Plaint of the Crocodile.

A crocodile sat by the river Nile
As grumpy as grumpy could be;
While he picked his teeth with a common file
He poured out his trouble to me:

Oh why, oh why, can't the tourists bold
Let a poor reptile be;
But keep egging away with long-range guns
At an innocent chap like me;

That never harmed a living man,
Who could quickly get away,
And is a moral example, when forced to be,
Throughout the livelong day;

Who asks nothing but peace and rest,
And a dark brown baby or two—
I find them easier to digest
Than missionary, don't you?

For the kind they send us to Egypt here
Are skinny and dry and thin;
More bones than meat, like a desert steer,
And tough and dry is their skin.

They send them 'round by the China seas,
And season them there for awhile;
So that the sun bakes out of 'em all the grease
Before they get to the Nile.

And this is why I weep bitter tears,
And weep them morning and night;
For I frankly confess I have my fears
That we are not being treated quite right

By the foreign missions in distant lands,
Who supply this prog to us,
They might send them fresh, at first hands,
Then I wouldn't raise such a fuss.

Such was the plaint of the crocodile,
Just as he made it unto me,
While he sat by the banks of the river Nile,
And I prudently stayed in a tree.

—*Pittsburg Times.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

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 folly 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."

Queen Victoria.

A good woman, with a strong natural sense of her own claims, greatly increased by the authority of her position; a sovereign whose hold upon her people is founded mainly upon her domestic virtues; a widow who has lived as much for a memory as for her subjects—these are the simple facts of the Queen's character and conduct. A future generation will critize more freely, and may possibly add something on the side of praise. It may be that the virtues of the Queen should be in some way different to those of a private individual; it may be that one who has a great nation entrusted to her care, who has many children, and consequently many calls to private as well as public duty, should have put more force upon herself to live in public, even when to live in public was to her most oppressive. It may be that the duties of a Queen are not such as can be delegated even to the most popular of princes; it may be that English society would have been different if it had an active Queen at the head of its court.—*London Spectator.*

How to Drive Your Husband From Home.

Henpeck him. Snarl at him. Find fault with him. Keep an untidy house. Humor him half to death. Boss him out of his boots. Always have the last word. Be extra cross on washing day. Quarrel with him over trifles. Never have meals ready in time. Run bills without his knowledge. Vow vengeance on all his relations. Let him sew the buttons on his shirts. Pay no attention to household expenses. Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him as plainly as possible that you married him for a living. Raise a row if he dares to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend. Provide any sort of pick-up meals for him when you do not expect strangers. Get everything the woman next door gets, whether you can afford it or not. Tell him the children mherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family. Let it out sometimes when you are vexed that you wished you had married some other fellow that you used to go with. Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is well enough for spoony lovers, but that for married folks it is very silly.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Care of the Hair.

Take a piece of gum camphor as large as a chestnut and place in one pint of alcohol. This camphorizes the alcohol. The mixture may be perfumed to suit the taste. Wet the scalp with this daily. It will stimulate the scalp, promote the growth of the hair, and in many instances prevent it from falling off. German women are noted for their luxuriant hair. Once in every two weeks they wash the head thoroughly with a quart of soft water, in which a handful of bran and a little white soap had been dissolved, then the yolk of an egg, slightly beaten, is rubbed into the roots of the hair. This is allowed to remain a few minutes, and then the hair is washed and rinsed carefully in soft water. It is then wiped and dried thoroughly, combed from the forehead and parted with the fingers. After drying, apply a little pomatum, made of beef marrow boiled in a small quantity of olive oil and slightly perfumed. Do this near the fire in winter, or in a very warm room. Almost all curling fluids are mere impositions; but with a weak solution of isinglass a firm and lasting form may be given to the hair. This solution is inoffensive. The hair should be well brushed every day to keep it in perfect condition. Always use the best brushes. They are the cheapest in the end. Use the brush very rapidly and for about five minutes. A celebrated beauty said the hair should receive 100 strokes a day and they should be applied in three minutes time. A good and the safest wash for the teeth is pure soft water and the finest quality of castile soap. Apply with a moderately stiff brush morning and evening. The above recipes are worthy of a trial, especially for those who desire beautiful hair.

The Cautious Women.

"All women are alike in their fear of the cars," said an Illinois Central conductor. "They carry their caution to absurd extremes. That reminds me of a little story. Down in the southern part of the State we have up at road crossings some of the old-fashioned signs, 'Look out for the cars when the bell rings.' At one of the crossings the other day two women came up, driving an old horse hitched to a buggy. They looked about and couldn't see any cars, but happened to read the sign. 'Stop,' said one, 'I hear a bell.' They both listened and sure enough they heard a bell tinkling. One of the women got out, and amid considerable excitement took hold of the horse's bridle. The other one tightened her grip on the lines, set her jaws, and prepared for the worst. They looked anxiously up the track for the train, but still couldn't see it, though they could hear it a little plainer than before. They waited and waited. Five minutes passed, then ten, and still no train. The old horse went to sleep, while the women's nerves, from long straining, threatened to throw them into hysterics. Nearer and nearer came the bell against which the sign warned them, and so they stood still. In about a quarter of an hour an old brindle cow came walking down the pasture by the side of the track, chewing her cud and monotonously ringing her bell. One of the women cried from nervousness and the other one got mad at the railroad company, and said they were nothing but mean, old monopolies, anyway."

English Cooking the Best.

After a long experience of the cuisine Francaise and of American cooking and of English cooking, I have arrived at the conclusion that the last-named is the most succulent, substantial and health-bestowing of any other in the world. English chops, steaks, kidneys, baked potatoes, roast beef, boiled salmon, plum pudding and Cheshire cheese are exactly the groundwork required by man—at least Saxon man—to form the physical basis of his corporeal existence. French dishes tickle the palate, but they do not lay healthy flesh on the bones, calm the nerves and make pure blood. These desiderata are attained by a steady course of British feeding. In proof of what to say one has only to take a walk at and hour of the day in Hyde Park and watch the promenaders there. As specimens of the human animal, the varied nationalities whose aristocracy one meets in the verdant lanes and smooth esplanades of that beauteous greenery all yield the palm to John Bull and his womankind, with their bright eyes, rosy cheeks and splendid physical developments. Moral of all this: Eat plenty of roast beef and juicy steak, boiled mutton, plain boiled potatoes, bread a day old and simple suet puddings. Avoid hashes (whose nourishing qualities have all departed in re cooking), lobster salads, meals of the innutritious oyster alone, hot rolls, newly-baked bread, rich pastry, candy and watery soups. In America we have no national cuisine, but the choice of all the cuisines of the world is at hand, and therefore there is no reason why a perfectly healthy diet should not be selected by every individual.—*Olive Logan.*

Her Playfellows.

Heredity and experience have made birds and animals fear men as their enemy. But there are persons who are able to overcome the timidity of some wild animals. The New York *Evangelist* tells a story associated with one who had this power: In front of the telegraph office at Stockbridge, Mass., there is a large elm tree, which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office comes a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the great tree, and at the same time making a whirring noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirrels come out of the tree, and, running down the trunk, they take the nuts she had in her hand for them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them. "Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet." After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the topmost boughs where the "wild one" sat, looking so very wistfully. The little girl kept knocking with the nut and whirring like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from its high tower, halting and debating every now and then as it came nearer and nearer to the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut and was off to a place of safety again! The little girl told us they were going to put a squirrel-house in the tree, and try to keep them there all winter.

The Good Doctor's Prescription.

"It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a rest."

"That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post."

"If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, couldn't you?"

"Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop all my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you say, a matter of life and death?"

"Easy enough. Stop advertising."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Stopping a Bullet With His Teeth.

John Keefe, age 22, of Brooklyn, went into a bar-room and demanded drinks. A row followed in which a shot was fired at Keefe. It entered his mouth and glancing off his teeth lodged in the jaw. Keefe ran out into the street and with an associate named Rorke proceeded to the Long Island College Hospital. He said he met with an accident while carelessly handling a revolver. The bullet was taken out of his mouth and he went away.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Do not all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

Elizabeth is a girl about 8 years old. When asked how far she had gone in her geography lessons, the little woman said: "We are in the Alps now. And what do you think? The girls there wear short red skirts and a sort of green jacket laced in front and behind, with puffed sleeves. I don't remember what kind of stockings they wear, but I think they are blue." "Well," exclaimed the almost paralyzed parent, "but where are the Alps, child?" "I don't know," was the artless response; "it doesn't say anything about that."

FREE DINNERS.

A Necessary Consequence of Compulsory Education.

Speaking of the lamentation over the free dinners given to school children, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Take the case of parents who have sons on the foundation of Eton or Winchester; is it seriously maintained that these young gentlemen are demoralized in the dining hall but not in the schoolroom? that there is something pauperizing to themselves or their parents in the free dinners, but nothing in the free schooling? The contention is simply absurd; and the reason of its absurdity, which is simple enough, goes to the root of the whole matter. Common meals are part and parcel of the educational machinery at a public school, and in the case of foundation scholars are given as freely as the Latin and the Greek, for the simple and excellent reason that the Latin and Greek could never be digested without the assistance of bread and butter. And this is exactly what people are at last beginning to realize in the case of elementary education. Overpressure, it has been discovered, is simply underfeeding. How absurd, say the obscurantists, to cram children's heads and leave their stomachs empty! Not only how absurd, add the members of all the parties and all the churches who have tender hearts and open eyes, but how detestably cruel; and what is more, every year that your compulsory clause taps a lower stratum, your cruelty will become worse. Quite so. Either we must frankly abandon compulsion for the poorest class of children, or we must frankly adopt all that compulsion necessarily implies.

Mexican Oddities.

W. E. Curtis writes as follows from the city of Mexico: The first odd thing that strikes a visitor to Mexico is that every block has a different name. They do not take the streets entire, but each block is numbered and named by itself; and it is often the case that there are different blocks of the same name in different parts of the city, when the practice is to call them San Francisco No. 1, San Francisco No. 2, and so on. This bewilders the stranger more than one can imagine. I had a friend who lived at No. 12 San Francisco street. I went to four streets on four blocks of that name before I found him at San Francisco Puente or bridge. The names of the streets here strike the stranger with a sort of awe, too, for they were christened in the days of religious fanaticism. Think of living on Jesus street! Imagine yourself telling a hackman to drive to No. 4 Blood of Christ street, or ordering a baggageman to take your trunk to No. 6 Holy Ghost street! It does not sound so much like blasphemy to speak these names or hear them spoken in Spanish; but even then to be told that one lives over a saloon on the Street of the Love of God, Calle Amor de Dios, makes a reverent soul shudder a little. Here are some of the other peculiar names: Crown of Thorns street, Fifth of May street, the Mexican 4th of July, Body of Christ street (Calle de Corpus Christi), Mother of Sorrows street, Street of the Sacred Heart, the Heart of Jesus street, Jesus street (Calle de Jesus), John the Baptist street, Street of Illustrious Men, Street of Refuge, All Souls' street.

STREET CAR PECULIARITIES.

When one gets accustomed to it, there is no difficulty in finding his way around, particularly as the street cars go almost everywhere and hack hire is very cheap. The street cars are run in trains in Mexico. Instead of leaving the terminus one car each ten minutes, three cars are sent together every half hour. This is not a measure of economy, for each car has two mules attached, and, although they are never more than a half a block apart, there are always two conductors beside the driver. One conductor takes the money and gives you a ticket, and the other comes around, punches it in the presence of the passenger, and then puts it in his pocket. They are supposed to be a check upon each other. The street-car drivers always carry with them a horn, and blow it as they approach a street crossing, so that there is a perpetual tooting going on. The conductors usually carry revolvers, I don't know why, except that it is the fashion, for a Mexican would as soon go out of doors without his hat as without his revolver. He doesn't feel dressed. You see revolvers at the opera, at the Cathedrals, and when a Mexican calls on you there is usually a glistening piece of nickel-plated steel sticking out from under his coat tail. At the circus the other night every man but one on the row in front of me had a revolver in his belt.

OTHER ODD FACTS.

When you hire a servant in Mexico it is expected that his or her entire family will live with you. The husband of your cook may be a shoemaker, or a hackman, or a saloon keeper, but when his day's duty is done he goes to the house where his wife is living, sleeps there and takes his meals at your table; and the same rule applies to children. You may hire a chamber maid and board her husband and eleven children. There is no alternative; no evasion of the customs of the country. This system is not so expensive as it seems however, for a whole family will sleep in a single room; and they don't need much but corn bread and beans to eat. The peons, as all Mexican Indians are called, make excellent servants. They are respectful, obedient, perfectly honest, neat, and obey instructions implicitly. Like the Chinese, they learn by imitation, and seldom need more than one lesson, doing the same thing over and over in the same way until they are told to stop. The Mexican stage coach always has two drivers—one to hold the reins, and the other to do the whipping. The latter carries a bag of stones to throw at the leaders. The postal system is very primitive. After the arrival of every mail a clerk writes the names of those persons for whom there are letters on a big sheet, which is posted up outside the delivery window. It saves the postmaster from answering questions.

A celebrated cook died recently in Paris, leaving a fortune of $50,000 to his two nephews on condition that they should inscribe on his tombstone 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.

THE BOSS BOY OF THE SCHOOL

The Inconvenience he Experienced from the "Batten" on the Barn.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy of your school who did the heavy falling through the ice and was always about ready to break his neck, but managed to live through it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar-bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the Board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The Board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once, and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which is now three inches longer than the other; together with various other little early eccentricities which I cannot at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about 2 o'clock p.m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains? They generally get here before 2 o'clock."

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts one hundred, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so-and-so, and touch the goal before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted five or six hundred, and worked hard to gather in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew he almost hated me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth ballot, I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day, as he was away from home, and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow, the vest was too large, and when I slid down that loose board ran up between the vest and my person, in such a way as to suspend me about 18 feet from the ground, in a prominent but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it yet quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Bill Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathise with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C Bang would come around the corner and say: "Oh, I see ye. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see you up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down and lick James, but it was no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor, who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long legged boy that wasn't worth six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet President of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe, and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)—*Bill Nye.*

Cows Must Have a Language.

A suburban correspondent sends the following amusing instance of intelligence in cows to a London paper: "The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks the thought struck me that they must be in want of water. No sooner had this occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which the poor animals sucked up with the greatest eagerness. The pair then sauntered away to a field near at hand. In about half an hour or so we were surprised to see our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows. The water tap was again called into requisition, and the new comers were in like manner helped liberally. Then with gratified 'boo-oos'—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly walked off to their pasturage. It was quite clear to us that the two first callers, gratified at their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossippers and dairy companions, and informed them—how I cannot say, can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the very pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage."

A Cincinnati man was using chloride of potash lozenges for a throat affection, and had taken two of them from a box and placed them in his pantaloons pocket. He stooped down to button his shoe when the friction caused the substance to ignite. In the space of about two seconds a hole about a half foot square had burned in his pantaloons and a part of his flesh was almost baked.

David Davis says that his worst friend is a woman whose poetry he once laughed at. That was 28 years ago, but she still hates him.

Among the best hop poles in England are those made from the sweet chestnut, the wood of which is more durable when young than when old, the sap or outlet wood soon changing into heart wood. Insects never touch its leaves.

HIS HEART ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

Strange Malformation Discovered in a Youth 18 Years Old.

A remarkable case of physical malformation, that must prove very interesting to physicians and physiologists, is attracting attention in the town of Lake, near Chicago. The phenomenon is a man whose heart is located in the right side of his chest. The person is George Edwards, 18 years old, who lives with his parents at No. 711 Forty-sixth street, near Wallace. The fact of his heart being on the right side of his body has been known to his attending physician for seven weeks, but it has been carefully kept from the public until now. Young Edwards is an invalid, suffering from pulmonary consumption.

A SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE.

Dr. Chavett, who is attending him, was asked for some details of the queer case. He said: "It is, indeed, a very singular freak of nature. I have been in practice thirty-two years, and though a few isolated cases of this kind are mentioned in the books I never saw such a case before. When I took the patient to treat him for consumption I stripped his chest to examine his lungs. In a moment I discovered with the naked eye heart throbbings on the right side, instead of the left. Placing a stethoscope on the spot I distinctly heard and felt his heart beats. They were as regular and natural as those of any other person's heart. There was no pulsation at the other side of the chest. His pulse was at seventy-five, which I regarded as a normal action. The action of the heart did not seem to interfere in the least with the action of the lungs, but he was suffering with pulmonary disease, resulting from catarrh. No one but himself seems to have ever known where his heart was located; nor did he appear to realize that he was essentially different physically from other persons."

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Dr. Pierpont was also called upon for a statement of the case. He said: "Yes, it is as you have been informed. The boy's heart is located in the right side of the chest. I think the centre of that organ is an inch and a half to two inches to the right of the sternum. I was loth to believe it. When Dr. Chavett told me about it I thought it probably a case of aneurism, which sometimes produces enlargement of an artery and a pulsation therein which appears like heart beat. But an examination with an instrument satisfied me that the heart was indeed located as Dr. Chavett had told me."

Remarkable Old Age.

I have sometimes seen in the daily papers some remarkable ages culled from the obituaries, and I have also seen published some very remarkable ages of one family, such as that given by a Mr. Stockdale, dated "The Grove, Bolton, Dec 15th, 1883," where the average age of five sons then living was 84; but I do not think that any of these comes up to the extraordinary fact of twelve children of the same father and mother living so long that their average age should be 81. The details of the fact are subjoined. John Boys, formerly of Betshanger, in Kent, married Mary Harvey in the year 1774; their issue—Mary died at the age of 88; John, born and died in 1777; William, 79; Frances, 89; John, (second) 79; Richard, 83; Edward, 81; Henry, from an accident, 59, Catharine, 78; Ann Maude, 85; Robert, 81; James, 89; Emily, 81; total, 972; making an average of 81 years. Their father died at the age of 75, and the mother at the age of 94. A somewhat remarkable coincidence is this, that the husbands of the above mentioned ladies and the wives of the gentlemen lived to great ages, for instance, Mary's husband lived to the age of 70; (Frances unmarried); the husband of Catharine, 79; of Ann Maude, 66; of Emily, 55; nothing very remarkable, it will be said, in these ages; but the wife of William lived to be 79; of John, 84; of Richard, 81; of Edward, 80; of Henry, 84; of Robert, 78; of James, 89. The twelve children were all alive in 1857, when their average age was 69. The interval between the decease of the first John and of the last James was 104 years. Surely the above is worthy of being included in the category of remarkable longevities.—*London Morning Post.*

They Started a "Daily."

"Did you ever start a daily paper. No. Well, you ought to try it. Falling down stairs with a stove on top of you is nothing to be compared to it in point of excitement. The name of the paper was the *Review*, and it was started to fill a long-felt want. Jerry Cochrane was my partner. There were several very comforting things on that paper. For instance, Jerry and I always knew on Monday that we would not have enough money to pay the hands off on Saturday, and we never did. The hands knew it, too, so they were never shocked by disappointment. We ran that way for a while, getting more deeply in debt all the time. At last one morning I entered the office and found Jerry looking rather solemn. 'Jerry,' said I, 'don't you want a partner.' 'Yes, we need a new one,' he rejoined. 'A business man,' said I. 'One with executive ability,' said he. 'A financier,' I observed. 'A man who can take holt of things and turn them into money,' he concluded. 'Then I have got the man you want,' said I, and I introduced Frank Hitchcock, the sheriff. Jerry said Frank was the man he had been thinking of, so we installed him at once. Sir, he proved to be all we anticipated, and he ran the paper with the greatest success until he had turned it entirely into money. When we wound up the concern there was nothing left but two passes—one to Cincinnati and one to Burlington. We divided them and went in different directions.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

The legal profession in the State of New York has increased in the last seven years at the rate of 17 per cent., whereas the medical has increased at the rate of 3. The statement is curious, and appears to be accurate. The point of interest does not lie in the comparison of the two professions, but in the fact that the numbers of the lawyers are out of all proportion to the growth of the population. We doubt, however, if they vary much from the proportionate increase of wealth.

Rents in Winnipeg have fallen 50 per cent. in eighteen months. Whole terraces are for rent there.