CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Queen of Sweden is undergoing peculiar treatment to restore her nerves to a normal condition. Her doctors have ordered her to rise early, make her own bed and dust and sweep the room. She has to take a walk in the garden before breakfast, work among the flowers afterward and lead an active outdoor existence all day long. Already the Queen has been benefitted by this curious "cure," the "chambermaid treatment," as it is called.

POLYDORE DE KEYSER, Lord Mayor of London, seems to be a most remarkable man. His eccentricities are almost startling. Not long ago he inspected the boys of the British naval training-ship Warspite. During his address he told the boys that his wife would take great pleasure in giving each one of them a shilling, which he hoped "they would keep throughout their future lives as a souvenir of the occasion."

ENGLAND has now many attractions to present to the stranger in the shape of cathedrals alone. Restorations and completions have been going on for many years, and much of the domestic wealth of the country has found an outlet in church decoration and church architecture. One of the grandest of the old buildings was Bristol Cathedral, dating as far back as 1142, and partially rebuilt in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. The work of restoration begun some years ago has just been completed at a cost of $400,000.

OLIVER P. RAHM, inventor of the self-scratching match, is living quietly in Booneville, N. Y. He is now an old man, and his fortune, estimated at $250,000, gives him every comfort and successfully keeps the wolf from the door. His famous match was an inspiration which came to him in sleep. On retiring he had attempted to light his gas with an ordinary match, in doing which he burned his fingers. He had a dream which suggested the device by which he made a fortune.

THERE is a movement on Lord Zetland's estates to "celebrate suitably" the jubilee of his earldom. He is, however, a sensible man, and has written that while he has no objection to the proposal he must stipulate that there shall be "no fuss" concerning himself. The fact is that the Earldom of Zetland was given by the Queen to Lord Dundas simply because he had loaned large sums of money to the Duke and Duchess of Kent and had shown himself to be a most accommodating creditor.

IN England a man may call himself almost anything he pleases and nobody will object. For something like 30 shillings he may advertise in the *Times* the taking of a new name, and thereafter he will be John Jones or William Smith, just as he prefers. There is little or no litigation over titles or names, which are really nowhere of less importance. A man may call himself Lord So-and-So, and, though he may be laughed at about the clubs, nobody will take the trouble to dispossess him of the empty title.

A GERMAN paper recommends a solution of paraffine in heavy coal tar oil for the purpose of protecting walls exposed to the weather. Papered walls which showed dampness in wet weather gave no traces of it after an external coating of this preparation had been applied. One part of paraffine and two to three parts of coal tar oil is solved in a moderate heat; sufficient oil must be used to prevent the solution from becoming sticky. The vessel containing it must stand in hot water while the paint is being applied, which must be done on hot days when the bricks or stone are thoroughly dry. One coat is sufficient.

IT has been reported that some workmen while tearing down a building on New Bond street in London discovered a roll of canvas, which turned out to be the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was cut out of its frame in May, 1876, and disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Messrs. Agnew had purchased the picture for £10,000 about three weeks before the theft took place, and the only tidings they had received of it since then was a letter from this country, in which the writer offered to restore the portrait for a stipulated sum. Inquiries made have not yet verified the report.

IT is announced that five patents were recently issued to a Baltimore electrician covering methods and apparatus for heating by electricity. The inventor, it is claimed, has made a radically new departure in the art of converting electricity into heat, whereby the losses incident to all previous efforts in that direction have been practically overcome. By this system dwellings and other buildings can be supplied with heat from central generators by the same conductors which now supply them with incandescent electric lights, and at a cost conciderably less than the methods of heating now in vogue.

EXHAUSTIVE experiments in the manufacture of aluminium have recently been made at the Krupp works at Essen Germany, and with the most gratifying results. The metal is turned out pure in chunks, some of which weigh nearly 100 pounds, and the cost of production is said to be considerably less than a shilling (25 cents) per pound. A company has been formed in England for managing the process on a large scale, and its patents also cover the manufacture of sodium, potassium and artificial cryolite. There can be no doubt that when once aluminium is offered for sale at a few cents per pound, it will come into general use.

MR. FLETCHER, Chief Inspector of Alkali Works in Great Britain, in the course of his annual report deals with a subject of much interest to manufacturers. In remarking upon Mr. Hargreave's hot air engine, or thermo moto, he says that it will not only effect the prevention of black smoke, but promise to revolutionize our methods of producing power. It has been found that energy of forty horse-power can be obtained with the expenditure of two gallons of coal tar, or 45 pounds of coal per hour. Either liquid fuel or coal can be used. This result is five or six times more favorable than that realized by ordinary steam engines.

A NEW factory in Grapeville, O., will commence the manufacture of glass upon a new system, which, it is confidently expected, will prove far superior to the old method now in vogue. In making glass under the present system the factories must remain idle while the pots are being charged with melted glass, while under the new innovation this difficulty is surmounted by the division of the tank in two compartments, one being used for the purpose of melting while the blowing part is stored in the other. This permits a continuous supply to the blower and obviates the necessity of idleness during the time consumed in charging a pot.

ERASTUS BRIMMER, who committed suicide in New Jersey the other day, had long been famous for his phenomenal appetite, which gained him the nicknames of "Pete the Eater" and "Hungry Pete." No farmer ever kept him over a month. He would eat at meals enough for six ordinary hands, and outside of meals was continually seeking food. One day he ate three medium-sized baskets of peaches and topped off with a pint of molasses. On another occasion he ate four dozen doughnuts, washed down by three quarts of milk. He was never known to be troubled by indigestion.

GREAT interest is taken in the East in the railway between Siam and Southwestern China, which will be about 1,000 miles long. It has been surveyed, but more surveyors are going out from England. It is expected that this railway will postpone for a long time the construction of a line between Tonquin and China. The China Railway Company has, by the way, completed its line as far as Tang-ku, and in April the train began to run from that point to Tong-san. The remaining section of the line, between Tang-ku and Tien-Tsin, will be pushed on with unremitting energy, and in a few months' time the "flying wheels" will be making their revolutions to the delight and amazement of the people of Tien-Tsin.

THE experiment of tobacco growing in England, which has just been tried, has been so successful that in the course of a short time those persons who have been expressing in a very decided manner the opinion that a tobacco crop is that to which agriculturists will soon look to enable them to pay their rent, may renew their exertions to obtain the sanction of the Excise for the planting of tobacco on a large scale. Since the time of Charles II. this represents one of the first experimental crops brought to maturity and passed through the various processes of manufacture. The mere rearing of tobacco plants seems to be comparatively easy; but whether the enterprise can be pursued successfully while current excise obligations remain represents a problem that awaits future solution.

THE London *Lancet* publishes a suggestion relative to the fitting out of ships for the accommodation of phthisical and convalescents generally, with the view of giving them the medical benefit of pure sea air. The proposition, though not new, is excellent. The ships might cruise near enough shore to supply the invalids with fresh meats and vegetables. There are many people who, as the Philadelphia *Medical News* says, "are suffering from lung hunger and lung thirst and might regain their lost health if they could get access to the limitless supplies of fresh and pure ocean air, for the like of which they pant at home." An advantage of paramount importance in the ocean hospital is that it would give consumptives exemption from the excessive crushing changes of temperature which are so frequent on land, and which, perhaps, more than any other climatic causes, send thousands into the grave.

"BUT you must not think that, with all those pleasant surroundings, I am not anxious to get home," says ex-Warden William J. McGarigle in a letter written to a Chicago friend. "There is only one Chicago. I served it well and honestly, and would like to spend my days there." Without attempting to pass judgment on the truth of the closing statement of Mr. McGarigle's letter, the *News* says that the gentleman is eminently correct as regards the unique character of the city. There is but one Chicago. But the ex-warden should remember that there are also one weary and waiting sheriff, one empty cell, one defeated verdict, one Joliet. These are all thrown in with the one Chicago, and Mr. McGarigle must take them all or none. If the ex-warden can make up his mind to resume business and social relations with the people of this city, he will be received with open arms and handcuffs. His decision on the matter is anxiously awaited.

BUSINESS men, as a rule, write their signatures badly. Usually the signature is the worst written part of the letter. Why is this so? To the owner of the signature it is an easy enough matter to understand it, but easy it is to no one who is unacquainted with it. Those who read character by the handwriting always look carefully at the signature. It tells more than any other part. A good, bold, decipherable signature is a novelty these days, and the hotel registers are too often mere Chinese puzzles, which even the hotel clerks, used to all kinds of signatures, are not always able to decipher. Among business men it is sometimes necessary to cut the signature from a letter and paste it on the envelope in the hope that somebody may be able to decipher it when it reaches the post-office from which it was sent. In many signatures there is a good deal of affectation. People should get into the habit of writing their signatures so legibly that he who runs may read. The signature is something that every man who writes at all writes often enough to be able to write plainly. Why then should he seek to so tangle it up that nobody can tell what it is?

A STUDY of the clauses in the English Local Government Bill relating to the changes in the method of granting liquor licenses, and the compensation to be allowed in cases where such licenses should be refused, serves to show that there was a strong foundation for the public sentiment which compelled the Government to abandon the proposed scheme. In England, from the time of Edward VI., when licenses were first granted, they have never been looked upon as personal favors granted to any man, but as legal limitations and precautions taken against the trade. They created no personal claim beyond the letter of the license; no vested interest for the holder of the license, and, above all, no local privilege in the house where he carried on his trade. The compensation clauses, therefore, of the Local Government Bill virtually created a new law, and that by indirect action. A statement drawn up in opposition to the clauses, based on careful inquiries, showed that a house which had been built at a cost of $4,000, and which had been granted a license, was sold for $31,500. If the license had been withdrawn under the new Bill the compensation would have been fixed at $27,500. Another house, with a license, worth $10,000, was bought by a brewer for $52,500, and the compensation would have been $42,500. The calculation was that the Bill would have endowed and protected the drink trade at a cost of $1,250,000,000. This compensation would have gone not only to publicans but also to brewers, and even still more to ground landlords. The Government surely could not have foreseen and rightly weighed the consequences of these clauses in the Local Bill.

BANANAS A BLESSING THERE.

Salvador Makes Pretty Nearly Everything Out of the Fibers of the Tree.

A young Salvadorian, with the dark eyes and inky hair of his country, talked to a reporter the other day about the Central American banana tree. The tree is 2½ to 3 feet in circumference at its base. Its tapering fibrous body, without a branch, is from 10 to 15 feet in height. The fibers, separated by a thin pith, are as long as the body of the tree. These fibers are used in Salvador, just as they are taken from the tree, as shoe-strings and as cords for all purposes. The natives use them largely for bridal reins and lariats. The raw material costs only transportation to the ropewalks. Each banana tree bears in the twelve months of its existence only one bunch of fruit, but from two to ten trees spring from the roots of the one that has fallen. In Salvador the bunch of bananas is worth fifteen cents, and the dead tree nothing. A cordage factory or paper mill or coffee sack maker, were not the dead trees numberless, would give for each tree ten times the value of the fruit it has produced. Split, dried and packed, the bodies of the banana trees might be shipped profitably to the United States; but there is no reason why some enterprising American would not take them in hand and ship to Salvador the proper machinery for their manufacture, as labor is fully two-thirds cheaper there than in New York. In Salvador ropewalks are found in unfrequented streets and suburban roads. The native machinery consists of a crank attached to an upright board, with which a native boy twists the fibers of the bandana and cactus. A man skilled in the ropewalker's art splices the fibers together, adding to the length and thickness of the revolving cord. The stem of each banana leaf consists of the toughest and finest threads, and these leaves, two and a half and three feet wide, and ten to fifteen feet long, resting on the heads of native women, are umbrellas in the rainy season in roofless market places and streets of Salvador. These are the carpets on which the people sit and the beds on which they sleep. "There is a fine opportunity," said the Salvadorian, "for some enterprising American with a small capital to do a thriving trade and make money by introducing western ideas and machinery to the people of Salvador."—*New York Mail and Express.*

A Judgment Dress.

Old Mrs. H——, of Mackinac, was one of the most penurious of women. When she lay dying she told her daughter to bring her a many-colored plaid silk dress which she had always worn for her best, and ordered her to divest it of its black breadths.

"They are full enough to make you a gown," said the old woman, "and the front will be all I need."

"If that's what you want of it," said the girl as she stopped ripping, "you can have it all. I wouldn't be seen alive in the old thing, and I should think, mother, that you wouldn't want to go flamming around at the day of judgment with only half a dress on."

That settled it, and the old woman was buried in the whole gown.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Looked in the Dictionary.

A little girl, 9 years old, was spending the summer in a country boarding house, where she became a great favorite with the other guests. One of them, a young gentleman, was so devoted that his attentions became quite annoying to her.

One day she said to her mother. "Do you think Mr. Brown ought to call me a puny devil?"

"Why, no, my dear," replied her mother, somewhat shocked, "of course not! But are you sure he did? You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not," said the little one, triumphantly. "He called me an 'imp,' and I looked in the dictionary to see what it meant, and it said 'a puny devil.'"

Out to See a Woman.

The proper thing now with the "summer girl" is to go out between the acts, just like a man, and drink soda water. A duo or trio of girls go often to the theatre unattended by male escorts, always adopting the English plan, and each paying for her own seat. At the end of an act they get up and flie out to drink soda water, one of them "standing treat" for the entire party. Then they walk back, laughing and chatting for all the world like their brothers. Lots of the girls also accompany their escorts in their entre act journey, and probably enjoy the opera the more for not sitting in their seats while the curtain is down.—*Washington Critic.*

Worse than an Orphan.

Little Chicago boy—Kin ye help a poor, harmless boy?

Kind citizen—I reckon so. Are you an orphan, sonny?

Boy—I'm wuss nor an orphan. Me fadderan' mudder is both divorced an' married agin' an' I don't know whose boy I am, an'am slowly forgettin' my own name.—*Epoch.*

A Dutiful Son.

"Yes, our little 4-year-old is such a comfort and such a help to me," said Mrs. Eastside to a lady caller. "Why, he can take care of his little baby sister as well as any nurse. He is in the next room playing with little Dorothy. (Raises her voice)—Val-ter."

"Yeth, mamma."

"What are you doing, Walter?"

"Oh, I'se des playin' at I'se a barber, and I'se shavin' her wif papa's razor." (Tableaux).

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

"That young lady whom you seem to admire so much," said Joe Evans, as we walked around the ball-room, "is Diana Evrescourt. She it was jilted Earl Harcourt. The poor fellow went over to Europe to hide his sorrow and I read in a foreign paper to-day that he lost his life during a terrific storm in the mountains."

As I looked at the girl's lovely face, so pure in its expression, I could hardly believe that she had sent poor Harcourt to his death.

Joe left me a few moments later, and I saw he was talking very earnestly to Miss Evrescourt. I was in the midst of a dashing waltz when a terrific cry startled every one in the room and I turned just in time to see Diana Evrescourt fall heavily to the floor in a dead faint.

In an instant all was confusion. But no effort served to break the deathlike faint, and amid murmuring expressions of sympathy and curiosity as to the cause of her sudden illness, the motionless figure, with its rich robes flowing, and its golden head drooping like a broken flower, was tenderly lifted and carried from the room.

"I am so sorry I broke it to her so harshly," Joe said, as he walked home. "But how should I know she would care? The girl has some heart, after all, it seems."

"Joe," I said, "have you never thought that some mistake may have been the means of parting Harcourt and her? That it might not have been her fault?"

"That could not be," Joe replied decidedly, "for Earl showed me the letter which was sent him breaking their engagement. No girl could have ever loved a man and written as she did."

Two years afterward I was walking through a crowded thoroughfare, when I came face to face with a stalwart-looking young man whom I could have sworn was Earl Harcourt or his twin brother. At once the thought flashed over me that perhaps my friend had escaped death in the mountains, where he was supposed to have perished two years before.

At the risk of making a mistake I stepped to the gentleman's side and told him that his resemblance to my lost friend, Earl Harcourt, prompted me to address him.

"I am Earl Harcourt myself," he said. "And you—yes, I remember—you are Hugo Benton."

That night we talked away into the "wee, sma' hours," and I listened with vivid interest to the account of his great peril and providential escape from death.

"But why have you never returned to America?" I asked him at length.

A shade passed over his face.

"Because," he replied, "America is too full of painful memories for me to ever wish to go back. Save Joe Evans, there is no one there I care for, and I made up my mind long ago (as time went by and brought me no word from him) that new interest must have crowded his old friend from his heart. Of course, I had no idea a false report of my death had reached him, or I should have understood his seeming neglect. When did you see him last, and how is he?"

Now had come the opportunity for which I had been waiting. Drawing Joe's latest letter to me from my pocket I laid it in his hand. It ran in this way—and the reader will not wonder that as Earl Harcourt perused its contents a strong agitation was visible upon his dark face:

"You inquired in your last concerning Miss Evrescourt. I have a reparation to make to her. In my anger for what I deemed her cruel falseness toward Earl Harcourt I spoke and thought bitter things of her, as you know. I have lately learned that the poor girl (equally with my dead friend) was the victim of a cleverly planned plot.

"Her father ardently desired her marriage with a wealthy suitor whom he favored, and thinking if the engagement between her and Earl could be broken there would be no obstacle to his schemes, he himself imitated his daughter's handwriting in the note which sent Earl a broken-hearted man away from his native land.

"It was through a friend, Mr. Evrescourt's lawyer, that I learned the above. While examining his client's papers after his sudden death a few months ago he discovered indubitable proof of what I have told you, and knowing of my affection for Earl and that I blamed Diana for all that occurred he felt it his duty to tell me the facts of the case.

"Even as I write Diana Evrescourt is very ill. I fear she is not long for this world; you know her mother died young."

That was all that bore upon the history I am relating.

As may be readily surmised, the next outgoing steamer numbered among its passengers Earl Harcourt.

Though I was not on hand to witness the meeting, I heard afterward how quickly, in the refulgent light of love which fate had so unexpectedly restored to her, Diana Evrescourt's illness of body and sadness of heart left her.

A feeling of dulness and languor,
Which is not akin to pain,
And resembles suffering only
As the mist resembles rain.

Is often the first indication of incipient disease. In such cases the famous "ounce of prevention" is the highest wisdom, and may be found in its most potent form in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, by its wonderful blood-purifying and invigorating tonic properties, will quickly restore the ebbing vitality, repair and strengthen the system, and thus ward off threatening sickness. Its saving influence reaches every organ of the body.

Fiery and anarchistic Louise Michel has given vent to her revolutionary ideas in a drama lately produced at the Theatre des Batignolles in Paris entitled "The Red Rooster."

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

PAPER.

A Yankee Manufacturer Says That Paper is Now Made From Nearly Everything.

"We are now making about everything, from a shirt to a car wheel, out of paper; but we are also making paper out of nearly everything," said a Yankee manufacturer to a *Telegram* reporter.

"The most recent invention in our trade (and it is one which bids fair to revolutionize it altogether) is the process of making paper out of cotton. It was recently discovered by a gentleman from Georgia, who has thus opened up another great industry to the South, for the hulls of the cotton seed, hitherto considered utterly worthless—a mere waste, in fact—are now found to be the most valuable for the making of paper pulp.

"The discoverer, after much study, came to the conclusion that the hulls could be made into paper pulp. An analysis of the hull showed that it is composed of nine layers, the two upper ones being black and coarse, while the remaining seven are of very fine fibre, and after being subjected to a certain chemical process can be bleached a fleecy white. About 500 pounds of these hulls were sent to a paper mill for experiment, and the result was the product of the finest textile pulp that the chemist had ever seen, while the paper woven from the pulp makes a much better and smoother article than ordinary 'news print,' as well as a good quality of writing paper."

"Can paper be made cheaper from this pulp than by the old process?"

"The time and cost of reducing the hulls to pulp is only 50 per cent. of what the present process requires, thus the price of paper will be reduced about one-half, while the quality will be much better. Perhaps I can illustrate the exact difference in this way: To reduce the poplar wood to pulp requires twelve degrees of baume liquid, with 120 pounds of steam pressure, and the time consumed is sixteen hours, but with the cottonseed hulls the time is only eight hours, with one-half the liquid and steam pressure.

"In addition the cotton stalks can be used as well for the manufacture of pulp, and by the process stated above can be made to produce a good class of paper."

They "Mean Business."

If any one has given Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy a fair trial and has not been cured thereby, the manufacturers of that unfailing remedy would like to hear from that individual, for when they offer, as they do, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh which they cannot cure, they mean just exactly what they say. They are financially responsible, and abundantly able, to make good their guarantee if they fail, as any one can learn by making proper inquiry. Remedy sold by all druggists, at 50c.

Didn't Want a Cast-Off Tooth.

Mary—Oh, Sadie! This loose tooth, I declare I'll pull it out. Sadie—Oh, no, Mary, don't! Ma'll make *me* wear it. (Sadie gets all her sister's cast-offs.)—*Texas Siftings.*

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known, Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A ten cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25c.; trial bottles only 10c.

An Experienced Prospector.

"Hello, Jones! Where are you going?"

"Getting ready to develop my gold mine?"

"What machinery do you take?"

"None. I'll take my wife along. She'll be sure to find the pockets, if there are any."

"What's In a Name?"

Shakspeare said there was nothing, but there is. Would Cæsar have had such notoriety if his name had been Caleb W. Petersgill? Think of Patti drawing $7,000 a night if the bill-boards announced her as Jane Brown! The idea is absurd. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is a name that has made a record. These tiny, sugar-coated pills cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness.

The contract for the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie water power canal will be let next Thursday, and engineers and contractors from all parts of the country are there looking at the job and preparing bids on it.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DONL. 31 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND