THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

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CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—An opera cloak costs $800.

—California has a frog farm.

—England made 60,000 bicycles in 1894.

—In England fifty-five towns cremate garbage.

—Spain exports 1,450,000,000 oranges a year.

—France leads Europe in wheat production.

—The Swiss government made a profit of about $1,000,000 last year on its monopoly in spirits.

—The territory of the Spartans comprised a district about equal in size to Delaware.

—Some of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

—The Greek empire, under Alexander the Great, comprised about 1,500,000 square miles.

—Paraguay and Montana are of the same size, each having nearly 145,000 square miles.

—In the most prosperous days of Poland its territory comprised about 600,000 square miles.

—A bedstead bottom that is made extensible, to fit any bed, is among the latest inventions.

—Diamonds worth $150,000,000 have been taken from the mines of Kimberly, South Africa, since 1871.

—The empire founded by Napoleon comprised at its greatest extent about 700,000 square miles.

—One horse-power converted into gas equals 12 candle-power; into electricity equals 1000 candle-power.

—The city of Lowell, Mass., pays the doctors of that city 25 cents for every birth in the city that they report.

—During the past season 6000 brace of grouse were killed on Lord Sefton's moors in the Wryedale district of Lancashire.

—There is a proposal to shunt the equestrian statue out of Parliament square at Edinburgh to make room for a statue of John Knox.

—Five hundred and seventy-six architects have entered the competition for the preparation of plans for the projected Paris Exhibition of 1900.

—The Doshisha, the Christian university of Tokio, founded largely by Joseph Neesima, is now, under President Kozazi, in a flourishing condition.

—Parisian restaurant keepers mix a little honey with their butter. This gives it an agreeable taste and flavor, and makes inferior butter more palatable.

—Western Australia was first settled in 1829 as the Swan River settlement and for many years the population was very small, but in the end of 1889 it had risen to 43,332.

—"The Feast of Reconciliation" was a religious festival, established by Queen Mary, to be held January 25, 1555, to celebrate the return of the Church of England to the see of Rome.

—The Moslems have two festivals of special importance, the Greater Bairam and the Lesser Bairam. The former is in memory of Abraham offering his son Isaac and lasts four days.

—The fixed Christian feasts are: All Saints, November 1; All Souls, November 2; Candlemas, February 2; Christmas; Circumcision, January 1; Epiphany, January 6; Innocents, December 28.

—March 2 is the Texas Fourth of July, being the anniversary of Texan independence. It is generally observed in that state, and meetings of the veterans of the war with Mexico are common.

—Japan is a "show-piece" of the missionaries. Probably the Christian religion has here made faster and firmer progress than in any other land. In China missionary work is almost a record of failure.

—The total consumption of cotton in the world is 12,000,000 bales a year. Of this amount 9,000,000 are produced in the United States and 3,000,000 bales—one-fourth of the world's consumption—is produced in Texas.

—In some Japanese temples may be seen suspended great coils of rope woven from human hair. Such ropes, made of hair sacrificed by thousands of women and girls were used to hoist stone and timbers for the temple, and are now preserved as relics.

—It has been decided to establish a torpedo school at Chatham, England, so as to avoid the inconvenience and expense of sending Medway Steam Reserve men to the torpedo school ships at Portsmouth and Devonport for instruction in that branch of naval warfare.

—A curious custom still prevails at the coal pits on Hogmanay, in Scotland. The first man to come up the pit after his work is over is received with a shovelful of hot ashes, which, being prepared for, he dodges as best he can, while the last man gets a bucketful of cold water thrown at him.

—In the cattle market of Edinburgh last year there were sold 45,115 fat sheep, 1302 fat cattle, 80,048 store sheep, 16,518 store cattle, 7828 milch cows, 1868 pigs and 2324 horses, against 58,083 fat sheep, 1302 fat cattle, 64,522 store sheep, 16,620 store cattle, 7432 milch cows and 1328 pigs in the previous year.

ALL IN A CHERRY STONE.

A Dozen Silver Spoons Almost Invisible to the Naked Eye.

There is a cherry stone at the Salem (Mass.) museum which contains a dozen silver spoons. The stone itself is of the ordinary size, but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be well distinguished by the microscope. Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry stone on which were carved 124 heads so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their miters and crowns. It was bought in Russia for $15,000 and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became an object of suit in chancery. One of the Nuremberg toymakers inclosed in a cherry stone, which was exhibited at the French crystal palace, a plan of Sevastopol, a railway station and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. In more remote times an account is given of an ivory chariot constructed by Mermecides which was so small that a fly could cover it with his wing; also a ship of the same material which could be hidden under the wing of a bee. Pliny, too, tells that Homer's "Iliad," with its 15,000 verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harleian MS. mentions a greater curiosity than any of the above, it being the Bible, written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be inclosed in the shell of an English walnut. Disraeli gives an account of many other exploits similar to the one of Bales. There is a drawing of the head of Charles II, in the library of St. John's college, Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The head and the ruff are said to contain the book of Psalms in Greek and the Lord's prayer. In the British museum is a portrait of Queen Ann, not much larger than the hand. On this drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, comprise the entire contents of a thin folio.

Solid Yet Elastic.

In its present elaborate form the hoof of a horse is the most perfect instrument of support which has been devised in the animal kingdom to uphold a large and swiftly-moving animal in its passage over the ground. The original toe-nail, and the neighboring soft parts connected with it, have been modified into a structure which in an ordinary manner combines solidity with elasticity, so that it may strike violent blows upon the hard surface of the earth without harm. The result is that the horse can carry a greater weight at a swifter speed than any other animal approaching it in size. —Prof. N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

Lucky Cats.

The will of Miss Charlotte Rosa Raine is a very eccentric one. She died worth £86,000, and after disposing of this, she refers in terms of endearment to her cats. She gives her dear old white puss, Titiens, and her pussies, Tabby Rolla, Tabby Jenefee and black-and-white Ursula to Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and she directs her executors to pay her £12 a year for the maintenance of each cat so long as it shall live. Her long-haired, white puss, Louise, and her black and white puss, Dr. Clausman, to her handmaiden, Elizabeth Willoughby, and her black Ebony and white Oscar to Miss Lavinia Sophia Beck; and her executors are directed to pay them, also, £12 a year for each of these pussies so long as it shall live. All the remainder of her pussies she gives to the said Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and she directs her executors to pay her out of the balance of the dividends of her father's Lambeth waterworks shares £150 a year for their maintenance so long as any of them shall live, "but this is not to extend to kittens afterward born."—Weekly Times and Echo.

RAM FIGHTING AT STAMBOUL.

An Exciting Battle Between the Pets of Persians.

One day during a visit to the East, I went to visit the Sweet Waters of Europe in a caique, accompanied by a young Israelite from the embassy at Constantinople, who had been placed at my disposal as interpreter. As we glided past the picturesque scenery of the Golden Horn, he aroused my curiosity by alluding to the ram-fights at Stamboul, of which I had never before heard. During our promenade on the Bosphorus he gave me a description of the sport, and promised to inform me when an interesting ram-fight was likely to come off. A few days afterwards he kept his promise, and escorted me to the Persian Khan at Stamboul, the great rendezvous of most of the caravans arriving from distant parts of the East.

The owners of the two rams—both Persians—approached each other, each holding his animal with a cord. When they came close together, they set to caressing their rams, which appeared to excite them considerably.

The two gladiators were then brought almost into contact, and their eyes, generally so mild, at once assumed an expression of savageness that contrasted singularly with their usual look. At the same time they pawed the ground, got seriously angry, and had it not been for a good deal of restraint on the part of their masters, would have rushed furiously against each other.

When all was ready, the Persian owners left their pets in position, and the two rams looked at each other with eyes of fire. As though with a common consent, they walked backwards, so as to get a good starting point, and then, both at the same time, lowered heads and rushed at each other with incredible speed and fury.

The shock of their foreheads resounded just as a blacksmith's hammer resounds when struck vigorously against a heavy door. The two rams had met each other with such precision that they remained standing immovable in front of each other, as though half-stunned.

Such a result is highly appreciated by the spectators, and corresponds to the dead-heat, so interesting to the spectators of a horse race, as indicating a certain quality in the competitors. All sorts of cries and exciting expressions burst from the assembly, while the rams, again walking backwards, and staring furiously at each other, proceeded to take up a new position. When separated at a distance of about twenty-five paces they again rushed to the attack, and a second shock was heard, much to the satisfaction of the lookers on.

This "round" still left the battle undecided. At the third encounter one of the sheep deviated a little to the left; and at the fourth, the beaten ram, which had been injured in the breast by his more fortunate adversary, fell to the ground, and was immediately taken away by his master to have his wounds dressed.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.

Some Precautions to Take for Its Prevention and Cure.

We are now in what we may call the season for colds, and a well-known French scientific writer, M. Henri de Parville, has been writing some notes on their prevention and cure. He points out that as soon as there are the slightest symptoms of a cold the sufferer should rinse the mouth frequently with some antiseptic fluid, such as a solution of carbolic acid, and should inhale through the nose the smell of this fluid. This treatment serves to keep off the germs which are likely to cause a cold.

But the most curious part of his notes is that which treats of catching cold through getting one's feet wet. In this case, in addition to the treatment of the mouth and nose by disinfectants, he advocates plunging the feet into cold water. Usually, he says, people have the water as hot as they can bear it, but that is a mistake. It is likely to make the cold worse. When our feet have become chilled by the wet, obviously the first thing to be done is to make the blood circulate properly in them.

Now, warm water certainly brings the blood back to the chilled feet while they are in the water, but as soon as they are taken out and the temperature becomes much lower, the blood again leaves the feet and return to the inner organs, which are warmer, with the result that the cold often becomes worse.

The feet should be plunged into cold water, even into snow, for the space of forty or fifty seconds, not more. This sends the blood flying into the inner organs, where the temperature is very high, and, as a consequence, it gradually goes back to the feet and stops there. The circulation being thus restored, a little energetic rubbing of the feet will maintain it. M. de Parville recommends this treatment to all who are sufferers from anemia and bad circulation.

Great Coasting in New Hampshire.

The people of Farmington, N. H., believe that Farmington can boast of having the greatest coaster in New England. Its prominent qualities are length, speed and beauty. It was built by its owner, Harvey Pearl, a painter. His object was to win a wager that he would coast across the bridge at the hosiery mill, which is a half mile from the foot of the hill on Main street. The big sled, which is known as "Uncle Sam," is seventy-seven feet long, and carries seventy adults. Mr. Pearl always steers, and has taken big loads down the hill, running a mile a minute, without meeting with an accident. He is a man of great strength and steady nerve. He recently lifted, clear off the ground, a stone roller which weighed 1000 pounds.

Mr. Pearl gave a coasting party for the children Friday afternoon. In honor of the event the schools closed, business was practically suspended, and Main street, thoroughly iced from the aqueduct, was thrown open for the coasters. Mr. Pearl, besides accommodating eighty-five on Uncle Sam, used his last season's triple-runner for the benefit of about forty-seven. Uncle Sam was used exclusively for the children except on the last trip, when, with seventy-two passengers, mostly grown people, it broke the town's coasting record by about 700 feet, winning a barrel of apples and an oyster supper for the party.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Had to Insulate His Teeth.

A curious case has just been recorded in which an electric current was found to be generated by a plate of artificial teeth. A patient consulted his doctor on account of a severe pain in his tongue. But the sufferer was assured that there was nothing the matter. He then paid a visit to the dentist, who informed him that his teeth were perfectly sound. Being, however, dissatisfied, he called upon an electrician whom he knew, and asked him if it was possible that he could have any electricity in his mouth. On examining the teeth his friend found that two metals were used to fix them to a composition plate. To these metals wires were then attached and connected to a galvanometer. Then the teeth were replaced in the patient's mouth and the metals moistened with saliva. No sooner was this done than the galvanometer showed quite a large current from so small a source, enough, it is stated, to cause ulceration and severe pain when long continued upon so sensitive an organ as the tongue. The plate was covered with an insulating varnish, and thenceforward all the trouble ceased.—Industries and Iron.

The First Tomato Seed.

Lorenzo Chanter, now a resident of Jackson, Mich., claims to have brought the first tomato seed to America from the island of Malta in 1828. He says he planted the seeds in a garden in Boston, from which a big crop resulted. All were saved for seed, and he claims to have made a general distribution to his friends the next year. Mr. Chanter is now 85 years of age, but is enjoying vigorous health. A few months ago English papers recorded the death of the last survivor of the battle of Navarino in 1827. Mr. Chanter says he was an active participant in that battle, serving as a "powder monkey" on the British frigate Asia. Mr. Chanter followed the sea almost constantly until 1836, when he came West and settled in Jackson. He went to California in 1849 and accumulated a fortune, which he is now enjoying.

RESOLUTIONS.

With this new year a new resolve
I've made which seems quite fitting,
And that is, after much hard thought
I've decided to quit quitting.
—Judge.

YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN

Don't Stop to Think.

There was a gentle antelope
On Afric's torrid plain,
Who saw two lions sneaking up,
And didn't long remain.
In flight from their capacious maws
She vanished like a wink,
And lived to tell the tale, because
She didn't stop to think.

The plumber doesn't cogitate
His coffers now to fill,
But takes some figure that is great
And slams it in his bill.
The poet never stops to think
Of purchasers to be,
But grabs his quill and slings his ink;
And who so rich as he?

In fact, in every walk of life,
This maxim true will hold,
In peace and war, in trade or strife,
Success is for the bold.
The men of might who "get the drop"
And lay their rivals low,
Are those who do not have to stop,
But think while on the go.
—Philadelphia Times.

Nursery Made Toys.

Every mother knows the trials of that day of downpour when restless babies drive her and nurse to the edge of distraction, and when all wonted diversion fail any longer to amuse.

Has that unhappy lady any idea that if she will send nurse down to the pantry for the box of old corks which she thriftily lays away against the time of need, woes will disappear as if by magic from the small bosoms, and so rapidly will the hours pass that there will be a cry of surprise when nurse comes to announce the arrival of supper and bedtime.

"Corks!" the lady mother says. "What on earth have they to do with keeping children quiet? —unless one uses them to cork up naughty, fretful mouths!"

First spread on the nursery table a big newspaper to catch all the messes that are to be made. Next a bottle of good, thick mucilage, a sharp penknife, a box of matches, Bobby's box of water-color paints, a hairpin or two, some old visiting cards, the pin-cushion and a stout pair of short but sharp-pointed scissors. All the nursery population will begin to be interested at seeing these preparations, and when they are completed chairs can be drawn up all round and the announcement made that the rainy day amusement shop is open for business.

Tables of Cork.

Perhaps the best thing to begin with is the cork out of the mustard pot, which is large and flat. Snip the sulphur heads off of four matches, leaving them square at the ends. Sharpen the other ends a little, make four incisions with the penknife into the under side of the cork, stick the pointed ends of the matches into these, and at once the attentive circle about the table begins to see that another little table is swiftly coming into being. Cut out a circle of a visiting card somewhat larger than the mustard cork, paste it on top of the cork, and there stands a beautiful piece of nursery carpentry; table all complete. A small square bit of cork, with four short bits of matches used as legs, makes a good stool, and by taking the cork that once served to stop the mouth of a little glass jam jar and sticking in four matches for feet and two more on the upper side for a back, with a bit of cork at the top of these, one has at once a delightful chair to go with the table and stool—furniture which no doll would be too proud to use. The next piece of manufacture might be a teetotum, and here Bobby's paints begin to come into play.

Cut a match in half; sharpen one end a little. Cut a thin slice crossways from a claret cork and stick the match through the middle of it, pointed end first. Cut out a circle of cardboard four times as large as the cork, and draw two lines at right angles across the disk. That will leave it divided into four quarters, and these quarters are to be painted blue, green, yellow and red. Bore a hole in the center of the disk and slip the blunt end of the match through it until the cardboard rests upon the cork. Next cut another, but rather thicker, slice from the cork, bore a hole in the center and stick the blunt end of the match through, pressing it down till it touches the card. This will leave about an inch of match to be taken between finger and thumb for spinning this fascinatingly-beautiful teetotum.

A Croquet Set.

Cutting long slices through the middle of the cork leaves pieces, which, with the aid of Bobby's paints, can be turned into a beautiful set of dominoes, and by cutting out square pieces one can make a beautiful set of noiseless dice, to be used with the backgammon board.

But perhaps the nicest toy of all made in this nursery shop, which has for its sign "Old corks taken in exchange for new playthings," is the set of parlor croquet. To begin this heavy but fruitful labor, cut out eighteen small squares of cork. Bend into a curved hoop—a miniature of those used in lawn croquet—nine hairpins; and these, with each end stuck into one of the small squares of cork, will stand upright and serve as table wickets for the game. Cut slices crossways from the vinegar bottle cork, and into the middle of each of these stick a match, whose end has been sharpened for the purpose. This can be painted around with rings of contrasting colors, as is done to the goal stakes of lawn croquet.

Next, for the mallets hunt about in the cork box for four small ones of even size—those from the small medicine vials serve nicely if they have not been stained by drugs. These, if a nice shape, need no cutting at all. Matches will serve as handles for these mallets, and a band of color must be painted around each so that players may distinguish their own mallets. Some nice, large, old sugar-coated pills would make beautiful balls for this nursery croquet, with a stripe of paint around each one, but if all the pills were given to Bobby the last time he ate too much cake and had a tummy ache, then fresh bread pinched up between the fingers and then rolled on the table beneath one's palm, will make very good substitute balls and will take a stripe of paint quite well.—Detroit Free Press.

A Mixed-Up Hunt.

When the doctor settled himself in his armchair and, crossing his legs, puffed away contentedly at his pipe, the boys knew he was good for two hours' talk or story telling, pretty much as they pleased.

They drew near in expectant attitudes and the doctor looked up with a twinkle in his jolly brown eyes.

"Well, what is it boys?"

Reginald, commonly called "the Duke," spoke first:

"Well, Doc., it's a hunting story tonight, I guess?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" chimed in Gerald, known as the "Modest One," because of his well-developed cheekiness. "One story a night is little enough by way of payment!"

"For what, you scoundrels?"

"The armchair, and the pipe, and our society!"

And at that the doctor laughed, a hearty guffaw which shook the room, Gerald declared. The armchair certainly trembled and the sparks flew out of the doctor's pipe over his new dressing-gown.

"There, you've made me go far to ruin my favorite Christmas present!" he declared, beaming lovingly at his young cousins. "And it's I that would not be here tonight to do that same if I hadn't had a good escape from the hunt I'm thinking about!"

Then the boys kept as still as mice, for they knew the story was coming. The doctor looked cross-eyed into his pipe to make sure it was alight, gave a reassuring puff and began:

"In the first place we didn't go out for big game that day at all. It was during the years I was in Africa, of course, and there's no use telling you the exact part of the country, for you never would remember the names if you heard them. But there were many hostile natives in the region and the hunting party, five men and myself, kept at pretty close quarters in the camp during the night, making our hunting excursions during the day.

"The region was a fine hunting ground during the dry season, but neither animals nor men can get about much while the rain is falling. The country abounds in game, from the largest size, elephants, lions and tigers, down to antelopes, and that half antelope creature which looks like an overgrown goat and which the Dutch colonists call the hartbeest."

"It is an antelope," interrupted the "Modest One."

"I said so, didn't I?" retorted the doctor. "Well, we did not expect much but antelope that day, as I said, and our guns mostly carried buckshot, which was suitable for that kind of game. We had half a dozen natives with us. They were armed only with their long spheres, which, as I have often told you is, their constant weapon.

"We had had good luck and two good-sized N'samma antelope, one of the finest of the many varieties in Africa, had been shot. We sent one man back to bring assistance for transporting the antelope to camp. On the road he met a few other native servants armed with spears, like the others, who had come out to join our party.

"It was late when they reached us, and after a hearty luncheon we prepared to work our way back a little nearer the river. We left three of the natives who were with us during the morning hunt to guard the game until the transportation party arrived.

"'Look out, Sahib, for something bigger than an antelope!' called out one of the men as we started to press through the long grass on the way to the river.

"It startled us a little, for the natives knew what they were talking about mostly, and only one of our party had a rifle with him carrying a large ball, suitable for big game. But we were in for it and could not draw back now.

"Long Graham, a Scotchman, nicknamed on account of his size, I suppose, generally acted as our captain.

"'Keep together, lads,' said he. 'Yes, and watch the grass carefully,' said Tony Pratt, who was an experienced hunter in that part of the country. 'We'd fall over a good-sized creature here before we knew it.'

"Tony was right enough, as it proved. We were watching out for antelope, and presently we caught sight of one feeding at a short distance. Screening ourselves as well as we could behind the dwarf

HER TAWNEY BODY SHONE IN THE SUN.

bushes, we leveled our guns, promising ourselves one good shot.

"Suddenly in front of us, and nearer to me and to Jake Fish (who stood beside me) than to the others, a huge lioness rose out of the grass. Her tawny body shone in the sun, as with a low growl she came straight toward our position. When she was within forty feet I collected myself enough to fire. Jake's shot rang out the same instant, and the lioness rolled over in the grass.

"But in a moment she was up again, and charged full at two of the negroes. They sprang to one side and managed to elude her jaws.

"Then Graham fired at her, and so did the man who stood beside him, but all the lead they poured into her sides did not kill her. She lay down in the grass so that she could hardly be seen. But her loud growling revealed her position, and the men hastily drew together to decide the best way of finishing her up.

"The natives offered to go ahead with their spears and stir her up if we would be ready to shoot when she sprang."

"That was pretty brave of them," remarked Reginald. "It certainly was," replied the doctor. "But many of these Africans are brave, while others show a good deal of cowardice.

"But none of us would consent to their proposal, as it would place the spearsmen in great danger, since the lioness would certainly charge upon them the instant a spear was thrown. They sought for the beast, and at length saw a yellowish mass. I fired at her a charge of buckshot intended for small antelope.

"She sprang up with a terrific roar, and then the man who had a good-sized ball fired at her, but that did not stop her. Everybody had to run then to keep out of her reach, and suddenly she again disappeared in the grass.

"But we spied her again in a moment. She was sitting up like a dog. Long Graham, advancing from the other side, crept to within twenty feet of her before firing, and without her perceiving him. This shot at close quarters finished the lioness. She was an unusually large animal and her fierceness was quite in proportion to her size."

"That's a very good story, doctor," said the Duke, making his most finished bow. "I am glad, indeed, you escaped from the lioness, and are safely here to tell us the story about it."

"Ditto, ditto! Cousin!" added the Modest One. "And I'll fill your pipe again, so you need not move your long legs, if you only say so!"

And the doctor graciously allowed him to do it.—New York World.

CURED BY A THUNDERCLAP.

Odd Restoration of a Man Made Deaf and Dumb by Dynamite.

John Connell, an inmate of the city poor farm at Marshalsea, near Pittsburg, since October, was released recently. When he went there Connell was insane and dumb. His cure has been effected by a clap of thunder. Director George Booth of the department of charities and Supt. Lindeman of the farm vouch for the truth of the story.

One night Connell went to his room as usual. He had been acting very queerly, and his roommate was cautioned to keep watch over him. About midnight the two were awakened by a storm which began that night. The storm was broken by a tremendous clap of thunder. The peal had hardly died away when Connell sprang from his bed and raised a shout that starled the entire building. Finding that he could shout, the man began dancing about the room. He yelled, clapped his hands and sang, while tears of joy ran down his face. Up to that hour none in the establishment had known his name. Being dumb, he could not give any account of himself.

Now, however, he has given his name as John Connell, and says he was born in Pittsburg and seven years ago went West. Eventually he secured work in a mine owned by a California company.

He was awakened, he says, by the clap of thunder, and regards his recovery as a miracle. During his lucid intervals Connell says he prayed frequently for a restoration of his faculties. He says the loss of his hearing was attributed by the California doctors to the explosion of dynamite in the mine.—Toledo Blade.

America 100 Years Ago.

Under the heading "America 100 Years Ago" the American Queen gives the following:

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

Imprisonment for debt was a common practice.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with 2 shillings a day.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticised the sermon was fined.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

The whipping-post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year around.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

There were no manufactures in this country, and every housewife raised her own flax and made her own linen.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to rouse sleepy contributors.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed of everything he had.—Queen of Fashion.

A Lucky Find in an Attic.

A short time ago a young woman of Medford, while rummaging in her father's attic, came across an old reticule in which there were half a dozen old stamps. The reticule had been there since 1802, and, thinking that the stamps might be valuable from their age, she took them to her father and asked him to inquire into their value. Last week, to her surprise, her father told her that for her interest in the stamps he would pay her fare to Washington and back and her expenses for a two weeks' visit there. This sounds like a very liberal offer, but is probably not so much so as it seems. The expenses of such a trip might be about $50, while the stamps are worth about $90. They are the 3-cent pink, of the issue of 1861, and are valued in the new catalogue, which is just coming out, at $15 each. In the old catalogue they were offered at $5, but they have become so rare that the price has been put up. Although they could probably not be sold to a dealer at that price, they are sufficiently valuable to make it a lucky find.—Boston Transcript.

OTSEGO'S BIG APRIL SNOWFALLS.

One Effect a Great Slaughter of Skunks that Went Abroad for Food.

"Otsego county people have never seen such deep snows as fell here in 1857," said a farmer of the upper Susquehanna valley. "The first one of three feet came on the 15th, and before that had settled one-half, another of the same depth fell on the 22d. I boiled sap in the bush until late on the night of the 14th, and was intending to syrup down the next morning. It rained a little when I left the woods, and at daylight there was a foot of snow, and it kept coming all day. Well, that sap, sixty pails or more, I lost, for when the crust on the snow gave me a chance to get to the woods it was all sour. Every farmer in the county was swamped. The tallest horse could hardly wallow from one farmhouse to another. Many farmers had run out of hay and were obliged to cut limbs from their shade trees for the cattle to browse on. Hay went up to $30 and rye straw to $20, as soon as the snow settled so that those in need of fodder could break roads to where it was to be got. The great mass of snow crushed many sheds and killed young cattle and sheep by the score. The reflection of the sun on the snow during the bright days that followed the memorable storms blistered men's faces so that they had to poultice them with buttermilk and Indian meal every night.

"But the most interesting spectacle spectacle caused by the enormous quantity of snow was the large number of skunks that appeared on the surface in the daytime in search of food. All their natural grub was covered so deep that they couldn't dig down to it, and they were therefore forced to wander to the farm buildings as a last resort. You couldn't look in any direction without seeing several skunks poking about in the snow. The sunlight partly blinded the half-starved animals, and it took them a good while to go a short distance. Four of them got in between my house and the snow banks, in the space where the snow had melted, and I got rid of them very nicely by stamping the snow down upon them and smothering them to death. All of my neighbors had similar experiences. Seven skunks took possession of one of my barns, and lived on the top shelf for three days by devouring all the eggs the hens laid. I finally killed them by letting them eat from a basin that contained half a dozen eggs beaten up with a little strychnine. If we hop growers had prized skunks as highly then as we do now we wouldn't have killed a single one, no matter if they did steal a few eggs. It was years afterward before we got to know that the skunks, if not interfered with, will destroy all the grubs in a hop yard in a few nights. Nowadays you can't get an intelligent hop-grower to kill a skunk."—New York Sun.

TWO SMART CROWS.

How They Assisted Each Other Get a Good Winter's Meal.

Large numbers of crows came to Chambersburg yesterday and hunted in yards and at kitchen doors for the food which the exceedingly cold weather and the snow deprived them of in the country. A flock of them alighted on several apple trees in a yard on North Third street and fed voraciously on a half dozen apples which had been hanging on the trees since last fall. They enjoyed the meal, it seemed. One apple, however, hung beyond the reach of the birds as they clung to a branch of the tree. It was at the end of a little twig and was exasperatingly close and yet very far away.

Finally two of the crows joined forces. Both stood on the branch from which the twig depended. One stretched out his neck, caught the twig in his beak and swung it until the other fellow could grab it on top of the branch. Then they both had a rich meal. The crows visited this particular yard several times during the day.—Chambersburg Spirit.

REMODELING UNSOLD HATS.

The Tile Which Has Lain on the Shelves is Brought Up to Date.

One of the little known industries in New York is that of remodeling men's hats. All large hatters have a large accumulation of unsold hats from time to time, which are out of style and of an obsolete shape. These hats are removed from their dusty shelves and consigned to the remodeler, who blocks them over on blocks of the latest pattern and returns them in an up-to-date shape.

This is, of course, not a very profitable transaction for the hatter. When the charges of the remodeler are added to the interest on the money originally paid for the hats, a very big slice is cut out of the profits. It is better, however, than to have dead stock lying on the shelves, which is out of date, and consequently unsalable.

Bar-room Profits in United States.

Up in Canada the tax on one of our proof gallons is about $1.80, if we are not misinformed, and yet the best grades of Canadian whiskies retail in the leading saloons of Toronto and elsewhere at 5 cents per drink. This, too, notwithstanding the fact that the grog of Canada calls for more spirits than the toddy of this country.

In the United States, though, the retailer charges the consumer 15 cents and higher in all of the better places, and even then hands out a cheap grade of stuff to the average customer. Saloon men in this country are not unlike the balance of our population, in that they want to grow rich in a year, and they are always on the lookout for short cuts. They will fit up a saloon regardless of expense, put mirrors up for ceilings, pave the floor with mosaics and $20 gold pieces, finish in the most expensive hardwood, and decorate with artistic bric-a-brac, pictures, etc. And yet this place will not hesitate to pass a $1.50 per gallon whisky over the bar and charge 15 cents per drink for it.

The trouble is that distillers pay no attention to the retailing of their liquors in this country, while in Canada they give much attenton to this matter.—Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular.

Tuber for a Penwiper.

"It is surprising," says a commercial traveler, "how general the use of potatoes as penholders is becoming in hotels. I have seen them in use in great hostelries of the East, whose owners wouldn't hesitate for a moment to spend $10 for a desk ornament to hold pens used by the guests in registering. The mixture of starch, glucose and water in the potato seems well adapted to take up the impurities of ink and to keep the pen point clear and bright, while the alkaloid of the potato, known as solanine, doubtless has something to do with it in the same line. These elements readily take up the tannate of iron, which is the body substance of ink. Chemically speaking, starch is the first base of a potato, and sugar or glucose is its second base. Thus is the humble potato finding another way in which to serve the uses of mankind. There is a rather pleasing suggestiveness in a big ten-inch potato when a fellow comes in tired and hungry from a long run."—New York Tribune.

Benefits of a Meat Diet.

In lower countries the lower orders, as a rule, have but a low vitality. It may be true to say that the vital volition is weak. Let the learned settle the definition. The fact is easily accounted for. During generations upon generations the majority of European agricultural populations lived upon vegetable food, like the majority of Eastern Asiatics, and with the same result. Hard labor produces hard muscles, but vegetable food yields a low vital tension, so to say. Soldiers know it well enough. The pale-faced city clerk who eats meat twice a day will outfight and outlast and outstarve the burly laborer whose big thews and sinews are mostly compounded of potatoes, corn and water.—Marion Crawford in the Century.

His Professional Implements.

Warden (to convict)—"Your term of imprisonment expires today."

Convict—"I'm glad to hear it."

"I hope that from now you will lead an honest, upright life."

"You bet I will!"

"Are you sure that you will not return to your evil ways?"

"Never again will I be up to anything crooked."

"You can go now."

The released convict hesitates.

"Why don't you go? What are you waiting for?"

"Ain't you going to give me back my dark lantern and my jimmy and the rest of my professional implements?"—Exchange.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES

When You're a Bride.

Married in white,
You have chosen all right.
Married in gray,
You will go far away.
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back.
In red,
You'd better be dead.
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue,
You'll always be true.
Married in pearl,
You'll live in a whirl.
Married in yellow,
Ashamed of the fellow.
Married in brown,
You'll live out of town.
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink.

The Queen of Italy's Tact.

One day last year during the festivities which celebrated the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy, the German Emperor was driving with King Humbert through the streets of Rome. There was no parade. The two monarchs were merely taking an airing. Presently Wilhelm, who is much more fond of ceremonial than Humbert happens to be, turned to the King and said: "Let's call out the troops for a salute!"

King Humbert suggested that it was hardly practicable; that it was not the custom to call out the Italian troops merely to salute the King.

"Why!" exclaimed the impulsive German monarch with a laugh, "you are the King! Can't you call out your own troops when you like?"

"Oh," replied the King, not caring to have the issue pressed; "here comes Marguerite; we will ask her!"

The Queen's carriage, with Her Majesty and the German Empress was following, so they waited for it. Then the King, with a quietly humorous show of deference, referred the matter to the Queen, who took in the predicament instantly, and, gravely addressing the Emperor, said: "You see we are close to the Vatican, and I fear it would alarm the Pope if we were to call out the troops. He is not accustomed to such displays under his windows, and I should not like to alarm the dear old man."

There was no salute that day.

I have heard Queen Marguerite called "the personification of Charity." When one of her friends advised her to be economical "because one never knows what may happen," the Queen replied: "No; what comes from the country must go back to the country!" She is an enthusiastic and discriminating patron of art, and has done much to encourage lace manufacture and the production of silk embroidery in Italy; she is actively interested in founding industrial schools for girls; she contributes liberally to hospitals, and orphans and blind asylums, and goes to the children's hospitals and tells stories to the youngsters and brings them toys.—Arthur Warren in Ladies' Home Journal.

An English Social Function.

"Come and take tea with me at 5," is one of the most welcome sounds one can hear in dirty, foggy London. The greater the fog, the more penetrating the dampness, all the more cheerily rings that sound. Nothing in the whole British constitution has a more solid raison d'etre than tea. No one who has not felt the London fog penetrate to his very marrow can appreciate the full force of this statement; words would be as useless in his case as they are needless in that of the experienced sufferer. Tea is real; tea is earnest; tea is a necessity growing out of the very nature of things; tea is a "function" in very truth, and, to my mind, a most vital function of life in England. Americans would all be as nervous as peas in a pot if they drank tea at home as much and as often as the English do here; but only come to England and the most American of Americans will gladly strike his colors to tea. The stimulant is a necessity second only to dinner. No one thinks of omitting it, but wherever he is, whatever he is doing, tea beckons at 5 like the finger of fate. The Church of England may become disestablished, but never tea.

"What! not wait for tea! Why, I should have headaches all day long if I did not have my tea." Thus the English-woman, who straightway rings her tea-bell on hospitable thoughts intent. Then the maid or butler brings in the tea table, covers it with a dainty white cloth of damask or embroidered linen, and pulls out shelves from underneath whereon are displayed the plates of thin bread and butter, cakes and biscuits, which are always served with tea. I have never seen these little tea tables in America, with sliding or unfolding shelves underneath for the bread and cakes, leaving the whole top of the table for the tea service alone; but here they are quite common, and are certainly very handy. I have also seen the bread or cake served on a little circular bamboo or lightwood stand of three or four shelves just large enough for a plate; this is passed around and each guest may take what he prefers without confusion or waiting. Hot muffins are sometimes served and sometimes those delicious English scones, something like our soda biscuit, buttered and piping hot from the oven. Bread and butter is cut very thin and left just as sliced from the loaf. I have not yet seen it doubled into sandwiches. Cake is never omitted, but is tradition itself. I find it too sweet and destructive of flavor to go well with a delicate tea. Sometimes four or five different things are served and tea becomes quite a hearty meal.

I have always seen the tea service brought in on a tray, and never the tea table ready laid in the drawing room, as it so often stands at home. The bell is rung for it, or the servant brings it at 5 without being told. Coffee is sometimes served with it. The other day I saw a most fascinating little hot-water kettle in a tea service. It was an exact reproduction in silver of one of the archaic Greek vases in the British museum, with its queer imperfect shape, flaring spout like the muzzle of a blunderbuss, and incised design of grotesque lions.—Harper's Bazar.

Single Life a Failure.

"Can women be as happy unmarried as married?" said a promisent physician, who had opportunity to study the question, the other day. "No, I do not think so. In the first place, an unmarried woman has not the same sort of youth-preserving interests that a married one has. Moreover, unless she is a woman of remarkable character, she cannot fail to grow more or less 'set' and 'selfish; and it is surprising to know how much mental states affect the health. Why," continued the doctor, warming to her subject, "I believe that half the cases of neuresthenia and nervous depression in my practice are caused, not by overwork, but by the need of some absorbing interest. The average woman must have a place where she is supreme, not only over the inanimate objects but over live beings. She must have intense personal interests. It is not enough for her to be a part of the big machine."

The doctor paused and looked as though she were reflecting on the sad lot of numerous patients. Then she roused herself and went on:

"It isn't so bad when one is 20 or 25. But it is a little worse when one is over 30, and sadder and more trying still after 40. At first the enthusiasm, the novelty, and freshness makes the life interesting enough and full enough, but little by little the glamour fades and her profession is not enough. Women are so constituted that they live largely in the emotions. They need a home—and a home means husband and children. There are very few women large-souled and broad-minded enough to expend their affections wisely, to keep their hearts young and fresh through such remote and impersonal means as hospitals and flower missions. There are a few, of course, but cheery, unselfish and young as they manage to keep themselves, one always feels that even they would have been happier married.

"One great trouble with this present hue and cry about woman's work and her independence," continued the doctor, "is that it makes the young woman put off thoughts of marrying until it is too late. I don't mean too late for them to marry, but too late for them to grow into adaptablity with their husbands. The years after a woman is first through school and has had her first experience of life, either professional or social, are years of settling down. If she gives herself up to her 'career' and to 'living her own life' and all that, she rapidly gets into a state where she is really unfitted for matrimony. She may find her career with all its attractions and possibilities unsatisfactory, but at the same time it is difficult for her to grow into domestic life after a few years of professional life. It is all a problem," continued the doctor, sighing, "and I dare say it will not be settled in one day."

With which gloomy conclusion and a sigh the doctor abandoned the question.

Why Does Not the British Maiden Come to See Us?

I often wonder why it is we see so few young English women over here. I do not mean immigrants or variety actresses, and as I have said "young women" I cannot possibly refer to the hotted and sallow female globe trotters, nor to uneasy matrons with a mission. I mean the representative young English women—those fresh, blooming girls with delightful manners, sweet, deep voices, sympathetic minds, methods of jolly companionship, glorious figures and all that sort of thing. We know they exist because we read about them; because Du Maurier is their artistic apostle, and because we see them when we run over to England. But they never seem to think it worth their while to come over here, either to create a first impression or to keep up an acquaintanceship. Even the celebrated fellows that visit us—the writing doctors, the witty deans, the lecturing humorists and elocutionary novelists — even they leave their wives and daughters behind them, and only show us their photographs or furnish them to the cheaper magazines as illustrations for articles on themselves. I cannot ascribe their absence to a dislike to travel, because these same mothers and daughters are constantly going off on trips on the Continent, or down the Mediterranean, or in and out the Norwegian fjords. We speak the same tongue over here—or something like it—so there cannot be any lingual difficulty that keeps them away. Our women go trooping over to England every year and are constantly putting themselves in evidence. The American girl has become a British institution; she is at home in the town mansions and country houses, and she has female friends and acquaintances there galore. But there the connection seems to end. We should like to keep up these acquaintances on this side of the water to show our English cousins that we also know something of the gentle art of entertainment. We should like to fill our houses with bevies of pretty English girls at Christmas tide, to take them out sleighing by the score, to crowd our yachts with them and teach them how to paddle a canoe, and dine them and wine them and make them happy generally. But they do not give us a chance. They do not come over here, and I wonder why it is. Is it possible that they think us uninteresting?

Marital Excuses for Neglect.

Most of us are acquainted with men who have repeatedly told us that they are married. We have taken their word for it, though we have had no other evidence of its truth. They are seldom, if ever, seen with their wives. They frequently appear in public places, at concerts, theaters, evening parties, but invariably alone. This happens so uniformly that we imagine that they have been widowed, and feel prompted to offer our sincere sympathy. But, first, we must know the fact. On meeting them again, therefore, we purposely direct the conversation to marriage, so that they may inform us of their bereavement.

Do they? No. They are still husbands, and very devoted ones, they assure us. They greatly regret that their wives can never be persuaded to go out. They are continually trying to induce them to, but all in vain. The invisible wives are, they assert, so extremely domestic that they will stay at home. No other place has any attraction for them, so consecrated are they to their children and the family routine. It seems as if they could breathe with comfort no other atmosphere than that of home.

Generally men who habitually and without prompting or suggestion discourse upon their families, and enlarge on their excessive attachment to them, may not be accepted unreservedly. An affection that needs so much airing and promiscuous advertising may safely be questioned.

Husbands who are overfond of explaining their solitary appearance at different resorts and in society by their wives domesticity, and their inability to wean them from it, are subject to suspicion. It is naturally thought that they are offering pretexts where none are needed; that, covertly feeling culpable, they wish to forestall criticism.

Neglect in the matrimonial relation is accounted by many a man a very venial sin, if a sin at all. It is negative at worst, he argues, and such a host of husbands are guilty of it that its frequency might be considered its expiation. Domesticity, shyness, invalidism, are not vices, and a woman may be charged with these without doing her any great wrong. And then the charge may vastly increase a husband's freedom, and yet enable him to stand fair in the eyes of the world. The world, generally censorious, is inclined to be remarkably lenient to marital shortcomings. One of these is ascribing to wives peculiarities they do not have by husbands who have peculiarities they are unwilling to avow.—Harper's Bazar.

Our Daughters.

Riding in the car yesterday morning the writer heard the most extraordinary conversation, or, to be more strictly truthful, a fragment of an extraordinary conversation, the tenor of which was so unusual that she has ever since been wondering at the peculiar state of affairs that could have brought a woman, and a mother at that, to give utterance to such astounding statements. "Well, I have just about come to the conclusion," was the preface of the overheard conversation, "that there is no use in mothers saying a word against their daughters marrying, even though the man chosen by the child is thoroughly objectionable to the parents. If you oppose a girl when once her heart is set upon marrying she becomes so morose and disagreeable that there is no comfort in living with her. Our daughters are ours only until they reach a marriageable age, at which time any strange man who is half way decent to them can influence them far more than the fathers and mothers who have their best interests at heart. My idea is to just let a girl have her own way. If she discovers she has made a mistake, take her back home and try to re-establish the friendly companionship between her and her parents that existed prior to her meeting with the outsider who wrought all the havoc."

Now, aren't these strange sentiments for a mother to express? What do they mean? Are the girls of the present day so unruly and headstrong, so progressive and perverse, that they will not heed the advice that parents give without becoming uncompanionable and sulky? Things have come to a pretty pass when the parents have simply to throw up their hands and let the children go their own way when that way is very evidently not the right one. No one knows better than she who pens these lines what it is to be a headstrong girl. She was one herself and oftentimes by sheer force of perversity did many things that a dear mother warned her against, and today in her wider experience she wishes she had heeded that advice and thus been saved many an hour of sorrow. Mothers and fathers, do not give in tamely to your pretty daughters or handsome sons. We do not advocate severity, but firmness, for in the years to come the selfsame children who now rebel will thank you for your discipline, and will see how much better your way was than theirs.—Philadelphia Times.

Obeyed the Code Message.

The Norwegian ship Saga, which sailed for Holland today, was the victim of a serious mistake recently in South America. The Saga was lying at Rio Janeiro, and the owners, who furnished their captains with private codes, cabled the word "residence" to the master. The owners had neglected to put the word in the code, and the captain, not finding it there, examined another code, which gave the definition "Come home at once." The owners intended that the vessel should proceed to another port and load cargo. The Saga set sail, and sixty days later had crossed the Atlantic and surprised the owners by arriving in Norway. Then the mistake was discovered. It cost the owners £1000.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

The Young Doctor Ahead.

Joker—"I suffer from cold feet at night."

Dr. Glynn—"Is your general health good?"

"Perfectly."

"Good appetite?"

"First rate."

"Sleep under blankets?"

"Yes."

"Take plenty of outdoor exercise?"

"Lots."

"Very strange!"

"The cold feet I suffer from are my wife's."

"Ah! Get a divorce. Two dollars, please."—New York Weekly.

A Fatal Spot.

A rather curious coincidence is cited by old salts here in connection with the loss of the Elbe. It is that three years ago to a day her sister ship, the Eider, was wrecked almost in the same neighborhood. The Eider was built just two years after the Elbe and was like her in every respect. All the Eider's passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel was considered a total wreck and abandoned. Later, however, she was raised and repaired. She is now an ocean tramp.—New York Letter.

—Frozen pipes caused the explosion of a waterback at Altoona, Pa., and four persons were badly injured.

NOTABLE FEBRUARY DAYS.

Candlemas Day and Its Meaning—St. Valentine's Day—The French Republic.

Short as the month of February is, it manages to draw within its compass days which are notable enough to merit more than passing notice, says the New York Times. The churchman, the historian, the scientist, the pleasure-seeker—each and all may find in this month days of a very marked character.

There is the 1st of the month, which in England closes the season for partridge and pheasant shooting and marks the beginning of salmon fishing. There is the 2d of the month, Candlemas day, which stands for the anniversary of the day when the Savior was presented in the Temple. There is Ash Wednesday, which once in awhile falls in March. There is St. Matthias' day, in honor of the apostle who took the place made vacant by the treachery of Judas Iscariot. And there is St. Valentine's day, in memory of the good old bishop, St. Valentine, who suffered martyrdom over 1600 years ago. Just why he should have to stand godfather to all the serious and comic valentines which fly over the country and burden the mails and bother the letter carriers has never been satisfactorily explained.

There is the 22d, which is Washington's birthday. This year it comes on Friday, to the great joy of the school children, who will have a vacation from Thursday to Monday. Then, there is the 26th, on which day the short-lived French republic was proclaimed in the city of Paris in 1848. This year the festival of Mardi Gras will be held on the 26th. Nor should we forget to mention Shrove Sunday, which falls on the 24th, and Shrove Tuesday. In days gone by Shrove Tuesday was devoted to feasting and merrymaking of various kinds. Indeed, "shroving" and "to shrove" were used by Shakespeare in the sense of being merry. The day was an English holiday, and in some way is connected with the custom of eating pancakes. The practice is alluded to in "All's Well That Ends Well," where the clown speaks of "a pancake for Shrove Tuesday." And in "Pericles" they are called "flapjacks," a term still used in New England and other parts of the country. Last, but not least, notable comes the 29th, once every four years, in order to set things right in the calendar.

Among the days which have been named, the one that comes first in order is Candlemas day, a day which carries in its name a curious reminiscence of the dark dens and caves in which the early Christians used to gather and worship. The Christians of those days found it necessary to have candles, as they usually held their services before daylight, and in underground cellars, or in such out-of-the-way places as the Catacombs of Rome. Even when persecution ceased the lighted candles were retained, though no longer needed, and in some churches they are used to the present day. Thus, the Pope on grand occasions has an attendant by his side with a lighted candle, as if for the purpose of enabling him to read his breviary, although it is broad daylight. Before the Reformation Candlemas day was celebrated in the Church of England by the bearing of candles, but this ceremony, along with many others, was swept away at the time of the separation from the Church of Rome.

So, too, Ash Wednesday shows in its name the purpose for which it was instituted. The day on which it falls changes from year to year, according to the full moons, and it depends on Easter day. As to the meaning of the name, it comes from the old custom of sprinkling ashes on people's heads on that day as a sign of mourning, and also to remind them that they are but dust and ashes. This ceremony, along with the bearing of candles on Candlemas day, disappeared from the Church of England after the Reformation, and the service now consists largely of reminding us of the strictness of God's laws.

Passing over St. Valentine's day, which with its many customs and foolish fancies needs no comment, we come to the 26th day of February, which is a most notable day in the history and politics of Europe. Suddenly, on this February day, the King, who had governed for eighteen years, apparently to the satisfaction of the country people, offended the people of Paris by refusing to allow a certain political dinner party to take place. The result was a revolution. The King shaved off his whiskers, fled to England under the name of plain Mr. Smith, and a republic was proclaimed before the Hotel de Ville, in Paris. Shortly after this, Louis Napoleon, nephew of Bonaparte, was elected President of the republic, which he solemnly swore to maintain. But when he found himself possessed of sufficient power he threw the republic over and made himself Emperor—a position which he held until September, 1870, when he, too, was deposed and a republic was again proclaimed in the midst of the war with Germany.

Finally we come to the most notable day in February, which is, more often than not, notable by its absence—the 29th. The chances are 1460 to 1 that no reader of this article was born on the 29th of February. There are 365 days in an ordinary year, three of which come together, and then comes "leap year," with 366 days—that is, 365 plus 365 plus 365 plus 366 equals 1461. So that out of this period of four years there are 1461 days, on any one of which it is possible for the reader's birthday to have fallen.

The question may be, and is, asked, "What is the use of a 29th day of February?" The reason all the years are not 365 days long is that the earth makes the year by traveling round the sun, and it takes 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 7-10 seconds to make the journey. We let the odd fractions of a day run on till they make a whole day, which we tack on to the end of February. But even this makes the year a few minutes too long, and so February must renounce all claim to its 29th day in the years 1900, 2100, and in every other 100th year which cannot be divided by 400 without remainder. This brings the almanac year so nearly to the real year that it will take some thousands of years before people find out the difference, and then, if posterity be wise as we are, it may correct the time to suit itself.

His Ears Clipped for Identification.

Charles Johnson is a colored prisoner at the county jail, who will be released next Tuesday, his sentence for malicious cutting expiring on that day. One peculiarity about Johnson is that no one can tell how old he is. He looks to be 70 years of age when he is quiet, and when he laughs he looks to be 40. Another peculiarity about Johnson is that he has only a half an ear on each side of his head. How this happened is not known. Johnson says that his mother told him that his master marked him that way in slave time so he could tell him from another boy who looked just like him. The ears show that they have been cut off with a knife.—Courier-Journal.

—Money enough has been collected to erect a statue to the late Dr. Charcot in Paris.

Mr. Frank McAllaster

All Run Down

Hearty and Well Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I became enfeebled and run down from 172 to 132 pounds. I then commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I am hearty and well, can work hard and eat my meals with relish, which I could not do previously. Formerly my food distressed me, now I can eat heartily.

Hood's Has Cured Me,

built up my system, given me renewed health and increased my weight to 158

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

pounds. I praise Hood's Sarsaparilla highly to all." Frank McAllaster, Rich Hill, Mo. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

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