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COLD WINTERS.

The Winter of 1779-80.—The Cold Friday of February 7, 1807.

The winter of 1779-80, says the Albany Argus, began as the winter of 1860-61 did. The cold weather set in about the middle of November, and continued until about the middle of February. During that long period there was not enough warmth in the sun's rays to melt the snow on the ground, nor to affect in the least the fetters of ice that bound the creeks, ponds, and rivers. One snow storm followed another until finally the ground was so covered that it was difficult to go from place to place, and the ice upon the rivers at all convenient points was used by men and teams and animals in place of roads. The cold winds were so piercing that wild turkeys were found frozen to death in the forests and domestic fowls fell from their roosts. The deer and buffalo sought shelter from the calms of the settlers, and all kinds of wild animals perished in the forests for want of food, which was buried beneath the snow. The fierce wolf and panther, which usually stalked about the boundaries of the settlements only by night, now came near in broad daylight in search of the human and feral flocks from the calms of the settlers. No man felt, the pioneers were compelled to obtain water for drinking, cooking, etc., by melting ice and snow. The Northern and Western rivers were tightly bound by frost, and even as late as Nashville the Cumberland was frozen over with ice thick enough for the safe passage of emigrant trains. The Delaware, at Philadelphia, had ice three feet in thickness, and Chesapeake Bay and Long Island Sound were frozen over.

Another similarity between the winter of 1860-61 and that of 1779-80 was the mild autumn that preceded it. When the cold began, in November, 1779, the leaves had hardly fallen from the trees and shrubs were putting forth new growth. The same condition of things was witnessed last fall. The winters of 1787, 1788, 1789, 1792, 1796, and 1799 are all reported as having been very severe.

It is stated in "Hildreth's Pioneer History" that on the 20th of December, 1788, the Delaware and Ohio rivers were both frozen over, and navigation was suspended upon them until the 18th of the following March.

In 1792, when soldiers were sent to the disastrous battle of General St. Clair to buy the land, they encamped where Cincinnati now stands, January 23. The snow was reported two feet deep on the ground, and the Ohio River was so strongly frozen that the soldiers rode their horses across from Kentucky on the ice.

The 7th of February, 1807, was known for years as cold Friday, and was the ground-work for many a granddaddy's tale. On the evening of the 6th the weather was mild and rain began to fall as night set in. In a few hours the rain changed to snow, which fell to the depth of six inches, after which a hurricane of snow swept over the land. It grew colder and colder as the night progressed, and the next morning the trees in the forests were cracking like the reports of guns, and everything was found in fetters of ice. The snow was so thick that it was difficult to get the sleds down in history and tradition as cold Friday.

A Remarkable Story.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Baltimore, tells the following remarkable story: "I sat a while by two ivy-grown graves—neither very long made—but the story of the young people whose bodies lie in them is strange and terrible enough for a Southern novel in the present proportions. This is the tale as it was told me: There was an ambitious Baltimore mother, and a very rich and marriageable young son of a stately house, and the former had heard that the latter had said that he would marry only a blonde—a woman with yellow-gold hair and dark eyes if such he could find. The mother had a lovely daughter, but her hair was brown. As, however, modern art could change the spots of the leopard, that little difficulty could be compassed; the mother took the daughter to New York and had her transformed into the golden-haired blonde. She then went with her to Saratoga, where the young man was to pass the gay season. The result was electric—the young man beheld his ideal—an arrangement was speedily made for the marriage. The sad feature of the story is that it was a real love match, and the young man would have loved the beautiful girl brown-haired as nature had made her. Of course the blonde hair fiction might have been sustained for some time, but very soon after the marriage the young lady became very ill, and an ugly and strange eruption appeared on her neck. The hair-dye had wrought poison in the blood. People still tell how she was glittering with diamonds when she was carried out in the arms of her husband from the stately old mansion in Baltimore and placed in a carriage to be borne away to another city for medical treatment, which was of no avail. She died before the year was ended, and her broken-hearted husband soon followed her to the grave."

A Strange Remedy.

Dr. Murrell tells this story: "An old negro woman came to my office suffering from rheumatism in one knee. The knee was actually swollen, and she had been complaining for some time, and on this particular morning it happened that some brown corrugated paper was lying on my table which I had removed from some specimens of maltine and pepsin that had been sent to me for trial. She asked me what kind of plaster there were. I told her they were 'patent Chinese corrugated rheumatic plasters' that had been sent to me for trial, and if she wanted to try one of them she might. She concluded to do so. Next day she came back, and when I asked her how she was, she expressed herself as being a great deal better. She had been able to walk up stairs, the swelling was gone, and she declared it drew so hard in the night that she had to take it off."—Cincinnati Gazette.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"BIRDS CAN NOT COOK."

Five eggs were in the nest of the bird. Under them lay a single piece of meat. "Come here, my dear little chicks, I've got a treat for you." And without saying another word, he took one for his collection. Five eggs were in the robin's nest;—And I don't know what you suppose I might have been doing with them. I was in the thoughts of the poor little birds. I'll be sure to get them for you, if they are. For my baby's collection.

LITTLE WHITE-THORN.

In a small village in Great Britain, very many years ago, there lived a poor widow named Brigitte. She was a descendant of rich and respectable parents. Her father bequeathed her a house and lot, with the adjacent meadows, a flour-mill, a brick-kiln, twelve cows, and a great supply of grain and linens. But she was only a poor widow, without a protector except her brothers, who were selfish and envious of her inheritance. The eldest brother, named Peter, took possession of the homestead and the houses. Francis, the second, took the meadows and the flour-mill. The third, George, seized the brick-kiln and the oven and shop, leaving poor Brigitte nothing but a miserable barn, without a door, to which, formerly, the sick and ailing cattle had been brought. As she was conveying her scanty furniture to its destination, Francis, who still had some pity in his heart for his poor sister, said to her:

"I will act as a charitable and Christian brother towards you. Among my cattle I have a black cow, which is of no use to me, for she has not enough milk to nourish a babe. You can take her with you. Your daughter, White-Thorn, can let her graze on the moor."

This was a barren piece of pasture which had been left to the widow. White-Thorn, the daughter of the widow, had received this strange name because her face was always so very pale and delicate.

So, Brigitte went with her pale little daughter, who was only ten years old, to their poor home. Day after day White-Thorn led the cow to its pasture on the moor; here the cow had difficulty in finding enough grass to satisfy her hunger. Meanwhile, White-Thorn busied herself in whitening wooden crosses, with little ornamenting them with white calico, putting them into the earth, and singing pearly, plaintive songs. She prayed and to help her mother in this kind of great need.

One morning, while thus employed, laid loss in thought, she was startled out of her reverie by a little bird that had alighted on one of the little crosses she had put into the ground. The bird cocked its head towards her, winked and twiddled, as though it had something important to tell her. The child looked at the bird in wonder, approached it, and listened. "Try as she might, it was impossible for her to understand a single word the little robin said. The bird seemed to know that White-Thorn did not comprehend its language, but it twittered louder than ever, flew to and fro, and spread out its wings; still, she could not understand what the bird wanted.

In the meantime her whole attention was so wrapped up in the bird that evening came unobserved, until at last, when the bird flew away, she looked up and beheld stars twinkling down upon her from the sky.

Then she started up and thought of the neglected cow, which, as she learned, had strayed from the moor. She called to her with all her might, bent and shook the bushes around her, descended into the hollow where the brooklet bubbled all the day—but in vain.

At last she heard her mother calling to her from a distance, as if some great misfortune had happened. She hurried toward her in great fear, and found her in the pathway that led to the house, lamenting and wailing over the skeleton of the black cow. It had been devoured by hungry wolves. At this fearful sight the blood curdled in the poor child's veins; she turned pale as fer, and could not speak a word, but fell on her knees and would not be comforted. The widow was surprised at the bitter grief of her daughter, and she said to her:

"Although you were fond of the cow, it is wrong to weep so bitterly for a dumb animal. Remember that it is God's will, and be contented, my innocent child. Let us go home."

White-Thorn obediently followed her mother; she sighed at every step, and could not control the tears that rolled ceaselessly down her face. "My poor cow!" she thought; "she is gone now; she was so gentle and so willing to be led; she even began to grow fat!" And in her grief White-Thorn went to bed without her supper, and awoke several times at night, for it seemed to her she heard the cow at the door. In her anxiety she arose before daylight, and ran barefoot and with naked feet into the meadow. Here she saw the bird again, and seated on one of the flower-crosses. Her eyes seemed to call her to the spot. Unfortunately the song was the same as yesterday, and she did not understand his warble. She was about to turn away, disappointed and sad, when she thought she saw a piece of gold on the ground. She turned it with her foot, when, lo! it was only an herb that gleamed like gold over at this transformation. She said to her daughter, "Get the large shears, for the animal can not carry all this wool."

While shearing she noticed the wool kept on growing under her hand, and she said to White-Thorn: "This sheep is worth more than twenty others, for I can shear it every day and the wool will not decrease." Her youngest brother, George, happened to be present when

she said this, and he gave her all his possessions in exchange for the precious sheep. He had scarcely reached into the water and was carried by the waves to the smallest of the Seven Isles. Here the rocks unfolded their arms in welcome, and clasped him forever in their embrace.

White-Thorn waited and waited and waited from day to day, but in vain; the sheep returned no more. The children then turned their steps again to the meadow, and there she found Robin Red-Breast, who said to her: "I have been waiting for you, my little mistress. Your sheep has vanished and will never come back. Your uncle has suffered for their avarice. You have become a rich heiress, as I promised you. I have nothing more to do here, and will fly far, far away. Remember always that once you were poor, and that it was a little bird sent by God that made you happy."

On the spot where the robin first spoke to the child, White-Thorn afterwards, in gratitude, erected a chapel. The three brothers were obliged in their poverty to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.

Little Breaches.

"Yes, they need to have quiver times around here," said the ancient citizen, as he stirred himself around on the upturned soap box, while the proprietor shook down the ashes in the stove. The reporter paraded himself on the end of a flour barrel and patiently awaited the outpouring of language that he knew was sure to follow.

"Yes," said the ancient citizen, "My father came here before the trilobites were done eating. He saw some rough things in the old man." "Right where the Court-house stands," continued the ancient citizen, "was the old black house; and here were gathered a mixed crowd of refugees just after the Pigeon-Roost massacre. Old man Booth had his log tavern just outside, and at it was always a motley gathering of beetle-winged men."

"Among those," and the ancient citizen, "was a character who made fun of old Booth and said he was a coward. Booth hated him cordially for the insinuation, yet could never prove the contrary, and the old trapper made up his mind to test his courage. The plan was successful."

"My father and two friends owned a cabin just the other side of Booth's, and one of these, a small man, had \$200, cash, in a sack, when Bill tried his experiment on Booth."

"They had retired for the night and laid their buckskin pants on the door at the bedside. Have you ever seen any genuine buckskin? It was suddenly asked the reporter by the ancient citizen.

"I have," said Peter, "give her to me and I will give you the homestead of your father, upon when you were born, with everything belonging to it." Brigitte accepted this offer, and after she had finally established herself in her new home and assumed herself and her friends that she was the owner, she sent Maria to her brother.

White-Thorn cried bitterly when she saw Maria leave, and could not out or drink anything the whole day.

"Oh, why isn't Maria here? When shall I see her again?" She had hardly uttered these words when she heard a noise behind her. Since she had touched the golden wood she could understand the language of all animals. Once the animals was saying "Here I am, my mistress." She turned and beheld Maria standing in her usual place.

"Are you really Maria?" asked the child.

"Of course I am," she replied; "did you think I could remain with such a wicked man as your Uncle Peter? It is against my nature to remain with people who have committed a crime. Therefore I have returned to you."

"But now my mother must give the homestead back."

"No, not all this belongs to your mother. Her brother has only kept it from her in a shameful manner."

"But he will seek you here and recognize you."

"I can prevent that; go and pick three leaves of the golden wood, and come back as quickly as possible."

White-Thorn did as she was told, and returned with the leaves. "Now," said Maria, place the three leaves between my horns on the forehead, and say seven softly, Holy Roman of Hibernon, Holy Roman of Hibernon." White-Thorn did as she was required, and at the last words the cow turned into a beautiful horse.

The child was petrified with astonishment.

"Now," said the animal, "your uncle can not recognize me, and I shall not be called Maria, but Sea-horse."

The widow rejoiced when she heard what had happened, and was very glad to send her grain to town on the new horse. Imagine her surprise when, on leading the animal, she saw his back gradually grow longer—so long, indeed, that he was able to carry more than ten times the grain required. The report spread rapidly over the whole neighborhood. When Francis heard of it he hurried to his sister, and after he had seen the horse he wanted to be offered to give her all his part of the stolen inheritance. So the contract was made. Brigitte took possession of the mill, while Francis took Sea-horse home with him. But in the evening the horse came back to White-Thorn. He told her to take the three leaves again and repeat the magic words. The horse changed into a sheep, covered with long scarlet wool, as blue as linen. Sea-horse was called Scarlet-fleece.

The widow was more surprised than ever at this transformation. She said to her daughter, "Get the large shears, for the animal can not carry all this wool."

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SOUTHERN NEWS.

Joseph Jefferson has ordered 100,000 feet of lumber for his \$85,000 house on Orange Island, La.

The managers of the Cumberland Cotton Mills at Greenville, S. C., have determined to employ 250 additional operatives.

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that the city charter of Natchez does not authorize the levy of a tax on drummers.

The Wayneses (Ga.) Reporter learns that the farmers of that section are turning their attention to the cultivation of sea-island cotton.

The government work at the mouth of St. John's river, Fla., is progressing, and it is said that it will make that river one of the most important in the Union.

The contractors who have undertaken to drain Lake Okechobee in Florida are to receive fifty per cent. of all lands reclaimed now or hereafter belonging to the State.

In 1875 there were 3,942 schools in Tennessee, with an average attendance of 136,893. In 1880 there were 5,322 schools, with an average attendance of 194,461.

An Alapaha, Ga., correspondent of the Savannah News says that land suitable for truck farming can be purchased in Berrien county for \$1 per acre and upward, according to locality and improvements.

The house where Sherman received Johnston's surrender fifteen years ago has been converted into a town of 3,000 inhabitants and factories paying nearly \$900,000 annual revenue tax. Yellow tobacco has done it.

Bishop Stevens presided at the Charleston convention of the Episcopal church in South Carolina is confined to the colored people, among whom it has been very effective. Nineteen buildings for public worship have been erected during the last five years.

The Putnam county (Fla.) Herald says that an agent of the Italian government has been in Florida and has just returned to Italy. He advocates Florida as a home for his countrymen, and charges immigration to that State may be expected. Arrangements are being perfected with the Oriental Steamship Company for their passage.

Huntsville (Tex.) Item: Total convictions on land February 1, 2,149 (consisting of 2,111 State and 38 United States). How employed: in prison at Huntsville, 465; lived about Huntsville, 21; on truck farms, 99; in wood-cutting camps, 254; in plantation camps, 946.

Speaking of the barber at that place, the Brunswick (Ga.) Advertiser says that, in addition to the construction of a line of crib-jetty for the maintenance of a deeper channel, dredging operations have been carried on with a view of establishing an improved navigable man-made waterway in width and twelve feet in depth at mean low water.

The prosperity of Columbia, Ga., according to the Enquirer, has been remarkable. The business of the city has increased over 1,000,000 in five years. The total sales of last year amounted to \$7,652,865 against \$5,539,929 for 1879, \$5,483,970 for 1878, \$1,996,554 for 1877, and \$4,517,986 for 1876. The increase over 1879 is \$2,112,846, and over 1876 \$3,134,660.

siippi against the exodus. There is, he declares, no demand for negro labor in the State, and those unfortunate darkies who have emigrated there are suffering greatly. The Shubuta darkies have given up all idea of going North, and such of them as are leaving home are emigrating to Louisiana and the Yazoo bottoms.

It is estimated, according to elaborate specifications in the Memphis papers, that to avert the plague and render Memphis habitable and to enable her to recover from her now prostrate condition, will require the expenditure of \$1,750,000 for stone paving, grading and curbing, \$100,000 for sidewalks, \$5,000 for bridges, and \$200,000 for sewer connections.

Estimates for school and other taxes for various State, county and municipal purposes show the necessity of a total inevitable annual tax for the next two years of 88 25 on the \$100, to which, if we add the proposed annual levy of fifty cents to pay the old city debt, we make the total tax to \$9 45. Truly Memphis is prostrate. Such a tax can scarcely be borne.

A Remarkable Calculation.

A curious illustration has been afforded by the New York Journal of Commerce. It takes up an utterance of the Rev. Adirondack Murray, who said in a recent lecture:

"Now the population of the earth is 1,000,000,000, and a generation dies every thirty years. In every thirty years, then, 1,000,000,000 human beings go out of the world and 1,000,000,000 come in. Forty years ago the church taught that the world was 6,000 years old. She doesn't to-day pretend to guess within 100,000 years how old the world is. Very well. What has been the population of the world since the time began? Who can estimate the number? By what arithmetic shall you compute the swarming millions? Take the globe and bring it into a vast plain, 6,400 by twenty feet, and would it accommodate but a fraction of the human beings that have lived upon its surface? Where is the locality of the judgment to be, then? Can it have a locality?"

To this the Journal replies: "Now make the widest conceivable estimate. Suppose that the human race has existed on this earth 100,000 years, that the population has never from the first day been smaller than this estimate for the present time—namely, 1,000,000,000. For the sake of easy calculation, instead of the estimate of thirty years to a generation, call it three generations to a century. There will appear to each 3,000 generations of 1,000,000,000 each, who, being assembled, require standing room. For a crowded meeting of men, women, and children, it would be ample estimate to give each two square feet of room. A square mile contains, in round numbers, 25,000,000 square feet, and 12,500,000 persons could stand on it. Therefore, eighty square miles would hold a generation, and 3,000 times that space would hold the population of 100,000 years. That is to say, 240,000 square miles would contain them, and gathered in a parallelogram, they would stand in a space 600 miles long by 400 broad. They could easily be accommodated in one or two of our States."

"Dead and buried, side by side, they would require five times their standing space, or (say) 1,200,000 square miles, and the United States has ample wild lands, as yet unwanted and unoccupied, to give them a cemetery. If any one wishes he may estimate how many thousand years of generations could find graves in this country without crowding the dead. Whoever will may imagine the population assembled in a city, or in a vast theater, with floor above floor, each floor diminishing the surface area of the building. It will do people of vivid imaginations good to reduce such imaginations to the facts of figures, and any school girl can do it."

Profits of the Turf.

Outsiders will gaze with longing and melancholy eyes at the catalogue of profits earned during the past season by the giants of the turf. The \$10,000 netted by Lord Falkland during a twelve months' campaign must represent a very satisfactory dividend; but, large as it is, it is considerably below his average for the last six years. During that period Lord Falkland's total winnings in stakes amounted to \$12,800. His worst year was in 1875 when he only won \$1,095; his best was 1878, when his winnings rose as high as \$37,681. Count de Lagrange, who sat at the top of the tree in 1873, with \$25,951, has (so far as himself in 1879) only won \$3,722. A still more marked reverse of fortune has visited on the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Houldsworth. Both finished 1879 with upward of \$10,000 to their credit. In 1880 the Duke of Hamilton's winnings have sunk as low as \$474, while Mr. Houldsworth has only won a solitary event worth \$12. These are known returns. The profits and the losses of betting remain a well-known quantity. Of the sires of the winning horses Houtnet leads the list with twenty-three winners, who landed stakes valued at \$29,107. Last year the Houtnet stock only won \$7,577. Englishmen are so accustomed to ignore the American turf that it will surprise many readers to know that last season a single stable, that of Messrs. Dwyer, landed stakes of the value of \$15,577, and even then did not take the first place among the American winners of 1880.—Pall Mall Gazette.

One of Charley Thompson's Jokes.

The Newburyport Herald tells the following story of one whom it describes as a famous wit of the Essex Bar: "A lighter case was being tried in Court, and as a part of the evidence a part of whisky was shown by the Commonwealth, and it was clearly shown that the identical whisky was seized from the premises of the defendant, who had it there with intent to sell, and whom we will call Michael McCarty. It was not a very expensive seizure, but still the intent was just as bad. When the District Attorney arose he stated the case, and said that he had no doubt but that his brother on the other side would make fun out of it as was his wont, and ended by charging the jury to dispassionately try the case solely on its merits. As he sat down Michael McCarty arose. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'the learned District Attorney says he w-w-wishes you to try this case on its merits. So do w-w-w. M-M-Michael McCarty, I take the stand.' Michael did so. He was a great burly Irishman, with a jolly countenance and exceedingly red nose. 'Michael,' continued his lawyer, 'I look upon the jury. G-gentlemen of the jury, look upon Michael McCarty. No-notice his beaming countenance, his jolly, rubicund face; and now, gentlemen of the jury, do you believe, and are you prepared to state on your oaths, beyond a reasonable doubt, that if Michael McCarty had a pint of whisky he would sell it? It is needless to say they didn't."

Who says there are no clairvoyant intuitions in dreams? A young lady in Dubuque, Ia., saw, several years ago, in the watches of the night, the face of the stranger whom she was one day to marry. She waited patiently, happened to go to New York a short time ago, and met him on the parlor floor of the Grand Central Hotel. She faintly, he applied a bowl of water; she told him all; he was not particularly pleased; but magnetism will tell; they were drawn together by electro-dynamics and fate; the dream has come true.

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ENTERTAINING PARAGRAPHS.

Some men are never sweet on their wives except at a masquerade ball. A pound of wheat, weighing sixty-two pounds, contained 559,900 kernels. A Boston paper charges certain actors with "infamously true facilities." No arrests were made.

It is estimated that a freight train now enters New York every fifteen minutes, each train averaging 35 cars. Boston servant girls always ask for poor molasses at the grocery, because it takes longer for it to run. The world is filling up with educated fools—unhappily read too much and learn too little.—Book Billings.

A man troubled with despondency can cure himself by pretending to do duty as a night watchman.—New Orleans Picayune. A J. A. Crowder, Wis., minister prayed for those "who were smitten with illness, and those who have gone a-fishing, and also those too lazy to dress for church."

An old couple in Maine have been married seventy-five years. What a shadow this man will make when it gets to circulating in the Indiana papers!—N. Y. Commercial. The abolitionist, observes a London journalist, with which old smokers cling to life is really more than they seem altogether to ignore the fact that tobacco is a deadly poison.

Lavater was a good observer when he wrote: "Abstain the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything." An epiphany on a recently cut tombstone reads: "It is the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who was born on the 25th of December, 1800, and died on the 25th of December, 1800." When a Buffalo street car conductor was told by a lawyer that he had fallen heir to a legacy of \$100,000, the man simply asked the lawyer five cents to buy a cigar with. He wanted to find out if the lawyer was lying to him.

A pastor who had an important case in court sent two very handsome and expensive flowers to the judge. He ordered them to be filled with costly wine and sent back to the donor. The judge was a pious, however, and didn't know any better. Such foolish stories can't be told of the courts of nowadays.

Slavery is still a recognized institution of Arabia, and an active trade in blacks is carried on in some of the larger towns. Arab eunuchs enfranchise a slave at the end of seven years' faithful service, and on leaving his master presents him with one or more camels and an outfit. The manumitted negroes marry and have an even chance in life with their former owners. There is no prejudice against a negro in Arabia.

"Ere remembrance" is the new game. Two holes are made in a screen. The performers stand behind it and place their eyes in the holes, while the persons in front guess to whom the eyes belong.—New York Herald. They have the same game, modified somewhat, out West. "Eyes openers" are dark, a fight ensues, in which pumping prevails and thus the person who awakens up the floor guesses to whom the goggled eyes belong.

Remembrance is said to be the very model of frugality and domestic economy. His household concerns are conducted with systematic attention. He weighs out the sugar, tea, coffee, and spices, and measures the liquids required by his household and exacts a rigid account from that usual pot-tossed tyrant. After this the old man drives down town and sets to work to checkmate Jay Gould on Western Union or to get away with an Army Navy Corporation. Mr. Vanderbilt may not be able to carry off.

Profits of the Turf.

Outsiders will gaze with longing and melancholy eyes at the catalogue of profits earned during the past season by the giants of the turf. The \$10,000 netted by Lord Falkland during a twelve months' campaign must represent a very satisfactory dividend; but, large as it is, it is considerably below his average for the last six years. During that period Lord Falkland's total winnings in stakes amounted to \$12,800. His worst year was in 1875 when he only won \$1,095; his best was 1878, when his winnings rose as high as \$37,681. Count de Lagrange, who sat at the top of the tree in 1873, with \$25,951, has (so far as himself in 1879) only won \$3,722. A still more marked reverse of fortune has visited on the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Houldsworth. Both finished 1879 with upward of \$10,000 to their credit. In 1880 the Duke of Hamilton's winnings have sunk as low as \$474, while Mr. Houldsworth has only won a solitary event worth \$12. These are known returns. The profits and the losses of betting remain a well-known quantity. Of the sires of the winning horses Houtnet leads the list with twenty-three winners, who landed stakes valued at \$29,107. Last year the Houtnet stock only won \$7,577. Englishmen are so accustomed to ignore the American turf that it will surprise many readers to know that last season a single stable, that of Messrs. Dwyer, landed stakes of the value of \$15,577, and even then did not take the first place among the American winners of 1880.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Who says there are no clairvoyant intuitions in dreams? A young lady in Dubuque, Ia., saw, several years ago, in the watches of the night, the face of the stranger whom she was one day to marry. She waited patiently, happened to go to New York a short time ago, and met him on the parlor floor of the Grand Central Hotel. She faintly, he applied a bowl of water; she told him all; he was not particularly pleased; but magnetism will tell; they were drawn together by electro-dynamics and fate; the dream has come true.

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