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BLOWN IN THE AIR.

Ten Men Fatally Mutilated by a Gunpowder Explosion.

A last (Friday) night's Morristown (N.J.) despatch says: A terrible explosion took place this morning at the Atlantic Giant Powder Works, situated between McCainsville and Drakesville, N.J., resulting in the loss of ten lives and the injury of ten or twelve people. The explosion took place in the mixing house, cause unknown. The loss is not known, but will be very heavy. The concussion was felt distinctly for 20 miles around, and the glass in houses five miles away was shattered. The works were scattered over 300 or 400 acres of ground. There are between 30 and 40 buildings on the premises, and the company employ about 100 men. In the vapor or mixing house, where it is said the explosion occurred, about 15 men were employed. This is probably one of the most extensive manufactories of its kind in the country. The killed were George Ammerman, married; George Hawhill, married; J. H. Smith, single; George King, single; Henry Laubeck, single; Conrad Laubeck, single; Charles Jackson, single; Charles Milburn, married; S. Theodore Bryan, married; Joseph Kinner, married. J. P. Lumsted, chemist, and two others with him miraculously escaped uninjured. The men were preparing to mix for the day's work, and were all in the mixing house. Ten of them were blown to atoms, so that no distinguishable remnant of their bodies has yet been found. The population of Kenville is in a terrible state of excitement, as the victims of the disaster all resided in the neighborhood, and many families are suddenly bereaved.

THE BOSTON MILK CURE.

Back to Garden of Eden Times—Living on Fruits and Milk.

(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

Most hygienic crazes start in Boston, but New York very soon thereafter takes them regularly, and, if you will pardon my using slang, has them bad. Wherever you go in New York city now, at least in certain circles, you hear, in one shape or another, something about either the milk, mind or faith cure.

Western people do not question their insides as the Atlantic coast inhabitants do. They simply go on from year to year eating the hot biscuit and coffee, and the solid ham and roast chicken that are set before them, and propound no inquiries. But the inhabitants of the east are always trying some new way in diet and living. Last year it was the nonsensical lean beef and hot water cure they went off their heads about. This year it is the milk diet they are trying.

There are far more sense and reason in the milk cure than there were in the raw beef and hot water. I have seen some ladies who have tried

THE LACTEAL DIET

for several months. One young woman had been a grievous dyspeptic and nervous invalid for some years. She put herself on the milk diet, and has lived on it ever since. She was pointed out to me one day as an example of the efficacy of the cure. I must say she had a complexion like the rose and lily, and her eyes were as soft and bright as a child's. She was neither fat nor lean, but just plump enough. She pursues the same line of eating now from choice, declaring that the smell of the daintiest of viands, yea, even of sugar-cured smoked ham broiling, has not the slightest temptation for her. If every woman could be as pretty as she was, one must say it would pay the whole sex to try the milk cure. It will not do, they say, to go on drinking quantities of milk along with other heavy foods—meats for instance. That will make matters worse. Milk is a very strong diet. It combines in itself all the elements of animal food required by the system. Its use in this way is nothing new particularly. There is an eminent Cincinnati physician who has

PRESCRIBED IT FOR YEARS.

For instance, a citizen comes to him who is prominent, both physically and socially. The citizen is dying of dyspepsia, headache, pain in the side, despondency, and heaven knows what. Does he smoke? asked the doctor. He does; but not more than ten cigars a day. Does he drink beer and whiskey? A little. He has to take a cocktail in the morning before he can limber out at all. Then at the luncheon time he drinks a couple of glasses of beer with a little cheese and bologna sausage and a ham sandwich. At night? Well, at night, of course he takes a bit of whiskey toddy, same as every man, just before he goes to bed; but that isn't much.

Then the doctor says some words. He is a member in good standing of the church, but it would make your hair stand on end if I should tell you some of those words that have been reported.

"I put you on milk and lime water," says the doctor, "not a drop of anything else, mind."

"Oh, Lord, doctor," groans the patient, "I never can live on that. I'll die."

Report has it that this eminent Cincinnati physician is apt to answer:

"Die then. Better die than keep on living like a hog."

There is a doctor who has opened a milk cure home in a New York suburb. Where patients are much reduced he puts them at once in bed, and gives them

SIX QUARTS OF MILK A DAY.

They lie quite still, and sip it slowly every half hour through the day. The first few days, I believe, they take nothing at all but the milk. It must be fresh, pure and rich. After a time they may have a little ripe fresh fruit with the milk.

As the patient gains strength she is allowed to leave her bed, and the quantity of milk is gradually diminished, till at length she is not required to take more than two quarts a day. If she does not care for it she need not drink more than one, but she must not go back to the mixed diet until she is cured.

The time required for a cure is sometimes two years. The patient may have as much fruit as she likes. Strange to say, too, this odd doctor allows his patients to eat candy. They may do that in order to get the sugar required by the internal economy.

The theory of the milk cure is that it enriches the blood, and makes the person over new. Under this pure, simple, red blood-making diet the flabby flesh becomes firm and hard; wens, warts and liver-splotches disappear, and the skin becomes soft, fair and elastic, like an infant's. The fretful nerves become soothed and rested, and coated once more with a soft, strong tissue. The one using the milk diet will become

NOT ONLY HEALTHY, BUT BEAUTIFUL.

That is what they say. The doctor who is at the head of this particular craze declares he has lived on the milk diet for twenty years, and he is said to have the flesh and complexion of an infant.

One thing, this diet is easy enough for anybody to try at home. The theory on which the cure is based is that milk contains in itself all the constituents necessary to sustain life and health. Man has gone a long ways out of his way, then to invent all the dishes embraced in the civilized cuisine.

It is not at all necessary to stop one's daily work to go on the milk diet, or to change one's life. Simply, instead of the food, go to drinking new milk, not taking enough at one time to distend the stomach, but repeating the dose often. No tea, coffee, alcohol or tobacco allowed; nothing but milk, fruit and a little sweets, and perhaps bread. A quart of milk will be more than enough for a meal. A half-hour or more should be occupied in consuming it. The milk people say it satisfies their hunger perfectly, and they don't care for anything else.

Think of what an amount of frying, broiling, roasting, cooking and grease would be done away with if the world adopted this diet! Half the difficulties of living would be swept away.

Emperor William's Tipple.

I learn that the Curhaus at Ems has been engaged for the German Emperor for four weeks. The Emperor now drinks a large glass of the finest imperial Tokay every day after dinner, this wine having been recommended to him as an excellent tonic. The Emperor of Austria has sent him a present of several dozens from the imperial cellars. There is some splendid Tokay in the cellars at Windsor, which has been lying there for some thirty years, and it was the finest wine that could be bought when it was imported by the Queen. This Tokay was purchased for Prince Albert, who was very fond of it, and drank it always as a dessert wine.—*London Truth.*

He Was Practising!

Mrs. Fizzletop has been making an earnest effort to have her son Johnny taught to play the piano. A few days ago Mrs. Fizzletop called upstairs: "Why ain't you practising your piece, Johnny?" "I am." "You are not. You haven't touched the piano in the last hour." "I've been practising, all the same. There are pauses in this march, and I am practising them over and over until I know them perfect."—*Texas Siftings.*

Probably the youngest State Superintendent of Public Instruction is Oscar H. Cooper, of Texas. He is 23 years old, and a graduate of Yale. He will have partial control of an immense school fund.

OUT TO SEA.

A Young Woman Adrift in an Open Boat.

CARRIED across THE ATLANTIC

(British Press and Jersey Times, June 11th.)

Miss Louisa Journeaux arrived at Liverpool this afternoon in the Allan steamer Siberian, in charge of the Rev. E. Weary. The young lady is in excellent health and spirits and has suffered no ill-effects from her perilous adventure. With the exception of the first four days the Siberian was among the ice the voyage was a very pleasant one.

Miss Journeaux gives the following account of her adventure: "On Sunday, 18th April, at 8.15 p.m., after church, I left Victoria Pier, Jersey, with my cousin, Julia Wiltshire, Jules Farne and another young man, for a row as far as the end of the pier, about a quarter of a mile off. The moon was bright and the water smooth and we expected to be back almost directly. When we reached the pier-head I wished Jules Farne, who was my sole companion, the other having taken a separate boat, to turn back, but he said, 'Oh, no, we'll go on a little further,' and kept going on rowing until he had got past Elizabeth Castle, about a mile from our starting place, when we turned back. We had returned to a point between the two pier heads Victoria and Albert, when Jules Farne, who was still rowing, lost an oar; in order to recover it, he turned the boat with the other oar and in doing so that oar also slipped from his hand. At this time the tide was running out very fast, and the two oars were soon swept away from the boat and I lost sight of them. Jules Farné then jumped out of the boat to swim after them, telling me he was a good swimmer; in the course of a minute or so he got into the boat again, nearly turning her over in doing so, he got in at the side and took off his hat and coat, which he deposited in the boat, and then jumped into the sea again. By this time we were outside the pier heads, but I cannot say how far, as I was excited at the time and am not a good judge of distances. The boat, which was a two-oared pleasure skiff, was then right in the stream and going out to sea at a great pace. I could not see the oars when my companion jumped into the water the second time, nor did I ever see them again. He jumped out from the side and struck out astern towards the piers to get the oars which the boat being deeper in the water they must have been left some distance behind. The boat was evidently gaining in speed and in the short space of one or two minutes I had lost sight of the swimmer. After he had been gone five or ten minutes I heard his cry in French for help, the voice being evidently a good way off. I could then just see the pier heads as a speck, but after the first minute or two from his leaving the boat I never caught sight of Farne again although it remained very bright until long after I heard his cry for help; it came two or three times then ceased. When I heard his first cry for help, then I was greatly alarmed, cried for help myself, shrieking as loudly as I could. I continued shrieking out until I became quite fatigued. All that night I remained awake expecting every minute to see some boat or steamer coming in search of me. In order to guide searchers to where I was I kept on screeching for help as well as I could at intervals all through the night, but from the time Farré jumped into the water, which I think was at half-past 9 o'clock, I never saw, or, with the exception of his cries for help, heard anybody. About midnight it grew cloudy and got rather dark but I could still have seen any object as large as a boat on the water if it had come within a fair distance of me. In the course of an hour or so after the gathering of the clouds, it began to rain heavily and continued raining until about daylight. I had a small umbrella in the boat with me which I held over me through the night, but it was not of much service, and I was quickly wet through. Some time early in the morning of Monday I found the boat had a considerable quantity of water in it, that my feet were covered by it, and I bailed it out with Farne's hat which was of hard felt, and this I did at intervals until I was rescued. I was in great fear the boat would be capsized by Farne, whilst he was getting into it, though he apparently had not any difficulty in doing so, but no water came in at the time. The weather on Monday was fine again, and the sea continued smooth, but I could see nothing except rocks all around me. Jersey is surrounded with sunken and other rocks, and in my course I must have passed over many of the former, which would have proved fatal if there had been any sea on, but by God's good providence, the water kept smooth until the end. About 7.30 or 8 o'clock on Monday morning, I saw a steamer which I took to be a Southampton boat returning from Jersey, but the shore was a long way off, and going in an opposite direction to me. All through that day I still expected to see somebody coming after me, but night set in without seeing any one appearing. The Southampton boat was the only thing I saw that day. On Monday night there were a few showers of rain. The weather of the day had not been warm enough to dry my clothes, and they remained very wet until the time I was taken off the boat. I did not sleep on Monday, but during that night I dozed off occasionally in despite of my efforts to keep awake. By the time it was dark I had quite given up all hope of being saved and prepared myself for leaving this world. Early on Tuesday morning I saw a sail coming towards me as from France, but at that time there was no wind to speak of where I was, nor had there been any from the time of my being alone except on one or two occasions there was a light breeze which sent a little spray now and then over the boat from the lop, but did not inconvenience me. The sail came on gradually but slowly, and my spirits began to revive, at length was as I hoped near enough for the sailors to see a signal, and I made one with my pocket handkerchief waving it to and fro. The signal was not answered so far as I could see, but the vessel kept on nearing me until I saw clearly enough it was actually making for me. I kept on making the signal, and had great difficulty in doing so as I was very weak. We took nothing in the boat with us when we started, and I was therefore very thirsty, but did not feel hungry. Some one threw me a rope as the brigantine came alongside the skiff, but I was too exhausted to catch it and the ship went past me. In a little while a boat was lowered which came and took me off to the ship. She turned out to be the Tombola, of St. Malo. The name of the captain was Landgren, who, with the crew, was exceedingly polite and attentive to me. Captain Landgren most kindly gave me a separate state-room, with every privacy and some dry clothes of his own, which I am afraid were more welcome than suitable. He at first gave me some cider, which was to me the most acceptable thing I ever had. After the cider he gave me some good warm tea and ministered to my wants in the best and most kindly manner he possibly could, being quite a father to me in every way. To him and his crew I owe a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to discharge, but I pray God to bless them for all their great goodness to me in that fearful time of need in their hospitable ship in which I remained for twenty-six days, when the captain landed me at Bay St. George, Newfoundland, a distance of 2,300 miles from Jersey. His course fortunately was Fort Port-aux-Choix, in the same country, where the captain and crew were about to prosecute their summer's fishery. They tried to land me first at St. Pierre Miquelon, but the fog being too thick to admit of their doing so, they kindly went some distance out of their course, and landed me, as I have said, in Bay St. George, where I was most kindly treated by the Church of England clergyman there, the Rev. C. Jeffery, and his wife; by Mr. Lilly, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Bishop, Mr. LeRoux and Miss McKay, the last of whom took me into her home, and made me very comfortable and happy. I shall never forget their kindness or cease to thank them, for it was on Sunday evening, I am sorry to say, that I left Jersey, on a Sunday afternoon that I arrived in Bay St. George, and on a Sunday afternoon that I, in the kind care of the Rev. E. Weary, a native of Jersey, missionary of the Church of England at Greenspond, arrived in St. Johns, Newfoundland, by steamer Curlew after a run of four days from St. George. To the captain, stewards of the Curlew and to many friends met with on the way, I give my best thanks for their kindness to me. At St. Mary's Church in St. Johns, I had the happy opportunity of returning my thanks to Almighty God, as I had also done at Bay St. George, where I partook of the Holy Communion for His wonderful preservation of me in my many hours of peril, and my gratitude to Him was and is all the warmer from the fact that some hours after my rescue the weather became very stormy, and three weeks afterwards during a storm a seaman slipped from a yard into the sea and was lost."

The Proper Hour For Dinner.

The proper hour for dinner is still matter for discussion outside the city of New York. There, we think it may be said, it is as settled as it is in London. The orderly procession of daily events is arranged with a view to a 7 or 7.30 o'clock dinner. Business closes in time for a walk or a drive before that graceful hour. The theatres open at 8 30. Lectures begin and engagements are made with a view to the ceremony of the day. The busy man closes his front door on the exacting world, with its cares and worries, and sits down hungry, as a properly constituted person ought, to his dinner. He takes his important meal, when he has time to eat it, slowly and with a proper regard for the welfare of his digestive apparatus. He has the evening and the night before him. He can smoke his cigar and he can unbend his mind in familiar and pleasant talk, or he can read good novels, and can go to bed with that cheerful self-contentment which is an essential prerequisite to sound sleep. This is the theory, and although late dinners do not always do the good which they might, we think that, on the whole, they are conducive to happiness and long life. There are too many of our business men who dine in the middle of the day. They have old-fashioned habits and old-fashioned dyspepsia. They are holding on to customs which were more sensible forty years ago. They do not do business as their fathers and grandfathers did, when the merchant reached his counting-room at 7 o'clock in the morning and was through the heaviest part of his day's task by noon. The merchant of to-day gets down town at about 10 o'clock and is busy until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The mid-day dinner is eaten on a jump, and the direful result is inevitable. It is always better to dine late, but it is absolutely necessary for the merchant, if he is to retain his health, to eat his heartiest meal at a time which brings him repose and contentment.—*Boston Post.*

How Horses Are Trained.

As for Rarey, the most of his business was trickery done by locusting and loading. Horses are awfully fond of locusts and carrots, and they will do almost anything for them; but loading is the great trick."

"What is loading?"

"Loading is slipping about an ounce weight of lead down the ears of the horse. You slip a load, to which a small piece of string is attached, down the horse's ears, and no matter how vicious the beast may be it becomes dazed and stupid when the load plugs its ears. The horse does not understand what has happened to the world when he cannot hear well, and he becomes as docile as you wish. When a horse is loaded you can yoke him or do anything with him and he will not object. It is a thousand times more merciful and far more effective than the horrible plan of putting a twitch upon the ear or upon the nostril, a practice still indulged in by some horse coupers. Leaden weights are made for the purpose. Any small weights will do; but it is better to have one made to fit."

Spiritual Interference.

The Pennsylvania man who is to be sued for breach of promise of marriage, because, acting under the advice of his father's spirit, whom he consulted through the medium of a Spiritualist, he decided not to keep his marital obligations, will come to the conclusion that, in this materialistic age, spiritual advice of this kind is of very little service. Considering that the offended lady instantly sought her lawyer, thus indicating the somewhat mercenary character of her hopes, the presumption is that the spirit father acted wisely in counselling his son. But if the spirits of the departed are to thus interfere in mundane affairs, they should do so in a more positive manner. If the deceased Philadelphian had been endowed with those spiritual powers which we all later on hope to possess, he ought to have been able to have brought about the result he desired by means of some miraculous transformation, and in this way would have saved his son the thousands of dollars of damages which an incredulous jury will soon award to the deserted bride.—*Boston Herald.*

Salmon Jams in Alaska.

In Alaska the salmon jam the estuaries and inlets so that the fish cannot move at all. "I have seen," says a writer, in the *American Angler*, "the outlet of Lake Loring, which is a rivulet two miles long and two rods wide, connecting the salt water with the fresh, so choked with living salmon that if a plank were laid across their protruding backs a man could walk across dry shed. One can lift them out with his hands until he is tired. It is almost impossible to thrust a spear or boat hook into the mass, and, of course, fish must come out whenever it is withdrawn. Bears take their opportunity to scoop them out with their great paws, and when they have regaled themselves to satiety they retire to the adjacent thicket for a dessert of berries, which grow there in great abundance and variety. Of course a great many salmon get into the lakes at every tide, but after each recession multitudes are stranded, of which the lustiest flop back to the ocean, while the maimed and hapless remain dead and stranded on the denuded rocks."

One More and That's the Last.

Wife—You promised me, dear, that you would sign the pledge. Won't you name a date when you will do it?

Husband (thoughtfully)—Let me see—yes. I will sign the pledge on the 2nd of July.

The loss occasioned by the death of the rhinoceros Bomby, which died in New York last week, will fall upon Contractor Thompson, the Central Park authorities not having accepted the beast. An examination of the remains on Sunday showed that the animal died of pneumonia. Though the rhinoceros is dead, its skeleton and skin will be prepared to travel around the country, thus furnishing circus goers with two things of beauty where there was before but one.

HINDOO WOOING.

How Marriages are Made in India—The Matchmaker.

A Hindoo writer in the *St. James' Gazette* recounts the history of a Hindoo wooing in this wise: There comes of a morning our Brahmin Ghatuck to the house of his patron, whose son's marriage he is negotiating. He has a tall, thin face, with the tilac or caste mark on his high forehead, large round eyes of a calm, meditative cast, though betraying in their corners an unusually sly expression. Finely turned eyebrows, an aquiline nose and a beardless chin. His placid countenance has a certain charm, and his look inspires respect for his talents and confidence in his abilities. After the usual exchange of salutations the master of the house asks the Ghatuck whether everything is all right and how he finds the girl, upon which the latter answers in this style: "Yes, sir; everything is all right. The girl is beautiful as the full moon; even the moon has spots, but she is spotless and peerless. Her teeth are sparkling, like the seeds of a pomegranate; her arched, bright, black eyes beat those of Kama (Hindoo cupid); her voice is sweet like that of the cuckoo; her gait is dignified and graceful like that of an elephant, and, as to her figure, I know nothing to compare it with. She is intelligent like the goddess Saraswati (Hindoo Minerva), and she talks like Lakshmi (the goddess of fortune), and will certainly bring fortune to any family she may be connected with."

With a twinkle in his eye, his patron interrupts him with the question whether the girl really is handsome and intelligent; then the Ghatuck bursts forth: "Ram, Durga, Hari, Siva, Brahama, Vishnoo—do you think I am joking with you? A man like me, descended from Brahma himself, never jokes. Satyam eva jayate; truth is ever victorious. Why, sir, you would not find such a perfect match for your noble son in these three worlds. And then the girl's parents are willing to bestow such a lot of things as her dowry!—a whole household of things! What can you have better?"

The conversation goes on in this style until the hesitations of the parents are overcome. The matchmaker, well satisfied with his performance, departs for the house of the lady. There he represents the young man to be beautiful like Kartic—the god of beauty; his manners are like those of a nobleman; he is free from all vices; he studies day and night. In short, he is a precious gem—an ornament of his country. To the questions: Whether the young man has passed any university examinations, whether he holds any scholarship, and what degree he has taken, the Ghatuck replies: "He has not passed any examination yet; but what does that matter? Bless his dear soul, he will pass all his examinations in three years; and then his parents are so rich and have promised to give such a mass of priceless ornaments and jewellery!"

Then comes a difficulty on the settlement of the last point, or the mother of the girl grumbles at the boy for not having passed any examination yet. Or perhaps somebody has whispered to the young man's mother that the girl's nose is rather chubby. The Ghatuck, well prepared to meet these difficulties, flits backward and forward, and after the fullest display of his art and powers, and a good deal of haggling on both sides, he manages to bring the negotiations to a successful termination. He is amply paid for his services, though often lifelong curses of all the parties concerned form his chief reward. The remuneration of the Ghatuck is not fixed; it depends upon the sort of match he makes, and upon the quality and position of the families he unites. At a middle-class wedding he gets from £2 to £3, besides presents; from rich families he gets about £5, besides presents worth about £10. Some match-makers have been known to make fortunes and buy estates. If a Ghatuck can secure an educated and well-to-do young man for a poor, common-looking girl he is immensely paid for his services by the parents of that girl. On the contrary, if the bride or bridegroom turns out to be the reverse of what she or he was represented, the Ghatuck has only the few rupees he got before the marriage for all his reward, with a shower of blows from the male members of the family thrown in.

STRUCK DUMB WHILE LAUGHING

The Strange Case of a Rhode Island Young Lady.

A Providence, R.I., despatch says: Miss Evelyn C. Smith has been suddenly struck speechless. Last Saturday while in conversation with a young man and they were examining a map together, her companion made some comical remark which caused her to burst out in a violent fit of laughter. While the shouts were still ringing through the room she suddenly turned pale, choked and fell. Her companion caught her, but she could only make a motion with her mouth. The young woman was well enough yesterday to be interviewed with the assistance of a pencil and paper. She said: "I feel as nearly as I can express as if I were in a vise." She could move her lips as if shaping words, but could not send out a sound from her tongue. She coughed freely and cleared her throat, although both of the processes pained her. She also complained of pains in her ears and a burning sensation in the eyes and of feeling weak. Her physicians can only say it is a nervous trouble.

Catching a Weasel Awake.

Weasels will not get out of your way, and consider it a deadly affront if you do not get out of theirs, says an English writer. One day I saw three of them playing in the middle of the path I had to go over. I fortunately knew their custom of running up an intruder instead of away from him, and of the same instinct which guides them to the largest blood vessels of all who offend them. I therefore stood still within two or three yards of them. They looked at me and went on playing. I had with me an old retriever, very learned in all knowledge befitting his station. I called him, showed the weasels to him. With an apparent sense of the gravity of the situation he approached them carefully; they, as usual, disdained to fly. But the dog was too quick to allow of their pursuing their ordinary bloodthirsty tactics; for, making a sudden pounce upon them, they were all dead before they had time to think of his jugular. Their wickedness is perfectly inhuman. It is not so much that they love to feast on blood as to rejoice in its flux; and their insensibility to danger exceeds courage and culminates in stupidity.

A "flower concert" was given at Concord, Mass., the other evening. A screen painted to represent a scene in a flower garden, stood on the stage, and before it were potted plants in profusion. Some of the painted flowers were very large, and in the centre of each big flower was an opening, skilfully concealed by a moveable cover. Behind the screen stood the singers, and their faces appeared in the centre of the flowers. The singing flowers were a rose, a dahlia, a sunflower, a daffodil, a pansy, a lily, a tulip, a daisy and a buttercup.

No man knows anything about a hat, or whether it is becoming or not. He must depend entirely upon his hatter for the quality and style unless he buys a certain brand, and then he is confined to two styles. The leading manufacturers know this peculiarity, and send out two styles—one for a long-faced man and the other for a fat-faced man. A man to get a becoming hat should bring a lady along with him. The ladies have taste and judgment. They don't go much on brands, but they go a good deal on the looks of a hat after it is on the head of its possible wearer.

CHINESE BABIES.

When They Get Names—Few Clothes in Summer, Too Many in Winter.

One of the first things that happens to a Chinese baby boy after he is born is to be shaved, says *Household Words*. A barber comes with a razor, and all the hair is shaved off the poor little fellow's tender scalp. After that, baby has to go to the barber for his shave, just as a grown man with a beard might go in this country; but he never seems to enjoy it, and cries pitifully every time the sharp razor mows down the hair. After awhile, when the hair begins to grow thicker, the head is not shaved all over, but is left untouched in spots, just as the parents think will look pretty. Sometimes there will be three tufts, each as big round as a silver dollar, one just over the middle of the forehead, and one over each ear. When the hair grows long enough in these tufts, it is braided and tied with bright cord, and then baby looks funny enough to a foreigner, for each little braid stands stiffly up for about two inches and then lops over. The braids look like horns on his head, and holes are cut in his green and red cap to let the horns come through. When he grows older he is allowed to wear a queue like the men. When baby is about a month old he is given his first name, or milk-name, as the Chinese call it. A feast is prepared, the friends are called in and papa gives baby his name. This name is used only until he is ready to go to school, when a new name is given him, and another feast is offered to the friends. The names given to the boys are odd to us, but they seem all right to them. Think of being called Ink-grinder, or Promising-study! But even this name is not kept, for when the boy grows up and is married he takes a new name, which he keeps for the rest of his life. If baby's papa is rich, baby is well taken care of, carried about tenderly and amused to his heart's content; but if papa be poor, then the boy, very likely, will be tied to an older sister's back with a broad piece of cloth, so that his legs dangle down by her sides, and his poor little head wabbles about over the top of the cloth as if his neck were made of india-rubber. The little nurse goes about her work or runs at her play, and never seems to give a thought to her little brother and his bobbing head, and he does not seem to mind it, for when it looks as if his head must almost be shaken off, he, very likely, is fast asleep. If baby happens to live on a boat, as a great many hundred thousand persons in China do, his mamma ties a big gourd on his back, so that he cannot drown if he falls overboard, or he is tied by a rope to some part of the boat. In summer baby wears as little clothing as possible, but in winter it is just the other way; he wears all the clothing that can be put upon him. Except in the northern part of China, near Pekin, where it is bitterly cold in winter, the Chinese people do not have fire in their houses, even when it is cold enough to freeze the water into ice. Pair after pair of trousers is put on baby's legs, and jacket after jacket on his body, until by the time he is clad warmly enough he is quite as broad as he is long, and his little arms stick straight out from his sides, so that he waddles about, providing he can move at all, looking like a red and green pillow with a ball on top, and with smaller pillows on each side where the arms are. It makes no difference to him then how cold it is, and he sits in the open air on his little bamboo stool, with nose and cheeks very red and his body as warm as toast.

All this has been about boy babies, because in China girl babies are not thought much of, and consequently all the good things come to the boys.

The Coming Christian and Tobacco.

At their regular weekly meeting last Monday the Presbyterian ministers of Chicago were entertained with a paper by one of their number entitled "Will the Coming Christian Use Tobacco?" The author—a clergyman by the name of Ayers—was very emphatically of the opinion that the coming Christian would not use tobacco. Because, said the worthy brother, "the world moves." And so it does. But unfortunately for the prediction of Preacher Ayers, it is moving in the other direction. Every year it is consuming more instead of less tobacco. Whether this is a matter of regret or rejoicing it is a subject upon which physicians, scientists, and moralists differ. Ever since Sir Walter Raleigh immortalized himself by the discovery of the weed in America and its introduction into Europe, there have not been wanting those to denounce it as a vile abomination, whose use would inevitably bring dire consequences upon the race. In various countries laws have been made against its cultivation or sale. Everywhere it has been compelled to bear a heavy burden of taxation. It is established to-day as one of the chief sources of revenue to many governments. But for more than three centuries it has been steadily growing in favor all over the known world. Its delights have been tasted with equal pleasure by the inhabitants of every clime. From the hardy Esquimaux of the frozen north to the naked islanders of the South seas, the people of all climes and of all races have found relief from pain, comfort in affliction, rest after labor, inspiration for the mind, balm for the troubled spirit, and repose for the jaded body in its soothing properties.

Sublime tobacco!—which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labors or the Turkman's rest—

has never been more universally sought after than to-day. And yet, through all these centuries and in all these lands, the human race has been steadily advancing, instead of retrograding. Mankind, despite its devotion to tobacco, has been on the up grade, morally, mentally and physically. Civilization has made more rapid strides in the three hundred years that have elapsed since the aboriginal American first offered the weed to his European despoiler than in all the long ages that had gone before. It may not be claimed that tobacco has caused or contributed to this progress; but it is at least clear that it has not hindered it. The progressive extension of its use has been coincident with a steady increase in the average duration of human life in all civilized countries. The greatest statesmen, philosophers, generals, poets and artists have made it their constant companion; and its use has at least not been found inconsistent with the achievements by its votaries of some of the grandest triumphs of intellect and genius in the world's history.—*Chicago Times.*

He Always Paid His Debts.

"I hope, my dear," said Mrs. Wise, who very properly dislikes owing money, "that you paid Mr. Friend the dollar he loaned you last week." "Of course I did," replied her husband. "I always pay my debts promptly. I borrowed $5 of him yesterday and gave him back $1."

Warden McComb, of the California State Prison at Folsom, has been planning extensive improvements in the prison grounds, and has had the hearty co-operation of Harry, the convict gardener. At the height of the work Harry's term expired, and though he begged hard to stay, he was sent to San Francisco a free man. Within ten days a deputy sheriff brought Harry back. "I've come to stay this time, General," he shouted, gleefully; "they ain't smart enough to keep me away from the garden." He had pleaded guilty to thefts enough to get a very long sentence within his beloved prison walls.

Mrs. Jennie Wright, of Indianapolis, has brought suit to recover the value of her sewing machine, which her worthless husband carried to a liquor saloon and raffled off.

HOW TO VENTRILOQUIZE.

Any Person With Sound Lungs and Patience Can Acquire the Art.

Much stress has been laid by some ventriloquists upon the fact that it is possible so face an audience during their performances, without betraying any perceptible movement of the lips or muscles of the face, says a writer in the San Francisco *Call*. Such performances greatly detract from the success of their intended vocal illusions by thus directing the attention of the audience, not to the supposed sources of the sound, but to the real source, the ventriloquist himself. It is simply a challenge to the audience to detect, if they can, whether the performer really does talk without moving his lips. Some ventriloquists claim to be superior to others upon the ground that they always face squarely to the front; but, while this is an easy matter, other and far more skilful performers frequently turn their backs to the audience and very seldom present more than a profile view of their faces. In order to produce astonishing effects, it is sometimes found necessary for even the most proficient ventriloquist to conceal himself altogether from the view of the audience. In every case where the ventriloquist faces the audience they will discover that his lips do move, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. It should, at all times, be the aim of the ventriloquist to divert the attention of the audience from himself entirely. Where puppets are used, this object is often successfully attained, providing the dialogue, voices and acting of the performer are sufficiently entertaining to keep the attention of the audience riveted to the puppets. Of late years a large number of ventriloquists have come to the front, each one being in most respects an imitator of his predecessor, and their exhibitions consisted generally of a dialogue between two or more puppets and the performer himself. Such performances are within the power of any person who has talent for mimicry, a reasonable good voice and the courage to face an audience. Practice will do it all in a short time. Not so, however, with the true ventriloquism, for no one can become proficient in this art without devoting to it much study and years of practice, and something more is required, too, than practice, for there must also be certain natural qualifications, such as are possessed by those who attain prominent positions as singers. It is essential that the student should have an ear so well attuned as to readily distinguish the different qualities of sound; he should also possess a voice of great flexibility, ranging in compass from the deepest bass to falsetto, and his bump of imitation should be largely developed. All this does not imply that there should be any peculiar construction of the vocal organs, and any who assert that ventriloquists necessarily differ in this respect from other individuals either do so for a purpose or thereby expose their ignorance of the subject.

The real secret of ventriloquism can be very briefly explained, viz.: Ventriloquism is the imitation of sounds so that they seem to come from a distance from the person speaking; or the imitation of sounds as they are heard on coming from a distance. This is the whole secret of the art, and the accomplishment depends on practice and dexterity. Any person possessing a good voice, sound lungs and a moderate amount of mimetic talent, may, with perseverance, acquire more or less proficiency in the ventriloquial art, according to the time devoted to its study. The student should always copy after nature, either familiar human voices or cries of animals. Always talk during expiration instead of inspiration, as some endeavor to do so. Stand or sit erect, expand the chest and inflate the lungs before talking in the ventriloquial voice. Select short sentences and control the air in the lungs so as to have sufficient to finish each one before taking another breath. Take ample time between each question and answer for breathing purposes, and let the questions given in the natural voice be of sufficient length to allow time to fully overcome the fatigue which necessarily follows this manner of speaking. The student is advised in all cases relating to distant sounds to let the ear be his guide as to tone, pitch, loudness, etc., for he cannot be governed correctly by any fixed rules in such matters. The practice of listening to various sounds in the open air, and noting attentively their peculiarities, will in a short time enable the ear to determine with considerable accuracy all that is essential for the study of ventriloquism. A great variety of sounds may be produced with but slight changes of the tongue and lips and their action upon the teeth. A little practice will, however, do more in this respect than long explanations of rules. The professional ventriloquist requires great confidence and self-possession, with a ready flow of small talk to keep up the interest. Imitations of animals and sounds produced by inanimate things form a separate study. These can only be learned by studying after the objects themselves.

A Fast Train.

Low Silence is one of the veteran passenger conductors on the New York division of the Pennsylvania railroad, says the Philadelphia *Press*. His name suits him, too. He seldom talks. He runs the 7.30 to New York every morning. Yesterday he pulled a little note book out of his pocket and turning to June 13th, said:

"I made that memorandum six years ago. That was the fastest run ever made on the New York division of the Pennsylvania railroad from Phil