THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

W. E. HANNAFORD, - - - Publisher.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—A single cod produces 9,000,000 eggs.

—The cod's bladder makes good isinglass.

—The greatest ocean depths are near land.

—The snake's sense of touch is very slight.

—A 40-pound child was born at Macon, Ga.

—The Corean is ranked as a man by his hat.

—Every drop of the ocean is in constant movement.

—The electric light has invaded Afghanistan.

—Prescriptions must not be written in Latin in France.

—Great petrified forests have been found in Arizona.

—French drug stores are officially inspected once a year.

—Homing instincts of the swallow have been utilized in England.

—Sunstroke is almost unknown among explorers in tropical Africa.

—The busiest railroad station in the world is Waterloo, London.

—Windmills were introduced into England from the Netherlands.

—Windmills are frequently mentioned in ancient Roman history.

—The manito flower of Central America resembles a baby's hand.

—The new waterworks at Jerusalem supplies water free to the poor.

—The first electric-lighting plant in Alaska has been set up at Juneau.

—In France it is against the law for pharmacists to give medical advice.

—Medicines, the manufacture of which is secret, are forbidden in France.

—The gold product of the United States last year was the largest since 1886.

—Teahouses in China take the place of clubrooms of Western civilization.

—Considering the varied uses to which it is put, the cod is the most useful fish.

—The new microbe that makes sterilized milk transparent has been discovered.

—It costs over $20,000 a year to scrape the barnacles off a big man-of-war and repaint it.

—The finest varieties of pears, like strawberries, are almost worthless for canning.

—A constant wind of at least ten miles an hour would practically supplant steam on land.

—India and Ceylon have reduced the average price of Indian tea fully one-half since 1891.

—One Chicago man habitually eats paris green as other people take opium or drink whisky.

—The cubical extent of water is fourteen times greater than that of the land above sea level.

—When the planet Mercury is nearest the sun it receives 10½ times more light and heat than we do.

—One species of bee fashions a tubular gallery of clay outside its doorway, which is guarded by sentinels.

—The amount of soapstone produced in the United States in 1893 was 21,071 tons, valued at $255,067.

—A skeleton of an extinct animal has been unearthed in Shellville, Cal., which has both horns and tusks.

—Norwegians give cods' heads mixed with marine plants to their cows to increase the yield of milk.

—The quivering of the aspen leaves is due to the fact that the leaf stock is flat on the sides and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves trembling.

—A company engaged in the construction of an electric railroad on the Jungfrau proposes to devote $20,000 to the erection of a geopysical observatory at an altitude of about 15,000 feet.

—A new chemical element, a dense and inert gas, has been discovered. It is separated from atmospheric nitrogen, which is known to be heavier than nitrogen obtained from any other source.

—A clergyman in New South Wales complains that out of 117 marriages which he has celebrated within the last year, in 29 cases he has been called out of bed between 11 at night and 6 in the morning.

—The strongest muscle is in the calf of the leg, because locomotion is one of the most necessary functions. The great muscle of the calf has been found, by actual experiment, to be capable of sustaining seven times the weight of the body.

—A curious source of wealth is reported by the French consul at Mongtze, in Upper Tonkin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter.

—A German doctor has been publishing the results of a long course of visual examination. He finds that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition. In seven cases out of every ten people possess one eye which is stronger than the other.

—Anne of Brittany, widow of Charles VIII., was the ideal of the knights of her time, and did much to raise the popular estimation of female character, and to secure proper respect for women. She did not long live in widowhood, but married Louis XII.

—One of the oldest pieces of wrought iron known to be in existence is a sickle blade that was found by Belzoni under the base of the Sphinx. Another ancient piece of iron is the wrought bar of Damascus steel, which King Porus presented to Alexander the Great. This bar, which is of unknown antiquity, is still carefully preserved in the National Turkish museum at Constantinople.

SHE WORKS DEPOTS.

An Old Lady Who is the Most Expert of Thieves.

A number of railroad passengers were chatting in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific Thursday afternoon when George Robertson, of the Wabash, came in bearing a satchel. He was hailed by his friends, says the Chicago Times, who wanted to know if he was going or coming.

"Neither," he replied. "This grip belongs to a guest of the hotel here, and was stolen from him while he was waiting for a train in Dearborn station. It appears that he alighted from the omnibus there yesterday, and went into the waiting-room to sit down until the train backed in. A nervous old lady was the only occupant of the room, and the man put his grip down on the seat next to her old glazed satchel. He then started in to read his paper.

"The nervous old lady fidgeted about on her seat, evidently anxious about her train. Finally she heard a cry of 'All aboard,' and she rushed out. A few minutes later the gentleman heard his train called, and he started to pick up his alligator grip. It was gone, and in its place was the nervous old lady's glazed satchel. Evidently she had made the exchange by mistake. The man rushed out to find her, and he told me about it. We looked for the old lady, but she was nowhere to be found.

"Then we thought there might be something in her satchel to show her address, and we opened it. It contained three bricks and a lot of newspapers. I realized at once that she was the old lady who is registered as one of the most expert depot thieves in the city, and who has given us a great deal of trouble. I started our detectives after her. They did not catch her, but they recovered the grip, and I am here to return it."

First to Wear the Kilt.

The first reference to Highland costume occurs in the Saga of Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, 1093-1103, written by Snorro Sturleson, who was reared with the children of that monarch's daughter. Here it is stated that Magnus and his men, on their return from a marauding expedition to the west of Scotland, "brought with them a great deal of the habits and fashions of clothing of these western parts. They went about the streets with bare legs, and had short kirtles and overcloaks, and therefore his men called him Magnus Barefoot or Bareleg."

In the Thirteenth century we seem to have something like a first reference to actual tartans in the statutes of the Church of Aberdeen, which provide that "all ecclesiastics are to be suitably appareled, avoiding red, green and striped clothing, and their garments shall not be shorter than the middle of the leg." But it should be noticed that the word "tartar," which occurs in the Fifteenth century, in the accounts of the lord high treasurer of Scotland, which was regarded by both Borthwick and Pinkerton as meaning tartan, really indicates, as pointed out by Dr. Dickens, a fabric of Eastern origin, frequently "variant" or shot, the warp and woof being of contrasting colors. We find a true reference to tartan in the same accounts in the following century.—Scotland Review.

EXTREME COLD THAT BURNS.

Its Effects Are Not Different from Scorching by Heat.

Burning is usually associated with heat, and it seems a misnomer to speak of cold burns. Chemists tell us that really there is no such thing as cold, which is relative heat, and that the lowest temperature yet registered is some degrees above absolute cold. At the last meeting of the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences at Lausanne, M. Raoul Pictet gave some particulars concerning cold burns experienced by himself and assistants during his investigations of the lowest temperature attainable. There are two degrees of burns. In one case the skin reddens at first and turns blue the following day, and subsequently the area of the spot expands until it becomes nearly double its original dimensions. The "burn," which is usually not healed until five or six weeks after its occurrence, is accompanied by a very painful itching on the affected spot and the surrounding tissues. When the burning is more serious, produced by longer contact with the cold body, a burn of the second degree is experienced. In this case the skin is rapidly detached, and all parts reached by the cold behave like foreign bodies. A long and stubborn suppuration sets in, which does not seem to accelerate the reconstitution of the tissues. The wounds are malignant, and scar very slowly in a manner entirely different from burns produced by fire.

On one occasion, when M. Pictet was suffering from a severe burn due to a drop of liquid air, he accidentally scorched the same hand very seriously. The scorched portion was healed in ten or twelve days, but the wound produced by the cold-burn was open for upward of six months. In order to try the effect of radiation in dry cold air, M. Pictet held his bare arm up to the elbow in a refrigerating vessel maintained at 165 degrees, when a sensation of a peculiarly distinct character was felt over the whole skin and throughout the muscles. At first this sensation was not disagreeable, but gradually it became decidedly so, and, after three or four minutes, the skin turned blue and the pain more intense and deep-seated. On withdrawing the arm from the refrigerator at the end of ten minutes a strong reaction was experienced, accompanied by a superficial inflammation of the skin.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

THE FINGER OF FATE.

It is Held by a Confederate Captain as a Souvenir.

A gentleman of this city wears on his watch chain a charm unique in its ghastliness, but which he claims has brought him luck and about which he tells a curious story, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times from Houston, Tex. In 1862, when the young confederacy and the Union were struggling for the possession of New Mexico, the little town of Doña Ana were attacked by a small force of federal troops, but finding the place occupied by a larger company of confederates than they had supposed, the attacking party was slowly withdrawn under a rather hot fire. Singular to relate, considering how close the two forces were to each other and how narrow the fighting ground, the battle proved a bloodless one except for the relic which now adorns the ex-confederate captain's chain. This was the first joint of the forefinger which some federal soldier left behind as a souvenir, and the only one of that summer day's fight. It was picked up just on the edge of town by the present possessor, who, being in those days little more than a boy, conceived the idea of having it preserved by chemicals, and if possible returning it to its rightful owner. The first of these schemes he carried out, and the second failed through no fault of his.

After the confederates abandoned the territory to the superior numbers of the government forces, the captain, then but a second lieutenant, ascertained the command which had done the attacking of the little town, and during a lull in hostilities wrote to the surgeon of the regiment, asking if he knew anyone who had lost a finger in that battle. The surgeon responded, giving the name of the private who had suffered in that way, the incident, from its oddity, having attracted the attention of the medical staff at Fort Craig. The man had gone home afterward on sick leave, and it was here that the captain wrote to him, telling him that he had the missing member and offering to return it.

The soldiey responded, acknowledging his loss, and giving an account of how the thing had happened, to obtain which had been the inquisitive captain's aim all the time. It seemed that as the federals were withdrawing from the place this man wheeled about, and raising his gun was about to pull the trigger on the figure of the colonel of the regiment, when, just as he bent his finger, a ball came whizzing past and carried off the first joint. The wound was a slight one, but in all probability saved the life of the officer at whom the sharpshooter was aiming. The owner of the member then added that as he had lost it in a fair fight the finder was more than welcome to it as a souvenir of Doña Ana and of him. Thus possessing it, not only as the spoil of war, but by consent of him who had the best right to it, the captain still wears it as a luck piece, though the thing has turned as black and hard as a pebble of ironstone, and one might exercise one's guessing power all day without even arriving at any conclusion near the truth. Through the ossified finger has been drilled a hole, and the chain passes through this.

SCHOLAR GIPSIES.

In Former Times Gipsying was a Part of the Scholar's Life.

In former times gipsying was a part of a scholar's life. He was compelled to journey over half of Europe, it might be, to the college of his choice, in a time when journeying was not always pleasant, and seldom safe.

The laws against begging were relaxed in his favor. He had no baggage except a book or two, and with his staff in hand he trudged merrily forward on his adventurous way.

These men were the most cultured of their age. The head that was covered by that tatterdemalion bonnet might be debating grave points in the Aristotelian logic, or with Plato framing immortal commonwealths.

A sun-browned scholar was not apt to suffer from unreal visions of things; while to sustain him on his way he had his love for learning and many rich eclectic stores to draw on for his entertainment. In days nearer our own some few members of the fraternity still survived. Goldsmith, fresh from his desultory college life, tramped through many countries with his flute in his pocket, and gained that large kindliness which makes one of the best features of his work.

In our own day one of our most ingenious story teller has gone far and wide in many unchristian latitudes in search of wisdom and adventure. But, after all, of the many who follow the life, few ever attain to any reputation; for among other good things they acquire a genial contempt for fame, which is peculiar to men of genius and this disreputable brotherhood.—Macmillan's Magazine.

She Fluttered Away.

Prof. Garner was noce being entertained at Washington and there was present a young exquisite who appeared to be having a dull time.

The hostess thought that the professor could relieve the ennui which had settled over the young man, and brought them together.

"Now, Cholly," she said, "this is Prof. Garner. He has been to the wilds of Africa, you know."

"Y-a-a-s. I've heah'd of the pwofessor. Happy to meet him, I'm suah."

"Of course you are. He has had no end of wonderful adventures and seen lots of queer people. And he knows how to talk to monkeys in their own language. Now, professor," she went on, turning to Mr. Garner, "do talk to Cholly a little while, won't you?"

And then she fluttered away.

He Had that Tired Feeling.

"Was there ever a time in your life, Mr. Gartley," asked Miss Itley, "when all the world seemed a dreary waste to you; when your heart was starving; all the sweet springs of your life were turned to bitterness, and death seemed the sweetest boon the gods could offer you?" "Indeed there was," said Gartley earnestly; "I remember it well; I was only 15 years old at the time and was enduring the miseries of my first seasickness just after I had smoked my first cigar, which happened to be a strong one. The combination was tremendous and nearly finished me."—Boston Home Journal.

—The giant lilac tree was first discovered in Japan.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Kid Who Cut the Rope.

Did you ever in a hammock sit,
And hold your lady love,
And think no one was watching
Save the little stars above?
Did you ever ask this question,
"Tell me, darling, can I hope?"
And before you got her answer,
Have her brother cut the rope?
'Tis a feeling ne'er forgotten—
'Tis a moment full of pain,
And you wonder who the—
Could have cut that rope in twain,
And you do not care a rip now
Whether "Darling lets you hope,"
For the only thing you're after
Is the kid who cut the rope.

—Detroit Free Press.

Harold Won the Game.

A proud, stern man was Mr. McLeod, rarely seen to smile, and rated unpopular with the business men among whom he had made his money. In his family he was feared, and his little boy had grown to be 10 years old without knowing what it was to have his father kiss him—a light slip of a boy with a handsome face. The father knew the lad was handsome like himself, and he boasted of it in his secret heart, and also of the fact that the boy was so shrewd in his studies. But never a word of this to the boy—not a look or a nod to show that his father was noting his little triumphs and saying a word of praise for them. For one such nod or a word the boy would have gone down on his knees and wept for happiness. That day they were eating the noon hour meal in the usual silence, when Mr. McLeod spoke with sudden sharpness.

"Harold," he said, "a little while ago I looked out of the window and saw you running from another boy. Don't you ever let me see or hear of such a thing as that again."

"He—he was a good deal bigger boy than me, papa," pleaded the little fellow, with a timid catching in his breath.

"I don't care if he was," cried the father, his face reddening angrily. "I want to see no boy of mine flinch and turn tail and fly like a coward. Better be beaten to jelly than show the white feather. I despise a coward."

Then he put on his hat and went back to the office, and the hard, set look and the angry flush sat upon his countenance so that the clerks knew it was better not to be near him. By and by a man with pale face and panting breath rushed into the office and called out: "Mr. McLeod, there's been an accident up at the baseball ground and your boy is—is hurt. They've just carried him home."

Not answering, the proud merchant took down his hat. The clerks noticed that the flush was gone from his face, and he made one uncertain step as he went through the door. Otherwise he was the same cold, unmoved man they had always known. On the little bed in his chamber room lay the boy, breathing lightly. In one hand that rested on the white coverlid he held a battered baseball.

"I fear it is fatal," the doctor had said in answer to the father's inquiry. "A severe blow on the heart."

The handsome face was white, the eyes closed. Presently they opened and rested upon the merchant. A little smile slipped into the boy's countenance.

"I—I didn't flinch, papa," he said faintly.

"What—what was it, Harold?" the father said, with a sob in his voice. "Don't look so white and still like that, my boy—tell your father about it."

"You see, papa," the boy faintly answered, "we—we was playing the grammar school nine, ever so much bigger fellows than us, and it was their last innings, and we was one ahead, and the bases were full, with two out. I was playing short stop, you—you know."

No, he did not know. Grown hard and cold at his desk, he understood nothing of the bit of graphic description the faint lips were giving utterance to.

"And then," the childish voice went on, "then their heaviest batter, an awfully big fellow, papa, struck a grounder right—right at me. I couldn't get my hands on it, but you see, if it got by me it meant we lost the game—and I remembered what—what you said, papa, about not flinching, you know, and I—I jumped right down on my knees and let it hit—hit me—and then the third base got the ball and put the runner out, and—and everybody cheered, papa, and said I saved the—the—"

The poor, proud merchant groaned heavily. His wife had never seen him in agony before, and it frightened her, but such things pass away. The battered old baseball lies on the sitting room mantel in the quiet house. Often the gray-haired merchant takes it into his hand and gazes at it long and earnestly. Then his hand trembles. He puts the old baseball down and goes back to his office.—Rockland Gazette.

A Handsome Center Cloth.

No little housekeeper can have too many embroidered cloths. Therefore if a young girl wants to make a pretty gift to anyone this simple but effective design will serve you well. As a matter of course, it is much reduced as you see it here, but you can get an idea of what it is like and can easily enlarge it to suit the size of the cloth.

A good size for a center doily is twenty-one inches square and a good depth for the fringe is two inches. Select fine old bleached linen and cut it in the desired size; then measure the depth of the fringe and pull the last thread first. Continue to pull the threads, one at a time, toward the edge, until you have a space of about one-quarter of an inch, then hemstitch the inner edge all round and leave the remaining threads till all the work is done. Draw the conventionalized figures first, and from them the curved branching lines. Select wash-color floselle in any color you prefer. This especial cloth is worked with golden yellow, but old pink, old blue or pale green will give anyone a good result.

Work the figures first in long and short stitch and with a single thread of the silk, and make a small group of French knots in the center of each. When so much is done cover all the lines with fine treestitching, also done with a single thread, and lastly pull out the remainder of your fringe. Rinse the linen in warm water, or, if it is soiled with handling, first in suds made with white soap, then with clean water, and after shaking out the fringe, iron quite dry on the wrong side.

Spread the cloth out smoothly on a board, and with a coarse comb comb out all the fringe, then fold once each way and lay it aside until you are ready to send it on its way. You will find all the work extremely simple, and if you are careful to follow the directions will have no trouble at all. The little point about fringing is an important one. The outer threads should never be pulled until the very last, as the fringe is liable to catch in the silks and to tangle. Yet, simple as the directions are, and important as the fact is in doing nice work, many older people make the mistake of beginning the other way, and so spoil an otherwise excellent piece of work.

A Novelty in Collections.

A novelty in collections is that possessed by a well-known banker of Leeds, Eng. The Cornhill Magazine reports that he has secured an immense number of different bank notes issued at various times by banks that have come to grievous smash and which have involved thousands of persons in their ruin. Not alone are bank notes included in this curious collection of relics of broken banks, which must add a world of painful recollections to a commercial community, but also bonds relating to celebrated undertakings which have proved sources of immense loss to speculators, these including "scrip" of the South sea bubbles, of many of the schemes of Hudson, the railway king, and of the Tichborne bond enterprise. So far as the bank notes are concerned, it is astonishing to see what a large number of establishments they refer to; and the whole collection represents the names of schemes which have drained the investing public of hundreds of millions sterling. The collector relates that on several occasions visitors who have seen the collection have, on coming to some particular note, burst into tears, for they have been directly connected with the ruin wrought by the crash indicated by that same note.

The Professor was Original.

The late Prof. Joseph Hyrtl was as original as he was great. His lectures were exceedingly attractive; he was a master of lucid exposition, which he enlivened with an undercurrent of quiet humor, and occasionally enlightened with sudden flashes of wit.

Once at an examination he asked the following question: "What can you tell me of the function of the spleen?"

The student not wishing to confess his ignorance, replied hesitatingly: "I used to know, but it has unfortunately escaped me."

"Unhappy man!" said Hyrtl; "you are the only one who ever knew anything about it, and you have forgotten it."

It Tickled the Hebrew.

The leader Damrosch once took an aged Hebrew friend to hear Meyerbeer's opera of "The Huguenots." Suddenly the old man burst into a loud guffaw, as if some funny idea had struck him.

"Why do you laugh?" inquired Damrosch.

"Laugh! It's de beth game I ever thaw. Vy, dare's a bloomin' lot o' Protethtants an' Cathlieth a-killin' of each other to music written by a Jew. Ha! ha! I'll come every night."

HIS PECULIAR WHISKERS.

He Waited for Some Gay Youth to Come and Have Fun.

A broad-shouldered man, fashionably dressed, came into the lobby of an uptown hotel on Saturday evening. He looked like an athlete. His step was springy and his face ruddy with health. He was just the sort of a man you would steer clear of in a fight. Still, it was none of these qualities that attracted the attention of every person in the lobby, says the Buffalo Express.

He wore a peculiar whisker. Hanging from his chin was a long, blonde wisp of hair, such as stage farmers and some sure-enough ones wear. It was a whisker that waved briskly in every passing wind. It was so clearly out of place on this man of the world's face that a young fellow, bolder than the rest, engaged its owner in conversation and, after a time, asked him about it.

"That's a peculiar whisker you wear there," said the young man, insinuatingly.

"Yes," assented the other.

"That the style where you came from?"

"No."

"Then, if the question is proper, I should like to know why you wear it."

The broad-shouldered man smiled a bit, and said: "I'll tell you why. I grew that whisker for the sole and only purpose of getting fresh young men to talk about it, and thereby giving me an opportunity to get even with them."

The young man shivered apprehensively.

"Don't be afraid," said the other. "I was not alluding. The fact is, I was riding on the Boston & Albany a while ago, and there was a man in the seat in front of me who had a wisp of hair on his chin. It was similar to this in all respects, save that it was gray, for he was an old man. There was a party of fresh young collegians in the same car, and when they saw the old man's whisker they began to make game of it. One lantern-jawed youth amused himself and his companions by reaching over, taking hold of the whisker, and saying 'Na-a-a-a,' like a billy goat. He kept that up for forty miles, greatly to the old man's discomfort. Right then and there I resolved to grow a similar whisker. I did it, and I'm looking for somebody to shake that appendage and say 'Na-a-a-a.' When that somebody does those things there is going to be trouble, and after that I'm going to shave it off. I have noticed, however, that it makes a heap of difference whose chin the billy goat whiskers are on."

DIFFERENT FROM TELEGRAPHY.

America Uses One Alphabet for Cabling and Europe Another.

There is a popular impression that cablegrams are sent by hand, as are telegrams, and that they are received in a dark room by signals that flash upon a screen. Such used to be the method of their transmission, but that has now been superseded by a better one. It was found impracticable to transmit printed characters. The four vertical lines that make our M could not be sent, but two horizontal lines, thus, — —, could be. In devising practicable signs for the letters two systems were made. One of these systems is in use throughout all America and Canada, and the other system throughout the remainder of the world. The United States and Canada lines therefore stand apart from all other lines in the world in the matter of a telegraph alphabet.

The difference between these alphabets is solely in the employment of the space between parts of one and the same letter. For example, the letter Y is .... There are four points or dots, but they are separated by a space. That is the American Y. It was rejected by the Europeans on the ground that it would be liable to confusion with parts of preceding or following letters and— . — — put in its place. As a matter of practice, however, no more mistakes occur with one system than with the other, while the American has the vast advantage of being about 20 per cent. shorter, and therefore to that extent faster. Other letters in which the systems differ are C, D, F, G, P, Q, R, X and Z. All remaining letters are alike in both.—Harper's Young People.

PHYSICIANS AND THEIR PATIENTS

The Style is Specialties of Patients as Well as Diseases.

New York physicians not only make specialties of diseases, but of patients. We have milionaires' doctors, insurance men's doctors, railroad engineers' doctors, and Dr. George R. Fowler of Thirty-ninth street can certainly claim to be the millionaire's doctor. He spends his summer at Shelter island, and when the fleets put in, owners and guests alike seek the tower room of the Manhansett house and call on the doctor, whether there is anything wrong with them or not. Usually, however, their systems require a sedative.

Caldy Colt called on the doctor only two days before his death and asked his advice, though he did not take it; and Gus Mott thinks Fowler is the only man who thoroughly understands his salt-water system. Mr. Mott has a Shelter island and a St. Augustine system, and each is totally different from the other. The doctor spends most of his winters in patching up the Calumet club. A great many members of that fashionable men's club are like the late James R. Osgood, publisher, the soul of good fellows. He was given to late hours and heavy dining, and went to the famous physician, who was also his friend.

"Well," said the doctor, "you have only to go to bed every day by 10:30, rise at 7, take more exercise, smoke only three cigars a day, and never take a drink of wine before 6 p. m."

"Now, look here," said the genial patient, "you don't suppose that I am going to pay you $10 for telling me that. Any fool knows that if I did what you say I wouldn't need any doctor. What I want you to do is give me some medicine that will fix me up so that I can go right on living as I do now."

"Impossible," said the doctor. In two years Mr. Osgood died in the prime of life.—New York Press.

was an Expert Flatterer.

Landor, the essayist and poet, was a self-willed, trenchant sort of a man, who prided himself upon his independence and ability to care for himself. Yet, like most men of this class, he was susceptible to delicate flattery, and was easily duped by those who knew how to manage him.

He once fell into the hands of a Venetian rogue, who read character at a glance, and was both a delicate flatterer and a manipulator. Landor was standing in the doorway of a cafe in Venice, watching the famous pigeons of the Piazza San Marco. Suddenly an old gentleman rushed up to him. Landor was an Apollo in form and face, and he knew it.

"Pardon me, sir," said the old gentleman, with more than Italian sweetness, "but will you allow me to look into your eyes? Ah, I thought so. Sir, you have green eyes. I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia; they were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world."

The flattered Englishman paid dearly for two bits of information. He had not only learned that his eyes resembled those of the smart and wicked Empress, but that he himself was "green." The old gentleman, while examining his eyes, picked his pocket.

Man and Woman Equally Bad.

After speaking of the recent campaign in Kentucky, the Chicago Inter Ocean says:

Thanks to the progress of civilization and justice, the world is beginning to comprehend that there is no sex in sin; that "a bad woman is not worse than a bad man," frequently not half so bad, since she rarely loses that sympathy and generosity which he probably never possessed. There is to be an evening up and a meting out of penalties in the future, and a besmirched man will be found as black as a besmirched woman, and will have, with her, equal chances and no more to reform and repent.

Sang with Much Feeling.

"Simon the Cellarer,"—Lady (to footman)—"John, where did you learn that splendid song which I heard you sing down in the cellar with so much feeling when you had gone for the wine?" Johann—"My former master taught it me. I had to sing it every time I fetched wine out of the cellar—just to satisfy him that I wasn't drinking it myself."—Gewerbezeitung.

Miss Pauline Johnston Again.

Miss Pauline Johnston, the young Canadian Indian poetess who went to England in the spring furnished with introductions to Lord Dufferin, Lord Lytton, the Marquis of Lorne and other literary members of English aristocracy, has returned to her Canadian home after a sojourn of two months. She is in good health and spirits, and delighted with the kindness and hospitality shown her during her stay in England, and with the success that attended her recitations. Miss Johnston found the English climate a little trying at first, also the lack of out-of-door exercise and often longed for her canoe. As her stay was confined to London, with the exception of one day spent in Surrey, Miss Johnston could not necessarily have experience of the out-of-door exercises in which English ladies freely indulge, and it is a pity that she could not have spent some time in the country or by the river, which would no doubt have been more enjoyable than town life. Miss Pauline Johnston is the daughter of an Indian chief, but her mother is an Englishwoman. She has left in England a volume of her poems, which will be published in the autumn.

THE LAWYER'S DUTY.

T. M. Cooley Says They Should Influence the Public for Good.

I wish to call attention to an obligation resting upon members of the legal profession, and which I think goes quite beyond that which under the same state of facts would rest upon citizens in general.

When, as we have lately seen, so-called "industrial armies" dissolve into roving vagabonds and beggars, the absurdity of their claims and pretenses makes them the subject of contempt and ridicule; but if their mischievous doctrines have taken root among any class of our people, and their demoralizing raids upon the industry of the country are likely to be repeated by themselves or by others, it is not by a thoughtless and contemptuous word that the mention of them can be wisely dismissed.

Especially is this case as regards the members of the legal profession. A special duty rests upon them to give active and effective aid to established institutions whenever revolutionary doctrines are brought forward, or when the fundamental rights we had supposed were made secure under constitutional guarantees are invaded or appear to be put in peril.

The lawyer may very often more effectually support the constitution and laws by assisting to build up a public sentiment that shall continue an impregnable bulwark against those who through malice or ignorance or with revolutionary purpose assail them, than it would be possible for him to do by personal service as a soldier, or by aid in the suppression of rebellion or domestic disorder.

It is a low and very unworthy view any lawyer takes of his office, when he assumes that he has nothing to do with public ignorance of the duty of subordination to the institutions of organized society, or with breaches of law existing or threatened, except as he may be called upon to prosecute or defend in the courts for a compensation to be paid him.—Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, in the September Forum.

JUSTICE DOWN IN GEORGIA.

The Court Adjourned Because a Chief Witness Had Gone to Dig Bait.

Justice Reagan of Thomasville has been a squire for forty years, and in his bailiwick his decisions are final, says the Atlanta Journal.

Last June there was a case that came up before him, and the plaintiff had a witness subpoenaed. When the case was called the witness was not there.

"May it please your honor," said the plaintiff, "I ask for a continuance because of the absence of my witness."

"Where is he?" queried the court.

"Please, your honor, I forgot all about this being court day till late this morning, and I sent him out early to dig bait, and he had not come back when I left home."

"Ahem! Well, the court rules that you should be granted a continuance. The bream fishing season comes but once a year, and a man can't afford to miss it."

On another occasion Squire Reagan heard a case in which there were no witnesses, and the statements of plaintiff and defendant were all the court had to decide by. Of course the plaintiff swore to facts that were directly contradicted by the testimony of the defendant. Here was a dilemma, but the judge was equal to the emergency.

"Gentlemen," said he, "perjury is a very heinous offense and should never be imputed to any man unless for good and substantial reasons. Now in this case the court occupies the position of both judge and jury, judge as to the law in the case and jury as to the facts and the preponderance of the evidence. Therefore, as jury, the court, well knowing the law bearing on the case, finds itself unable to agree, and, as judge, declares it a mistrial; and again as judge grants a new trial before a jury in this court at the next term of said court, which now stands adjourned."

Novel Entertainment.

Among the novelties in the way of entertainments this season, says the Boston Herald, the Dutch supper promises to become a favorite. To make such a supper a success all the guests must be congenial in a respectable Bohemian fashion, and all the viands, beverages and appointments must be consistently expressive of waterland. At a recent affair of this kind the refreshments served were rye bread and swiss cheese sandwiches, cabbage salad served from a salad dish deftly carved in the heart of a delicate, pale green cabbage, wienerwursts and beer. The plate cards were small German peasant pictures inscribed with the guests' names in German, and among the novelties in the table decoration were two large wooden sabots, gilded and filled with poinsetta and maidenhair fern. The tankards were imported delft, with German feast mottoes wreathing their corpulent bodies. Pretzels and pickled onions are also harmonious features of a "Dutch supper."

Women and the Wheel.

An argument, urged by Kate Field's Washington, against the woman cyclist is that she is not a picturesque feature of the landscape. An unprejudiced observer, who had never before seen either, might say that a woman on a well-adjusted wheel looked as well if not better than a woman sitting in a bunch on a side-saddle. The difference is largely in the fact that the women who ride horses usually belong to the class who can afford to make the most of themselves under any circumstances, while, so far, the majority of women cyclists are of the class that must consider time and money so carefully that they can seldom be well dressed. Society women are beginning to find out that in some respects the bicycle is a more convenient and trustworthy steed than a horse, and when good tailors learn to make wheeling costumes as well as they now make riding habits—and at the same exorbitant prices—we may begin to think a pretty girl shows to as much advantage on a wheel as on a horse.

Music as Medicine.

That musical sounds produce a marked effect on the system is proved by physiological experiments on men and animals. The rate of the action of the heart and the force of the circulation are notably influenced in a direction depending on the pitch, intensity and timbre of the sound. Generally speaking, the heart's action is quickened and the pressure of the blood in the arteries increased, though sometimes the converse effect is produced, these results depending, no doubt, on the idiosyncrasy of the individual. Powerful results are produced on the nervous system, sometime stimulant, sometimes sedative. Music is thus clearly seen to be potent in medicine, and there seems to be no reason why its effects should not be studied like that of any drug.—Chambers' Journal.

They Grew Tired of Walking.

Fifteen young ladies from Vienna, comprising ladies of English, American, Prussian and Tyrolese nationality, arranged recently to walk from Vienna to Dresden, a distance of some 250 miles. Only one of the ladies was married. The dress agreed upon was a light gray silk, broad-brimmed straw hat, sight protectors, knapsack with twenty-two pounds of provisions, and a waterproof cape. After five days' walking the small town of Gmund was reached, but the lady tourists were in a rather sad state, nine declaring they could walk no further on account of the heat, the heavy knapsack and unsuitable boots. As the others did not care to proceed any further alone, the whole party made up their minds to go to Berlin by rail.

Did Not Want to be Educated.

"We are going to have Mabel very highly educated," said a clever matron recently. "I don't want to be highly educated," came in the unexpected voice of Mabel, a little tot of 5, from another room. "I want to be just like you."—Tid-Bits.

Still Deficient.

Thinkitt—"How complete the big dry goods stores are nowadays. Do you know that they serve luncheon for shoppers?"

Knowitt—"Yes, but they don't provide board and lodging for customers waiting for their change."—New York Sun.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Rapid Work.

I went to Maspeth t'other night,
To see 'em race by 'lectric light;
An' 'pears like everything ye see
Down there goes by 'lectricity.

The jockeys looked like wooden boys,
The hosses jest like painted toys,
Which when the 'lectric knob was pressed
It started 'em an' did the rest.

There was a sort o' buzzin' sound,
An' then some black streaks scooted round,
They passed the wire so lightnin' fast
The fust hoss looked jest like the last.

Oh, things went hummin', I tell you,
An' money went like lightnin', too;
For when it came to gettin' back,
I had to walk the trolley track.

—New York Evening Sun.

Perilous Symptoms of American Life.

There is a danger in American society which struck me long ago, even during that first visit, when I was so little apt to criticise. In some cities—in the West especially—I was positively appalled by the stories of the families of the rich; I have never seen a race that appeared to me so hopeless, worthless and foredoomed as the children of American millionaires. This, of course, is by no means a universal—I would not go anything like the length of saying it is a general—rule, but it often occurs. We are beginning to know this type of American in Europe. He is sometimes a wanderer over the earth, and though he may be a dilettante, a hypochondriac, and an idler, he is generally a man of cultivation, refinement and an exquisiteness of manners which puts to shame even the best-bred men of English-speaking societies. Sometimes the son of a millionaire does us the honor to settle among us in England, and then he becomes a more thorough seeker after idle pleasures than anything one can produce outside of our social wrecks and is more distinguished—he, the child of a republic—by a contempt for popular rights and public duties than the most courtly conservative of our native growth. I do not know which is the more depressing or the more perilous symptoms in American life—the absorption in political affairs of the needy and disreputable, or the exclusion from all political interest and sympathy and sense of duty of so many of the rich.—T. P. O'Connor, Irish Member of Parliament.

A "Honey-Moon Set."

Here is a good old custom that this summer has enjoyed revival among young women of the smart set. Not a girl this season went away for a sojourn at seaside, in Europe, or the mountains, who did not carry an embroidery-bag filled with the materials for dainty needlework. Every idle moment was made profitable by an added rosebud laid in faultless stitches in a charming tea-cloth, or an elaborate and difficult monogram worked beautifully in richest pillow-case linen or table napery. By the time for homeward flight not a girl but will carry in her trunk what the most fastidious housekeeper would reckon as a valuable and luxurious addition to her linen press.

"What's it all for?" you ask. "For her mother, a friend, to sell at a charity fair?" Not in the least. It is all for herself, for her future housekeeping, for the day when she shall be called to hear and hand to another's keeping. Like her great-grandmother of busy fingers and thrifty head, she is laying up beautiful treasures for the blissful future state. Some of the girls are engaged and are working like beavers to have done what they call "a honey-moon set." That is, complete sets of house-linen to use the first month. This includes pairs of everything, and squares, centers, doilies and cosies, lavishly and exqisitely decorated in true lover knots, forget-me-nots, and such suitable emblems. Girls who are not engaged, and see no very immediate prospect of becoming so, are among the most industrious, doing even their tablecloths already. In a revival of the old German custom, if I mistake not, they are working away at her embroidery, even the spinster of uncertain age finds a new meaning in her needle and a sentimental impetus to her petty labors.—Demorest's Magazine.

Departures in Social Usage.

We are told that the numerous tourists to foreign lands during the present year have seen and will transplant to our soil and society several radical departures in social usage; that the shaking of hands has quite gone out of style abroad; that ladies no longer take the arms of gentlemen, except when walking out of doors in the evening—not even in going to dinner. To what extent these changes, and others, will be adopted by our stay-at-home people remains to be seen. We are not informed as to the reason lying back of the more radical of these changes. It may be fear of "the deadly microbe," which figures so extensively. Some modern reformers have recently undertaken on its account to abolish the kiss—at least the merely social kind; but the effort has not been very successful. A robust young lady, when warned that she perilled her health by kissing and being kissed, very determinedly replied, "I don't do kissing as a health measure!" And we predict that the good old custom of taking a dear friend warmly and tenderly by the hand will endure yet a little longer—microbes or no microbes, foreign fashion or no fashion.—Good Housekeeping.

Factions in the Four Hundred.

This winter will witness the first organized contest for social supremacy in New York that has taken place since the days of the Schermerhorns. Mrs. Paran Stevens is looked up to by one of the parties, and Ward McAllister will lead the legions of the other faction. It seems that for some time there has been a silent protest by the insiders, as the old aristocracy are called, against the custom of admitting anybody and everybody with money who chose to erect a palace on Fifth avenue. The effects of the policy are declared to be painfully evident when New York's social deities visit London and Paris. There being no recognized social power in New York, none is recognized abroad, and the Knickerbockers are forced to be polite in the drawing-rooms of the British aristocracy to people whom they would not even notice in New York. Now, as it is the habit in London to receive anyone who has made a name in art, literature or other fields of endeavor, it is proposed to follow some such practice in New York. Therefore, invitations are to be sent to people who heretofore have not been recognized socially by any of the 400 of the Knickerbocker stamp. Such a procedure would injure the prospects of those who have only money to back them,