as you may know from the fact that one of the Princes, with a royal suite, is now on the way here to reside. His name is Prisdang, and he will represent his land with credit, being highly educated and cultured. He speaks French and English fluently, and cannot fail to make the best of impressions. For my own part I have been living there about two years, first going out as Consul under an appointment by President Hayes, then being appointed Consul-General by President Grant, and later resident Minister by President Arthur, and my experience and relations with the Government have always been of the

most pleasant character. The Government of Siam is an absolute monarchy. There is a Council of State, known as the Senobodi, which has a voice in affairs, but the will of the King is supreme. He is a man of perhaps 30 years, and of fine Chulalongkorn. He is intelligent, called Chulalongkorn, and address, and has done a great deal of good for his people since ascending the throne. His adviser, or Prime Minister, is called Surawongse, and is an able diplomatist, well up in outside ideas and events. The people are honest, amiable, and generally intelligent, there being but few able to read and write. The women are of fine feature and complexion, and appear more freely in public than common in most Eastern countries. The principal means of livelihood are tilling the soil and fishing. Siam is a rice-growing country, and rice is a great staple. The one great drink is tea, although not much is raised there, the supply coming from the most part from China and Japan."

The reporter inquired after the religious sentiment.

"The prevailing belief is Buddhism, a religion coming nearer true Christianity than any other I know of. There are a good many missionaries working out there, but they do not make much progress. They do a good deal of good in the way of educating the young and introducing English styles of dress, but their inroads into the Buddhist religion do not amount to much. Between the Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the Catholic seem to be more successful than the other, the Bishop telling me, just before coming away, that he had fully 3,000 communicants."

"Where do you make your residence?"

"At Bangkok, the Capital. It is a city of 500,000 population, situated on the Nenam River, thirty miles inland from the Gulf of Siam. It is the chief port of entry, and is the seat of a large trade with China, Japan, and India. Vessels of ordinary tonnage can reach it, but anything drawing over thirteen feet cannot pass the bars below the harbor. It is not often that an American ship gets there, although there are many things peculiarly American that are in common use. Petroleum, for instance, is used everywhere and in large quantities."

"Are there many Europeans living there?"

"About 300 who speak English only. Our trade with Siam is not by any means what it should be, and what I hope it will come to be. There should be a free and common exchange with the American products and those of that country, as much as with China. Let our United States take hold of it, and the great mass of English importation then could be turned to come from here. Especially could cotton fabrics find a good place if American shipping took the part it should in assisting the development of trade. In return there are rice, fish, and teak wood that could be exported with profit."

"Are foreigners received pleasantly?"

"More so than with most of the Eastern Powers, the nobles being disposed to meet all on amicable terms. I have always been treated very handsomely. Among other marks of favor, the King invited me with the decoration of the White Elephant, as a recognition of my service in preventing a party of Americans from selling opium and sanchu, something forbidden by the Government. They are all looking to America more than anywhere else, feeling so interested that I was requested to subscribe for a number of the leading papers and magazines. Among the journals received there is the *Scientific American*, that is literally worn out by being passed around, and one Prince told me he had ordered from New York a certain piece of machinery described in it. When I came over I brought a number of curiosities, and quite a collection of pictures and instruments sent by the King to the United States National Museum, and he also directed that a block of stone be cut from the Herat hills and sent over for the Washington Monument. I brought over a few books in their language to the Mercantile Library here in Louis, and a spear to the Missouri Historical Association. This spear came from Zululand, and was used by the party killing the Prince Imperial. In fact, it is asserted that it is one of the identical weapons piercing his body. There were also two flags that I sent to Jefferson City to be added to the State collection."

"Is the King married?"

"He has somewhere about thirty wives, I believe, with a half-sister to the late Queen the favorite.—*St. Louis Republican.*

### Good Water.

Stock cannot thrive on bad water. Pure butter, with the imperial aroma, cannot be made if the cows drink from foul sloughs or stagnant pools. Running streams or living springs are grand institutions on a farm, but the mud holes which are frequently dug on our prairies, or the head of ravines dammed up so as to catch water in rains, are unfit for any kind of stock in hot weather. Animals love and need cool, pure water just as much as persons. Their health is equally injured by impure water. Heretofore, the rains have been ample this season to furnish stock water anywhere. But now the hot sun is drying up the water courses. In all of the pools there is filth, slime and sediment, growing thicker and more poisonous every day. Cows especially must not drink from these cesspools, for their sake and for humanity's sake. The sickness and suffering of the family, the doctor's bills, and the pecuniary profit on stock demand attention to this matter. Farmers can no longer neglect with impunity to provide a plenty of cool water for cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. The latter are often kept without water, and some even contend that they do not need it. Yet they would do far better with it.

Probably the best and most certain water for a farm is obtained by a good and deep-laid tile drain. There are but few farms in the State but perpetually flowing cool water can be obtained. And a fountain of this kind, in the absence of natural springs, will amply pay for a long line of tile drain.—*Iowa State Register.*

Nashville, Tenn., has an organization known as "The Natal Twin Association," which pays \$2,000 to each member producing a certificate of the paternity of a pair of twin babies. No provision is made for triplets or higher.

### The Mormon President.

Although Taylor is generally regarded both by his followers and opponents as the ablest of living saints, and as in no wise inferior either to Smith or Young, he has not gained any reputation beyond the limits of the Territory. It may be that the comparative quiet of Utah since the death of Young, and the less demonstrative character of his successor, have contributed to the President's relative obscurity. The whole world was acquainted with the founder and continuator of Mormonism, while the fame of the existing President of the Church is almost entirely local. But the restricted renown of Taylor does not derogate from his mental capacity or force of character. He is a remarkable man, and the incidents of his life have been so dramatic, and in a way, so romantic, that his career and development comprise a personal and psychological interest.

He is not an American, as Smith and Young were (they were both New Englanders, natives of Vermont), having been born at Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, England. He seems to have had few educational advantages, as his parents were in very humble circumstances, but to have been possessed of unusual intelligence and shrewdness, a very strong will and a most resolute and energetic disposition. Always of a reflective, serious turn, he read a good deal, mainly ethical and theological works, and was industrious and thrifty from his boyhood. Of his early antecedents little is known, and he is not inclined to be communicative on matters wholly concerning himself. It is thought he was a mechanic in England, and followed a trade, was an excellent workman, until he left Europe. Not twenty-two then, he settled in Canada, where several of his brothers and sisters had preceded him. He soon wended his way to Toronto, and formed an intimacy with several men, who like himself, had investigated various schemes of theology, and found them all unsatisfactory. They were persuaded, he particularly, that Christianity had been corrupted; that many of its ideas and doctrines were ancient and obsolete, and that the new time and the New World needed a new religion, which could not be much longer deferred. Taylor was a constant student of the Bible, and of polemic writings on the proper interpretation of disputed passages. He agreed with none of the controversialists, but drew, from continued reading of the Scriptures, definite conclusions of his own, and expounded them to his associates, with whom they had great weight. He appears to have been in a similar frame of mind to Joseph Smith, who had declared that he began when only fourteen to ponder upon the importance of his preparation for a future state, and that he went from one church to another with no result but an increase of perplexity and a repulsion from all accepted creeds.

He was invaluable in organizing this community and contributing to the material and remarkable success it now enjoys. For years he was a speaker of the Territorial House of Representatives; He has been Superintendent of Schools and Probate Judge of the adjoining county of Utah. When Brigham Young died five years ago, Taylor was, by seniority, the chief of the council of twelve, and really the head of the church. The apostles controlled its affairs for several years; but on the restoration of the first Presidency Taylor was elected President, and Joseph F. Smith and George Q. Cannon his associates. Taylor, who will be seventy-four the 1st of November next, does not seem nearly so old, being strong, erect, in complete health, and in full possession of all his mental faculties. He is a natural leader, and might be picked out here by a stranger as the great Mogul of the Mormons. None of the saints that I have seen has so marked and individual a face. It is heavy, somewhat coarse, but full of intelligence, strength, repose, and conveys the impression of great reserved force. He looks more like a Western man than a Briton. His hair is still thick, but gray, almost white, as is his beard, which is allowed to grow only under his chin. His nose and mouth are large, but well shaped, his brow broad and high, his eyes dark and full of fire, particularly when he is animated. He is broad-shouldered, about six feet high, of dark complexion, and dignified and impressive port. His voice is deep and clear; he has extraordinary vigor of statement, being simple and direct, yet fervid, and is considered the ablest and most convincing speaker, whether in or out of the pulpit, in the whole hierarchy. Without much general literary culture, he is well versed in whatever is useful to him, and never touches upon a subject with which he is not intimately acquainted. Unquestionably a zealot in all that appertains to the church, his zealotry is not apparent under ordinary circumstances, when he appears to be entirely a man of the world. Not one of the living saints has done as much as he to establish, strengthen and extend their peculiar and, in many respects, pernicious doctrines.—*Salt Lake Cor. Boston Advertiser.*

White dresses of grenadine, nuns' veiling, yagone, and summer cashmere, for evening wear, have fanciful scarfs for tunics formed of brilliant colors in Turkish stripes, in Japanese flowering, and in Pompadour designs. Every possible luxury is displayed in these scarfs. Others, again, are of surah beautifully embroidered with silk, or beads, or both. Over white dresses of a thinner material are draped scarfs of India silk gauze, Roman striped and plaited tulle, with the designs outlined with gold or silver threads, and silver and gold brocaded lampas tissues, with rich borderings in gorgeous colorings.

Twenty-seven years ago David Eiler, who lived near Keezletown, Va., built a dairy and placed in it two yellow suckers as pets. Mr. Eiler has been dead for a number of years, but Aunt Harriet, his widow, still lives, and during all these years she has carefully fed and cared for her pet fish. One of them died several years ago and the last one gave up the ghost only a few days ago, after having lived in the dairy twenty-seven years.—*Rockingham Register.*

Texas sportsmen are chivalrous and reverential. A sweepstake horse race of the most exciting kind was to have been run in Comanche one day. The newspaper advertised that it was postponed on account of the death of an estimable lady of that city.

When Cetewayo was assured that the Right Honorable, the Speaker of the House of Commons had but one wife, he appeared puzzled at what seemed to him a strange want of good taste. Cetewayo considers that it is making an invidious distinction to pick out one woman and place her in a position where she would be supposed to enjoy special privileges denied to the rest of the sex. Consequently, when he was told of the large number of ladies, said to be attractive, employed in the ballet at the Alhambra, he desired his cousin and intimate friend, Ungeonwana, to make them an offer of marriage on his behalf.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The latest tenor is a Swedish nobleman, son of the Governor of the castle of the King of Sweden. Madame Nilsson pronounces him a wonder.

Mr. George Dexter, of Albany, 84 years old, is the sole survivor of fifty passengers on the first trip of Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont, from Albany to New York.—*N. Y. Times.*

A colored driver of an express wagon made all Cleveland laugh the other day by rigging out his horse in pantaloons in order to mitigate "the scratches," of which the animal was a victim. The colored man took the laughter very philosophically. "Larf on chile," he remarked; "it don luk good, but it feels good to the animal, and so who car's.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Rev. David Halliburton, of Rutherford county, Tenn., one of the oldest Baptist ministers now living, could not see with his right eye until he reached his seventieth year. By the use of double eye-glasses to assist the sight of his left eye, which was becoming impaired with age, sight was gradually restored to the other, with which, he can now see reasonably well, while the left eye has become sightless.—*N. Y. Post.*

Garibaldi was a great favorite with women, and vain enough in his own way. One day upon hearing that a certain relative had killed himself for love, he exclaimed: "Oh! how can a man be so foolish as to kill himself about a woman when the world is so full of them? They never trouble me. I always say to a woman, 'You love me?—very well, I love you, too.' Or else I say, 'You don't love me?—then so much the worse for you.'—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lieut. Willard Young, a son of Brigham Young, is a teacher of engineering at West Point. A Salt Lake correspondent says: "He was at West Point when his father's estate was being settled up, and when the litigation began his agents wrote to him to know what they should do. He replied that he didn't care about quarreling over the matter; that he had a profession that would give him a living, and that he would take what the others didn't want. So a lot of railroad stock, supposed to be nearly worthless, was assigned to him. He took it and the development of the Territory has since made him one of the richest of the old man's heirs."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A correspondent writes of David Dudley Field: "He owns some 15,000 acres in Stockbridge, Mass., much of which was acquired in order to keep 'modern improvement' from despoiling the quiet old town. He bought \$10,000 of the stock of a new railroad company to keep the road from coming there; bought fifty acres around the rapids in the Housatonic to keep a paper-mill from going up there; bought 300 acres around Ice Glen to keep vandals from cutting off the wood and destroying the grandeur of that famous frigid gorge, where I cut a good slip of ice from the surface of the cavern-pool only yesterday. And he bought a mile square of the 'swamp' to keep that cool retreat from being improved out of sight."

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

The wife of a Harlem man, who is very fond of singing Sankey's revival hymns, has named their baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The medical men continue to advertise about humor in the stomach; and it strikes us that they will find few persons who can stomach such humor as that.—*Boston Transcript.*

A miller fell asleep in his mill, and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery, and almost a handful was pulled out. Of course it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was, "Hang it, wife, what's the matter now?"—*Exchange.*

We are informed that in "best society" jelly "is now carried to the mouth on a fork." Well, if "best society" has been in the habit of carrying jelly to the mouth with the fingers, it is about time a change was made. They will find forks a very useful article when they get used to them.—*Norristown Herald.*

An Irish girl who had applied for a position, in which she was required to do general house work, was asked by the mistress if she ever made fires. "Shure, that's a strange question for a married woman to be axin' me," responded Bridget. "Beggorra, num, I niver did make fires; but I've no objection to be after 'tacin' yer husband."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I feel I am going, going," said the man, as the doctor felt his pulse and his wife hung over the footboard of the bed eagerly watching the physician's face. The patient raised his eyes, and, catching a glimpse of her expression, continued in a clear and stronger voice: "Yes, I am going—going—to get well." Then she left the room suddenly, and wept such tears as only a woman can who encounters the crowning disappointment of her life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

He blushed to the tips of his ears as he stepped up to the society editor's table. "Good morning. What is it sir?" was the affable greeting. "You made a little mistake in your announcements yesterday, sir." "Very likely. It is almost impossible not to make a mistake sometimes. What was it?" "You said me and Lizzie Pipkins were bothered, when we are not bothered at all. We are bothered, sir. Quite a difference." "Ah! I presume you see the difference now more than you will in the future. However, I will smooth the matter out. Good morning, sir."—*New Haven Register.*

When Cetewayo was assured that the Right Honorable, the Speaker of the House of Commons had but one wife, he appeared puzzled at what seemed to him a strange want of good taste. Cetewayo considers that it is making an invidious distinction to pick out one woman and place her in a position where she would be supposed to enjoy special privileges denied to the rest of the sex. Consequently, when he was told of the large number of ladies, said to be attractive, employed in the ballet at the Alhambra, he desired his cousin and intimate friend, Ungeonwana, to make them an offer of marriage on his behalf.—*N. Y. Herald.*

American palace cars are making their appearance in Italy.