

A MAN who thinks he owns Boston has been looked up, while numerous chaps who think they own the earth are allowed their liberty.

It is said that a number of old Californians, now living in New York in reduced circumstances, are actually dependent upon the bounty of Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, for the necessities of life.

The dry goods clerks of Chicago never associate with a man whose cigars cost less than a shilling apiece. He can wear hind patches or an old coat, but he must smoke good cigars to prove his blood.

A RICHARDSON said to the Board of Supervisors of steam vessels, which met in Washington the other day: "There is not a single passenger whose life is protected as designed by rules and regulations."

AN Albany estate over which there has been thirteen years' litigation has finally panned out eighty-five cents apiece for the heirs, and they have gone home satisfied. The lawyers got about \$11,000 each.

ARTIFICIAL maple syrup is now made by distilling sap from the bark of maples. It needn't necessarily be a maple tree, however. Most any sort of sap or bark will make maple syrup good enough to sell.

THE Yosemite tribe of Indians has been reduced to eleven members, and these are an inch thick with dirt. There is talk of asking Congress to appropriate \$5,000 for water and soap to scrub them up and see how they look.

THE queen of England has subscribed \$200 toward the fund for the purchase of the cottage in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." This is not a very large sum, but it is four times as much as Milton received for the poem.

THE estate of Thaddeus Stevens, consisting of 1,200 acres of valuable timber and mining land in Franklin and Adams counties, Pennsylvania, has been sold to a syndicate, and its resources will be developed immediately.

THE inventor of the much-abused car stove says it was the understanding that railroads should replace rotten bridges, employ switch-men who knew right from left and not attempt to run trains over broken rails to save expense.

MR. THORPE, Speaker Carlisle's opponent, has a mustache and a little goatee, a not very pleasing face, but a very ready tongue, and resembles his fellow-Kentuckian only in an immoderate use of tobacco.

LORE LEVISON, son of Earl Grandville, met with an awkward accident during the Christmas festivities at Walmer, Kent, England. While performing some conjuring tricks he, by some mischance, swallowed a half-crown which he was hiding in his mouth.

PERHAPS one reason why Chauncey M. Dewey can eat so many public dinners is because he eats so little breakfast and luncheon. For his breakfast he drinks a small pitcher of hot water, eats a soft-boiled egg, and a slice of toast, and winds up with a cup of tea.

IN Strolow, in Moravia, one Joseph Rekeczek, when 15 years of age, made love to Barbara Nemeo, who was just as old. They married in their twenty-second year and lived together for twenty-six years. A few weeks ago they both got sick on the same day and died in the same hour at the age of 98. They never had the slightest quarrel.

Mrs. QUINCY A. SHAW, of Boston, who is by the way, the daughter of Prof. Agassiz, has for eight years supported free kindergartens in the poorest quarters of Boston and Cambridge, at a personal expense of as much as \$50,000 a year. Mr. Quincy Shaw, by-the-way, has the finest collection of Millet's paintings and Japanese lacquer in the country.

OF the Davy family, of Rochester, the eldest girl is in the work-house, an incorrigible, the father is jailed as a drunkard, and Esau, the eldest son, aged 9, being left at home in charge of the three younger ones, aged 5, 6, and 8, took them to a church, where the whole party loaded up with bibles, hymn-books, and fans, and got well away before they were overhauled by a policeman and taken to the station.

MR. WARD McALLISTER, who has been a leader of the German and manager of half the fashionable balls in New York for the past decade and longer, is not a man of great wealth as many people suppose from the connection in which they see his name in the papers. He is not even fashionable in his ordinary attire, for he is sometimes seen on the streets in a slouch hat. He is, by-the-way, a relative of the late Uncle Sam. Ward, from whom he probably inherits some of his social traits.

A CANONIZED saint, who has been dead more than four centuries, but still continues to draw an annual salary for services rendered, is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon, says The St. James's Gazette. "The saint is Saint Anthony, and his paymaster is the state of Brazil. So, at least, says the Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung, the organ of the German colony in Rio. The old Egyptian hermit is officially recognized and deceased in Brazil as the famous colonel, honorario do Exército Brasileiro, o glorioso Santo Antonio—the honorary lieutenant colonel of the Brazilian army, the glorious St. Anthony. The sum of \$240,000 is paid to him annually as his due military stipend, and the saint receives it through the hands of the prior of the monastery of Santo Antonio on the Morro. By what means the money passes from the prior's hands into those of the saint has not yet been made clear.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

Nature Has Party Orders. Hurst in Bridge Building.

The ice bridge at Niagara Falls is attracting a great deal of attention and the trains are daily bringing thousands of people anxious to see the crystal phenomenon, says a Lockport dispatch. The last bridge was in the winter of 1884 and remained two months. This one is the first since the State obtained control of the reservation, and the old guides say it is the finest seen in a quarter of a century. It formed at the widest point in the gorge directly in front of the Prospect Hotel, and ever since the huge blocks of ice have been piling up. It has every appearance of being firmly locked and appears to have come to stay. In places it is many feet high and the mountainous ridges extend in every direction.

It is a beautiful sight from the cliff, but is best seen from below, where the rays of the sun lend a prismatic splendor. The first guide to go over was Tom Conroy, who started from the American bank, Jack McCloy afterwards planted a flag on a ledge which stands far out in the center. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Wm Edwards piloted the first woman over—Miss Mamie L. Edwards, of Bridgeport, Conn., who is his guest. The next was Frankie Kombe, the actress. Neither of the women appeared to be much frightened. After that the guides had their hands full, and hundreds are piloted over daily. In 1884 the bridge, when in went out wrecked the inclined railway and upset Jack McCloy's house. A cabin for the sale of refreshments is to be erected in the center of the bridge and the usual cups of coffee can be drunk with one foot in Canada and the other in the United States.

Protection vs. Free Trade.

They eat together on the lounge; A blush suffused her face.

As round her form his manly arm Stole in a tight embrace.

"It is to be proper, John," she said, "That you should be so!"

"It is, my dear," he promptly replied, "My warmth of love to show."

"Free trade in kisses we have had— You never did object;

And now that you should disapprove I scarcely did expect."

"Besides, my arm a symbol is, To show me future wife;

The duty of protection which I'll owe to her through life."

Then in low tones she archly said: "You cease— you may, dear John, If that is the view you take of it Just keep the duty on."

—T. H. Parrham.

Treatment of Ingrowing Nails.

A very common and troublesome affection is that which is popularly termed "the ingrowth of the nail," and which most usually occurs by the side of the great toe. There is really no alteration in the nail, as its name would imply; the surrounding soft parts are first swollen and inflamed by constant pressure against the edge of the nail from the use of tight shoes. If this state is permitted to continue, an ulcer is formed in which the edge of the nail is imbedded. Pain is the consequence, sufficiently severe in some instances to prevent walking. Treatment for this condition often demands the skill of a physician. The sufferer might attempt a cure by the simpler methods, and, if they fail, professional assistance should be sought. The first object is to remove the cause, then to lessen the irritation and reduce the swelling. After soaking in hot water the nail should be trimmed with sharp and, if very painful, a flaxseed poultice will bring relief. After the irritation has sufficiently subsided, soft cotton should be pressed between the flesh and the nail, and after that is done, it should be saturated with the tincture of iodine, and the application repeated several days after which the tenderness will disappear. It may be necessary to lift the end of the nail, and this can be done by pressing cotton between it and the toe. This treatment is usually effective, and is attended with as little pain as any which can be suggested.—Boston Journal of Health.

A Mexican Snake Story.

A family in San Luis Potosi possessed a very fine rattlesnake. They had captured it by means of a forked stick when it was but a baby and succeeded in domesticating it. In the course of years it grew to be fourteen feet in length and became tame and playful, never showing the slightest symptom of anger when handled by the children, but it would not allow its rattles to be touched. It became very much attached to its master and would follow him around the house like a dog. During the recent storm in San Luis many of the houses were struck by lightning. The bolts were falling fast about the dwelling which they towered the snake from childhood. Nobly determined to die for its benefactors the serpent crawled up the outside walls of the house, and mounted on the roof it stood on its head in a perpendicular position for the space of several minutes shaking its rattles violently at the heavens, like Ajax defying the lightning. The electricity attracted by this living lightning rod reduced to ashes the noble animal and also the house. There is no use in letting the American papers have a monopoly of these snake stories.—Two Republics.

Pension for a Spider Bite.

The Pension Office at Washington, says a Little Rock dispatch, is investigating a case in this state, the foundation of which is based on peculiar grounds. The applicant is John Marks, late a private in Company C, Third United States Cavalry. In his affidavit Marks sets forth that while stationed at Little Rock, 1860, and while camped at an abandoned cemetery near Peabody School House, he was bitten by a tarantula. The insect crept into his bosom as he lay asleep in his tent, and he was awakened by a sharp, stinging pain in his left breast. He crushed the tarantula with his hand. A number of persons were cognizant of the accident. From that time Marks has suffered terribly. The flesh around the wound to the extent of a man's hand rotted away, and, as he avers, his whole system was affected until he became a physical wreck. His testimony is corroborated by a reputable physician who attended him at the time. The case was finally adjudicated in a few weeks. Marks is now living at Center Ridge, Ark., and is reported sick and wholly destitute.

Seven Millions Drowned.

One estimate of the number of persons drowned by the late great flood in China is 7,000,000. This is made by English residents in China who have access to the best sources of information. It is if anywhere near the truth the destruction of life by one disaster is unexampled in history.

The number lost is greater than the population of Ireland to-day. It is about double that of the inhabitants of the continent of Australia. It is greater than the population of our country some years after the adoption of our constitution. It is larger than the population of Indiana and Illinois now. Nobody knows how many people there are in China. The number has been estimated from 2,000,000 to 400,000,000, and the population on has long pressed upon the means of subsistence.

Over seven years ago an English minister wrote a book "On Population," which furnished a new impetus to the language and texts for hundreds of books since. He showed that at the rate of usual increase the world would soon be so crowded that starvation must certainly ensue. He illustrated his theory by the increase of rabbits, showing how soon they would destroy every green thing from off the face of the earth. This was long before the rabbits proved his theory in Australia. But this author showed how the natural increase of population was held in check by war, disease, famine, pestilence, floods, and other natural causes. His theory has received new illustration in the crowded old empire of China recently. People die there by crowds. Only the other day four thousand were swept away in trying to construct a dam against the flood of Yellow river. A disaster in China is not worthy of mention unless several hundred are killed. Recently a ship went down with seven hundred on board. About one hundred were killed in a mine explosion at Vancouver a week ago. Evidently the great law of Malthus is operating. In China even the rivers are crowded with an amphibious population. Little gardens are tilled on the river craft. Every foot of land is utilized, and every ounce of anything that can be used as a fertilizer. The Chinese are pouring out in swarms over all the islands of the Pacific over South America, and now they threaten North America. Great as was the destruction of life in the late flood, it will soon not be noticed in any appreciable decrease of population. The Chinese increase like the locusts, and the death of a few millions does not diminish the tide or its effects. More of them die than any other people, because more of them live; but the same mysterious law that causes more boys to be born after a war than girls will diminish the Chinese population to a proper ratio with the means of subsistence. It will not be necessary to introduce a microbe among them, as the war proposes with the rabble in Australia to keep them from devouring the earth.—Chicago Times.

THEY'RE TWINS.

Singular Sameness in Thought and Conduct.

Mr. Galton has shown that many twins do actually behave under similar circumstances in almost identical manners; that their characters often come as close to one another as it is possible for the characters of two human beings to come, and that even where the conditions of later life have been extremely different the original likeness of type often persists to the very end in spite of superficial variations in style or habit of life. Some of the most striking examples are very funny. I will supplement them by two of my own. In one case a couple of twins (men) had a quarrel over a perfectly unimportant matter. They came to very high words, and parted from one another in bad blood. On returning to their rooms—lived apart—each of them suffered from a fit of remorse, and sat down to write a letter of contrition to the other, to be delivered by the morning post. After writing it one brother recalled the letter over, and recalling the cause of the quarrel, added at once a long postscript, justifying himself and reopening the whole question at issue. The other brother posted his note at once, but thinking the matter over quietly afterwards regretted his action again, and supplemented by a second leaf, almost unsaying what he said in the first one. I saw all three letters myself the next morning and was simply amazed at the absolute sameness of feeling and expression.

The other story relates to a fact which happened, not to two, but to two successive brothers extremely like one another in build and features, and evidently modeled in mind and character on the self-same mold. It is only a small incident, but as I can vouch for the correctness of the minutest details, it has a certain psychological interest of its own. They met a lady dressed in blue whom they had never seen before, at a military dance. Each of them asked to be introduced to her at first sight; each asked the same officer for the introduction on (though each had several friends in common present); each described her in the same way, not as "the lady in blue" (the most obvious point of appearance about her), but as "the lady with the beautiful eyes"; and fell desperately in love with her off hand, and each asked her for a particular flower out of a little bouquet containing four or five more conspicuous blossoms. Finally each came up at the end of the evening to confide in the same married lady of their acquaintance, their desire to see more of the beautiful stranger.—The ornith.

Local Option.

Bill Snort of the Crosby County (Gardner and Farmers' Intimidator, who in Austin the other day and was asked about the state of morality in Crosby county since the local-option law forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors had gone into effect. "Why, there ain't a prisoner in the county jail. It is as empty as the head of the fellow who is trying to run an opposition paper to mine in Crosby county." "What is the vacant condition of the jail owing to the local-option law?" "That's just it. The sheriff had to go over into the adjoining county to get drunk, and while he was gone all the prisoners, about twenty-seven in all, made their escape. Oh, I tell you local option is doing wonders for Crosby county."—Texas Siftings.

THE ASTOR FORTUNE.

Enormous Wealth that Does not Excite Envy. A Fortune that Grows Bigger and Bigger—How It Was Built Up—John Jacob Astor the First.

The recent death of Mrs. John Jacob Astor and the universal regret at the sad occurrence brings once more into prominence the fact that of all the great fortunes accumulated in this country the Astor fortune has excited the least envy. Mrs. Astor's most sincere circle of mourners were among the poor. While it is true that the bulk of the enormous wealth of the Astors is composed of what such social reformers as Henry George call the unearned increment, representing the advance in value of large and judicious investments in real estate, it still remains true that among the poorer classes in New York when the rich are denounced for greed and heartlessness, somehow the Astors, the richest of the rich are rarely included in the denunciation.

It must be confessed that the originator of the Astor fortune was not gifted with an un-luxuriant stock of the milk of human kindness. John Jacob Astor, the first, the grandfather of the present heir of the fortune, was born at Waldorf, in Baden, in 1763. His father was a small farmer with a large family and John Jacob, the fourth son, started on foot at the age of 17 to seek his fortune. Walking to the nearest seaport he sailed for London, where one of his brothers had a piano factory. He worked in his brother's factory for two years, at the end of which time his savings amounted to 15 guineas. Investing 10 guineas in a lot of cheap musical instruments and buying a steerage passage to Baltimore with the other 5, he sailed from London early in November, 1783, being then just turned 20. His vessel was caught in the ice in Chesapeake bay and detained two months before it could reach Baltimore, where he finally landed March 10, 1784.

During his long imprisonment on the ice, which he doubtless regarded all the time as a great hardship, he learned the secret upon which he afterward founded his enormous fortune. A German furrier was among his fellow passengers, and while smoking their pipes to him he saw the long winter nights he enters the land young Astor with stories of his adventures among the Indians in search of valuable furs, telling him how cheaply they could be purchased with few gaudy trinkets, and how dearly they could be sold in the London market. Young Astor landed, disposed of his muscatel instruments at a profit and proceeded immediately to New York, where an older brother was already living but not prospering. John Jacob obtained temporary employment in a baker's shop, and in the summer of 1784 entered the service of Robert Browne, a kind-hearted old Quaker, at the main fount salary of \$2 a week and his board. His business was beating and packing furs. He worked faithfully and at the end of the first year his wages was raised. Here he worked for two years, learning the details of the fur business, and in 1786 set up a little shop of his own on Water street. He did all of his own work, buying, beating, packing and selling his skins, laboring from dawn till dark. Following the hint secured from his companion on his voyage to his new home he made long journeys with a pack on his back to the hunting grounds of the Mohawk, Seneca, Oneida and other tribes of Indians, making his tire some and perilous trips return him a handsome profit. He thus became an expert in the choice of fine furs, acquiring a taste for increasing the wealth, and an enthusiasm, which he displayed in after years by hanging the walls of his office with the choicest furs instead of pictures.

He had now become prosperous enough to afford to marry, choosing for his wife Sarah Todd, a connection of the Brevoort family. Besides her pretty self, his bride brought him \$300, which the thrifty bridegroom insisted on seeing counted down before the marriage was solemnized. Mrs. Astor entered heartily into her husband's schemes for increasing the wealth, and soon became more expert than he in the selection of furs and skins. In 1830 he retired from business worth \$20,000,000, which was doubled by judicious investments in real estate during the remaining eighteen years of his life. Age mellowed the hard-fisted old German and he gave \$50,000 to the poor of his native town of Waldorf and \$400,000 for the founding of the Astor library, besides some other charitable legacies. He died in 1848 by far the wealthiest man in the country at that time.

The Astor fortune has been unlike most American fortunes in another particular besides that of exciting little envy. It has lasted through four generations and is constantly increasing. The rule has been that the sons or grandsons, at farthest, squandered in riotous living what the fathers or grandfathers accumulated. The fortune of forty millions left by John Jacob Astor nearly forty years ago, grown from \$20,000,000 to \$300,000,000 in the hands of his grandson and will soon descend to his great-grandson, William Waldorf Astor, increasing at a yearly rate of from ten to twenty millions. The reason for this is that the Astors of each generation are educated in the thrifty German habits of the founder of the family. Instead of doing what the average American who achieves fortune does, declaring that he does not want his boys to undergo the hardships and trials that he went through, and teaching them nothing but money and the value of money, the Astors have trained their sons in all the details of the management of their immense estate. They are taught to avoid kite-flying speculations, to live plainly and unostentatiously and invest their accumulations in more real estate. The result is the Astor estate has not lacked a judicious manager for three generations, and will soon fall into the hands of a fourth, who promises to be as thorough a man of business as his thrifty ancestors.

William Waldorf Astor, who will inherit the dollars—with all their accretions—of his first-seeing great-grandfather, is the first one in the family to take part in public affairs. As a member of the New York assembly and minister to Italy, he has acquitted himself with credit.—Chicago News.

The Yankee Skipper and the Furdy Tides.

It seems, according to the old story-tellers, that years ago the captain of a New England coaster determined to discover the exact location of "Down East." At every port he visited, from Cape Cod to Boothbay, the inhabitants all denied that they lived there, and when asked where "Down East" was, only pointed mysteriously up the coast. Finally, when the skipper of the "Dancing Polly" received a cargo of goods for Grand Pre, he was highly pleased, thinking that at last "Down East" would be found,—for, in those days, Nova Scotia was considered "the jumping-off place."

One fine morning, the schooner got under way, and sailed merrily up through the maze of islands that skirt the coast of Maine. Fair westerly winds favored them, and on the second day they entered the famous Bay of Fundy, or Fond de la Baie, as the French call it.

The skipper had never heard of the great tide there; and when, the following morning, the mouth of the Minas Channel appeared on the right shore, he bore away for it, wing and wng, and he was soon under the Acadian hills. The rich green fields and the villages along shore seemed to give a friendly greeting; and captain and crew decided that "Down East" was a very pleasant region.

But luck is fickle; and as they were bowing along, up the basin proper, they felt a sudden jar, then heard a scraping sound; and a moment later "The Dancing Polly" was aground, under full sail. The small-boat was put out with a keel, and the sails were braced this way and that, but all to no purpose,—the boat was aground hard and fast, the tide was going out, and skipper and crew would have to wait until the high tide came to float them off. It was quite late in the day, and ere long the captain, and the cook, and the great Newfoundland dog, and a yellow-and-black cat, who constituted the "crew" all went to bed. Early the next morning, the captain was awakened by the dog; and when he crawled out of his berth, he found the floor of his cabin so moist that he had to scramble on all fours to reach the ladder. The schooner was evidently heeled over. But the captain had expected this, and made his way as best he could.

Was he dreaming? He certainly thought so; and then, having some doubts, he reached over and gently touched the yellow-and-black cat's tail. An answering wail assured him that he was awake, and that he and "The Dancing Polly" were really somewhere high up in mid-air. The bewildered skipper crept to the rail, his astonishment all the while increasing. The broad stream of the day before had vanished. Not a drop of water was in sight, but far below him could be seen a vast basin of mud, in which pigs were rooting and grunting. For some time the skipper stood and looked; then, noticing the cook standing by and, like himself, lost in wonder, he said: "Wal, John, I reckon we've reached here at last." "Reached where?" exclaimed the cook. "Down East," replied the old man, solemnly. "It looks more like 'up East,' and on a powerful high perch, moreover," retorted the cook, "and I'm for striking inshore."

The two men started forward, and they soon found that the schooner was resting on a great ledge of rock like a tower that rose out of the mud. Lower and lower they went, till they lay across down upon the rock, and even then were several feet from the muddy surface. The great pedestal upon which they stood was covered with olive-lined and black weeds, which concealed innumerable star-fishes, sea-urchins and shells and it gradually dawned upon them that "The Dancing Polly" had not been transported inland, but that the water had gone seaward and left them.

How to get down was the next question, and after a debate about leaving the dog and the cat, the two men finally managed to slide, slip, and scramble to the plain below, and through mud and deep water to the shore, where they were received with roars of laughter by a group of fine looking Acadians, who had been watching their decent and their difficult progress.

If He Had Only Known.

A physician who had attended a man during several weeks of illness called one day and presented his bill.

"I can't pay this," said the patient.

"Why? Is it correct?"

"I don't doubt that, but I haven't any money. Had to pay a life-insurance assessment this morning, and it took every cent I had."

"What is your life insured?"

"Yes; and at one time, when I expected to live but a few hours longer, I told my wife to see that you were paid just as soon as the company paid the amount of insurance."

"Oh, dear man," the doctor suggestively replied, "I wish I had known that. I think I would have gotten my money."—Arkansas Traveller.

Not His Weak Spot.

"Why didn't you knock his brains out?" asked the boss when the fighting editor came in after a spirited interview with an obstreperous citizen.

"Cuss the lunk, didn't I try to?" replied the puffing subordinate. "I hit him over the head with the shovel as hard as I could drive."

"Thunderation!" exclaimed the disgruntled boss, "won't you never learn anything? Why didn't you kick him?"—Washington Critic.

HUMOR IN SMALL PACKAGES.

A Charity Bawl—Please, mistaken gimme a cent.—Washington Critic.

Minnie—You are wrong. There is no such word as hale.—Omaha World.

The tonsorial artist who colors whiskers gave so much per dye.—Texas Siftings.

It is the dry-goods clerk who most frequently sales under false colors.—New Haven News.

Turn about is fair play. A New York alderman has been robbed.—New Orleans Picayune.

Gay Gould is in Venice. He has gone to see how they water their streets.—Detroit Free Press.

Actors should never jeer at the stage of a pioneer theater. There are no flies on it.—Texas Siftings.

Coal-combinations may flourish, but in the natural order of things ice pools are impossible.—Boston Courier.

When is the stove like a composition by Wagner? When you've gotterdamperwong, of course.—New York Star.

The Empress of Austria is learning to fence. Her husband, on the other hand, is studying defense.—New York World.

Some people see fun in costing. Other people go down hill fast enough without getting on a sled.—Somerville Journal.

There was a difficulty between two New York clubs the other day. Two policemen had a fight.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

A Nautical Paradox—Whatever is accomplished by the lifeboat is thwarted in every attempt. This is an our true tale.—Nautucket Inquirer.

Some of our contemporaries are remarking that in Kansas there is a post-office named "Zero." Well, what of it? That's nothing.—Lowell Courier.

The Dakota Indians have withstood the blizzard without a single fatality, and yet John Barleycorn topples them over in a jiffy. Such are the vicissitudes of civilization.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Nature doesn't make long speeches or split up into factions over the question of reducing her surplus. When Chinamen become too thick, she just rolls up a wave and drinks in seven million of them at a gulp.—Chicago Times.

An artist once gave a little supper at his studio, and he put in his invitations B. S. C. V. The letters puzzled some people, who found when they went to the supper that they meant: "Bring some cold victuals."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A house in New Jersey which had been kept insured for eighty-nine years burned up the other day between the lapse of one policy and the taking out of another. An old house which attempts to beat an insurance company will always get left.—Detroit Free Press.

There's a heap of talk just now about sheep and wool and tariff or no tariff; and meanwhile the milkman is pumping in the water, the grocer putting the bad fruit at the bottom of the measure, and the number of adulterations in tea and coffee increasing every week.—Detroit Free Press.

It is said that a young woman in Kansas City has lost her mind as a result of listening to Sam Jones preaching. It looks as if Sam were yet going to accomplish something in that city. If he can manage to make the people there lose their minds he will, even if he doesn't save their souls, improve them a little for this life.—Chicago Times.

Strange Notions About Eating.

Many people seem to imagine that eating is the great business of life and the chief end of existence, and food a panacea for all the ills of life. We frequently see the misguided friends of a sick person urging him to eat, imagining that if he could only be fed with all the small food, he will be all right; when the stomach is really in such a condition that food taken into it will be digested with just about as much readiness as though it were placed in a carpet sack. The writer knew an old gentleman who was in the habit of eating a liberal slice of no-nut pie, or other pastry, just before retiring after coming home late at night. One even went to bed after his wife had gone to bed. After an unsuccessful search in the pantry, he called to his wife, "Mary, where is the pie?" His good wife timidly acknowledged that there was no pie in the house. Said her husband, "Then where is the cake?" The poor woman meekly confessed that the supply of cake was also exhausted, at which the dappled old husband cried out in a sharp censorious tone, "Why, what would you do if somebody should be sick in the night?"

Lyman Beecher tells a story of his aunt, which illustrates the popular idea that sick people must be fed with all sorts of dainties no matter what the nature of the disease. When a boy, eight or nine years of age, he was one day suffering in the throes of indigestion, as a result of having swallowed a large amount of indigestible mince-pie. His kind-hearted aunt noticed the pale and distressed look on his face, and said to him, with genuine sympathy in her voice, "Lyman, you look sick. You may go into the pantry, and help yourself to a nice piece of fire-cake just as warm from the oven."

All persons are not so kindly disposed toward those in distress. A factory girl, in describing to a companion the hard-hearted and vindictive character of another girl whom she pointed out, declared that "she would not give a mouthful of food to a person who was drowning." Really a drowning person has just about as much use for food as have most invalids for the preserves, jellies, sauces and various dainties and tid-bits that are brought to them by sympathizing friends. There seems to be a want of good sense in matters of dietetics. It is hoped that the world is growing wiser in this direction, but there is still immense room for progress.—Good Health.

Got a Scab.

"Please, sir, give me a dime to get something to eat," whined a sturdy beggar in T. Goldsborough Bruff, this morning.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Bruff. "All the waiters in the restaurant where I eat have struck. Now, you come in and wait on me, and I'll give you a job or give you a quarter."

"I'm no scab," said the beggar, indignantly, as he moved away. "You rich duns are always trying to grind down the poor."—San Francisco Post.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Chinamen in New York are said to send home \$10,000 a year.

Hundreds of Canadians are said to be awaiting naturalization in Chicago.

The Italian silk crop of 1887 surpasses the unusually large crop of last year.

A movement is on foot to induce the colored people to emigrate to South America.

Kidderminster, Worcestershire, England, became renowned for its carpet manufactures about 1735.

In New York 0000 girls are engaged in stripping tobacco at average wages of about forty cents a day.

Georgia farmers in progressive districts have planted their corn crops, and expect to plow in a few weeks.

The university of Paris, Italy, which was founded by Charlemagne, is said to be the oldest in Europe.

Cheeriness is the latest fad in England. It has a suggestion of cheese as American oligomargarine suggests butter.

A Turkish pirate was seen at Adriatic sailing from the coast with a heavy American piano strapped to his back.

The foliage of a great white oak tree at Vernon, Ala., is half dark green and the other half yellow throughout the summer.

According to the latest statistics, there are in France 1,658,320 sheep, 1,423,113 goats, 5,774,921 pigs and 2,789,489 farm horses.

Some people are wondering just now whether it would be easier for a herd of camels to pass through the wire mesh of a croquet net, or for a croquet ball to go to heaven.

The coming orange crop of southern California is now expected to be greater than last year. The official estimate is 2500 to 3000 carloads against 180 carloads the past season.

A 6-year-old little girl trembling with fear in a recent terrific thunderstorm, suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, every time it lightens does the sky open and show a little bit of the golden street?"

Sam Small claims that the cowboy style of preaching does good. It may be. Perhaps if the founder of Christianity had traveled around with a variety show he would have made more converts.

Brazil slaveholders are opposed to the extinction of slavery, because of the impossibility of carrying on the coffee plantations profitably with paid labor. They should study the results in the United States.