

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A CHINESE smuggler can wear eight coats in a business emergency. Miss Parker, of Hamblin, Tenn., struck him a fatal blow with a poker.

A MICHIGAN undertaker hangs up in his shop the sign: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it. It is a pleasure to show goods."

A MAN at Pawlet, Vt., recently lost four cows, which broke into his potato field and ate them, but had been acquainted with kerosem to keep off bugs.

The model town in the State of New York is Alfred. It has 2,000 inhabitants, has never had a single glass of liquor sold within its limits and never a paper to support it.

Mr. BIRD MORRIS, of New Haven, Conn., had his pocket picked of \$5,700 in exchange and currency while in a sleeping-car, between Decatur, Ill., and Fort Wayne, Ind.

A 24-POUND turtle recently captured near Norfolk, Va., was sent to the market to move about from place to place while bearing on its back a man weighing 250 pounds.

The potato field at Mulheim, in Germany, on which the Colorado beetle made its appearance, has been covered with petroleum and tar-bark, and set on fire, the Government indemnifying the proprietors.

INVESTIGATION into the losses of sheep, during the last year, show a total of nearly 3,000,000 sheep and lambs destroyed by dogs and wolves and various diseases, and an aggregate money value of nearly \$8,000,000.

In the environs of Tomsk, Siberia, a mammoth has been found whose flesh and skin are in perfect order. The Governor has directed the greatest care to be taken in digging out this treasure, which is to be dispatched to the Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg.

The Boston Pilot classifies the gifts to Pope during the recent jubilee as follows: From France, \$220,000; the United States, \$160,000; Ireland, \$120,000; Italy, \$120,000; Spain, \$100,000; England, \$100,000; Austria, \$75,000; South America, \$75,000; Germany, \$50,000; Belgium, \$50,000; Portugal, \$42,000; Australia, \$25,000; Canada, \$20,000; Holland, \$20,000; Scotland, \$20,000; Switzerland, \$20,000.

These same showers—now people know exactly what they are—were one of them in Franklin, Tenn., the other day, and a scientific man put a bit of the "meat" under a microscope and found it to be "an organism—a locust of infusoria." Each animalcule is enclosed in a shell of silica, and is one-fourth of an inch long. One drop contains almost 500 of these.

The scientific man's theory is that they came from decaying heaps of kelp in the Gulf of Mexico.

AS AN instance of the security of money in the Turkish Treasury it may be noted that for some time it has been the method of the Government to pay its Custom-house officials with portions of the goods seized. Thus some luckless officer would find himself the owner of a bunch of cigars, a sewing machine, some Manchester prints, several gallons of American lamp-oil, a side-saddle and French paper-hangings, which, having no use for himself, he would be compelled to dispose of for what he could get.

ELIZABETH MOORE, of Brooklyn, procured a divorce from her husband with alimony at \$25 a week. Latterly, though wealthy, he tired of the expense, and she decided to get a divorce, and to conduct the case in a very different way. She went right along, remarried, her, which ceremony performed, he stopped payment, treated her cruelly and she again sought a divorce. Moore's counsel interposed a demurrer to the complaint, claiming that there was no marriage which the law could recognize. Justice Neilson has decided that the demurrer was taken, and that the court has no power, either inherently or under the statute, to grant the relief asked for.

The beautiful gold casket presented to General Grant by the City of London has on the obverse central panel a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the monogram and arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall and an appropriate inscription. At the end are two figures, also in gold, modeled and chased, representing the City of London and the United States, and bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns, laurel wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States.

A CUNEO'S lawsuit has just been finished in Genesee County, N. Y., and decision is anxiously awaited by a large Spiritualistic community. Ezra B. Booth bought a swamp in 1874 for a speculation. It did not pan out, and when he was applied to by Jeremiah Eighmy, he was ready to sell. Eighmy had been informed by a lady-medium that Red Jacket, late Seneca Chief, had appeared to her, advising the purchase of the property as it contained valuable oil, salt, and coal deposits. After the purchase, Eighmy, assisted by several media, worked the swamp to find nothing in it, and now he sues Booth to recover his money on the ground of fraudulent misrepresentations at the time of the sale.

The United States Fish Commission is now engaged in a vigorous prosecution of measures looking toward the stocking of the United States with shad and other food fishes. The present center of operations in shad-hatching is at Havre de Grace, Maryland, and shipments of the young fish are continually made to different parts of the country, in addition to the introduction of a large percentage of the stock into the Susquehanna River, in which it is assisted by the Maryland Fish Commission. Among the places where deposits of the young fish have already been made may be mentioned St. Louis, Missouri; Sterling, Kentucky; Montgomery, Alabama; Macon and Milledgeville, Georgia; the Potomac River at Washington, etc.

SIXTEEN sea-lions from the Mexican coast recently arrived in New York City. They were captured by an expedition for the direction of the proprietors of the New York Aquarium. A schooner was chartered for the purpose, under the command of Capt. J. Mullet, who employed 15 Mexicans skilled in throwing the lasso. The lions were caught at early dawn, while they were asleep on the rocks. The work was attended with much difficulty and danger, and the party never caught more than one in a day. Two of these creatures are destined for the Brighton Aquarium, in England, two for the Paris Acclimatization Society, and two for Amsterdam, Holland. The others will remain in New York, or be sent to the Seaside Aquarium, at Coney Island, New York. Among them is a female with a cub.

NICK JOOST'S ADVENTURE.

How He Made the Devil Play Second Fiddle. A big granite boulder lies almost on the line which separates the old Morris and Bergen farms in Brooklyn.

Deep in the rock a clearly defined foot-print is set. The cast of a well-shaped iron hood has been taken by the hard granite as if it were plastic wax. Many years ago, in the good old colony days, when Brooklyn was a quiet little village, with only one church and no scandals, Nicholas Joost lived with his wife in a comfortable house on the bank of the river. Nicholas was a fiddler by profession, if he was any thing, for he never did any work except with his fiddle-bow, if he could possibly avoid it; but he was always ready to clap his fiddle under his chin and play the whole night and day whenever he was asked.

He never learned to play by note, but he would catch any tune after once hearing it, and repeat it on his fiddle with variations and improvisations of his own. Till the best theatre melody grew really betwixting. The older members and the grave Dutch dames eyed him rather doubtfully, but his ready fiddle won him unbounded favor with the young people of the village. He was never weary of any gathering, and was particularly popular around the house. He could play very sweetly, and plaintively too, when he happened to be in the mood. The other matrons, too, would forget, as they listened to his dulcet fiddle, that Nick was a lazy fellow and all too fond of "kill-devil," and would bring him out a cup of cider, and forget to frown when his muddy shoes left their tracks on the spotless floor.

One day, in the early fall, and when the fiddler was in the mood, he was invited to give a concert at the house of a neighbor. He was to play till he was tired, and he was to play till he was tired, and he was to play till he was tired.

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An Actress's Experiences in the St. John Fire.

Miss Louise Pomeroy, in a letter from St. John, referred to in this city, says the New York Tribune, gives some interesting details of her personal experiences during the recent conflagration. She says:

Only three or four people, who were guests at the Victoria Hotel, saved their personal property. I was among the fortunate number in saving my professional wardrobe. We insisted upon having our trunks brought down to the office, despite the opposition of the clerk, who argued that there was no danger. Large red-hot cinders were blowing about at the time and dropping on the roof of the hotel. Moreover, a house a few steps off was going the way of all the fates of the town, with the dreadful fire in our direction. To retreat in good order was a lesser part of valor. A truckman was instantly called, and his cart loaded and started for the country by the kindness of Mr. Kelly, treasurer of the theater, who carried the baggage to a farm-house out on the marsh road, two miles away. This was the last and only property saved at the hotel. A quantity of baggage was carried down to the American wharf, however, and burned before the very eyes of the unfortunate owners. A number of actors lost all their wardrobes. Little or nothing was saved at the Academy of Music. My basket was packed all ready for the night's performance, and I congratulated myself, as the baggage was carried along the street, that I could not be so badly off as some of my colleagues. At night to go on as if nothing had happened. But there was no play that night, and it will be many a long year before they have another theater in St. John. It was difficult to decide which way to go. The red glare loomed up in every direction, menacing the lives of the who-did-not-beat-an-actress-street.

We walked through King Street, the principal business street, to King's Square, while one side of the last block next the square was following the destruction of the entire street to the water's brink. The furious flames were revealing through the inside of the building all the furniture, and, as usual, though a sad, a magnificent sight. When a little more than half way to the square the falling of a wall appeared imminent and liable to cut off all egress at the corner. It was necessary to run for life, with the heat pouring threats upon one at every step. A very queer feeling creeps over one at such a perilous moment, and, as I had not come to all and have a beautiful retreat, but to be buried to death, no! Any human being would make good time under such circumstances. Arriving safely at King's Square, it was impossible to leave. We all hovered around like lost spirits, eager to witness the plan of destruction. A hotel at the corner of the street was being burned, and as anxious for company in its misery, passed the fire-brand across the street to the bell tower, which grasped it, with the aid of the wind, and began to crackle and flame as loudly as the rest. From this furniture in the square caught fire and burned up.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: The sweet placidity of Georgetown social life was violently disturbed a few days since by an event so sensational that even the raffish of the town were startled. A little hillside cottage, accustomed as they have always been to the odors of things marvelous, have rung again to the music of a new novel in outline, for the mistress of the mansion to fill out into a romantic tale of love, disappointment, and a denouement beyond the belief of the plodding of mankind.

In Georgetown resides a family well known in both cities. It is particularly noticeable for the preponderance of the feminine element, one son, I believe, being the only masculine oasis in the desert of sisterly expense. The daughters have, most of them, married quite romantically, the vein seeming to be rich and abundant in the family. One married a naval officer of some prominence, and, although his habits were grossly intemperate, she clung to him, loved him to the last. I saw him one evening fall down in a square dance too intoxicated to stand on his feet, and flashing lines swept round the floor.

All this Joost on the ground behind with the utmost glee, and he fiddled away, as if for dear life, utterly regardless of the flight of time and deaf to the striking of the famous Wouter Van Twiller's clock in the village church as it slowly tolled out twice. The fiddler, as he never before, till the thought of his fiddle and the glorious frolic among the stars. He was just in the full tide of one of his most fantastic improvisations, when he became aware that a tall black figure was standing by his side and playing a ready second on a peculiar, crook-necked violin. The strings of the instruments blended in one. Nick was rather more astonished than pleased, however, at the intrusion of the new-comer on the scene, for he naturally wished to share all the fun to himself, so he turned sharply on the stranger, and said petulantly: "Where the devil did you come from, and what do you learn that piece you are playing?"

"Oh, I've often heard it," said the stranger; "the organ-grinders at New Amsterdam call it 'The Devil's Joy.'"

"What a lie!" exclaimed Nick; "I composed it myself just now to suit the stars up there."

"Well, by hokey," said the stranger, "they call me the Father of Lies, but I reckon some of my sons rather beat the old man."

"What's that?" cried Nick, rolling over towards the stranger; "what'd you say?"

"Oh, no offense," said the stranger, "I mean it as a compliment."

"You may go to the devil and shake yourself," returned Nick, indignantly.

"I will follow me, as I did just now."

"I'll follow no man," said Nick, haughtily; "I wouldn't play a second to the devil himself."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "you go ahead and play first fiddle and I'll beat you at that, and you may choose your own tunes, too."

Nick could not find words to express his disgust at such presumption, so he merely gave a vicious cut at his rival, which elicited an exasperating shriek, and began to fiddle away like mad.

Nick's right hand and arm may have ached a little, but he never admitted it, and his bow flew over the strings faster than ever. Galop, jig, reel, followed hot upon each other till the strings fairly sang, and the violin began to drip with sweat and the resin began to drip from the horse-hair of the bow. The stranger did not appear to get heated, but Nick, who was now on his feet, was sweating at every pore. He threw off his round jacket and waistcoat, and fiddled away in his shirt; but he never missed a note, and the sharp ear of the

A Modern Day Romance.

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The Cause of Sleep.

Preyer recently held before the Association of Naturalists at Hamburg a hypothesis in regard to the "cause of sleep," which he considers established by his experiments. Unlike a very generally received idea of its being due to a partial emptying of the blood-vessels of the brain, he thinks sleep results from an accumulation of what he calls "fatigue material" in the blood, developed by the activity of the muscles and of the nervous system. During sleep these substances are decomposed by the oxygen of the blood, the fatigue disappears, and then sleep comes to an end. In support of this view, Preyer adds experiments which he has made with lactic acid, a product of muscular activity. By injecting a quantity of this acid into the blood of an animal he produces such a condition of exhaustion of fatigue, limited to one part of the nervous system, that all the world's agony and agape to know what tempted so fair a daughter of Eve to link her fate to one so undeserving as into her young life, such much rain has already fallen. Women's ways, as well as their love, are past finding out.

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