THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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By GEORGE WARREN, Hickman, Ky.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

THE MAN WHO NEVER ADVERTISES.

Sing, business muse, the dark and doleful fate
Of him that labors but that he may wait;
The piles of goods heaped up within his store,
Which you'd believe would tempt your man to more?
The man whose life has lost all fortune's prizes;
In fact, the man who never advertises.

Gone of his store, his great ambition escape,
The capital that gave him cause to hope.
His credit large, his large and ample stock,
His bank account as solid as a rock;
Then fell the doom to which the man was fated
Who never advertised but simply waited.

So simply and so vainly! Splendid signs,
Which basement art translates and refines,
Plate-glass show windows organic dressed,
Such lovely clerks, cashiers, and all the rest,
Served but to show him how the public sines
The style of him who never advertises.

He waited, and all waited: clerks, cashiers,
Salesmen, saleswomen, each delightful dears,
Impatient grew lest the money strength
With products made for the crowd to win.
The public saw—that fact there's no denying—
But passed the store without a sight of buying.

Business was dull, but salaries and rent
Went on till cash and credit both were spent;
The city knew not longer his back scenes were,
Till the Sheriff closed the whole concern.
Now, six months after, which he sad despises,
He works for one who always advertises.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

MAKING POSTAL-CARDS.

The Factory at Castleton—A Retired Nook on the Hudson—Production and Distribution—A Business That Has No Competitors.

The village of Castleton on the east bank of the Hudson River is about eight miles below Albany. Three-quarters of a mile north of the village a deep land-cave sets back into the range of hills. From the depot at Castleton a railroad track lies between the regular tracks of the Hudson River Road and the highway till it comes to this cave, and there it curves sharply inland and follows the bank of a crooked stream to a cluster of buildings situated close in the mouth of the ravine. In these buildings all the postal-cards of the United States Government are manufactured.

The most ponderous feature of the factory, as viewed from the river or railroad trains is an exceedingly tall, symmetrical brick chimney that rises high against the background of second-growth pines. This has been built in connection with the new steam-power for the paper-mill, the creek not being sufficiently constant to drive the works and at the same time furnish the water required in the manufacture of the paper. The plant of the paper-mill has long existed here, but the postal card factory was established at this point less than three years ago, having been removed from Holyoke, Mass. The paper-mill is owned by the Fort Orange Paper Company, of which William R. Sheffield, Sangerties, is Vice-President and Manager. It is not confined to the manufacture of cardboard for postal-cards, nor will the latter, when improvements that are now in progress are completed, constitute the largest article of production. The only obligation that mill-owners are under to the Government is to supply the postal-card factory with board as fast as it is needed, and of the quality called for by contract. The Government has no monopoly in the product of the mill. The same quality of cardboard that the Government demands is open to the market. The color of the postal-cards is specified in the contract, but even this the paper-mill is at liberty to furnish to any one who may want that particular shade of cardboard. Postal cardboard is made of the best quality of linen and cotton rags, which are treated in all respects, from the rag bale to the calender roll, as they are for the manufacture of any other cardboard of like quality. A certain quantity of chemical or wood pulp is mixed with the rag, and this is of a quality almost as expensive as rag pulp.

The postal-card factory proper is a new one-story brick building, of very unpretending appearance. In this respect it is in harmony with the process of preparing the cards, for the latter is extremely simple and apparently inexpensive. The cardboard is received from the paper mill in sheets twenty-one inches by thirty, a size just large enough to be cut into forty postal-cards. The sheets are first printed on an ordinary large cylinder "job" printing press, there being in the factory two Hoe presses and one Taylor. The impression is taken on a plate containing forty card faces with stamp, the monogram US, the scroll and words "Postal Card," and the untruthful printed line "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side." Thus, when a sheet of card-board is run through the press it comes out with forty postal-cards completely printed, ready to be cut up into the one-cent missives with which the public are familiar. Any two of the presses are sufficient to supply the demand without being rushed.

From the presses the printed sheets are taken to a cutting machine, where they are rapidly cut into strips, containing ten cards each. They are fed between rollers, on which there are four circular blades. The cutting into strips is done as fast as a telegraphy active boy can pass in the sheets. From the first cutting-machine the strips are taken to a second cutter, where they are fed through rollers with circular blades, set as far apart as the width of a postal-card. Thus the cards are produced ready for use from every strip that is run through the cutter. They drop into ten pockets made of tin, and constructed on a shaft. The boy who feeds the strips into the cutter passes twenty-five through, and then calls out "tally." Three girls remove the cards from the tin pockets, pack them in stacks of twenty-five each, and wrap each package about with the paper band with which every body is familiar who buys his cards in quantities of twenty-five and upward. In addition to emptying the pockets and banding the cards, one of the three girls has to turn the pocket-shaft every time the feeder calls "tally," and another has to count the cards in any one pocket, so as to see that the count of the boy who feeds in the strips is correct. Every twenty-five strips produces 250 cards, delivered equally in ten pockets. If any one of them contains twenty-five cards, each of the other nine must contain a like number. In order to equalize the labor among the three girls, the one who turns the pocket-shaft and the one who counts the contents of one of the pockets empty and pack up each three pockets. The third girl is therefore required to empty and pack up the contents of four pockets with nothing else to do. The yellow paper band that is wrapped about each package of twenty-five cards is ready gummed, so that the three pocket-tenders are able to work with alacrity, as it is evident that they must do in order to stack up all the postal-cards used in the United States. The packages of twenty-five each are placed in piles of ten each, and two of these piles are packed into a strawboard box, each box thus containing 500 cards. The strawboard boxes are made rapidly on the spot by an ingenious machine. The whole machinery for making postal-cards, after the cardboard is received from the paper-mill, could be operated in a room thirty feet square. This, of course, would not be sufficient for storing material and stock.

The Government makes contracts for postal cards to continue in force four years. The present contract was entered into on July 1, 1881, with Messrs. Woolworth & Graham, of New York. It is understood that the Fort Orange Paper Company now participates in the contract. The Government agency is in charge of Mr. Alfred Tanner, of Kingston, who has seven clerks and assistants to do the book-keeping, shipping and supervision. These are employed by the Government under the direction of the Third Assistant Postmaster General. The contractors employ in the card factory proper about twenty persons—men, boys and girls. Managers, employes and all hands board in the village, which is little more than a mile from the works.

This force produces and packs an average of about 1,250,000 postal cards each working day. The total product last year was 350,000,000, and as the cards are all made at Castleton factory, the product represents the number of cards used in the country. If the demand at the factory averages 1,250,000 a day, it follows that only an average of one and a quarter card is used daily by every fifty people in the country. This shows a less general use of postal cards than many might estimate without something like definite data. The rate of increase in the use of cards during the year ended June 30, 1879, over previous years was 13.02 per cent. For the year ended June 30, 1880, the increase was 23 per cent., and for the last fiscal year it was about the same. The increase is believed to be mostly in business quarters, where they are used for advertising. For private correspondence the cards do not seem to be as popular as they were when they were first authorized in this country.

The cost of postal-cards to the Government under the present contract, as compared with the cost under former contracts is something remarkable, when it is observed that the size and quality are either the same or better. The contract price for four years prior to July 1, 1877, was $1,394 per 1,000; for the four years ending June 30, 1881, it was 62.56 cents per 1,000, but under the present contract it is only 54.43 cents per 1,000. Being sold at $10 per 1,000 to the public, the Government receives $9.43 per 1,000 for carrying them broadcast through the mails. A thousand postal cards weigh six pounds and a quarter, according to the Government's contract with Messrs. Woodworth & Graham. The cost of the agency for salary in agent and assistants was, for the year ending June 30, 1881, $7,303.

All orders for cards are sent by local postmasters to the Post-office Department at Washington. Each day's orders are there made up into a schedule containing the name of the Post-office, the name of the Postmaster who makes the order, the number of the cards wanted, and several other entries of a "red-tape" nature. One copy of the schedule is sent to Agent Tanner at Castleton, and another is kept in the Department. The orders are filled at once. All amounts under 2,000 are sent in mail sacks. Orders for 2,000 or more are sent in wooden cases under the Post-office registry system. The packing cases are graduated in size to contain 2,000, 4,000, 6,000, 8,000, 12,000, 16,000, 20,000 and 25,000 cards in original packages of 500 each.

A Man Put to Rout.

Most men will lose their presence of mind under moments of excitement. Thus it is no great discredit to a well-known man in a suburban town that he quite lost his head recently in consequence of an unexpected and alarming incident. He was at the railway station in the place of his residence upon the arrival of the moon train from Boston and saw descend therefrom a half-score of chattering, laughing and attractive young women. Gathered on the platform to welcome them was another bevy of maidens, who were at once set upon by the detachment above mentioned, and the accustomed scene of osculation, fervent embraces and expressions of pleasure which it is to be noted whenever two or three women are gathered suddenly together was enacted. The congregation of assorted males who were present looked upon this animated scene with mingled amusement and yearning, and the man in question, who was young and waggish, began hurle-qualing the action of the young women by seizing upon a masculine friend, embracing him with ardor and affecting to kiss him with much loud and labial smacking. While thus engaged one of the liveliest of the girls observed him, and stepping up to him, remarked that if he was as anxious for a kiss as he seemed to be he had better let his friend alone and kiss her. The hilarity of the person thus challenged immediately vanished, his jaw fell and his knees smote together, and he feebly ejaculated, in stammering accents: "Thank you; but I—I'm married!" The girl laughed mischievously and vanished, and five minutes later the subject of this sketch was seen stamping around the depot and calling himself all sorts of names because he didn't dare meet the audacious young woman half way. But when he reached home he doubtless gave his wife an edifying account—and one quite different from the above—of how his firmness had brought to discomfiture a bold and designing female.—*Boston Herald.*

Coolness.

A scream, a high chair and a gathering together of feminine habiliments is woman's recipe in the presence of a rat, but a printer—a man printer—who happened along in Sacramento the other day where a party were waiting to see a terrier kill one of the rodents, had quite a different plan. The cage was opened and the rat most unexpectedly ran up the printer's leg inside his trousers. He did not scream or clutch, but clenched his hands, stood erect, and coolly told those present to be quiet. "Now he is going up by my knee; now he is on my thigh; now he has passed to the small of my back; now he rests. Don't strike; don't seize him. Here, take a small stick, tap gently just above the rascal—gently, gently. That's it; drive him down easily—don't provoke him. Now he moves, now he turns—press gently; now he descends; there he goes around my hip; now he turns downward; here he comes to my knee—there, he's out." And so he was, and the terrier forthwith monopolized him.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A Mississippi jury awarded $2,000 damages to a young lady whom a railway conductor had forgotten to put off at the station where she wished to alight. The most remarkable thing about the case is that the said young lady was carried only two hundred yards beyond her destination.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Joseph Rote jumped from a prison frying pan not exactly into the fire, when he escaped from the Baltimore penitentiary, and froze to death a mile from the institution.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Scituate, Mass., has neither a school nor a school-house.

—A glass spire is to be the feature of a new Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

—The Jubilee fund of the Congregational Union of England and Wales now exceeds $1,000,000.

—The Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York State, Neil Gilmoor, has the oversight of more than eleven thousand schools, for over a million children.

—A Baptist missionary of the Tennessee State Convention reported three churches that paid their pastors the munificent salary of six dollars a year.

—A little fellow in a primary school was asked by his teacher to spell the word knife. After he had correctly done so, he added, "But what's the K for?"

—The Attorney-General of New York State has rendered a decision that parsonages are liable to taxation, even when erected on the same lot as the church, if owned by trustees or organizations.

—Two native evangelists of Hawaii, who are called the "Moody and Sankey of the Sandwich Islands," are preaching the Gospel in the realms of Kalakaua with much success.

—Cornell University is the richest college in the country, with the possible exception of Columbia college. In two years its wealth has increased nearly $3,000,000, its total being estimated at $7,721,255.—*Detroit Post.*

—A wealthy Armenian of St. Petersburg intends to found a college for his countrymen at Erzeroum and endow it with $250,000. To secure competent teachers he has educated seven young Armenians in Germany.

—With only 1,203 population, Union Springs, N. Y., has eight churches. The last, now being built, has only one male and six female members. It is the result of a legacy requiring its erection within a stated period to prevent the money from going in another direction.

—"The day of formal lectures before students of medicine," said a physician, "will soon be over; all that the professor can say is as well or better said in books, and these are now multiplying enormously, and becoming cheaper. Clinical lectures will last, of course, but their chief value depends not so much upon the lecture as upon its practical, living illustrations. All ambitious students now read up the diseases pointed out to them as soon as possible after the close of the clinic."

—According to the annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New Hampshire, there has been a decrease of 80 in the number of district schools, while 13 public schools, 21 graded schools and four town and district high schools have been closed. The schools having an average attendance of 12 or less number 753, a decrease of 32, while schools averaging six pupils or less number 310, a gain of 57. There are now 477 men teachers in the State and 3,111 women, 82 less men and 91 more women than were employed a year ago. The average man is paid $36 a month, the average woman $23. New Hampshire's school children 15 years ago numbered probably 3,000 more than they do to-day.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Senator Davis, of West Virginia, started in life as a railroad brakeman. There are a great many brakemen that act as if they started in life as Congressmen.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Proctor says that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 31,000,000 years ago. Proctor has the longest memory we ever encountered. We can't remember half that far back in the dim and misty past.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The new style postal card, with a flap over the writing, is soon to go into general use, but the flap will never protect the contents of a postal card from being read. Nothing but a time lock, or a burglar proof safe will maintain the purity of the postal card.—*Peck's Sun.*

—Parlor gymnastics: Miss Notebanger had just finished a difficult piece of music upon the pianoforte. "Beautiful, isn't it?" remarked a young lady. "Yes," replied Fogg. "Splendid exercise. Superior to Indian clubs or dumb-bells, but rather exhausting to a beginner, I should say."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Captain (to two soldiers practicing with their rifles): "Come, let me have one of your rifles. You shoot wretchedly." (He shoots and misses.) "There," he says, "that's the way you should." (Shoots and misses again. To second soldier): "And that's the way you shoot." (Shoots again and this time hits.) "And that's the way I shoot."

—Mrs. Fitz-Nickel aspires to be as fashionable as any of her "swell" neighbors. She was telling a lady visitor the other morning that she had just engaged a very efficient, experienced and high-priced French cook. While her friend was congratulating her upon her new acquisition the French cook inserted her head within the doorway and asked: "Shure, misses, an' shall I pale the praties or bile 'em wid their jackets on?"—*Harper's.*

—The Lowell *Courier* says an East Brookfield woman, aged sixty-six years, boasts of having made a patchwork quilt containing two million pieces. It is not stated what she did between whiles, but we don't believe she made many speeches at women's rights conventions. A Norristown woman, aged eighty-eight years, and blind, has just finished a quilt, begun three years ago, containing 643,274,610,598,000 pieces. One of these items may be a little more difficult to believe than the other, but not much.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Why, what is the matter with your hands?" asked the eldest Miss Burnside of Algernon Selkirk, who was making an evening call. "I was out this afternoon taking a little turn at the oars," replied Algernon, the athlete, "and the damp wind has chapped them." "Isn't it too funny how you men will go out in cold, stormy weather just for exercise," Miss Burnside girlishly remarked, and then she murmured in a getting-well-on-towards-thirty-year-old tone of voice and gazing at her shapely wedding ringless fingers, "I would like to have my hands chapped." A few moments later the first chapped her was ended.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Phrenological Item.

Mrs. Randell Wrag is not the best educated woman in Austin, but that does not in the least hinder her from expressing herself fully on any topic, no matter what it may be. She was having her head examined by a phrenologist.

"You have philoprogenitiveness strongly developed."

"You bet I have. Nobody ever said anything mean about me but I was sure to get even with them sooner or later. That's just the kind of a woman I am. You have hit it first pop."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Race for a Kiss.

A butter peddler from Honey Lake relates with great glee how a neighbor of his was cured of too frequently tipping the gin bottle. This neighbor married a young, handsome and spirited lady, and for a month or two all went well in the house and about the farm; then the husband fell back into his old tricks. The wife remonstrated, and for a time the husband reformed. Presently, however, she became satisfied that the "bottle-tipping" was again going on. When she spoke to her husband about the matter he swore that the "aroma" she detected was that of a colic medicine he was taking, he having developed a most intractable colic, for the relief of which he had brought home and paraded a bottle of medicine.

The wife was confident that there was kept somewhere about the premises a considerable store of a very different kind of medicine. She kept her own counsel and at the same time strict watch. In a day or two she discovered under a manger in a barn the secret hoard. She said nothing of the discovery to her husband.

Soon after the husband had business at a neighbor's, some two miles away. On his return home he was somewhat surprised at seeing a note pinned upon his front door. Hastily advancing he read as follows:

BEN: You will find the key of the house where you keep your colic medicine. I have taken Kitty and gone home to my mother. Father and 5 other Bob will come to-morrow for the trunk in which I have packed my things. NELLIE.

The husband rushed to the barn. At a glance he saw that Kitty, his wife's mare, and the side-saddle were gone. Darting to the manger he hauled out his corpulent demijohn of gin, and suspended from its neck found the key of the house.

Securing the key he sent the demijohn whizzing and crashing against a post of the barn. Bounding forth, he ran to and mounted the horse he had left standing in front of his house.

Away he dashed. It was ten miles to the house of his father-in-law, and he was determined to overtake his wife before she could reach it, or kill the horse in the attempt.

Said the butter man: "Now, I see'd Ben's wife come over the hill, half a mile south of my house, on her little mare, Kitty, and began to perform some queer abolutions. After she'd got over the brow o' the hill she paced up and down the road for a time; then she rid up and looked over the ridge for awhile. After looking a bit she turned about and rid up and down the road for a few times, and went up to the brow o' the hill again. So she kept do n' an' once or twice she got off and led Kitty up to the top of the hill.

"I was puzzed as to whether she was waitin' for somebody or had lost something while on the way to her father's place, some four miles beyond my house. I was just about to walk out that way when I see'd her wheel Kitty round from the brow o' the hill and begin to ply her whip.

In half a minute she was flyin' past my place like a wild woman. I stood at my front gate by the roadside, ready to holler out at her to know what was up, but bless you, she never looked to'ard me. Her eyes seemed set in her head, her face was pale, and at every jump she let into Kitty with her whip. I swar, her ridin' skirt fairly cracked as she bounded past me!

"Jist then I heard a tremendous clatter behind me. Turnin' about, I seed Ben a comin' over the pitch of the hill on his big black hoss, like a wild Comanche. He was ridin' with loose reins, leanin' away for'ard, and diggin' his big spurs into his horse like he'd rip his insides out.

"He passed by with his ha'r and coat-tails sailin' back in the wind and never turnin' his head to right nor left. I thought I seed murder in his eye. I tell you, a million thoughts ran through my brain in a second. All the stories I ever heer'd about jealous husbands and insane husbands went through my head in a lump, an' I do bel eve if I'd had my gun in my hand, I'd have taken a wing shot at him on suspicion.

"I seed Nell look back once, and then lay the whip to Kitty hott'n ever. Ben was goin' like the wind. I knowed Nell was headed for her father's, and I seed plain as day that Ben would get her fore she was safe landed.

"At last he was upon her. It was then neck and neck for a time, with Ben reachin' out for Kitty's bridle. At last he got it, and the two horses gradually slowed up till they finally stopped. I mounted my gate post all of a tremb'e, expectin' to see somethin' dreadful happen.

"They stopped in the road talkin' nigh onto half an hour; then I seed Ben lean over and Nell lean over, till thar two heads came together.

"'What the mischief,' says I, 'kissin' instead of killin'. Well, that sort of fracas gets me!'

"After the head bumpin', the pair turned about and came slowly joggin' along back.

"As they passed me, I called out to Ben to know what in the livin' jingo it all meant. Ben began to stammer something, 'bout half which never got out through his big beard, when Nell sings out to me: 'Only a race for a kiss!' and givin' Kitty a cut that made her bound ten feet, she called out to Ben: 'Come on! A race to the top of the hill for another!' and away they both went.

"That was five year ago, and I never knowed the true meanin' of that wild, harum-scarum ride till about three months ago, when the story 'bout the 'co le medicine' leaked out among the wimmen folks. For a good while after the ride, howsumever, I remember one of the neighbor men wonderin' what had come over Ben that he had shut down on his gin all of a sudden, and wouldn't so much as take a glass o' Oregon cider.

"To this day, no doubt, Ben thinks he had a desperate chase after Nell, and a narrer escape of her gettin' into the home den along with her big brother, her father, and his mother-in-law; and I've never said a word to him 'bout how she fooled 'long under the brow o' the hill."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

—Charley B: Do we need a correspondent at Des Moines? No, Charley, we do not. Des Moines is the only place where we do not need a correspondent. We joyfully wallow in correspondence from every other place on this broad continent, but we cannot have a correspondent at Des Moines. An early flame of ours lives in Des Moines. We are parted now forever. It was not that our love cooled, or that she died young. No, Charles, the trouble we had with that love affair was not that she died young, but that her father didn't. The bull dog likewise, was not at all tired. You see now why we have hallowed associations with Des Moines which makes it painful to us to read correspondence from that place.—*Puck.*

A Nitro-Glycerine Factory.

Near the village of Tweed, Ontario, and at the water's edge of Stoco Lake, is a fair sized, unpretentious, isolated, wooden building, the appearance of which would cause a stranger to inquire why such a good building was erected in such an isolated locality, and why it was so closely guarded as a solitary watchman, day and night the year round, checks the steps and inquires the business of the curious as they stray near. At the eye passing upwards reads "Nitro-glycerine factory, very dangerous," in big letters above the door, the notice for which the building is intended as the necessity for watchful care over it is apparent. At the door were seen two iron casks sheeted inside with lead, as in these casks are imported the pure glycerine and mixed acids used in the factory.

A cask of mixed acid is hoisted by machinery to the upper story and dumped into a mixing tub, in which the mixing blades are moved by a crank turned by a man who is stationed in a tight box and has in front of him a thermometer. As the glycerine runs into the acid, the vapor is engendered in which life is scarcely supportable, hence the man turning the crank is stationed in a close box. The acid and glycerine in their admixture boil with great heat, and the compound has to be toned down by cold water or ice, the greatest watchfulness is necessary at this point, as the heat is allowed to run up to eighty degrees, and the nitro-glycerine explodes at ninety degrees, there remains but ten degrees of heat between the known and eternity, or, as the manager remarked, if the heat was allowed to run up to ninety degrees they would not have time to pucker their mouth to say good-by.

It is needless to say that, while the work is going on, strangers are never allowed to enter the building, as it is necessary that every man should have his individual attention at such times upon his work. "Strict rules govern our men," remarked the manager, "as the least venture at experimenting would leave no one to tell how the accident happened." The nitro-glycerine thus manufactured has an explosive force ten times greater than that of blasting powder, and is used on very heavy work, but we sell very little in that shape remarked the manager, as it is run down a tunnel to the room below, where it is manufactured into dynamite, dualin or vigorite, all of which have nitro-glycerine as their basis, but are known by different names to designate the degree of power. As rapidly as possible the nitro-glycerine is mixed with charcoal, wood pulp or other mixtures, and reduced into a commodity more readily handled; for although dynamite is understood to be extremely dangerous to handle, it is rammed into the cartridges with a stick, with as little apparent fear of the result as would be the case were the substance so much dirt.

The cartridges are made to hold from a pound to two pounds each, and are carefully packed each day and taken to an isolated magazine owned by the company. The manager remarked: "I have to pay my men large salaries, although the work is comparatively light, as a very slight accident would put them out of the way of drawing their salaries. I have worked at the business for the past seven years and own a mill in Algoma as well as this one here, but in this business life is the result of vigilance."—*Manufacturers' Gazette.*

An Angry Tree.

A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and it is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous, and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, a sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to rest. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only yesterday that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot—one which it was fast outgrowing—it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesterday afternoon the tree was transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability. Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in grand commotion. On asking what was up he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders, and that the operation had made it very mad. Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Rabbit Shooting.

Rabbit shooting is always good fun; in woods, in gorse, in hedgerows, in rough grass, whatever the kind of cover, there is no more lively sport. In low wood, where you can see to shoot them as they get up in front of you, it is, perhaps, at its best. Capital sport is also to be had outside, after the covers have been well beaten, especially if the holes have been stopped; the rabbits then lie in the hedgerows, in the stubble, in the grass, wherever they can find anything to hide them, but mostly in the hedges, and a couple of men, one on each side, with a spaniel or terrier to find them, may have a day's shooting as good as almost any kind of sport which the gun affords. Rabbits forced out of a hedgerow by dogs go at their best pace, and any one who can kill them well may call himself a good shot, whatever his practice at other kinds of game may be. The chances are, however, that a good rabbit-shot is a good all-round shot, though the converse by no means holds good, for many men can kill pheasants and partridges very well who miss five rabbits out of six.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

—Mrs. Andrew Dunn, of Hoosick Junction, N. Y., remarked to her husband on Christmas afternoon: "I thank God that we have had such a happy Christmas day," and immediately afterward dropped dead from heart disease.

A $10,000 Find.

There was great excitement on Friday among the laborers in the Street Cleaning Department who are engaged filling in the North River front at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street. It was reported that Michael Cummings, the father of a young man who is employed by the Department as a trimmer at the river, had found a Government bond valued at $10,000 among the refuse, and that some of the men had seen him pick it up and tuck it carefully into the bosom of his shirt. Cummings could not be found that afternoon, but on Saturday, when his friends congratulated him and suggested that he "cut" the bond, he complied with great generosity. This settled the question in the minds of his friends, and when he disappeared again it was said he had gone to buy a house and lot in Fifth Avenue. A *Times* reporter called upon Mr. Cummings last evening to ascertain how much truth there was in these stories. Mr. Cummings was found in his comfortable cottage at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street. He was attired in blue "overalls" and a "jumper," and was complacently smoking a clay pipe in his sitting-room. Mrs. Cummings and Mr. Cummings, Jr., were also present. When the reporter announced the object of his visit the expression of Mr. Cummings' countenance changed from a lofty calm to one of extreme sheepishness, and half suppressed smiles were noticed upon the faces of Mrs. Cummings and Mr. Cummings, Jr.

"In jist wan minute, sir!" he said, and disappeared into a back room, while Mrs. Cummings and Mr. Cummings, Jr., laughed outright.

"Poor divvle," said the former, "he'll niver hear the last o' that. D'ye see——" But here Mr. Cummings appeared with a small lamp and beckoned the reporter to follow him. He led the way through a bedroom and the kitchen out into the woodshed. Then he placed the lamp on a shelf and bade the reported be seated.

"Now I'll give it to ye straight. Ye'll excuse me for bringin' ye out here, but I'd git the grand laugh if I staid there, agin, and I've got all I want of it already. Now, this! About four o'clock Friday afternoon I was out wid a coal-scuttle picking up small bits of coal in that street refuse, when suddenly I finds a piece of paper marked ten thousand dollars. I looked at it two or three times to make sure I was right, an' then I kicked the coal-scuttle into the river and made a break for home. The old woman was mending me socks.

"'Throw them old things into the stove!' I says, and I showed her that bond. 'Thin some of the boys got onto it an' came in to see about it, an' I sent out for the whisky and called in the neighbors an' we had a high time. I showed the bond to the foreman of the work at the river, and he told me for to go to Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s—which their name was on the paper—and see if it was good. So on Monday I took it around there—Say," said Mr. Cummings, suddenly interrupting himself and pointing to the corpse of a remarkably large and plump turkey which hung from a rafter, "d'ye see that bird a hangin' there? That don't look as if this family was goin' to starve if that bond wasn't genooine, does it? Well, sor, Mr. Morgan told me that it was no good. It was only a check that had been canceled d'ye mind? I took that check and——"

At this juncture the door opened and Mrs. Cummings appeared. Mr. Cummings looked at her warningly, but she asked, with great hilarity:

"Did ye tell the gentleman how ye run ten dollars in debt settin' 'em up for the boys, Mike?"

"Will ye be good enough to howld yer jaw?" retorted her husband with great asperity. "She's tryin' to play it on ye, sir. That's a fle. As I was saying I took that check and tore it up in small bits——"

"And the more fool you!" interjected Mrs. Cummings.

"I tore it up in small bits right before that man's desk, and that's the end of it. Will you be good enough to leave this apartment before I feel obliged to use my authority on ye?" Mr. Cummings then remarked, sternly, to his better half, whereat she laughed inordinately.

"There's another thing," went on Mr. Cummings, bestowing a savage glare upon her, "I want to tell ye about. A reporter wrote in wan of the papers that I lived in a shanty—a dilapidated shanty. Now I ask you as a man and a gentleman if this looks like a dilapidated shanty? It I had that reporter here," continued Mr. Cummings with great indignation, "I'll tell ye what I'd do, I'd send my son out to ring the fire alarm for an ambulance, and thin I'd pound that reporter until the ambulance got here to take him away."

Mr. Cummings is evidently a sly flatterer, for he came outside of his door when the reporter went away to remark:

"Say, I can tell by yer appearance that ye're the only reporther I've talked to that knows anything. Jis give Drexel, Morgan & Co. the tip in the paper, that if they should send me a check for one hundred dollars as a reward fer my honesty, I shouldn't have any hard feelings against 'em on that account.—*N. Y. Times.*

Journalism in the East.

The *Indian Mirror* tells of some strange and amusing curiosities of journalism which the native press of that country furnishes. Some time ago a native paper of Ahmedabad published one of its issues on yellow paper. Its readers were at a loss to account for the transformation when a week afterward it came out on dark green paper, with an editorial note explaining the reason, which was that their stock of ordinary white paper had been exhausted. Consequently the proprietor was obliged to use some colored paper which was intended for wrappers. Another native journal in Guzerat disappeared from the scene for two consecutive weeks. On the third week it appeared with an apologetic note, stating that readers were not served in consequence of the editor's sister being ill. A third was in a similar way temporarily eclipsed. In this case the editor had to proceed to Bombay as a witness in a small cause court case. Lately the *Sumsiar Bahadur*, of Ahmedabad, has hit upon the original idea of printing its first side, heading and all, on the fourth page. It has carried out the singular programme consistently. To read the paper you have to begin from the end and finish at the beginning.

—Charles F. Freeman, who sacrificed his child in a religious frenzy at Pocasset, Mass., three years ago, and is now in a lunatic asylum, is regarded as having recovered his reason, and is likely soon to be released. "The child's life was lost," he says, "through ignorance and superstition. Knowledge and science have saved mine and restored my reason. I intend to be guided by reason through the rest of my life."—*Boston Post.*

The Bad Boy as a Drug Clerk.

Said the grocery man, as he went up the boy, smoothed a couple of times, and then held his nose: "If the Board of Health, with kerosene you, they ever smell that smell, and send you to the glue factory. What business you gone into makes you smell so rank?"

"Well, you see, pa, began to think it was time I learned a trade, or a profession, and he saw a sign in a drug store window, they wanted, and as he had a boy he didn't want, he went to the druggist and got a job for me. I think I shall on me old job in a few weeks. You know I wanted to get all the perfumery in the store, and I got about forty dollars extra on my clothes, anyhow I wanted the job. He fixed me a bottle of cologne, and assafoety, and camphor, and a whole lot of other horrid stuff, and labeled it 'Rose geranium,' and I guess I just waded in it. It smelled like a million dollars. I put some in the dining-room the first night that I got home from the store, and broke pa all up. The air seems fixed around where I am, and everybody seems to know who fixed it. A girl came in the store yesterday to buy a sachet, and there wasn't anybody there but me, and I didn't know what it was, and I took down everything in the store pretty near, before I found it, and then I wouldn't have found it, only the proprietor came in. The girl asked the proprietor if there wasn't a good deal of sewer-gas in the store, and he told me to go out and shake myself. Well, she told me a sachet was something for the stummick, and I thought a nursing bottle was the nearest thing to it."

"I should think you would drive all the customers away from the store," said the grocery man, as he opened the door to let the fresh air in.

"I don't know but I will, but I am hired for a month on trial, and I shall stay. You see, I shan't practice on anybody but pa for a spell. I made up my mind to that when I gave a woman some salts instead of powdered borax, and she came back mad. Pa seemed to want to encourage me, and is willing to take anything I ask him to. He had a sore throat and wanted something for it, and the boss drugger told me to put some tannin and chlorate of potash in a mortar and grind it, and I let pa pound it with the mortar, and while he was pounding I dropped in a couple of drops of sulphuric acid, and it exploded and blowed pa's hat clear across the store, and pa was whiter than a sheet. He said he guessed his throat was all right, and he wouldn't come near me that day. The next day pa came in and I was laying for him. I took a white sulditez powder and a blue one and dissolved them in separate glasses, and when pa came in I asked him if he didn't want some lemonade, and he said he did, and I gave him the sour one and he drank it. He said it was too sour, and then I gave him the other glas, that looked like water, to take the taste out of his mouth, and he drank it. Well, sir, when those two powders got together in pa's stomach and began to sizz and steam and foam, pa looked pretty near choked to death, and the suds came out of his nostrils, and his eyes stuck out, and as soon as he could get breath he yelled "fire," and said he was poisoned, and called for a doctor, but I thought as long as we had a doctor right in the family there was no use of hiring one, so I got a stomach pump, and I would had him bailed out in no time, only the proprietor came in and told me to go and wash some bottles, and he gave pa a drink of brandy, and pa said he felt better. Pa has learned where we keep the liquor, and he comes in two or three times a day with a pain in his stomach. They play awful mean tricks on a boy in a drug store. The first day they put a chunk of something sort of blue into a mortar, and told me to pulverize it, and then make it up into two gram pills. Well, sir, I pounded that chunk all the forenoon, and it never pulverized at all, and the boss told me to hurry up, as the woman was waiting for the pills, and I mauled it till I was nearly dead, and when it was time to go to supper the boss came and said: 'You have been pounding all day on a chunk of India rubber instead of blue mass!' Well, how did I know? But I will get even with them if I stay long enough, and don't forget it. If you have a prescription you want filled you come down to the store and I will put it up for you myself and then you will be sure to get what you pay for."

"Yes," said the grocery man, as he cut off a piece of limberg cheese and put it on the stove to purify the air in the room, "I should laugh to see myself taking any medicine you put up."—*Peck's Sun.*

The Hog Family Traveling.

One fault that foreigners complain most against Americans is the want of politeness shown while traveling. To old travelers, however, the complaint has just as much effect as pouring water on a duck's back. So many people who have been courteous and denied themselves the comforts of traveling in order to make the trip pleasant for fellow-travelers, have been so poorly repaid that no wonder of all exists that those who have been models of politeness have been forced by the rudeness and ill-breeding of 'The Hog' family to bottle up courtesy and plug it securely till the trip is over. A case in point: One day last week, when travel was heaviest and seats were at a premium, a New Yorker started for Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railway. The only seat he could procure was a camp-stool—the last one in the car—in the forward compartment. Just after he had paid his seat fare, a tall man, in his manner a gentleman, but characteristically one of the leading lights of "the Hog" family, entered and began conversing with a woman with whom he appeared to be on terms of friendly intercourse. He attempted vainly to get a camp-stool. The New Yorker, whose early precepts taught him that true breeding consisted of a little self-denial, particularly when used for the happiness of another, offered his camp-chair to the Philadelphian—for such the man proved to be—and it was taken without even so much as a "Thank you, sir!" When the conductor collected the checks the Philadelphian generously offered to pay for his seat, but the conductor informed him that the seat had already been paid for, and that its present occupant must either vacate when the man who had paid came along or else indemnify the latter himself. But the Philadelphian, with true hog instinct, did not pay, nor did he even tender his thanks to the man who surrendered it. And yet people, Philadelphians especially, wonder why travelers are not more courteous. That New Yorker was taught a lesson.—*Chicago Times.*

—The yield of the Pennsylvania coal mines last year reached the enormous amount of 30,000,000 tons.

THE DAIRY.

—It is found that one of the most convenient and profitable butter packages