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SOME INSTRUCTIVE ITEMS

Collected for the Benefit of our Many Readers.

PLEASANT FORMS OF GREETING.—In a recent address, describing a journey through South-eastern Russia, Mr. George Kennan said the traveler in that region must always be prepared to improvise a new and appropriate salutation. To illustrate: "In the morning a mountaineer greets another with, 'May your morning be bright,' to which the prompt rejoinder is, 'And may a sunny day never pass you by.' A guest he welcomes with, 'May your coming bring joy,' and the guest replies, 'May a blessing rest on your house.' To one about to travel, the appropriate greeting is, 'May God make straight your road,' to one returning from a journey, 'May health and strength come back with you.' But, notwithstanding their courtesy, the Caucasian mountaineers are very pugnacious, and resort to their daggers very promptly to settle personal differences. This alacrity to fight, however, is by no means uncommon in other races, among whom forms of excessive courtesy prevail.

DYNAMITE.—Those who have never seen dynamite talked of dynamite explosive will be interested to know that it looks very much like moist brown sugar. Nitro-glycerine, which is formed by the action of nitric acid by glycerine, at a low temperature, is the active agent in dynamite, but it is mixed with some other best substance to render it more handle than the liquid glycerine. The absorbent material thus used is a silicious earth—a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria, and resembling powdered chalk; this takes up two or three times its weight of the nitro-glycerine, and becoming pasty, [illegible] are easily [illegible] and [illegible] spongy being used to avoid dangerous friction. When flame is applied to this mass it burns with a strong blaze, without any explosion, but when by a detonating fuse, or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremendous.

RELIGIOUS DOGS.—The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveler who visited one of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard, a few years ago, found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Special physical training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. Each week, in a row, each with a dish before him, containing his repast, sat the dogs, said by one of the monks, the dogs sitting motionless with bowed heads. No [illegible] is spoken. If a frisky puppy attempts to sample his meal before grace is over, one of the older dogs growls sharply and tugs his ear. The intelligence displayed by these animals to rescuing unfortunate travelers amazes [illegible] lately wonderful. A [illegible] who lost his life in a snow-drift owes his life to the sagacity of the St. Bernard dogs.

FINISHING TOUCHES.—It is told of Victor Hugo that [illegible] theatrical scene [illegible] Comedie Francaise at the first performance of "Lucrezia Borgia." Hugo had not noticed the scenery before, and, just as the curtain was about to rise on the second act, he, looking about the stage to see that [illegible] that the secret door in the wall through which Gennaro escapes had been made anything but secret, being surrounded with a rich ornamentation.

"Hold the curtain!" shouted [illegible] "This is infamously absurd! Call the scene-painter!"

But that worthy was not to be found, and the audience grew impatient at the delay.

"Then give me a paint-pot and brush—quick!" [illegible] and the hand that had penned the drama quickly repainted the scenery, and the only harm [illegible] the Lucrezia and Gennaro [illegible] fresh paint on their hands and costumes.

CULTIVATION OF PEARLS.—[illegible] cultivation of pearls is carried on extensively in Saxony and other parts of Germany. During the middle ages [illegible] controlled the business [illegible] Elector of Saxony appointed Moritz Schnivler, [illegible]

SHE SPARKS NOT.

I took a seat by that boy,
Tho' they called him an ornery skunk,
Why his heart was as soft as a cat
And I chuck full of spunk;
He never got rough like most boys,
When danger-gum bo'er'in 'round—
Don't you mind how he tackled the griz',
Down by on Ferris's mound.

He fingered the [illegible] that day,
With [illegible] of a shake,
An' dropped the critter dead as Hill Smith,
Who wuz knifed by Sta[illegible]
An' when he lay thar on that hard cot,
A tossin' with fever [illegible]
He stood the racket like any old vet,
An' never wuz heerd to complain.

I'll never furget how he looked that night,
With tears in his fever dilated eyes;
An' the death warrant writ on his face
As plain as the stars in the skies,
An' he [illegible] weak little voice,
"Sue, I can't see yer no more,
But when I get up to heaven
Do yer think they'll open the door?
I know I've been awful wicked, dad
An' sometimes I swore an' I lied,
But I guess God won't be hard on a boy
Who never had any ma thar to guide."
Them were the last words what he said;
In fifty minuts his light flickered out,
An' that he's up thar in heaven now
I don't have a shadder of doubt.

—C. E. MEADE.

ILLITERACY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Massachusetts is becoming somewhat alarmed at the growth of illiteracy, as she may well be. The last census showed that there were in the State 75,635 persons above the age of ten who could not read, being 5.3 per cent. of all persons above that age, a proportion which is exceeded by no other Eastern State except Rhode Island. The last Legislature passed a law which is hoped will tend to check the advance of this percentage. It provides that any person who employs a minor fourteen years of age who can not read and write shall forfeit from $20 to $50, and that any person who employs a minor over fourteen years of age who can not read and write, providing such minor has been for one year a resident of a city or town wherein free evening schools are maintained, shall forfeit from $50 to $100 for every such offense, to go to the benefit of the evening schools.

TRICKS OF THE CANNING TRADE.—According to the Trade, a newspaper published in the canning interest of Baltimore, there are in that city fifty-seven firms that deal "only in 'Seconds,' or doubtful goods. These goods are obtained from doubtful dealers as "swells," or cans that have the ends bulged out on account of the fermentation of their contents. The cans are taken to a convenient place and "repressed." This consists of first punching a hole in the top of the can, to let the gas out. The cans are then placed in hot water and heated, to expel the air and gases, and then resealed. They are then labeled with a bogus label and sold at low prices comparatively. They are probably mostly sold in large cities to the poorer classes. The only safety in buying canned goods is in seeing that the genuine label of a reputable firm is on each can.

A CURL OF HAIR.—It would appear that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passion. Mdle Alice, the favorite Parisian actress, glories in the possession of auburn ringlets, and would not part with one of them for less than a duchy. Two Russian noblemen, the Count de L. and Baron M., were both suitors for the lady's smiles, and both happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their dulcinea. Each begged a lock of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented; and, without touching a single tuft of her head, managed to effect an exchange of parcels, by which each gentleman received a curl of his rival's capillaries. The Count now wears the Baron's hair, next his heart and the Baron sleeps with the Count's [illegible] lock [illegible] him.

ANOTHER BIG DIAMOND.—Another phenominal diamond has fallen to the lot of a fortunate digger in the Kimberly mine, South Africa. Its weight is three hundred and two carats, but, unfortunately, it does not possess that purity of color, or rather absence of color, which is the first desideratum in a diamond. Its value is said to be about three thousand pounds; whereas the far smaller Porter-Rhoden gem, found in the same mine about three years ago, was valued by its owner at one hundred thousand pounds. But the popular notion is that the value of a thing is what it will fetch, and there [illegible] in the world who would lock up such an enormous sum for the doubtful advantage of possessing such a thing.

THE "OIL-SPOT."—There is a remarkable place in the Gulf of Mexico known as the "oil-spot." It extends about two miles along the shore, and perhaps [illegible] In a storm its appearance is very wonderful. All round are angry boiling waters, tossing the foam high in the air, while within this inclosure if a perfect calm. In fine weather there is nothing to distinguish the place, but in [illegible] the waves become thick and of a reddish hue. Mud taken from the spot has all the cleansing qualities of soap, and is used to scrub the decks of vessels. Scientific men are puzzled to know what makes the "oil-spot."

CAN'T TALK, BUT CAN SING.—M. Vulpin, the Paris doctor, had a patient some time ago who was afflicted with that form of aphasis in which speaking is impossible, though the individual is able to sing without difficulty. The doctor utilized the singing power by teaching this patient and those who followed him to sing whatever they wished to say, without confining themselves to the words of the air. As a consequence the hospital has becoming musical with the notes of a [illegible] and the Marseillaise in which the patients ask for everything they desire.

AN EFFECTIVE EMETIC.—Siamese medical treatment is novel, but it seems to be effective. Dr. Bradley, a medical missionary to Siam, relates how a native doctor [illegible] an emetic to a love-sick lad [illegible] allowed a quantity of opium with suicidal intent. The [illegible] a live eel [illegible]

sacrificed; if not, they are returned to the beds and not disturbed again for four or five years.

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mass of the mountain is evidently sinking, and the environs of Bona seem to show that a similar phenomenon has taken place there before. Lake Fezirra, now some thousand acres in extent, did not exist in the time of the Romans, and investigations made in 1870 show that Rusicade was once the site of a Roman town.

RATHER QUEER.—There is a child down in Vermont that is rather queer. Every effort to have it use its legs was made by its parents, but it had no inclination that way. It will raise itself upon its hands and move rapidly across the floor, and, when it has picked up the object it seeks, place it between its feet and again move away on its hands. The child's mother says she attended a circus about three years ago, at which the acrobatic feats made a strong impression on her mind. She remembers continually dreaming about the men walking on their hands.

THE VALUE OF IVY ROOTS.—Mountaineers in North Carolina and Tennessee have made a good deal of money digging the roots of the ivy. Ten and twelve dollars per ton is paid for them at the railroad stations. They are shipped north to be turned into door and bureau knobs, and for inland and veneering work. These roots have been considered a nuisance in clearing land for the plow, but now will sell for more than the price for which the land could have been bought two years ago.

GATHERED GOSSIP.

Water is so scarce in New York that even the watering of stocks has ceased.

Mexico is "that dread bourne from which no traveler returns." It is overrun with bandits.

They have neither goats nor cows in Japan. How the milkmen explain their presence there is not stated.

A Baltimore spinster has become insane over the death of her pet dog. She should have stuck to parrots. They never die.

Thermometer in New York in the shade, 92; ditto at Bismarck, Dakota.—Bismarck Tribune. 92 above or below zero in Dakota?

A Staten Island brick molder has been left a fortune in England. He will now, it is thought, become a perfect brick himself.

A Philadelphia woman drank a pint of coal oil with suicidal intent, but as she forgot to swallow a lighted match she still lives.

A number of prominent New Yorkers are sadly missed at the Newport dinner parties this season. They are summering in Canada.

The Tombstone, Arizona, local press is trying to boom that town as "a health resort." The air is so dry there that people recover from bullet wounds very quickly.

An American lady married to an Italian Prince a year ago has already left him. Some American girls are too proud to travel around with a tambourine all day.

A Troy lady dreamed that her baby had fallen out of the window. Suddenly awakening she rushed to the window and fell out herself. Moral: Don't get married.

A Milwaukee man has been sent to the penitentiary for three months merely for stealing a kiss from a young lady. As she was a Milwaukee girl his friends think they can prove him insane.

It is stated on good authority that cats die rapidly off in India during epidemics of cholera. We'd be willing to put up with a small amount of cholera in order to get rid of a large amount of cats.

An Ohio woman has committed suicide. She has been scolding her husband for the past ten years for not getting appointed President or something, only to find out at last that he is as deaf as a post and never heard a word.

A Philadelphia girl who has lived in Europe since she was a child (she is now 19) will create a sensation at Long Branch, where she will pass the summer, by the extraordinary beauty of her complexion. She owes it all to the old recipe of sleeping with a piece of raw beef on each cheek. This she has done for eight years, it is said. If she keeps it up in this country, especially during dog days, we advise her to sleep in a refrigerator.

TOOTHLESS TODDLERS.

Experience a weight of wisdom brings,
Old birds are shy of chaff;
A man wont waken up his second child
To see the infant laugh.
—Philadelphia Call.

There is nothing like the baby. Chester Times.

Guess you never heard a foghorn. Philadelphia Call.

If fresh air and exercise are wholesome young fathers should be healthy. The man with a fresh heir gets plenty of exercise. Philadelphia Call.

Patti is said to have once refused an offer of marriage from Brigham Young. He wanted her to sing his babies to sleep. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A man can't help but raise a storm when he has to rock a crying baby, because in the nature of things he is a sigh-rocker. Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.

"Babies put out to die," is the heading of an article on baby farming. Many grown people feel put out to die, what can be expected of babies? Cincinnati Saturday Night.

There are over 30,000 locomotives in this country, and yet when a woman wants to take her baby out to give it fresh air she has to push the coach herself in

"I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK."

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

Sweet Kate at Wyndham's Dairy, and Jack of Oldham Mill—
Oh, long they woo'd and fond they coo'd, a faithful Jack and Jill!
But times were bad for lass and lad, and sadly both confessed
'Twas not the thing to buy the ring before they'd lined the nest.
"Courage lad!" said Katie. "Yes, we'll have to wait;
But though, my dear, its twenty year, I'll take no other mate."

But England wanted Jacky, for war was in the air,
And arms more grim were press'd on him than Katie's bonny pair.
So all through Spain, in rough campaign, he chivied booth Mossoo
And fired his gun and made him run like fun at Waterloo;
When the lads came round her, Kate bade them pack,
There's girls enow for you to woo; "I mean to wait for Jack."

The gray in Katie's ringlets were mingling with the brown,
When bump-a-thump, an eager stump came pegging through the town,
"It's me, you see, come back," says he, "except a leg or so;
And safe and sound here's twenty pound; so let the parson know."
Jingle, jangle jingle! set the bells a chime,
And health and bliss to love like this that bravely bides its time.

—Good Words.

WHAT TO DO

Remember that other people have children as well as yourself.

Believe in a child's statements until you are sure they are incorrect; mistrust breeds estrangement.

Reflect that a pert child is an abomination; train your children to be respectful, and to hold their tongues in the presence of their superiors.

If a baby cries warm its feet before you dose it.

Sing to the little ones; the memory of a nursery song will cling to them, through life.

Attend to them yourself; a go-between betwixt mother and child is like a middleman in business, who gets the largest share of the profits.

Dress the children sensibly; cover up their limbs in winter, and study health first and appearance second.

Show the children that you love them; do not expect them to take it on trust.

As they grow older, win their confidence; if you do not somebody else will.

Maintain a respectful tone to their father before them; if he is not all you wish, still make them respect him; he is always their father, and disrespect to him is a reflection upon yourself.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do their work.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopefuly to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them a sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Find out what their special tastes are, and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are repugnant to them.

As long as it is possible, kiss them good night after they are in bed; they do like it so, and it keeps them very close.

If you have lost a child, remember that it is the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those remaining, everything; hide your grief for their sakes.

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill try and make them understand why, how the the complaint arose, and the remedy as far as you know it.

Impress upon them from early infancy that actions have results, and that they cannot escape consequences even by being sorry when they have acted wrongly.

As your daughters grow up, teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights of fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters, and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.

Remember that, although they are all your children, each one has an individual character, and that tastes and qualities vary indefinitely.

Cultivate them separately, and not as if you were turning them out by machinery.

Encourage them to take good walking exercise. Young ladies in this country are rarely good walkers. They can dance all night, but are tired out if they walk a mile. Girls ought to be able to walk easily as boys. Half the nervous diseases which afflict young ladies could [illegible] has car-

Remember that visitors praise the children as much to please you as because they deserve it, and that their presence is oftener than not an infliction.

Senator Thurman's Fish Story.

Once upon a time when crowded about his Presidental aspirations, Mr. Thurman replied: "I really have no ambition in that direction." A look of incredulity on every face was the only response. The Judge took in these looks and related a little story:

"One summer I was at the Oakland House, Maryland, spending a little vacation up in the cool mountain region. We got telling fishing stories. I related something of my own experience when I was present and saw caught a catfish weighing ninety pounds. When I told the weight there was a general laugh, and I was humorously awarded the prize for telling fish stories. I quietly remarked to my incredulous friends that I hoped soon to convince them of the correctness of my story that in Western waters there were catfish of ninety pounds weight. When I returned to Columbus I went to the leading restaurateur and instructed him to procure me the largest catfish that could possibly be secured. He reported in a few days that he had one. I walked over, and found an excellent specimen, weighing seventy-five pounds. I had him boxed and carefully packed in ice and shipped him by express to my disbelieving friends at the Oakland. From the restaurateur I got all the recipes I could for catfish chowder, catfish steaks, stuffed catfish, roast, &c., and sent them on by mail. I telegraphed as follows: 'Skin your fish before you cook him,' a catfish's skin being so rank as to spoil the flesh when it is cooked with it on. They got my telegram and were puzzled. When the box arrived, dripping from the melting ice, they were more puzzled. The letter, which arrived the same train as the fish, explained all. They had a fine feast, and at it formally organized with a President and Secretary, and passed the following resolution, which was sent to me:

"'Resolved, That the truth of Allen G. Thurman's statement should never be questioned, that his fish stories are always absolutely true, especially his catfish stories.'"

PEPPERMINT ADVANCING.

One of the Results of the Alarm About the Cholera Epidemic in Europe.

New York Sun.

"Peppermint has undoubtedly gone up in price," said a wholesale dealer in that commodity. "It is worth from 40 to 50 cents more a pound than it was a month ago, which is undoubtedly due to the belief that it will be needed in Europe on account of cholera. The old crop is nearly exhausted, and is almost all in the hands of four or five persons, and the new will not reach us till about the first of September. As soon as the cholera appeard in Toulon there began an active call for peppermint and most other essential oils, which, in solution, will be used by those who are attacked.

"Peppermint is grown in low, marshy districts, chiefly in the western part of the State and in Michigan. Wayne county, N. Y., is the center where the distilling is chiefly done. The entire crop is, perhaps, 30,000 pounds, worth $3 a pound. An acre will grow from eight to fifteen pounds. There are no large farms entirely devoted to this product, but it is cultivated in small quantities by many farmers. It is used both as a medicine and as flavoring in confectionery. When used for the former purpose it is diluted with alcohol and water and is then known as essence of peppermint. It is sometimes adulterated with castor oil and oil of turpentine, but its most common adulterant is oil of pennyroyal, which is now worth only $1.50 a pound. Peppermint will stand 25 per cent. of this, but even in using only 10 per cent. there is a decided profit to the dishonest mixer. You cannot deceive the maker of confectionery. He must have his oil pure, and gets it so. Adulteration in this form is easy of detection. In an unmixed condition the oil is not dangerous, but is very powerful."

SHE WHO CAPTURES HEARTS.

The St. Louis girls are so unkissable that General Sherman is thinking of moving. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A girl may be attractive and strike a man one way before marriage; but after that event she generally strikes him in an entirely different way. Yonkers Statesman.

St. Louis belles have organized a boxing club. This will, in a measure, explain the reason why two St. Louis grooms ran away on their wedding day. Detroit Journal.

"What constitutes a noble girl?" The good sense and affection that will cause a girl to roll up her sleeves and help her mother with the washing we reckon about fills the bill. Kentucky State Journal.

There'll be so much political excitement in the Fall that it will distract the attention of the young men, and the girl who is wise will bring her lover to the popping point as soon as possible. Philadelphia Chronicle.

A Georgia girl is reported to have hair that "sweeps the floor." The man who marries her can therefore depend upon being mangled with a rolling-pin instead of a broomstick, as the latter will have no place in the household. Lowell Citizen.

FIVE.

FRANCES J. M. KERSHAW.

Five children played beside his door,
Four merrry lads, and one sweet maid;
Five of them in those blissful days:—
"Thank God for five!" the father said.

The rosebuds oped to blossoms fair;
They smiled at life through springtide days;
And clust'ring round the old man's chair:—
"Thank God for five!" he softly says.

One at the trumpet's call first left—
A brave young soul!—his father's door;
They laid him with the lowly slain:—
"Thank God," he whispered, "for the four!"

The voice of storms has lulled to rest
Another on the wild green sea;
The father lifts his eyes to Heaven:—
"Thank God," he says; "I still have three!"

The maiden wore her bridal wreath
But three short days; then gentle death
Exchanged it for a fadeless crown:—
"Two still remain!" the father saith.

Amidst the everlasting snows
One buried lies in ice-bound cleft;
They told the father, and he said:—
"Thank God, one of the five is left!"

The last within a cloistered cell
Closed his mild eye, and bowed his head,
And passed to endless bliss; "Thank God!
There once were five," the father said.

On earth, he meekly gave them all,
One gentle girl, four valiant men;
In Heaven, once more he thanked his God,
To him the five were given then.

—The Month.

ACTORS IN THE COUNTRY.

Where and How Some of the Noted Players will Enjoy their Vacations.

There are some few members of the profession who have summer homes in the country, where they enjoy their leisure time in the bucolic pursuits which appeal to the followers of other lines of work. Dominick Murray owns a farm in Canada, and no financial inducement can prevent him from going there as early as the 1st of June every year. The Madison Square Theatre where Mr. Murray is engaged, has offered him large sums to keep going with one of their companies during the summer, but he firmly declines. Joseph Wheelock, another Madison Square actor keeps up his country place at the Navesink Highlands, and goes down there early every morning, returning in time for the evening performance. McKee Rankin is the possessor of an island near Detroit, where he raises wheat and live stock, with a profit of from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. Mr. Ranklin is engaged in growing very large Norman dray horses and very large ponies, and for each of these species he finds a ready sale. If Mr. Rankin should meet with a few more such experiences as were connected with his production of "Gabriel Conroy" and the erection of the Third Avenue Theatre, he will doubtless find it profitable to retire permanently to his salubrious country home. Mr. George Clarke has recently become the possessor of a stock ranch at Norwalk, Conn. The stock at present consists of a horse, given him by an old physician who had used the animal since boyhood; a dog, which Mr. Clarke fondly believes is a Newfoundland, and several chickens which are much too rotund for the resort built for them in their youth by the skilful Mr. Clarke himself. Mr. Clarke recently raised a potato on his ranch, and he has successfully bred a large herd of kittens. Mr. and Mrs. George F. De Vere live during the summer at a place they own on the shore of Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island. The soil is unusually productive of stunted pines, scrub oaks, and other specimens of the luxuriant vegetation which belongs to many portions of Long Island. Mr. Horace Wall, who has now managed the business of two generations of Sotherns, owns a farm up in the centre of New York State. Mr. Wall finds enough hot sun on his farm to keep his skin very near the color of a brand new sole leather trunk, and he has made a good deal more money out of the place during the past year than has been netted him by the theatrical performances of Mr Lytton Sothern. Mr Oliver Doud Byron usually spends his summer at his own place in Long Branch. But this season he has gone to Europe. Mr. Byron cannot raise anything on his place, possibly barring a mortgage, and he has no occasion to try that. Mr. Byron, through the production of "Across the Continent" and similarly harrowing plays, has accumulated a comfortable competency. Last year a great many actors went to Europe for their summer vacation. This season the foreign-bound people are exceedingly few. But New York is quite unusually full of leisurely actors and actresses who carefully deadhead their way into the theatres and investigate attractive points about Coney Island. At Cohasset, Mass., there is quite an actors, colony. Lawrence Barrett, W. H. Crane, Stuart Robson, and a number of other well-known people have places there. The resort of the Boston actors is Manchester-by-the-sea, where Mrs. Agnes Booth is this season managing her late husband's hotel, called the Masconomo House. This is understood to be a successful business venture, worth $20,000 or more every summer to its owner.

SHORTS.

A warm spell—H-o-t.

Is the cholera coming?

Hay fever is fashionable in London.

Arizona's "drummer tax" is $200 a year.

The clerk of the weather is getting very heated.

Iced tea saloons are increasing in New Orleans.

A piece of Court plaster—Sentencing a man for life.

It is beginning to be very pleasant, now, at the seaside.

Beaufort, S. C., imposes on commercial visitors $10 a week.

[illegible] all drummers $10 per

It is said that Thackeray's mad wife is still living, carefully watched over in the house of a friend.

A Burlington wife calls her husband "Powder and Ball," because he sometimes comes home loaded.

A few crazy women in Paris are wearing straw hats with square corners. They are anything but pretty.

Republican machinists consider the conduct of certain of their late political associates "revolting."

A literary lady of Harlem says that she likes a gentleman's arms because they are members of the press.

A Cuban editor has cowhided one of his subscribers. This is a rare stroke of journalistic enterprise.

Statistics show that Vassar girls subsist on early vegetables, milk, meat, pickles, caramels and pancakes.

This is the time of year when the pretty picnic girl with the trim ankle and neat boots calls out "snake!"

One of the best cattle ranches in the West is owned by a grandson of Edward Everett, Mr. Everett Wise.

It would be a rarity worth the seeing could any one show us such a thing as a perfectly reconciled enemy.

Mrs. Prowers, a beautiful widow of West Las Alamas, New Mexico, is worth $15,000,000, mostly in cattle.

Bismarck grows peevish with age and would take to drink if it did any good. Experience shows it does not.

The only time Courtney will ever be married is during leap year. He will never make a match if he can help it.

Gypsy queens often live to be 100 years old, and they preserve their beauty to the last. Gypsy queens never lace.

The thirty-eight States of the Union contain 2,299 counties. Texas leads off with 151 and Georgia follows with 137.

"Old-fashioned Chicken Pot Pie" is the title of a story in an exchange. It is probably made of chicken instead of veal.

A GREEN TREE ON THE TOP OF A HOUSE.

Its Significance in Colonial Times and Now.

A carpenter was noticed on Staten Island on Saturday nailing a green pine tree on the apex of the roof of a new dwelling house. A large number of men with their sleeves rolled up were standing on the street below watching him. The onlookers were masons, carpenters and laborers who had been employed on the new building. When the tree was firmly fixed in its place the group below cheered lustily and congratulated a man who stood with his coat on.

"Why is that green tree placed there on the top of the house?" a bystander asked of the man who had climbed out on the high ridge and put it in place.

"Well, it's an old man's custom, as I understand it," he replied "and seems to have a pleasant side to it. I believe it came down from the old colonial days in New England, where it was customary after a couple had married, for the neighbors to get together, have several good-sized demijohns with rum and molasses in them, or equally capacious punch-bowls. Then all would go to work, make a clearing, hew the logs, nail together the four sides of the house as they lay on the ground, raise them to their places and put the roof on. After the thatching or shingling was done, the neighbors would nail a tree up there, as an indication that the new occupants of the house would thrive and prosper after the manner of the green bay tree. Then would come a jolly round of merrymaking among the sober old New Englanders who would also contribute divers gifts to give the young married people a start in life among the settlement."

"But times have changed since then. The demijohns of rum and molasses are out of date—also the gifts to the new occupants. What significance has the green tree to the building or its occupants?"

"Oh, I'll tell you how we figure it now. Every man who has worked on the premises, including the laborer who dug the well, the man who carried the bricks and mortar in the hod, the stonemason who laid the foundation, and the carpenters, bricklayers, lathers, locksmiths, and all, are among those who were in the street below when I nailed the tree up there. The man with the coat on was the owner. We were wishing him luck just as they used to do, and also luck for all who may dwell inside. But the significance of it now is that we generally get the tree there on Saturday at 12 o'clock, and think that in return for our good wishes the owner ought to put up a keg of beer and let us all off for half a day to drink to his prosperity. Inside the building you can see the keg of beer."

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

What an Angry Father Would Have Heard if He Had Waited.

"Oh, mamma, who do you suppose I saw in the parlor last night?" cried little Johnny Crimsonback when the family had assembled for the morning meal and the domestic was bringing in the coffee.

"Why, I don't know, Johnny; who did you see?" said the matronly Mrs. Crimsonback in a calm-before-the-storm sort of way.

"Bridget!" exclaimed the boy, seeing the queen of the rolling-pin with a cautious eye.

"Well, what of that, Johnny?" went on his mother, arranging the crockery in front of her.

"What of that?" exclaimed the boy.