SPRINGFIELD GLOBE-REPUBLIC

THE SPRINGFIELD GLOBE-REPUBLIC. Volume IV. Number 192. | SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1885 | THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLIC. Volume XIII. Number 52.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.

Ohio Valley and Tennessee: Colder, clearing weather, northerly winds; Lower Lakes: Cloudy weather and snow, northerly winds, lower temperature, higher barometer.

GENERAL

CLEARING

SALE.

Children's Suits $1.00.
Children's Suits $2.00.
Children's Suits $3.00.
Boys' Overcoats $1.50 in all sizes from 5 to 12 years.
[illegible] Cassimere Suits [illegible] from $20 to $12 in [illegible] and from $16 to [illegible] sizes.
[illegible] Wool Fine Cassimere Suits reduced from $16 to $9.
Heavy Gray Melton Overcoats [illegible]
[illegible] arrival) [illegible] Fancy 50c per [illegible]
[illegible] Mittens 30c.
[illegible] Socks 25c.
[illegible] Half Hose [illegible]
[illegible] 10c.
[illegible] 25c.
[illegible] Scarfs 50c.
[illegible] Caps 50c.

Boys' Fancy Bows 10c.
Black Bows 5c.
Men's Colored Brocade Handkerchiefs 5c.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.,

Clothing Manufacturers and Only One-Price Retailers in Springfield.

N. B.: This Sale is for To-Day, To-Morrow and the Next day.

PREFERRED NOTICES.

Gugenheim will offer daily for the next ten days some specialty in Wraps or Furs at a startling reduction, good only for the day following the announcement in the evening paper. Look for the advertisement.

To Epicureans.

Three fine steers weighing together 4,440, were killed and dressed by Leuty & Son yesterday for their New Year trade. They were purchased from Mr. E. S. Kelly and were raised on the S. A. Bowman farm. These were the fattest, finest and best steers ever killed at any one time in the county. Some of the quarters are still hanging in Leuty & Son's meat store.

Notice.

Persons having Watches, Clocks or Jewelry at my store, No. 75 South Market, are hereby requested to call for the same, for I am going out of business.

PAUL PAILLI.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE CO., 2828 Hickory street St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.

WANTED — LADIES AND MISSES TO crochet and make fine laces at home; pleasant and profitable; work sent out of city. Western Manufacturing Company, 218 State St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—PUPILS IN SHORTHAND, EVENing class: first class instruction. Address or call on W. H. GIBSON, GLOBE-REPUBLIC office.

WANTED—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN city or country to take light work at their own homes. $3 to $4 easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have a good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, Crown M'f'g Company, 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOOD PAY FOR AGENTS. $100 TO $200 PER month made selling our Grand New History, Famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A GOOD BUSINESS, CENTRALLY located, requiring but small capital to run it. Inquire of J. M. Miller, 22 W. Washington St.

FOR SALE—TWO OR THREE HIGH DOUBLE desks, with stools; twelve writing tables, counter railing, &c. Call at No. 9, Mitchell Block.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT — GOOD TWO-STORY BRICK house of seven rooms, at Lagonda; in good repair. Apply at WM. GRANT'S SONS.

FOR RENT—GOOD DWELLING, 5 ROOMS and basement kitchen. Water up and down stairs. On St. Railroad. Enquire of Thos. Sharp

LOST.

LOST—LADIES' GOLD PEN, BETWEEN 181 W. High st. and Kimmes's dry goods store. Finder will please leave it at 181 W. High street.

No Dispatches.

This being New Year's day, no Associated Press dispatches were sent over the wires.

HERE, THERE AND ELSEWHERE.

John Wesley died just 500 years ago Tuesday, December 30, 1884. He was struck by paralysis while conducting public services at Lutterworth on the last Sunday of the year 1384 and died two days afterwards.

In the London trade in Great Britain wages have been reduced 30 per cent. in the last year.

The distress in Glasgow, Liverpool, and other shipping ports having attracted the attention of the Queen, her Majesty proposes to open a subscription for the relief of the sufferers.

The Globe-Democrat's Washington correspondent says: There is a new beauty in society this season, over whose hair fairies are raving. Mrs. Horace Helyar, wife of the new Secretary of the British Legation, is a blonde of the purest and finest Saxon type. She is a young woman, tall, slender and graceful, and the pink and white of her complexion is as delicate as an infant's. She has a pretty mouth, dazzling teeth, and an aristocratic little nose, while with her blue eyes is a mass of fine, crinkly hair, as bright as sun gold. With her perfect skin she can wear pearls by daylight, and any kind of a gas-light or reflection, and her favorite gray broadcloth suit only enhances her delicate coloring.

Mark Twain and his wife are said to have jointly more than one million dollars.

Ex-Vice President Wheeler is still in poor health.

The London Lancet gives an account of a young girl, recently deceased, who had the remarkable gift of changing the color of her hair and complexion according to the state of her mind. The transition occupied about three days.

Among a lot of modern proverbs set to a London newspaper were these: "Its a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet." "The want of money is the root of much evil." "If you'd know a man's character, watch him home. "Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all."

The Rochester Herald says: "The country will be glad to learn that Chief Justice Waite, who has been seriously ill at Washington, is recovering. The general public does not hear much of the Chief Justice, but he is quite an important when in the government system."

NEWS NOTES AND PUNTS.

France is likely to declare open war on China and prosecute it with vigor.

It is reported at Cleveland that Colonel C. H. Bayne is to resign the treasurership of the Standard Oil Company and accept a high position under the incoming administration, possibly a Cabinet position. Payne's friends deny the rumor.

At 1230 this morning (January 1, 1885), at New York, Alderman Kirk was sworn in as mayor by Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court. Kirk said he had obtained advice from many eminent judges to the effect that his title could not be impeached. He said he intended to appoint a gentleman as corporation counsel who was not a politician. He did not make the nomination up to 2 o'clock this morning. He claimed the injunction served on him as alderman could not affect him as mayor. The city hall was pretty well deserted at 2 a. m. Politicians of all grades were around the city hall until a very late hour to-night. Tammany men and so-called "machine" Republicans are just now in the ascendant, all waiting with more or less anxiety what the day may bring forth. Mayor Grace takes the office at noon. Acting Mayor Kirk has the power of appointment without confirmation by the aldermen from now until noon.

It is now announced that Hon. J. L. Taylor, of Ohio, will not contest Mr. Warner's seat in the next House.

There was a decrease of about $400,000 in the public debt, in December.

Captain Andrew Green, Engineer Joseph Hogan, Lineman Bone and two other men whose names are not known, were killed December 31, at Chicago, by the explosion of the boiler of the tugboat Admiral.

The Milwaukee flour mills manufactured 1,177,670 barrels of flour during 1884.

The Cincinnati Postoffice has been admitted to membership in the Clearing House of Cincinnati.

The affairs of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Air-Line have been placed in the hands of a receiver.

President-elect Cleveland closed his Gubernatorial career December 31, and held a reception at the Executive Chamber to-day.

The Philadelphia grand jury found true bills against Wm. T. and Lewis J. Ladner, the suspended bankers, charging embezzlement.

A fight occurred at Bettyville, Ky., in which the Clerk of the town, K. F. Hargis, was shot and killed by some negroes, one of whose number he had assaulted and killed.

The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette's New Year's day report of "Business" is as follows: Leading produce markets accompanied the exit of the old year with stronger tones and a fair degree of activity under the circumstances, but the hilarity indulged in on 'Change cut short the thread of trading. Business in the "bottoms" was without vitality and the weather too warm to lend any stimulating influence. In monetary circles there was the customary clerical activity incidental to a day prior to a legal holiday, but there were no new features of special significance if we except the call by the Comptroller of the Currency for statements of the National banks. The local institutions received notification yesterday, and the reports are published to-day.

Christmas Eve at Boone Station.

Old Santa Claus, in making his annual tour, did not forget to visit the boys and girls of Boone Station. He no doubt remembered and was pleased with the reception given him one year ago.

Notwithstanding the deep snow and severe cold, the parents and children of this district assembled at the school house at an early hour to enjoy the unequaled pleasures of Christmas Eve.

After having a few exercises by the school, consisting of songs and recitations, the tree was illuminated, which presented a pleasing sight, it being loaded to its utmost capacity with the choicest of old Santa's gifts. Among the many gifts was a fine large album presented to the teacher by the school.

After the tree was relieved of its many rich treasures, the crowd dispersed, each one feeling highly delighted with the generosity of old Santa Claus. S

We, the undersigned merchant tailors, of Springfield, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m., from January 5 to March 15, 1885, Saturday nights excepted.

HUFFMAN & RICHTER,
W. S. BARBER,
JNO. R. WILSON,
GEORGE WOLFE,
JOSEPH DRIEBER,
STEPHEN PHILLIPS,
A. PFIFFER,
MARTIN KERR,
J. W. PHILLIPS,
BRUCE HAUK & Co., 7 o'clock.

Marshal Way, of South Charleston, jailed here to-day a colored man with the Patagonian patronymic of Hasha Deartobi, arrested in Dayton, Tuesday, for breaking open Thos. Whitridge's barn, near South Charleston, and carrying off $100 worth of clover seed. Hossha was bound over, in $200 bonds, by Squire A. Bradford, on the charge of burglary. He is a *rara avis*, being able to speak French, Spanish and German fluently, as well as to murder the Queen's English. He came from some West Indian seaport, originally.

Watch night services drew a large congregation to Central M. E. church, most of the people remaining until after midnight. The sermon by Rev. Dr. Marlay was eminently adapted to the occasion, and the exercises were marked by solemnity and impressiveness throughout. Wiley chapel, South Center street, was also crowded to its full capacity, the medig. old members say, being the best ever held there. The pastor, Rev. H. W. Tate, pressed an effective discourse.

Died—Brown, Jas. E., son of Robert and Ann I. Brown at the residence of his brother-in-law, O. W. Bakerd, No. 1014 North Main street, Dayton, O., on the 29th December, 1884, at 4:15 p.m., aged 20 years, 9 months. Buried in the Dayton Woodland Cemetery, December 31, 1884.

Harry Thomas was coming on from Colorado to Kansas City with a lot of stock, and, not minding such a little matter as 600 or 800 miles difference, dropped in at home here yesterday to wish his friends a "Happy New Year," and spend a few days.

A. E. Adrich's new version of "Grandfather Merryman" will be rendered in full, with addions and revisions, at the First English Lutheran church this evening. There should be a big audience.

Miss Maggie L. Staley, one of Dayton's most charming young ladies and a teacher in the public schools in that city, is visiting her cousin, Miss Gertie Staley, of West High street.

Patrick Canfield, alias "Slim," the champion heavy weight of Taylor street, and Bill Speed the light weight, will give a sparring exhibition at Todd's hall, January 10, 1885.

Messrs. G. A. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and S. W. Ballard, of New York, are the genial guests of Mr. Olin Rouse at the Arcade Hotel to-day.

The shoplifter who tripped from a store also entered several other stores, and stole a number of handkerchiefs and stockings.

S. F. Bond, of West Mulberry street, and C. H. Simon, 87 West High street, are visiting friends and relations in Wooster, O.

The men on the chain gang took advantage of the legal holiday, and did not go out to work.

Miss Mame Gahagan, of Troy, is the guest of Miss Emma Flynn, of West High street.

Ah, there! That date line, doncherknow? Eighteen-eighty-five, now. Make no mistake.

Charles Petty was locked up by officer Neklas last night.

BRIGHTON.

The Brighton Sabbath school had a Christmas tree and festival Christmas Eve. The programme of exercises consisted of singing by the school, reading of Scripture and prayer by Rev. C. L. Winget, declamations under direction of J. H. Goings, among which were an address of welcome by Belle Mitsch, a selection by Arthur L. Durker, concerted piece by five little girls representing snowflakes, and another by twelve representing the months in the year. Also a piece by fifteen little boys and girls, and a declamation by Elmer Stoll. Steven Sweet was presented with a handsome Bible by the school, as a mark of esteem for their superintendent, Mr. Rathbun making the presentation speech and Mr. Sweet feelingly responded. The unloading of the trees followed, to everybody's satisfaction.

ENON.

Notwithstanding the hard times our young people are investing in matrimony. Mr. Jas. Wingt and Miss Laura Read were married Christmas night. Also Miss Ella Athy, of this place, and Mr. Alf Sine, of Texas, were married Sunday night, at her brother's, (John Athy, jr.) by the Rev. B. Severs, of Springfield, Ohio. They will leave for Texas on Monday, where a home awaits them. To these young people we extend our best wishes for their success in life.

Prof. Ben Long, of Springfield, is spending his vacation with friends here.

Mr. John Wallace, of Indiana, is visiting his uncle, George Wallace, of this place.

Mr. Simpson Miller, of Springfield, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Hattie Funderberg was visiting in Xenia over Sunday.

Some of our citizens who have contracted for fine cutter sleighs are now feeling for snow. But a mud-boat would be more useful just now.

One of the pleasant surprises in the way of Christmas presents was the presentation of a fine gold chain and charm by the employes of the Enon paper mill to Mr. Stephen Sroufe, the Superintendent. The presentation speech, which was neatly and appropriately worded, was made by Mr. Baily, at the entertainment of the M. E. Sabbath School, Christmas evening, taking Mr. Sroufe completely by surprise. But after his surprise had passed away he thanked them for their kind consideration. Mr. Baily will soon go to Delaware, Ohio, to take a position as finisher in a paper mill there.

Mr. Lancaster, who has been in Logan county teaching, is home spending vacation with his family here. J. J. C.

BETHEL TOWNSHIP.

Notwithstanding the intensely cold wave that prevailed Friday night before Christmas, the second lecture at Olive Branch High school was well attended. The lecturer, Supt. J. J. Burns, of Dayton, sent every listener homeward happy, and many regrets of absence have been expressed by those whom the cold weather prevented attending.

No better test of the interest in our schools and the hungering after knowledge by our better class of citizens than the attendance upon an educational meeting such a night as was that of Friday, December 19.

The next lecture of the course will be delivered at Olive Branch, Friday evening, January 16, by Dr. John Hancock, formerly Superintendent of Dayton schools, and at present superintendent of the Ohio educational exhibit at the New Orleans exposition.

Dr. Hancock has designated as his subject, "Books, and how to use them." He will also show some of the advantages growing out of the establishment of township high schools.

The lecturer is recognized as one of the leading educators of the West, and as he speaks extemporaneously, he always enthuses his hearers and awakens in them a new sense of duty and a greater obligation to perform efficiently imposed duties. He is familiar with the workings of the public schools throughout the State, and will leave with us much valuable information pertaining to them which no aggressive citizen can afford to miss. At the same time he will inform us what books to read and how to read them.

Tickets for the remaining three lectures are for sale at Neff & Miller's drug store, New Carlisle, Forgy postoffice, and at the high school building. Season tickets, fifty cents, single admission, twenty-five cents.

Prof. A. H. Tuttle, who was announced to deliver the next lecture, will favor us the last January or the first of February.

The high school closed its first term Wednesday, December 24, by the observance of Whittier day. A large picture containing a group of the most celebrated poets and authors of modern times graced the wall of the school-room, and the pupils whose names appeared upon the programme acquitted themselves very creditably.

The following is a summary of the term report of the High School for the term just closed:

A AND B GRADES.

Average Number Enrollment—Boys, 13; girls, 16; total, 29. Average daily attendance—Boys, 11; girls 15; total, 26. Average per cent., 90.

A AND B GRADES.

Enrollment—Boys, 6; girls, 5: total, 11. Average number of enrollment—Boys, 5.7; girls, 5; total, 10.7. Average daily attendance—Boys, 5.5; girls, 4.9; total, 10.4. Average per cent., 97.

The High School opens Monday, January 5. The attendance and interest in the schools throughout the township, so far as reports have been obtained, are very commendable. The old year is a thing of the past, and with it let our absence, as teachers, from our Teachers' Institute also be a thing of the past. Let us see every teacher in the township in attendance at Olive Branch the first Saturday in January.

The debate and literary exercises announced for Friday evening, December 12, but postponed on account of the inclement weather, will be held Friday evening, January 9, if the weather be favorable. The programme, as formerly announced, will appear in next week's GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

Mr. Wm. Forgy has sufficiently recovered from his accident of last autumn to walk by means of crutches.

A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms."

"When the leaves—begin—to turn," sings Jeanette in a soft, crooning monotone, giving a vigorous snip of her garden scissors at every pause, and transferring great odorous bunches of creamy white and pink roses to her gathered apron. Jeannette loves flowers, and is herself the fairest flower of them all in this "neck!" [illegible] her rounded, sun-kissed cheeks and wavy, bronze-brown hair.

At least, so thinks John Dwight, as he watches her with half closed, dreamy eyes from his position in the grape arbor.

"'Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.'"

he murmurs under his breath, a smile half tender, half self-contemptuous, on his lips. He is unwilling to admit, even to himself, that he has been imprudent enough to fall in love with this little mountain girl; but it remains a fact, nevertheless.

The reasons why he should not fall in love with her are so numerous and obvious that perhaps he may be pardoned for trying to deceive himself. He has come to this cottage near the Catskills for the avowed purpose of making a few sketches, and about the only bit of Nature's beauty he has been able to fix his attention upon is Jeannette Faber's face. Jeannette is very sweet and fair and good, but—! There is a sort of half acknowledged previous engagement to a wealthy cousin, too, of which he is constantly reminding himself.

John pulls his dark mustache and knits his brows as he thinks of all this. If only—but "ifs" are insurmountable objects in men's lives very often, as we all know.

Meanwhile Jeannette, all unconscious that she is the object of such earnest cogitation, has jubilantly filled her apron, and is returning to the house. She is glad that there are so many roses in the garden. Everything seems bare and meagre and poor enough in the house, and she often wonders that Mr. Dwight, accustomed to wealth and luxury as he evidently is, does not become disgusted with it all, and leave them. But she is very, very glad that he does not.

There is the money he pays them, to begin with; and then he is so gentlemanly and entertaining always that it is a continual pleasure to see him and hear him.

But if the house is meagre in its appointments, the garden is "a thing of beauty," and a joy, if not forever, at least for almost three quarters of the year. It is the time of roses, and Jeannette keeps the dining-room and Mr. Dwight's little "den" more artistically beautiful than rich tapestries and upholstered furniture could ever make them. She sees that Mr. Dwight is pleased, and her soul is glad within her.

She is no hysterical, impractical novel heroine, this little Jeannette Faber, but a simple, modest, well-balanced girl, who can rejoice in such small things as the approval and good will of her friends. They are very poor, her invalid mother and Jeannette, but it is such an old story that Jeannette has become accustomed to poverty long ago, and does not mind it—much. She has a strong suspicion that wealth and ease are desirable things, of course, and has even tasted the bliss of them on short visits to her school-friends; but for all that she has never permitted the trailing serpent of discontent to enter her Eden.

John Dwight that bright July afternoon, seems very much discontented—with himself and with everybody and everything. There is a long letter from his lady-mother in his pocket, and its contents have upset him more than a little.

"How did she find out, I wonder?" he thinks in a semi-provoked way. Then, very decidedly, "But what utter nonsense! I'm about as near to falling in love with Jeannette Faber as I am to flying to the moon, and I've no doubt she thinks the same way about Mr. John Dwight."

Now he is as far removed from a coxcomb as man can well be, but for all that he has not been able to help seeing how Jeannette's gray eyes light up when he is near. Ah, no, John Dwight! You have your doubts about Jeannette, and you are not quite certain of yourself, either.

"Yes, I must return to New York," he says to himself, a restless, resentful sigh escaping his lips. Restless for various reasons, resentful he knows not why. "It is the *mater's* wish, and—after all—it is best that I should go now—if at all! 'If at all,' do I say? John Dwight, you are taking leave of your senses! You must go!"

He cannot help wondering what the expression in Jeannette's gray eyes will be when he announces that he is to go never to come back again.

"Fair Jean—sweet mountain daisy—shall you miss me a little when I am gone?"

He half hopes she will, and the next moment wishes she would never think of him again.

Jeannette is as proud as she is fair, and she expresses no particular surprise at John's cool leave taking the next day. She scarcely knows what she has been thinking, what she has been expecting. But it was not anything quite like this—no! Still, Mr. Dwight has been nothing but their boarder for two brief, happy months, and that is all. What is there to expect? Has he been anything more? "No!" says Jeannette, firmly, almost fiercely, to herself, but there is something in her heart which will not be thrust aside, and which whispers faintly but audibly, "Oh, yes, yes!"

Jeannette does not languish and die. If you had seen her, you would perhaps never have guessed that the whole current of her thoughts and ideas—of her life, indeed—was suddenly changed on that sunny July day when John Dwight went. Only John might have noticed the wistful look in her eyes, and he would have understood.

She finds a little crayon sketch lying in a corner of the room which John has occupied. It represents herself, standing in a thoughtful attitude with downcast eyes and clasped hands. Gray rocks rise precipitately behind her. Underneath is written in John's bold hand, "A Mountain Daisy."

There is such a tender simplicity and beauty about the face that Jeannette can scarcely believe it is her own.

"If I am like this," she thinks, with a throb of exultation, "I am not unworthy to be loved, even by him." And she cherishes the sketch as if it were a sacred thing.

But later on she allows bitter thoughts to enter her heart.

"The sketch was but the work of an idle moment," she says to herself; "he did not care any more for it than to throw it aside when it was finished." And she recalls these words of Burns:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour:
For I maun crush amang the stanes
Thy slender stem."

I don't think John deserves much pity at our hands, but it is true that he is more unhappy than Jeannette. He feels that he has been a coward and a scoundrel toward her, and false to his own heart. He knows now, when it is too late that this fair, innocent "mountain daisy" is more to him than any other woman can ever be.

* * * * *

There follows an epoch in Jeannette's life which reads like a fairy story, but which is, after all, nothing new or [illegible] heretofore almost forgotten relative "out West" dies, and leaves a fortune to Mrs. Faber and her daughter. Life changes as completely for Jeannette as it would for any mountain daisy transplanted from its native heath to be a hot-house rose.

Returning to New York from Albany on one of the Hudson River steamers, almost three years after she has become an heiress and a belle, she finds herself face to face with John Dwight. She is startled for a moment, and her heart beats almost to suffocation; but John does not know her—does not even see her, apparently. And how worn and world-weary he looks! He is not the John Dwight that Jeannette has known. His wife is beside him—a pale, languid, querulous woman, bejeweled and painted.

As Jeannette looks at the pair, every feeling of tenderness for John Dwight she may have clung to dies within her breast. There is nothing but scorn and pity left. Scorn, that he should have sold his birthright so cheaply; pity, that his life, so full of beauty and promise once, should have come to nothing more than this.

And as she places the little crayon sketch upon the grate, and watches it slowly turn to cold, gray ashes, Jeannette's eyes are humid, and she whispers with trembling lips,—

"'The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!'"

Animal Eccentricities.

If a man begins to save against his old age, we call it thrift, and praise him as a small capitalist who is giving hostages to fortune; but if a dog accumulates a store of bones or food, we look upon him as indulging in dangerous caprices, which may end in the necessity of putting a bullet through his head. There may be exceptions here and there. Sometimes you will find an old lady who will protect eccentricity in a parrot, a magpie, or a jackdaw, as a bird that has a right to a certain freedom of movement in return for its entertaining attempts at conversation. But, on the whole, there is no sterner standard of conventionality than that which we enforce on our domestic animals. Pet dogs become perfect bigots in favor of the usual, and persecute any attempt to deviate from it on the part even of a more powerful and less favored league, as the Inquisition persecuted heresy, or as the court of Russia persecutes Nihilism. There is nothing equal to the indignation of an in-doors dog at any invasion of the privacy of the drawing-room by an out-doors dog, and nothing more melancholy than the servile apologies which the big dog will make to the little one, for even proposing to break through the animal etiquette of the house.—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*

G. W. Lindquist, one of the survivors of the Polaris expedition, declares that no Arctic voyager need expect to be made a hero of very long after his return. He holds a master's certificate and was once toasted from town to town, but now, as he laughingly admits, is able to find no better position than quartermaster on a coasting steamer.

The definition of man as a cooking animal is not less profound than agreeable. It relieves us of a painful dilemma. For if, with coarse assurance, we define man to be a carnivorous animal, we confound him with savage beasts; and if, on the other hand, we style him herbivorous, the progress of centuries is ignored, and he is associated with tamer animals. Balzac has remarked that one of the keenest joys of the gourmand lies in the mystery concealed by the covered dish in the anticipation and revelation: "C'est la surprise, l'impression gastronomique du plat extraordinaire."—*Saturday Review.*

GLEANINGS.

There are 2,000 cle[illegible] in London. There are 8,700 public [illegible] in London wine cellars.

Parisians regard red flannels as a preventive against cholera, and are buying it in great quantities.

Somebody has calculated that if the American people should make the effort they could save $150,000,000 in dress alone each year.

The bread now baked at Naples is of precisely the same shape as the loaves found at Pompeii that were put in the oven 2,000 years ago.

The engravings for *Harper's Monthly* cost $100,000 a year. The *Century* has spent as much as $6,000 for illustrations for one article.

New York City is borrowing money on long time bonds, carrying 3½ per cent interest per annum. Such bonds are selling at 1 per cent premium.

In some parts of North Carolina candles and kerosene lamps are still considered articles of luxury, while resinous torches are to be had gratis.

Ouida says: "A girls love must never be begged, but conquered." Paradoxical as it may seem, the girl can not be conquered unless she concurs.

Hot air toys are a novelty. They are made of Bristol board, well lithographed and are to be set in motion by the air from a lamp, gaslight, stove or furnace. The are very comical.

A crane capable of lifting 147 tons is being erected at Hamburg. It wil be the largest on the continent,—the next being that already erected at Antwerp, which is capable of lifting 120 tons.

Three thousand horses die each week in London. Their carcasses are purchased by a company which delivers meat for cats and dogs to many thousands of customers. There are 700,000 cats in the city.

Dr. Hammond remarks: "Perhaps there is no better test of a woman's health and beauty than her appearance at an early breakfast table. She is then more as nature made her than at any other period of the day."

Ladies who want something in embroidery not already possessed by their dear 500 friends are advised to try the effect of old gold mohair insertion upon sage green cloth, working over the design on the insertion with bright gold silk.

The fortifications of Paris are threatened, not by an enemy this time, but by the Parisians themselves. The city is outgrowing its old size, and the fortifications are in the way. The room they occupy is required for building purposes.

Horace Greeley once asked Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton: "What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley," was the quick reply; "stay at home and urge others to go and fight."

The late Sullivan Dorr, of Providence, R. I., lived in the same house and died in the same room in which he was born. There too lived four generations of servants, one woman who was a servant in the family sixty years ago and is there now.

The wire fence is slowly disappearing in Wyoming Territory, [illegible] thought the cattle dealers will soon do away with it altogether. The large owners have concluded that an open range is perferable, all things considered, to an inclosed pasture.

A scientific observer claims that the flatness of the earth at the pole brings the polar ocean thirteen miles nearer than any other portions of the globe to the central ball of fire, upon which he believes the earth to be built. Consequently the heat is so great that the water could never freeze over, and if there is a sea at that spot at all it must be an open one.

It is now an open secret in English official circles that the Agamemnon, double-screw armor-plated turret ship, is to all intents and purposes utterly useless. The rudder has been contrived so as to work only in dead water, and the result is that it is practically impossible to steer the costly monster, and when she starts it is a matter of profound uncertainty what direction she may take. In all probability it will be found necessary to convert the ship into a single screw, at a cost of $100,000.

Millionaire Richard Wilson, whose son has just married into the Astor family, kept a cross-roads store not so long ago down at Dalton, Ga. He did it in a modest way, too. His whole stock of goods would have brought scarcely enough to pay for the wedding clothes his son wore last Wednesday. The little dilapidated shanty in which with his own hands he measured molasses, weighed snuff, and wrapped up soap was torn down within a year or two.

Hugh J. Mohan of San Francisco says emigrants are pouring into California at the rate of 1,500 to 1,800 a week. By far the greatest number settle in Southern California, organize colonies, and engage in fruit and wine-growing. A large per cent are men of means, and even of wealth, who go there mainly for health, but combine business also. The poorer class of emigrants go into the northern counties, the agricultural regions; and about 20 per cent of the total number go up to Oregon and Washington Territory. The population of California is now about 1,000,000.

The Greencastle (Pa.) *Press* relates how one poor little mouse brought dismay into a happy household: A lady in Coseytown discovered a mouse in the family flour barrel. She summoned her husband and told him to get the gun, call the dog and station himself near the scene of the onslaught. Getting up on a high chair she commenced punching the flour barrel with a pole. The poor mouse soon made its appearance and started across the floor, the dog immediately in pursuit. In the excitement the man fired the gun, killing the dog, and the lady fainted and fell off the chair. The man, thinking she was dead, and fearing arrest for murder, cleared out and has not been heard of since. The mouse escaped.

Dr. Sketchley, who has charge of the ostrich farm at Anaheim, was plucking one of the things one day. When they pluck them a stocking is kept on the head to blind the bird. While he cannot see he is quiet, but if his blinkers get uncovered then he "goes for" the plucker. The doctor moved his arm so as to disturb the stocking, and instantly he saw what was done and went head first out of the pen, not caring for any more plumes just then. As he tumbled head first over the fence the bird—he was a jack one, of course—let fly a kick which, striking a fence board, made toothpicks of a whole panel length. The mule's occupation as a kicker is gone in this country since the ostrich came.—*Los Angeles Express.*

Oscar Wilde suggests that for the future ladies should leave off stays entirely and adopt the Eastern garb, notably as regards the continuations and slippers. Like other [illegible] slippers are to be worn on [illegible] is November. For [illegible] period of the Christmas [illegible] becoming (not to [illegible] from which to vary. He [illegible] acquaintance—in face—dra[illegible] Colonel McKinstry his health [illegible] stealing a co[illegible] arm and extract[illegible] the blood to make [illegible] which he broke his way o[illegible]

A literary man asked a [illegible] was personally familiar with the life of the Lytteons when he [illegible] Lord Lytton over the really fine [illegible] wife. The reply was: "Bad language, I say; but I know that if I had lived only a week with her I should have done so."

Washington is the paradise of smokers. A drummer says: "There are more cigars and tobacco used there than any other place in this country of its size." This is explained by the fact that a great many of the Government employes have nothing to do but lounge around, smoke and talk of politics.

A Bostonian writes: "I cured myself of an annoying habit of stammering by inhaling a deep breath between every few words, and by never allowing myself to speak unless the lungs were fully inflated. A little careful attention soon made the practice a habit, and now I never stammer unless much excited."

Representative J. Randolph Tucker, the intimate friend of Garfield, relates that the latter once asked him if he knew where the National motto, "E Pluribus Unum," came from. Tucker admitted that he did not. "Well," it comes from a description in Horace, of the preparation of a Roman salad;" and he turned to it. There, surely enough, was the list of ingredients, and the remark that the result was "e pluribus unum."

A San Francisco journalist has just received an offer to go to Southern California to conduct a journal there. The proprietor writes: "The salary, $15 a week, may sound small; but, being in the centre of an agricultural district, we are constantly receiving large gifts of potatoes, grapes, delicious peas, and, indeed, everything in season, which, after being duly noticed, would become your perquisite. The editorial table turns up and makes a capital bed at night, and there is an excellent stove to boil coffee on. If you can play hymn-tunes, there is a vacancy also, at $5 a month, for an organist."

Lord Salisbury deserves his success, for during his recent campaign in Scotland he appeared on a railway platform and addressed a crowd, clad from his waistband upward in full evening dress, and below in full Highland costume. True, this remarkable attire, such as Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in, was the result of a fit of absent-mindedness, but the fact little mitigated the horror of the situation. Nor did the mind of Cecil heave much comfort in the strident whisper of his valet behind him, "My Lord! you've forgotten these!"—brandishing a pair of trousers meanwhile. No, after that ordeal he deserves the solace of success.

It has been laid down as an axiom in [illegible] was capable of absorbing [illegible] and afterward emitting them in the dark. While this was abundantly proved by theory it has been difficult to put it to an actual test, for naturally the great diamonds of the world are not accessible for the purpose. Recently, however, a private person, the fortunate possessor of a stone of 92 karats, valued at $300,000, lent his diamond for scientific investigation. These have been very satisfactorily conducted, and the phosphorescent quality of the stone may be regarded as proved. The stone was exposed for an hour to the direct action of the sun's rays, and then removed to a dark room. For more than twenty minutes it emitted light strong enough to make a sheet of white paper held near it perfectly visible.

A good story comes from the other side. A man went to Bristol for a few days to stay with some people, and especially to visit a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood, where a large concert for the benefit of the inmates was given. The visitor found the audience, with very few exceptions, intelligent, appreciative, and to all outward appearance perfectly sane. The person who sat next him conversed so delightfully that he felt compelled to remark, "I beg your pardon, but you are surely not a—a—resident here?" To which the stranger replied meekly, "Yes—I am." "But," insisted the visitor, "you are not—you cannot be—the least mentally afflicted?" And the other replied, "Well, I have an inconceivable predilection. In fact, you see this piece of chalk. Wherever I go I can't resist the temptation to write bad language on the walls. My keeper has nothing to do but walk behind me with a wet sponge and rub it out; but he has a hard time, for I write very rapidly. I was three 'damns' ahead up to half-past 7; and I have just written 'Hell' five times on your back!"—*New York Graphic.*

Tea an Irritant Drug.

The experience of every confirmed tea-drinker, when soundly interpreted, supplies condemnation of the beverage; the plea commonly and blindly urged on its behalf being, when understood, an eloquent expression of such condemnation. "It is so refreshing;" "I am fit for nothing when tea-time comes round until I have had my tea, and then I am fit for anything." The "fit for nothing" state comes on at 5 p. m., when the drug is taken at the orthodox time, or even in the early morning, in the case of those who are accustomed to have a cup of tea brought to their bedside before rising. With blindness still more profound, some will plead for tea by telling that by its aid one can sit up all night at brain-work without feeling sleepy, provided ample supplies of the infusion are taken from time to time.

It is unquestionably true that such may be done; that the tea-drinker is languid and weary at tea-time, whatever be the hour, and that the refreshment produced by "the cup that cheers" and is said not to inebriate, is almost instantaneous.

What is the true significance of these facts?

The refreshment is certainly not due to nutrition, not to the rebuilding of any worn-out or exhausted organic tissue. The total quantity of material conveyed from the tea-leaves into the water is ridiculously too small for the performance of any such nutritive function; and, besides this, the action is far too rapid, there is not sufficient time for the conversion of even that minute quantity into organized working tissue. The action cannot be that of a food, but is purely and simply that of a stimulating or irritant drug, acting directly and abnormally on the nervous system.—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*