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INTERESTING ITEMS.

Silk is very cheap in England. It is said that the Chinese merchants were so frightened by the French invaders on the one hand, the Celestial tax-gatherers on the other, that they sold all their stock to English buyers for a song.

Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon is so decrepit that recently it had to be shored up with timber. There are no funds for permanently keeping the celebrated buildings from tumbling into the street, but it is not probable that England will let it.

The Empress of Austria, though a grandmother, has a beautiful and lithe figure, and enjoys the reputation of being the first huntress in the world. Her fondness for the horse leads her often into the society of circus-riders, but she evinces much distaste for the fete of her palace.

The spectacle of a thousand shovellers and twenty locomotives working for a month in vain in the endeavor to extract a train from a snow bank in Oregon, suggests that nature, in some parts of the world, is greater than corporations.

Statistics gathered in France during the cholera epidemic of last summer, are said really to show that the disease is less fatal to married men than to bachelors. Theorists account for it by saying that the habits of married men are more regular, and that their food is cooked better.

It costs a great deal to send freight by rail from Liverpool to London, and a Liverpool firm recently saved three shillings a ton by shipping a quantity to New York by the regular steamers, whose rates are very low because of competition, and hence to London by the regular lines, which carry cheap for the same reason.

It was possible during the last fortnight to go from England to Chicago for nine dollars—eight dollars being the price of a steerage passage across the ocean, and one dollar being the emigration fare from New York to Chicago. In the desire to show who could carry cheapest, the steamship and railroad companies had got down to those of course quite unprofitable figures.

Report comes from Japan that the Buddhist priests of Kioto have appointed a committee to go to Europe to study Chaistianity. If the committee report that Christianity is a better religion than Buddhism, the priests declare that they will adopt it. This remarkable step was taken because there were threatenings of serious strife between the followers of the two religions.

In accordance with her dying wish, Miss Anna M. Tewes, of Baltimore, was carried to her grave by eight young lady friends, each of whom held her coffin with one hand, and a lily with the other. They were dressed in white satin, with wreaths of white flowers on their heads, and white flowing veils. The funeral service was conducted by her two brothers, who are Catholic priests.

A celebrated cook recently died in Paris, leaving a fortune of $50,000 to his nephews on conditiion that they should inscribe on his toombstone one of his best cookery recipes, in order, as he said, that persons desirous of useful knowledge might obtain it by visiting a cemetery. The French Epitaph Commission will not permit such an inscription, and the unhappy heirs are likely to lose the money.

One of the favorite schemes of the late Dr Guthrie, of Edinburgh, was the creation of a fund for the erection of a parsonage in every parish of Scotland. Dr. William M. Taylor, of New York, has recently been successfully devoting some of his time and eloquence to the collection of money for providing every missionary of the Congregational Church in the distant west with a home for himself and family.

A Russian who writes of St. Petersburg under the head of "The Czar's Gay Capital" says that the government makes a policy of encouraging frivolity and moral laxity in the hope so to divert the people from the pursuit of schemes of dynamite. A moral revolution is going on in Russia under official sanction, this writer says, but the government fears no revolution that is only moral, and that has no suggestion of dynamite in it.

Two credible persons say that they were witnesses of the fall of an aerolite recently in the province of Quebec. They allege that it had a fiery train ten acres wide, and that it emitted such heat and brilliancy that their eyes were nearly burned out in looking at it. Hundreds of others saw the illumination it afforded. There was a heavy snow-fall next day, and the strange body, if any of it is left, is not likely to be discovered until spring.

The pedestrian in Norway is sure of finding at every ten miles a post-house which will do for shelter, but he experiences a delightful uncertainty in regard to what he is going to eat. The post-houses are farm houses, bound by law to furnish houses, but not bound to supply good entertainment. Accordingly the traveller at one time may fight upon oat cake and fat bacon only, and the next time revel in willow-grouse, bear ham, reindeer steak, and wild strawberries.

It is said that a convict in one of the New York State prisons has made $10,000 by a hat-pressing machine which he invented. Very likely his success is unusual, but many a man has made more money than that by a hat pressing machine which came of nature and which he did not invent. Of the two sorts, however, there is no doubt that the one invented by the New York convict is more profitable than the sort that men ordinarily carry about upon their shoulders is apt to.

A non-smoking London *Times* correspondent with General Wolseley in Egypt finds fault with his faithful camel because the brute loves tobacco. "Let no one," he says, "smoke a pipe, cigar, or cigarette in the stable, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallowing the smoke; then, throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the blood-shot whites, will grant a sigh of ecstacy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene."

Chinese Heads Off.

The ex Governors of Yunnan and Kwang-si have been condemned to be beheaded for allowing the French troops to capture Baninh. These sentences, together with other severe measures, prove that the war party has the upper hand. Military operations will henceforth be carried on by the Chinese with increased energy.

News from Amoy shows that the French are carrying on a vigorous naval warfare there. The occasion of this activity is not explained. The despatches state that the French are destroying and sinking Chinese junks and making prisoners of the crews. The latter are transported to Kelung and there placed in chains.

Gen. Briere de l'Isle has sent a request to the War department for a large quantity of quinine for the use of the French soldiers in Tonquin. According to Gen. de l'Isle, the present French force in Tonquin consumes $1,800 worth of quinine every month.

DIAMONDS AND RUBIES.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

"Very unlikely! but I can try. I'll walk about the streets to-night and see if I can find the policeman who has the beat at that time."

"Walk about the streets all nights? You will never do that, George!"

"Why not? A night out of bed does me no harm. I don't at all consider it necessary to go to bed every night; and, even if I minded it, don't you suppose I'd walk the streets every night for a year if I could clear you of this thing? Why, Floss, how little you know me! You cannot even guess how I love you, if you fancy I would hesitate at any difficult or dangerous task for your sake! What distresses me so much is—I can see nothing to do, it is all dark; we have really very little reason for suspecting Mrs. Riddell. Still, as there are some grounds for doing so, however slight, I shall go to Heatherbloom and insist that Riddell is watched, or else I'll go to the police myself and have a detective put on to watch her. Perhaps that would be the best plan.'

"But Lord Heatherbloom did not want the police to have anything more to do with it."

"That was for your sake, Floss; if you are safe in your innocence, there is no reason to keep the police out of it."

"No," said Floss, "except that people were found guilty before now who were innocent. Everything is against me, as it is, and only you and Mills have any faith in me."

"Still," George added rather uneasily, "the police are trained to their business; they can't be so stupid as to fasten the thing on you when you are innocent?"

"I don't know," said Floss dolefully; "I have heard of such things."

"Well, of course, so has everybody," agreed George.

"And I feel no hope of convincing any one, now that Lord and Lady Heatherbloom believe me guilty. It only shows how completely appearances must be against me."

"Floss," said George, very earnestly, "I don't like to hear you speak in that way. You are innocent; therefore you must and shall be cleared. There is no doubt whatever about it. I mean to do it somehow or other; and when I make up my mind it's not easy to stop me. If you think the police are likely to make a muddle of it—well, I'll do it without them!"

"Oh, George," returned Floss, "how delightful it is to hear you speak! Why it makes me feel quite hopeful!"

"Hopeful? Of course—why not? My dear girl, the battle has'nt begun. I hoped there wasn't to be one, and that you would throw some light on the affair which would clear it up at once. But I see you can't; there is to be a battle, and I'll fight it. Certainly it would be much pleasanter if the enemy were a man and visible, instead of being some nasty, creeping, sly minx that dresses up in other people's clothes. Never mind; I'll fight her!"

"Heaven bless you, George!" said Floss, putting out her hand to him again with a sweet pretty gesture that told of the love in her heart. But George took this little advance of hers in a low-spirited sort of way, the reason for which his words explained.

"It's all very well, Floss," he said, after a minute; "and you look amazingly pretty—really, I don't see how any girl could be more lovely than you are; but it's awfully tantalizing, you know. You are so hopelessly high up there that it drives me to distraction to see you looking so delicious. On the whole, I wish you would'nt!"

Upon this Floss withdrew her head and disappeared altogether from view. For what seemed to her an immense time she paced up and down her room, wondering each moment whether George had gone away; at last, when she felt sure he certainly must have gone she went close to the window again.

"George," she said in a clear whisper, "are you there?"

"Of course I am," was the immediate answer. And I feel quite good now, like the child that's been put in a corner. I should like to see you again very much."

At this Floss very slowly came within his view, and smiled upon him with that rare and wonderful smile which is only possible on the lips of a woman who is in love, and for the man she loves. It had hidden in it a hundred suggestions, a world of sweet fancies, of which Floss herself was not conscious, though they lay within her heart ready to be awakened.

"Great Heaven, Floss," exclaimed George, "they must be mad to doubt you! It seems incredible that Heatherbloom can have harboured a thought against you for a moment. To look at you is a sufficient answer. Now I will give you my programme, dear, so far as it is formed. To-night I shall devote to the streets in the neighbourhood, and to making the acquaintance of the night-policeman, or any one else who may be able to tell me anything. If that fails, to-morrow I mean to have it out with Heatherbloom; the police must be called to the rescue again, and the whole affair gone into thoroughly. It is ridiculous nonsense to shirk inquiries—the truth can bear the light."

"And yet I dread the police," said Floss, with a little shudder; they sometimes make such dreadful mistakes!"

"Never mind, dear; I'm here, remember. I shall come and abstract you through that window, and carry you off bodily out of harm's way, sooner than you suffer anything. So remember that in no case need you have any fear. Floss'—in a coaxing tone—"cut me off one whole, long, glorious tress of your hair—not a little bit one cannot feel, but a real long piece."

"That is too much to ask," answered Floss doubtfully, taking into her hand the mass that had fallen upon her shoulders.

"Too much? Not a bit of it! You will not miss that long tress which I covet; it is mere coquettishness which makes you refuse it me."

"Couquettishness!" murmured Floss. "I did not know that was one of my faults."

She drew back and disappeared. A moment later, she was again at the window, and dropped something to him.

"Now go," she said, "or be very quiet; I hear Mills coming."

George stooped, and found on the stones at his feet a long, long waving piece of hair, cut close to the roots. Floss had given him generous measure. He took it up and drew it across his lips; then he pushed back his sleeve and twisted it like a bracelet round his arm. For some time he stayed listening to the murmur of voices in Floss's room; but presently the window above him was shut, and the curtain drawn over it. He understood this to mean dismissal; so, as silently as possible, he got over the balcony and let himself drop to the ground.

CHAPTER V.

George went back to his rooms, and there fortified himself for walking abroad in the early morning by a late supper. Then, provided with a full cigar-case, he went out again. At half-past three he was once more outside the Heatherbloom mansion. The dawn was coming, and out in the road here it seemed almost daylight. George wondered, as he thought about it, that Riddell spoke of it as just beginning to be light at four. But he saw the next moment that all the light she would have to see by in the corridors would come through the staircase skylight.

He walked up and down, enjoying the air which had now its one touch of freshness in all the twenty-four hours. He passed and repassed the house, and looked again and again at its silent shuttered windows.

What if the door should stealthily open now, even while he watched it, and the sham Floss steal out upon some guilty errand? His blood grew hot in his veins as he thought of it. No; impossible—such a thing would be much too good to be true! He would not so easily get at the root of the mystery.

He lighted a cigar and smoked it out, and still found himself quite alone. The total absence of anything to be done produced a melancoly effect on him; he began to think there was but one way out of the nightmare they were all lost in, to take Floss away. After all, it seemed to him in his present drowsy state by far the most sensible plan. When once Floss had become the Honourable Mrs. Hazel, no one—not even her brother-in-law—would care to remember the diamond robbery. And ten to one some unexpected circumstance would bring the real culprit to light very shortly. In the meantime, it seemed utterly absurd that lovely Floss should spoil her eyes with crying and lose her colour for want of fresh air, and her spirits for want of amusement—and George's society—just because of a ridiculous affair like this!

He had arrived at this conclusion, and quite made up his mind to get a ladder somehow or other and put it against Floss's window the very next night in order to carry her off, when somebody appeared on the scene.

At the further end of the road, looming large in the white morning mist, appeared a figure, very vague at first, but ultimately resolving itself into a man carrying a long wand. The disappearance of the lights all down the street as he approached showed this to be the lamp-extinguisher. It was the first time that it had ever occurred to George that lamps had to be put out as well as lighted. Naturally at this time of the year the gas was extinguished very early in the morning; naturally also, as it suddenly struck George, this identical man must come down this road every morning at this hour. If he were too late to see the diamond-thief steal out of the Heatherbloom mansion, yet he would have been about in time to see her return. George woke up and got out his cigar-case. As the lamp-lighter approached him he was searching all his pockets; he had determined to adopt a very old expedient for opening a conversation. Although his matches were in his accustomed pocket his fingers refused to find them. As the man passed, he asked him for a light; the lamp-lighter brought out his matches, and then George offered him a cigar. This was a very successful step—fortunately for George's purposes. The man lighted the cigar, and paused a few moments to talk; then, as he moved on down the road, George accompanied him. As a rule, the lamp-lighter hurries along with the rapid, inelegant movement of one who walks of necessity and for no pleasure of his own; but, under the soothing influence of an unexpected cigar and George's genial manner, the man slackened his speed and went slowly down the road from lamp to lamp.

"It is very unusual to meet any one here at this time?" George ventured at last.

"I don't see anybody once in a year, sir, at this hour of the morning; now and again I meet a carriage coming home from a party, but never any one on foot."

They were getting down to the end of the road, and the man showed signs of putting on the speed again and leaving his new acquaintance behind, so George determined to make a bold stroke.

"Stop a bit," he said; "I want to speak to you. Have another cigar. I've heard there's a pretty ghost to be seen in this road at daybreak; she wears a long gray cloak. Have you seen her?"

The man looked George all up and down before replying.

"Are you one of the force, sir?"

No, my friend, I am not."

"There was one of them on to me soon after the diamond-robbery at Lord Heatherbloom's; I found him walking up and down smoking, and as civil as could be—just as I found you, sir!"

"Oh, indeed!" said George, a good deal taken aback at finding the detectives had been before him. "And did you tell him anything?"

"If I knew anything, I didn't tell it him, sir," replied the man, in a tone of contempt; "I'm not to be taken in by those officers in plain clothes."

"Well, I am not one of them," said George.

"No, sir; I don't think you are; it seems to me you are a gentleman; but I took you for that at first; and I think that I may be excused, considering that gentlemen are not generally fond of strolling about at this time of day."

"Was it only because the man was an officer you wouldn't tell him what you knew?" asked George. "Was it pure prejudice against the police, or had you anything to tell?"

"Well, I can't say how important it might be, I'm sure, sir; but I have seen that gray ghost; but I wouldn't have told him so for anything."

"And why?"

"Because I wouldn't get her into any worse trouble than she was able to bring on herself."

"Give me your reason for that, my man."

"I will, sir. It was because she is so pretty."

"Gracious Heavens, what a reason!" exclaimed George, trying to throw off an awful chill that these words had sent through him. He took a sovereign from his waist-coat pocket and offered it to the man.

"I am wasting your time," he said. "Take this to make up for it; I want you to tell me more. On my honour, I am not an officer. Instead of that, I am the last man in the world to get a pretty woman into trouble; but I have a very strong reason for wanting to hear about this."

The man eyed the sovereign doubtfully at first; but eventually pocketed it.

"I haven't much to tell, sir," he said.

"Did she wear a long gray silk cloak, down to her feet, with a hood over her head?"

"Yes, sir, that's it!"

"Tell me what she is like."

"I have seen her twice, sir; once before the diamond-robbery too place. I saw her go very quickly down this road, keeping under the wall. It was about half-past four, and I did wonder why a lady should be out at such an hour, for there was no doubt of its being a lady."

"Not a servant—a lady's maid perhaps?"

"No, sir, begging your pardon, I felt sure it was a lady, though I only saw her from behind. She walked very quickly until she met a man who was evidently waiting for her; they turned off then, and I lost sight of them. The next time I saw her, I came face to face with her down at the corner; she was coming back, I suppose, for it was later than usual that I got down here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cook Rules the World.

Mrs. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chicago Training School of Cookery, is performing a valuable service both by her practical teaching and her pen. The stomach she says is one of the most important and one of the most delicate organs in a human being. It is not merely a receptacle for luxuries that have tickled the palate, or for substantials that will sustain life, it is the workshop in which are prepared all the materials essential to the building up of perfect men and women and its needs and demands should be treated with thoughtful consideration. The cultivated stomach appreciates contrasts and harmonies in taste as keenly as does the cultivated eye or ear in color or sound; and it is as much jarred and disarranged by inharmonious tastes as either eye or ear by inharmonious sights or sounds. Food is an important factor in the solution of the problem of human destiny. The manner of men and woman we are depends greatly upon the nature of our diet. Our thoughts and acts are emanations of the things we eat and drink. The food we consume contains the principles of deformity—health or disease, life or death; and has a positive quality for good or evil, in shaping our character, habits and disposition. Personal purity, physical stamina and mental vigor are the perfect products of a rich home life. But to yield such results its formation must be embedded upon both aesthetic and hygienic laws. Neither alone is sufficient They must supplement and aid each other. No department of the home must be considered inferior or subservient to any other department. Each must harmonize with the other, and the kitchen rank with the parlor in neatness and dignity if not in attractiveness and splender.

And if the girls who are to be the future wives and mothers of our country will qualify themselves to conduct and govern in a successful manner, the household over which they are destined to preside, the reign of slovenly, domestic ignorance under which we now groan and suffer, will be superseded by one of orderly intelligence.

Austrian Anarchists.

There is a veritable reign of terror in Vienna in consequence of the rigorous measures which the Austrian Government has deemed necessary to adopt for the repression of anarchism. Hundreds of political spies have lately been added to the police force. Most of these spies are political adventurers, who are without a trace of conscience or principle, and many of whom are themselves familiar with the interior of prisons in Austria, France, and Germany. They are loyal to the Government by which they are employed if they can make more money by betraying a political offender than by blackmailing him. No one is safe from their accusations, and people have became timorous about discussing political affairs even with intimate friends. The Government has determined, if possible, to extirpate Anarchism from the Empire before it has become more deeply rooted. To this end enormous sums of money are being spent on the secret service, and the trials and punishments of accused persons are swift and severe. An alleged Anarchist named Thilman was tried on a charge of circulating pamphlets inciting to assassination and the destruction of public property by dynamite. The trial was conducted with closed doors and without a jury. Within two hours Thilman was tried, convicted of high treason, and sentenced to penal servitude for six years.

Wisdom from Oscar Wilde: "It is quite true that as long as a woman's lower garments are suspended from the hips, a corset is an absolute necessity; the mistake lies in not suspending all apparel from the shoulders. In the latter case a corset becomes useless, the body is left free and unconfined for respiration and motion: there is more health, and consequently more beauty. Indeed, all the most ungainly and uncomfortable articles of dress that fashion in her beauty has ever prescribed, not the light corset merely, but the farthingale, the vertugadin, the hoop, the crinoline, and that modern monstrosity, the so-called 'dress improver,' also, have all of them owed their origin to the same error, the error of not seeing that it is from the shoulders, and from the shoulders only, that all garments should be hung."

HOW MINERS CAN DIE.

Calmly Writing Messages to Loved Ones While Death Creeps Upon Them.

Sixteen years ago there was a terrible colliery explosion in Saxony, by which a large number of miners lost their lives. Of that disaster an old miner in Scranton, Pa., has preserved a most remarkable record in a series of manuscript copies, translated into English, of messages written to their friends by such of the doomed Saxon miners as were not killed outright by the explosion, but were preserved for the no less sure and more terrible death by suffocation as the poisoned gasses slowly destroyed the pure air that remained in the mine. These messages were found in note books and on scraps of paper on the dead bodies of the poor men when they were at last recovered. The manuscript copies of these touching notes were made in Cornwall by a relative of the old miner, and were sent to him shortly after the disaster. They are interesting, outside of their pathos; as answering the frequently asked question: How do men feel when about to die—not after being wasted and weakened by disease, or when the blood is heated by the strife of battle, but when they see inevitable death slowly but certainly approaching them, and know that in exactly so many minutes it will seize upon them? Do they rage and struggle against their fate, or do they meet it with calmness and resignation? These messages show that the poor miners awaited the coming of death with singular calmness and resignation. Not one word in the whole record reveals a feeling of bitterness against the fate they could not avert.

There is a curious pathos in some of the lines scrawled by some of these death-besieged men in the gloom of their narrow prison. A young man, Janetz by name, had pinned to his coat a leaf from a note book. On it were written his last words to his sweetheart: "Darling Rika: My last thought was of thee. Thy name will be the last word my lips shall speak. Farewell."

The miner Reiche, when his body was found, clutched in his hand a scrap of paper. "Dear sister," it read, "Meyer in the village owes me ten thralers. It is yours. I hope my face will not be distorted when they find us. I might have been better to you. Good-by." Reiche, according to the old Scranton miner, who seems to have the histories of all the unfortunate Saxon miners at his tongue's end, was a severe man, and though just to his sister, who was his only relative, gave her no liberties. The thought that he had not done right evidently haunted him in his death hour.

The absence of all selfishness, all repinings on account of themselves, is touchingly apparent in all the messages. "My dear relatives," wrote the miner Schmidt, "while seeing death before me I remember you. Farewell until we meet again in happiness." Lying next to young Janetz, whose message to his sweetheart is quoted above, a miner named Moretz was found. On a paper in his cap was written: "Janetz has just died. Richer is dying and says, 'Tell my family I leave them with God.' Farewell, dear wife. Farewell dear children. May God keep you." The miners who died by suffocation had evidently been driven from one place to another, according to the following, found in the note book of a miner named Bahr: "This is the last place where we have taken refuge. I have given up all hope, because the ventilation has been destroyed in three separate places. May God take myself and relatives, and dear friends who must die with me, as well as our families, under his protection."

"Dear wife," writes Moller, "take good care of Mary. In a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother, till we meet again." Mary was the miner's only child, who was blind.

A miner named Jahne or Jaehn wrote to his brother, who was a miner, but had been unable to work that day: "Thank God for his goodness, brother. You are safe."

"No more toil in darkness," wrote another

The uniform spirit of piety that marked all the messages of the dying men was explained by the custodian of these touching records. He said the miners of Saxony are all reared in a strict religious school, and that on entering the mines they all petition Heaven for protection through the day, and on leaving the mines return thanks to God for guarding them and bringing them safely through the dangers of their toil.

"I never read the simple messages of those poor men without moistened eyes," said the old miner, and his eyes were certainly more than moist as he spoke. "I can picture to myself the scene of the rough-handed but soft-hearted men, spending their last moments not in wild cries for mercy and screams of remorse, nor in repinings against their cruel fate, but in sending these farewell messages to their loved ones, who were even then bewailing them as dead. While my heart bleeds over the picture, I thank God that, humble miners though they were, they showed the world how bravely and nobly they could die.

A Devil Fish One Hundred Feet Long.

Capt. Keene states that, when fishing on the Grand Bank, in latitude 44 degrees north, longitude 50 degrees west (approximately), he found floating at the surface near his vessel one of the large squid, the body of which, measured as accurately as it could be from a dory, was fifty feet long, while the tentacles, all of which were intact and uninjured, were longer than the body, making the entire length more than 100 feet. The tentacles were larger around than the body of a stout man. He cut the squid up and boated aboard three dory-loads, probably about three tons' weight, and he estimates that there was at least one or two more boat-loads which he left to drift away. I had previously heard of fishermen finding pieces of tentacles, etc., which might belong to animals nearly or quite as large as the one above mentioned, but I have never before met with any one who has had the fortune to see entire such a king of molluska. The information which he furnishes seems to be of more than ordinary importance, since it enables us to form more accurate estimates of the maximum growth attained by these great "devil fish."

STRAY JOKES.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it plaze the court, if I am wrong in this I have another point that is equally conclusive."

It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight. So much for the horse. To open a man's eyes you must bleed him in the pocket.

In Florida a great many lemon trees have been budded on orange trees. Growers may deceive the orange trees thus, but cannot long continue to send lemons north as oranges.

New York school-teacher: "Which is the highest mountain in our State?" Boy: 'Sing-Sing?' Teacher: "Why?" Boy: "Father went up a year ago, and hasn't come down yet."

When an Italian jumps up and claims the throne they buy him off for $20 and an ulster coat. This is far cheaper than marching the army all over the country to crush out a rebellion.

"'Ello, Ed, 'ow's this about your brother 'Arry?', asked one Englishman to another. "I 'ear 'Arry 'as a broken 'eart because the 'orse 'e 'as been ridin' is dead." "It's true, Georgy, ivery word of it. The doctor thinks 'e 'as hossification of the 'eart."

"When were the pyramids of Egypt discovered?" asked the teacher. "In the middle ages," replied the scholar at the foot of the class. "What do you mean by the middle ages?" further questioned the pedagogue. "Why, the pyramidal ages, of course."

Stolid Proprietor of German Restaurant (to new waiter): "Dot letter for you, eh? You was der Baron von Schinkelberg?' *New Waiter* (meekly: "Yes, Mein Herr." *Stolid Proprietor:* "Den you wasn't no reckular waiter, eh? Vell, I dake a dollar a week off your vages."

Things one would rather have left unsaid: Scene—A concert for the people. Distinguished amateur (about to make his first appearance in public)—Oh, I do feel so nervous! Sympathetic friend—Oh, there's no occasion to be nervous, my dear fellow. They applaud anything.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

The clerks at Moses Rabbenstein's were making up a box of old clothes to give to a certain poor mission. "I'll put in a coat" said one. "I'll put in a pair of shoes," said another. "I'll put in a pair of pants," said a third. Finally they reached Moses. "What will you put in, Mr. Rabbenstein?" asked the book-keeper. "Vell, poys, dimes ish pooty hart vid me, unt eef cet ish all der same to you, I'll yoost pud in der bill."

There is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's counsel collected his fee, and then said to the vindicated statesman: "Well, get out. You're free." "I'll wait till he goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff. "I don't want him to see me." "Why not?" "'Cause I've got them breeches on."

Spanish Grandees.

The grandees of Spain have the privilege of being covered in their King's presence. The custom is a survival of the manners of the old days, when the sovereign was regarded as the first among equals. "We, your equals, choose you to reign over us," was the ancient formula used by the Spanish nobles at the coronation of their monarch.

Formerly all the grandees wore their hats when standing before the King, but the caste spirit crept in and divided them into three classes, distinguished by the hat etiquette. The first class entered the royal presence with their hats on. The second class went in uncovered, and after advancing a few steps, put their hats on, unbidden by the King. The third class also entered uncovered, but did not put their hats on until the King asked them to be covered. Then they were all equal.

The Cortes made the Duke of Wellington a grandee of Spain, and gave him an an estate as a token of gratitude for his services in releasing the nation from the French yoke. When Ferdinand VII, after the expulsion of the French, returned to Madrid, he showed himself, on one occasion, to the people from the balcony of the palace. The King's suite and Wellington remained in the room behind but the people called for the Duke, and he came forward bareheaded.

"Put on your hat!" said the King.

The Duke, however, influenced by the English custom, hesitated to stand covered in the face of the people.

"You are a grandee of the first class," whispered the King's suite, "and ought not to be uncovered." Then the Duke put on his hat.

All classes in Spain are noted for the punctiliousness with which they heed the slightest demand of etiquette. The beggar may be importunate, but he entreats as courteously as if he were a grandee. He must be dismissed as an equal, and not as an inferior.

"In the name of God, brother, desist! I have nothing for you," is the formula that secures his silence.

At the Spanish court the etiquette is so exacting as to be absurd. Yet it is obliged to retire before the assertive equality of Spanish grandees.

At the first court held by Ferdinand, after his return, the grandees assembled in an ante-room and waited to be admitted to the royal presence. When the door of the presence-chamber was opened, the Duke of Wellington was allowed to go in first, and the Duke of Alajen, as captain of the Guards, next. When these two had entered, the others rushed in pell-mell, and in the scuffle grandees of ten centuries became mixed with grandees of two years' creation.

"Gentlemen, place yourself in order!" cried the others.

They were silenced by the general response, "There is no order here! We are all equals!"

The very confusion was a part of their dignity, for it allowed of no distinction between equals.

MEDICAL NOTES.

To cure a bunion apply, when retiring, a poultice of tobacco, as recommended by Gen. Clingman. A single night's application will cure all ordinary cases.

What is known as flaxseed lemonade is made as follows: Whole flaxseed, one ounce; water, boiling, one quart; juice of two lemons; sugar to sweeten. Pour the boiling water on the flaxseed, in suitable vessel, let it steep three hours, pour off the clear liquid, add the lemon juice, and sweeten to taste. Ice it for drinking. Good for colds.

Dr. Ralph Richardson writes that any one may be cured of stammering by simply making an audible note in expiration before each word. Stammerers can sing as easily as other persons. Jacky Broster, of Chester, who made a large fortune by curing stammering, simply made his pupils say her before each word beginning with a consonant.

Dr. Fitzpatrick says he never saw a single instance in which the stye continued to develop after the following treatment had been used: The lid should be held apart by the thumb and index finger, while the tinct. of iodine is painted over the inflamed papillar. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact until the part touched is dry. A few such applications in the twenty-four hours are sufficient.

Dr. Thomas Keefe states that he has employed jaborandi with entire success in quite a number of cases of congestive chills. His modus operandi is to inject subcutaneously about 26 drops of the fluid extract of jaborandi, which is to be repeated in twenty minutes, if necessary, (which is seldom the case). In about fifteen minutes profuse perspiration sets in, the chill is broken, and the patient rapidly recovers.

Finely-ground French charcoal is one of the best curatives for the complexion, and is also of benefit to the dyspeptic. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and purifies the breath. A teaspoonful well mixed with water, milk, or wine should be taken for three successive nights, followed by a simple purgative, to remove it from the system. The aperient must not be omitted, or the charcoal will remain in the system a mass of festering poison, with all the impurities it absorbs.

When once a waterproof is put on to defend the body from wet, it should on no account be taken off until the wearer has not only taken shelter, but is in a position to change his clothes. What a covering of oiled silk does for a wet rag in surgery—namely, convert it into a poultice—the waterproof does for the clothes of the wearer. The insensible perspiration which finds a means of escape through ordinary clothing is kept in by the waterproof, and the clothing is saturated with moisture. A very few minutes will suffice to render the clothes "damp" under a waterproof, particularly if the wearer perspires freely or the weather is what is called "muggy" as well as wet. When, therefore, the wearer of a waterproof takes off that article of clothing because it has ceased to rain, he is in the position of a person who has damp clothes on, and, if he sits in the saddle, or walks home, or rides in an open trap, he is more likely to take cold than if he had not used the waterproof at all. If, therefore, a waterproof is once put on, it should on no account be removed until the clothes can be changed or dried by a fire without reduction of bodily temperature.

Coaches in the Days of George IV.

Hackney coaches were always drawn by a pair of horses, for the most part miserable looking creatures, which it would have been cruelty to urge to any speed, though I fancy they were capable of keeping up their jog-trot for a considerable time. The drivers were usually elderly men, attired in stone-colored great-coats with many capes. I also just remember two or three sedan chairs waiting for hire near the old squares at the west end of the town; but they were worn and shabby, though with likenesses enough of their better selves to recall Hogarth's pictures to mind. There were stage coaches from certain central points to the suburbs running several times a day, but seldom starting on their last journey later than half past eight o'clock, p m. Small chance was there of procuring a place in the "last coach" from any suburban district without the preliminary ceremony of booking it. There was always, however, and at all hours of the day, one hope—though often a forlorn one—for the tired wayfarer, and this was a "return chaise." The phrase, familiar enough fifty or sixty years ago, has no meaning now; but when railways were not, and the wealthier class travelled chiefly by aid of post-horses, the empty post-chaise, on its return journey, was often to be seen on the highroad. The postilion, be sure, always kept his eyes open to catch any sign from a pedestrian going the same way, for it was a common thing for the roomy yellow chariot to halt and a little bargain to be struck, in accordance with which the pedestrian obtained a "lift."

A Scotch Joke.

One evening, in the principal gold-mining camp in the Transvaal, nine or ten years ago, a man, partially intoxicated and supposed to be actuated by jealousy, attempted suicide. He first took morphia; but this not proving strong enough, he tried to hang himself, but was prevented, and handed over to the Sheriff, to be kept in safe custody for the night, and to be tried before the Acting Gold Commissioner (a shrewd and solemn Scot) the next morning. As there was no law to have prevented him from committing suicide if he thought fit, but it being desirable to punish him in some way, it was decided to bring a charge of drunkeness and disorderly conduct against him. To this the prisoner pleaded guilty; whereupon the Acting Gold Commissioner, without the ghost of a smile, delivered the following extraordinary judgement: "Mr. ——, I shall fine ye twa pounds for your drunkenness; but I'll just gie ye to understand that I ken vera weel what ye attempted to dae, and, had ye succeeded in your attempt, your poonishment would have been vera much more severe than it is!"

The Widow Thumb Talks of Getting Married.

Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb is to be married within three months to one of the Magri brothers, who is known as Count Rosebud. Said Mrs. Stratton: "It will be strictly private, which will be a great novelty to me, for I have lived with the public all my life. After we are married we shall take a European tour lasting six months. I had intended going to Europe alone this season, with only my maid to accompany me, but I have changed my mind and taken other company. I suppose all the people will wonder at my getting married again, but I have as much right as any one. Don't you think so?