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RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

—If men in need of fish-brain food.
Would eat a whale 'twould do them good.
—Gouverneur Herald.

But think, my friend, if such were true,
What would become of you—yes you.
—Toledo American.

When lack of brains shall make us weep
We'll harp-oon th' monster of the deep.
—Gouverneur Herald.

Better "throw a tub to the whale"
Than try to harpoon one and fail.

—Oh, what a thrilling sight to see
A Presidential boom,
With airy pinions, floating free
Like lilies when they bloom
And dance.

It soars as high as starry spheres,
Its light the sky illumes;
But, comet-like it disappears,
To give the other booms
A chance.
N. Y. Journal.

—And I said in the blazing Summer,
When the air was broiling hot,
I am weary of fighting the flies,
And I long for a shady spot;
The hidden dell so still and cool,
All scented with flow'rets sweet,
Where 'neath the ivy and wild rose
The sheep and nanny-goats bleat.
—Waterloo Observer.

—Along the skies
The storm-cloud flies,
With snow upon its ebon wing;
In dumb surprise
The landscape lies,
And closer to its robe doth cling.

The forest's dyes,
Which signalize
The coming of the birds that sing,
In strange disguise
Now greet our eyes,
And yet we're told that it is Spring.
N. Y. Journal.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

[Loo Foo Chin, the Chinese Vice-Consul, is at present a guest of Ow Yang Ming, the Chinese Consul of this city. In course of conversation the visitor asked Mr. Ming what a "boom" was.]

"What is a boom?"
Asked Loo Foo Chin
While in the room
Of Ow Yang Ming,
Who, with a grin,
Explained the thing.

"A boom is that
Which make men swear,
Knocks business flat
And takes its flight
Up in the air
Just like a kite.

"It's made of wind,
And kept afloat
By men who find
That in the Spring
The airy boat
Needs wire string."

Then Loo Foo Chin
To Ow Yang Ming
Said with a grin
That lit the room:
"'No likee thing
You callee boom.'"
—Krys, in New York Journal.

THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the following as the correct orginal of the famous "Dixie:"

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on a frosty mawnin'.

"Old missus marry Will de weaber:
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he puts his arm around her
He looks as fierce as a forty pounder.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will ran away, and missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

"While missus libbed she libbed in clober,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part
An' marry the man who broke her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes an' cnwn-meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex ole missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to dribe away sorrow
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel."

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray,
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand,
To live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

ANYWHERE BUT THERE.

Place me on an iceberg,
'Neath aurora lighted skies,
Where never blade of verdue
Greets the wildly longing eyes.

Where the Thalactos maritimus
Breaks the sadness with his roar,
And the blue fox howls for provender
On Behrings lonely shore;

Cut me off from all communion,
All communion with my race;
Convey me to a planet
On the outmost bounds of space;

Place me anywhere you want to,
I'll repine not at my fate,
But, oh, do not coerce me
To do the thing I hate:

To go to the theatre!
Or any place like that—
And sit behind a woman
Who wears a care-wheel hat.
—Somerville Journal.

"OLD SLEUTH'S" VICTIM.

Poor Mrs. Bly, a reader she
Of every weekly "awful;"
She thought them all most true to be—
To doubt them quite unlawful.

Detective stories pleased her most:
She read them through and through,
Full badly did she boil and roast,
And likewise bake and stew.

She fancied, too, her husband he
A villain was most dire;
To clear away the mystery
She vowed she'd never tire.

By morn and eve she watched him well,
His pockets searched for "clues;"
She "shadowed" him, 'tis sad to tell,
And doubted all his news.

At last, to cure her evermore,
She tried to hard one one day;
She found in his pocket a note addressed
To a lady across the way.

She formed a little plan;
For she was dear to him before
This crazy fit began.

A heavy chest of oak he wrought,
With iron clasps all bound;
Then to the cellar it was brought
And screwed unto the ground.

The padlock was, in locksmith phrase,
One called a "combination;"
The mystery well pleased her craze,
And gave her occupation.

She tried to wheedle him to say
What this strong box contained;
He woulu not "give the thing away"—
It stood there unexplained.

UNACCOMMODATING.

But When the Inducements Became Known, He Was There, World Without End.

Ark. Traveler.

Mr. Addison Raglans, candidate for governor of Arkansaw, decided that personal contact was the proper means of securing the esteem and particularly the votes of the people. Shortly after making his formal announcement, he secured a livery-stable horse and began a tour through the country. There are many remote places in Arkansaw where the people care as little for a governor as they do for a township constable. Some of them don't believe that a governor, or a candidate for that position, could in his greatness see an ordinary man, and wonder how it is that such high officials eat and drink as ordinary "folks."

When Mr. Addison Raglans, a very ordinary looking man, as you all know, began his electioneering tour, he was told by friends that personal contact might not help him, but with that wisdom which the election to a few minor offices brings, he laughed at the idea and declared that he could bring any man in the country to a proper understanding of his patriotism and ability.

One evening, after Mr. Addison Raglans had been riding all day in the rain, he stopped at a small house where a man was cleaning out a well. The neighborhood was far removed from a town or railroad, and Mr. Raglans thought that a mere mention of his aspirations would secure for him the best of attention, so when the man of the place stuck his head above the edge of the well curbing, the candidate said:

"My name is Addison Raglans."

"I ain't axed yer whut yer name was," the man said.

"Of course not; but I thought that you would liketo know."

"Didn't say I'd like ter know."

"Of course not, still I supposed you might have some curiosity," turning in his saddle.

"Didn't say that I had no curiosity."

"No, but still I didn't know—"

"Didn't ax yer whuther yer knowed or not," resting his arms on the well curbing and surveying the candidate.

"My friend," said Mr. Addison Raglans, "I am a candidate for governor."

"Governor o' what?"

"Governor of the state of Arkansaw."

"Ain't we already got a gov'ner?"

"Yes, but his time will soon be out."

"He ain't goin' ter die, is he?"

"Oh, no."

"Then hold yer hosses erwhile."

"But, you see, I am a candidate."

"Whut sorter caneruate?"

"I want to be the governor of this state."

"Whut right have yer got?"

"I think that I am competent to discharge the duties of the office."

"Yas, that's very well, but has the Lawd called yer?"

"Oh, no. The Lord does not call a man to be governor."

"Yer say he don't?"

"Of course not."

"Wall, I'm sorter off on my cal'clation I thought that the Lawd 'pinted a man ter be gov'ner."

"No, he is simply elected."

"Uh, huh; an' yer think that yer oughter be 'lected?"

"Yes, for I am capable of discharging the duties of the office."

"Yer air a good man, I reckin."

"I hope so."

"Don't think yerself above a working man?"

"No, I do not."

"Wall, jest hop down in this well an' dig an' let me go aroun' a while on that hoss."

"That wouldn't answer my purpose. To tell you the truth I want to make votes."

"Fur yerself?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I reckin yer'd better ride on," disappearing into the well.

"Say."

"Wall."

"I want to go to old man Goodall's to-night. Can you tell me how far I am from that place?"

"Ole man Goodall's?"

"Yes; how far is it?"

"Do you know the old man?"

"Yes, to some extent."

"Wall, why do yer want ter stop with him?"

"Because he's a friend of mine. How far is it?"

"Ter whar?"

"Old man Goodall's."

"How fur is it frum whar?"

"From here."

"To ole man Goodall's?"

"Yes."

"Want ter know how fur it is?"

"That's what I want to know."

"Frum here?"

"Of course."

"Of course what?"

"Of course from here."

"Of course frum here whut?"

"How far is it to old man Goodall's?"

"Frum where?"

"From here, of course."

"To ole man Goodall's?"

"Certainly; that's what I said."

"An' yer want ter know how fur it is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Frum here?"

"That's what I asked."

"Wall, the shortest way it's about six miles; the longest way a heap furder."

"Which way shall I take?"

"Any way yer please."

"But which will lead me there the quickest?"

"Owin' ter how fast yer travel."

"Oh, here, show me the road."

"Thar's two o' 'em."

"Do they both lead there?"

"Yas."

"Well, which is the shortest?"

"Yer kin make either one o' 'em ez long ez yer please."

"See here, you confounded fool."

"That's my name."

"If you don't tell me the best road, I'll maul you right here. Aside from my candidacy, I have a still house to look after."

"Say, colonel, whar is the still house?"

"About twenty miles from here on the Noggentown road."

"Have yer got the key?"

"Of course I have."

"Wall, jes' take me thar, an' then I'll show yer anywhar yer wanter go. I'll go all over this here country with yer, on' ef yer air not 'lected gub'ner, it won't be the fault o' hard work an' patriotism. I'm yer frien', let me tell yer. Say, thar Bob, ketch my mule, fur I'm goin' with this gen'leman. I'm a citizen, myse'f."

DETECTIVES DETECTED.

One Agency Engaged in Heading Off Another.

Chicago Tribune.

B. Murdock, or Murtha, who is said to be a Pinkerton detective, together with George B. Armstrong, Albert Jennings and Paul Ward, aged respectively 28, 25, 19 and 28 years, were arrested by Mr. Mooney of Mooney & Boland's detective agency and confined at the armory. The charges against them are for conspiracy and larceny, Murdock also being charged with carrying concealed weapons.

The arrest and circumstances leading ing thereto are given as related by Mr. Mooney in an interview at his office.

About a week ago a young man made application to the janitor of the Railway Age building, situated on Adams street, opposite the post-office, for an office in the building. There were none vacant The applicant, who was Murdock, the detective, was especially desirous of securing an apartment in the building. He renewed his request from day to day, offered to pay liberally for the accommodation, and was so persistent that the janitor became suspicious. At length Murdock admitted that he simply desired to gain admittance to the offices of the Western Trunk association, which occupy the entire fifth flour. He said he wished to have unknown access to the books of the concern, and offered the janitor $50 if he would aid him. The janitor related the circumstance to Mr. Vining, the agent of the concern. The agent conferred with Mr. Mooney and retained his services. The janitor was instructed to admit Murdock to the room.

Wednesday night was agreed upon by Murdock and the janitor as the time for undertaking the enterprise, but it was abandoned. Again, last night, the detectives lay in wait. This time they were successful. At the time designated Murdock and the three companions arrived. They took three letter copy books and two books of memoranda that had intentionally been left out of the safe. Gathering the books in their arms they left the office, passed down stairs past the room occupied by Mr. Mooney and his operator, and entered a room on the third floor exactly under the one in which the detectives had been concealed. The gas was lighted in the room now taken possession of and they were examining the books when the two detectives appeared at the door. Murdock quickly pulled a revolver and levelled it at Mr. Mooney, who was in advance of his of his companion.

"What do you want here?" demanded Murdock.

"I arrest you!" returned Mr. Mooney, at the same instant drawing his own revolver and covering his opponent.

The warrant was then read, and the procession took up its march toward Mooney & Boland's office.

After reaching the detective agency Lieuts. Shea and Kipley of the city force were summoned and Murdock was subjected to an examination. He had two revolvers. Mr. Mooney thinks the man was working in behalf of some of the companies included in the Western Trunk association, wished to obtain a forfeit from a rival corporation, on a charge of having broken established rates and that the books were desired for this purpose.

Murdock was seen at the police station by a Tribune reporter. His whole demeanor was one of vulgar arrogance, and his conversation abounded in slang. An officer at the station remarked that he must be a "crank."

Took it in Crackers.

Detroit Free Press.

A colored man with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths yesterday entered a grocery on Woodward avenue and asked for a cash contribution of twenty-five cents towards the erection of a new colored people's edifice.

"Where is it to be located?" asked the grocer.

"Wall, that hasn't bin dun decided on yet."

"What is it to cost?"

"Haint figgered on dat, sah."

"Who is the pastor?"

"Dun forgit, but I reckon we kin find one."

"Who's the head man in this enterprise?"

"De head man? Wall, Ize 'bout de head man I reckon."

"I am not satisfied with your explanations," said the grocer. "How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes?"

"Am dat what bo iders you?"

"I confess it is."

"Well, sah, we kin git ober dat purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution just weigh me out two pounds of crackers wid instrukshuns to turn 'em ober to de Buildin' Committee. Ize cheerman ob dat committee if I ain't nobody else."

DEEP-VOICED DON CRISTOBAL.

Captain Sparks Recalls One of the Remarkable Points of a Noteworthy Parrot.

New York Sun.

"Fine bird?" observed Capt. Sparks, on board his new schooner, the Belinda W. "You may well say so, and in support of that opinion you can quote me. That par't is one of the likeliest birds I've got hold of in an experience of nigh on to forty years."

The creature in question was rasping with its beak one of the rods in its cage in a way that indicated unusual robustness, and was muttering, in depraved, catarrhal tones, something about "plug tobaccer."

"One of the likeliest?" the reporter repeated, with the stress on the first word.

"Yes," said Capt. Sparks; "I always make an exception in favor of Don Cristobal. Don Cristobal had more points about him that entitled him to eminence than any other par't I ever saw; but his biggest thing was his voice. Did you ever know a par't that talked bass?"

"I don't know that I ever did."

"I reckon you didn't. Nor I either—till I came across Don Cristobal. It was in the summer of—let me see—'57 or '58," the captain continued. "We were becalmed in the Carribbean. At anchor a little way off was an old Spanish brig. There seemed to be hardly any one alive on board, but I set out one forenoon to pay the captain a visit—providin' any such personage could be found. As we came alongside a deep, rich voice welcomed me with:

"'Doy a Usted los buenos dias.'

"Remarkable pleasant voice, I thought to myself, as I looked; but hardly the words in which one shipmaster usually welcomes another.

"'Como esta Usted de salud?' asked the voice.

"'Bastante bueno; y la de—' I was replying, sort of involuntary, when I stopped short to see who I was talkin' with. Not a solitary soul was to be seen; 'but thinks I, somebody thereabouts is inclined to be friendly and I'll go aboard.

"As soon as I got my head above the rail the voice began again:

"'Senor, bebo a la salud—' and there perched on the gunwale of one of the boats, I saw a big solemn-lookin' par't.

"'Je-mimy!' says I to myself, 'who ever heard a voice like that on a par't before!' and while I was payin' my respects to the cap'n the bird kept on with its talk. He seemed to have recollections of old associations come to him, which appealed to his sense of the ludicrous.

"'Polly get a cracker!' the bird piped as though mimickin' an ordinary poll par't, and then roared, 'Quita de ahi! Que desparate!'

"All the cap'n could tell me about the bird was that a sailor brought it aboard at a South American port, and said that a stranger had given it to him. The cap'n came to the conclusion thas it had been stolen from some wealthy family. It knew a great many words, and always spoke in that deep, voice, except when mimickin' another par't that talked English.

"I made up my mind that I would have that dar't if I could get it with any thing short of piracy on high seas, and when I went back to my ship I took along the bird, and sent back a bar'l of the best Medford rum. The par't took kindly to seafarin' life, and the longer he was at sea the deeper his voice grew. It was ridiculous to call such a bird Polly and so he was finally named Don Cristobal—partly because he was such an experienced navigator, and partly because the name seemed to match his voice. As he grew older and more exposed to the howlin' gales of the sea his words fairly rumbled. He never learned English nor any other Spanish words but those acquired, apparently, before he was taken on board the Spanish brig. He died about seven or eight years after I got him, and was buried at sea.

"Pity? Yes, Don Cristobal could have earned good wages as an instructor in Spanish pronunciation. Nobody but a Spaniard or a par't can get the Spanish twang in perfection, though I pride myself on being able to make a pretty fair imitation of it—thanks to Don Cristobal but I haven't his voice, by any means."

FASHION NOTES.

Grey-brown is a popular shade in the new spring velvets.

Lace vests are the fashionable garniture for high corsages of full-dress toilets.

Heavy rich brocades and satins for evening dresses require lace as the only ornament worthy of their beauty.

The new sateens, with a crescent and star designs on grounds of various colors, are destined to great popularity.

Short jackets, long cloaks and small mantles are imported in various materials for spring and summer wraps.

Jersey cloths and cheviots are made into jackets for the first warm days, and for country use during the summer.

Gendarme blue is so becoming that English women have revived it, and are toning it down with brown marabout.

Wide Valenciennes and Irish laces are in high fashion just now, besides the heavier and richer kinds of guipure lace.

In Paris, long carriage visites of pure green and pure brown shades are embroidered all over in colors, representing a most rich and charming appearance.

Very long gloves of undressed black kid with black dresses, or grey shades with light dresses, straw-colored white, golden crust, or pearl, are correct to wear.

Ecru, brown and a new shade of grey-blue are the colors for spring jackets that are to be worn with various dresses, and these are especially pretty with black dresses.

Walking costumes of cloth and velveteen will soon give place to the less weighty material of cashmere and fancy tweeds, and the comfortable-looking trimmings of marabout and felt be replaced by narrow bands of pinked-out cloth or rows of velvet ribbon, both of which will be much used an the new gowns prepared for the coming spring.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

Bits of Information Heard Between the Clicks of the Shears.

N. Y. Times.

"Will you have your hair cut medium or pretty short?" asked the barber.

"Pretty short," answered the customer. The barber then took up a nickle-plated instrument and ran it up the back of the customer's head with a clicking sound. "This is a 'clipper,'" he said. "I can shingle a man's head with this—cut the hair down close to the scalp, you know—in three minutes. Before we had this tool I've been an hour doing the same job. Last year we had the contract for shearing the American District telegraph boys. The man who did the work clipped 150 heads in five hours. I've cut 80 heads in a day myself with only scissors. They were convicts. The clippers used to cost $5. Now we get them for $3.50. It takes about fifteen minutes to cut hair as I'm cutting yours and about the same length of time to shave an ordinary face and dress the hair. Journeymen barbars own their own razors, but few of them know how to keep razors in order. They send them to the grinder's about once a week. The boss furnishes everything but the razors. Barbers are paid $6 to $13 a week. A week is 6 days and half a day Sunday. There is also one day off every other week. In some of the down town shops barbers are given a commission on the work they can do. Usually it is 50 cents out of every dollar they take at the chair and 10 to 20 per cent. on the sales of brushes, soap, etc. There are about 3,000 barber shops in New York and there must be 10,000 barbers. Very few of the shops have more than ten workmen and not many have that number. There are 15 or 20 agencies in New York exclusively for the employment of barbers. When a boss wants a man to whom he is willing to pay $10 dollars a week he goes to an agent and gives him 50 cents and says he wants a number one ten dollar man. The agent also gets a fee from the workman. They make a good thing out of it. There must be 3,000 barbers discharged and employed in New York every week."

"Hair is getting pretty thin in front, isn't it?" remarked the customer.

"Yes," said the barber, "but you need not be afraid of that. Men seldom begin on the front of the head to grow bald. The crown is the place where real baldness begins."

"What is the best hair restorer?"

"Scissors. If the hair is cut often it will grow fast and the scalp will be healthy. Every man ought to have his hair trimmed at least once a month. He would not catch cold then every time his hair is cut, and it would keep the hair in good shape all the time. Is the back all right? There, sir. Please pay your checks to the boss. Oh, thank you sir. Good night."

CANNED GOODS PACKERS.

Why they Oppose the Bill Requiring the Date of Packing to be Stamped on the Can.

New York Tribune.

A dispatch from Baltimore was published yesterday saying that packers of canned goods in that city were protesting against the passage of a bill now before the New York Assembly requiring the date of packing to be stamped upon every can of goods sold. A reporter of the Tribune visited several of the dealers in this city who are largely interested in canned goods to get their opinions in regard to the bill. Alexander Wiley, who is at the head of the canned goods department of H. K. & F. B. Thurber, said:

"The Baltimore packers have good reason to protest. Their New York brethren are taking every possible step to defeat the bill. That measure will destroy a large and important branch of industry, if it becomes a law. The Canned Goods Committee of the New York Mercantile Exchange has prepared a memorial to the Legislature on the subject."

David Hunt, of David Hunt & Co., packers and dealers in canned goods, at No. 146 Reade street, is Chairman of the Canned Goods Committee of the Mercantile Exchange. He approved Mr. Wiley's opinions, and said:

I have just received a telegram announcing that through our efforts the bill has been recommitted for a hearing, which will take place next Wednesday. I will appear before the committee having the bill in charge, and will be able to show that the bill is not only unnecessary, but that it is unjust and unconstitutional. Packers of canned goods from all parts of the State will give their testimony at the hearing. We have succeeded in having stricken out the clause originally in the bill making it unlawful to sell goods that have been more than a year in cans. The measure is unjust to packers outside of New York who depend largely upon this State for a market, and it discriminates against packers in this State who send goods to other markets. For Baltimore packers can put unstamped goods on the Chicago market and get full price for them even when they are four or five years old, while New York goods will show on the cans that they have been packed one or two years, as the case may be, and so must be sold at a discount, although they are fresher than goods from other States that are sold at full price.

The memorial from the Mercantile Exchange Committee is signed by David Hunt, E. C. Hazard, of E. C. Hazard & Co., No. 192 Chambers street; Alexander Wiley and Henry Sonn, of Sonn Brothers, No. 365 Washington street. Some points of the document are these:

"The canned goods trade is a peculiar trade. Sometimes there are seasons of plenty when goods can be packed cheaply and of the best quality, while perhaps the next season would be one of scarcity and the product would not be as good in quality while the cost would be greatly enhanced. Again the consumption fluctuates largely. Dealers find by experience that some seasons they will have to 'carry over' very many more goods than others, and to say that goods which are perfectly wholesome which have been on hand a certain length of time shall not be sold, or that they shall be subjected to the stigma of an old date, would be precisely parallel to the practice which the United States Government abolished, of stamping every box of raisins in a cargo 'damaged' because some of the boxes were stained and the importer had a claim and damage allowance from the Custom House on some portion of them."

THE LAW OF THE LAWYERS.

Safeguards for Professional Honesty—The Attorneys' Oaths of 1701 and 1884.

Boston Globe.

A frequent charge against members of the bar, made indeed facetiously in most cases, is that of insincerity and lack of veracity. If the charge is a valid one it is not a result of negligence on the part of the law-makers in not providing safeguards for the honesty of those of who are to practice law. Since an early day in the history of Massachusetts there has always been a prescribed oath which members of the bar are required to subscribe, and to this comparatively recent legislation has added a requirement that those who are admitted to practice in the courts must subscribe the oaths to support the Constitution of the United States and of this Commonwealth. The attorney's oath of office is in all conscience strict enough, and if there is such a thing as a dishonest lawyer he must be a perjurer as well. Below is given the earliest recorded oath imposed upon Massachusetts attorneys, as well as the form at present in use. A comparison of the two will show a striking example of the conservatism of law, the changes introduced in the past 183 years being simply modifications of certain antiquated forms of expression.

THE ATTORNEYS' OATH, 1701.

You shall do no Falsehood, nor consent to any to be done in the Court, and if you know of any to be done, you shall give Knowledge thereof to the Justices of the Court, or some of them; that it may be Reformed. You shall not wittingly and willingly Promote, Sue or procure to be Sued any false or unlawful Suit, nor give Aid or Consent to the same. You shall delay no Man for Lucre or Malice. But you shall use yourself in the Office of an Attorney within the Court, according to the best of your Learning and Discretion, and with all good Fidelity as well to the Court as to your Clients. So help you God.

THE ATTORNEYS OATH, 1884.

You solemnly swear that you will do no falsehood, nor consent to the doing of any in the court; you will not wittingly or willingly promote or sue any false, groundless or unlawful suit, nor give aid or consent to do the same; you will delay no man for lucre or malice; but you will conduct yourself in the office of an attorney within the courts according to the best of your knowledge and discretion, and with all good fidelity as well to the courts as your clients. So help you God.

Prior to 1701, as the profession of the law had not been looked upon in the colonies as very respectable, parties had generally pleaded their own causes, and there were few legal regulations for members of the bar. In the Plymouth colony in 1681 it was enacted that "there shall not be allowed above 5 shillings cost for any attorney or attorneyes to any one action—and where there shall happen to be but one day in any one action, then te have 2 shillings and sixpence onely allowed him for cost therein."

In 1671 an effort was made to secure honest practitioners of the law without the sanction of an oath, the General Court declaring, "Liberty is granted by this Court to any person to improve one or two Attornies to help him in his Pleas; provided they be persons of good repute, and such as the Court shall approve; and the said Attornies are required, as to be faithful to their Clyent, so also to avoid fraudulent pleas that may have attendance to mis lead the Court or darken the case."

To prevent a party to a suit from getting up a "corner" in lawyers, and thus leaving the other party without competent counsel, in 1715 it was enacted that "no person shall Entertain more than Two of the Sworn allowed Attorneys at Law. That the Adverse Party may have liberty to retain Others of them to Assist him, upon his Tender of the Established Fee, which they may not refuse." It is not generally known that a remnant of this law is still in force in the following form: "No more than two persons for each party shall, without permission of the court, be allowed to manage any case therein."

American Trade with New South Wales.

N. Y. Sun.

The latest bulletin of commercial reports of our foreign Consuls contains an encouraging statement by Consul Kahlo of the growth of American trade with New South Wales. The superiority of American reapers, and mowers, and threshers is acknowledged there. A brand of American beer is coming into popularity, and competing with German and English beer. Almost all the materials used in carriage-making in the colony are from the United States, and American express wagons, trucks and platform wagons are common. There were 40,000 doors imported during the year from San Francisco. Among other American goods used last year were large quantities of patent medicines, 2,250,000 pounds of fish, $125,000 worth of furniture, $400,000 of hardware, large numbers of parlor organs, about $30,000 worth of printing materials, scales, sewing machines, timber, 15,000,000 slates, 300,000 pounds of tobacco, large quantities of toys, watches and clocks. The Consul also reports a favorable market for American fire-arms, bacon and hams, biscuits and crackers, boots and shoes, butter, confectionery, glass-ware, grain, India rubber goods, canned food, surgical and dental instruments, saddlery, whisky, and a variety of miscellaneous articles.

SCIENCE.

That which recently excited the close attention of the observers of the comet Pons-Brooks was the remarkable changes in the intensity of the brightness it presented from time to time.

Whatever may be true of harmless luxuries in the way of drink, the Lancet maintains that health, happiness, and work find stimulus enough in the unsophisticated well of nature—in pure water.

Direct electric lighting of one of the trains of the District Railway between Kensington and Putney is stated to be very successful. The light is not only superior to that obtained from oil or gas, but is reported to cost only two-thirds that of the latter.

Good shellac varnish is made as follows: Take of very pale shellac 5 pounds, mastic 1 ounce, and alcohol 5 or 6 pints, and dissolve in the cold to prevent the evaporation of the alcohol, stirring the mixture meanwhile. This is a good varnish for furniture, and it is much employed in France by cabinet-makers.

A cinerary urn has been discovered on the farm of Cuttyhill, Longside, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. The shape of the urn is globular, 15 inches in diameter and 11 inches in depth. It was formed of a brownish sort of clay. The bones which filled the receptacle crumbled into dust on being touched.

If the expressed belief of some Cornish miners regarding the probable development of the tin mine of Cajalco, in the Temiscal Range, California, turns out to be verified later on, it will prove of vast importance. They are of opinion that the vein struck will increase in richness as it increases in depth. Lately the mine assayed 13.1 per cent. from the ore, of purity of 0.98.

Herr C. Schneider, of Dresden, has invented a dry galvanic battery. It consists of two cylinders, the larger one of copper and the inner or smaller one of amalgamated zinc. Both cylinders are open at each end, and the space between them is filled in with a mixture of plaster of Paris and a saturated solution of chloride of zinc containing 7 per cent. of chloride of sodium.

Iron sulphate is a good manure for certain kinds of crops. A plot of land to which the sulphate had been applied by Mr. A. B. Griffiths of the Chemical Society, London yielded 56 bushels of beans. A plot similar in other respects which had not been manured gave only 35 bushels. The ash of the plants from first plot contained more iron and phosphoric acid than those from the second plot.

Several methods of treating vines affected by phylloxera have been described by M. F. Hennequy at a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The process of M. Menden consists in saturating the sap with a solution of phonic acid, but it seems that the parasite continued to flourish in spite of the doctoring of the sap. M. Aman-Vizie proposes to inject into the earth a mixture of vapors of sulphur and sulphuric acid. This has been tried, but on far too limited a scale to speak in any definite terms of its efficacy. The vines do not seem to have been very perceptibly benefited by the treatment of the earth, because the vapors of sulphuric acid do not penetrate to a sufficient depth into the ground, and, besides, it is found that they evaporate too rapidly.

The Knowing Dog of Port Jervis.

Middletown Press.

Mr. S. O. Dimmick, of Port Jervis, is the owner of a large St. Bernard dog. He is young and playful as a kitten—so much so that he is sometimes troublesome in his antics. Early in the winter he made himself troublesome when the servant was hanging up the clothes on Monday (wash-day) by pulling at them and annoying her by his playful pranks. Finally, to save herself from further annoyance, every Monday morning the girl would tie the dog up, releasing him after all the work was done. He resented being tied up very much, but stood it for several weeks. One Monday morning, when the girl went to tie him up, the dog could not be found. As soon as the washing was out of the way he appeared on the scene. On the following Monday he again disappeared, and this practice he kept up. On Monday of last week he disappeared as usual, and later in the day, about the time for hanging up the clothes, the dog came to the clothes-line and placed on the ground a basket of clothes-pins. He seemed to say: "How is that? I know what you want, don't I?" The lady of the house set on foot inquiries among all the neighbors to see if any of them had lost a basket of clothes-pins, but at last account had not found an owner. The dog had evidently stolen them from a distance, and had done it to curry favor—to bribe the girl so that she would not tie him up. This would seem to indicate, first, that the dog can tell how many days intervene between two wash-days, as he never did on any other day, and when he saw the basket of clothes-pins he thought (we use the word advisedly) they would be a good thing to take home.

A ragged little gamin went into a Penn avenue saloon last Thursday evening, and going up to the bartender handed him a dirty-looking pop-bottle, two nickles and three or four pennies and asked for the worth of that in wine.

"What kind o' wine wine d'ye want?" asked the bartender.

"Well, mum's extra dry——"

"Great Scott!" interrupted the bartender, "ye don't suppose we're goin' to break a bottle o' champagne for thirteen cents, do ye? Git out o' here!"

"Hold on, old smarty!" said the gamin. "Who said anything 'bout champagne?"

"Why, you did," said the bartender. "You said Mum's Extra Dry, and——"

"Well, yes," said the boy, "but you didn't let me finish. I was going to say, mum's extra dry and wants all she can get for the money."

"And the bartender was so paralyzed that he gave the boy nearly seven cents worth of wine for his thirteen cents.—Vanity Fair.