

HOUSEHOLD.

Baby's Name.

Dear Prospective: If there is anything I delight in, it is in naming babies. So when you asked for names for boys and girls, I seized my pen to say, do name the child something that will wear well, and then don't nickname him. It does not much matter what you call him or her, so long as you keep clear of the little "tootsy-wootsy" names that are rather tempting when one looks at the little morsel so pink and plump and dimpled. By and by, baby will grow up, and possibly have character, and will bitterly resent it if you have fastened upon him a baby name. In naming a boy at least, be careful to have the whole name so harmonious that it sounds as if it had grown together. It is not so absolutely necessary to think of this for girls; in fact, such care is sometimes turned to bitterness, as in the case where a sentimental Mr. Rose called his baby daughter "Wild," and it was sweet and appropriate enough until she grew up and married a very respectable Mr. Bull, after which she just almost felt obliged to follow the fashion and take her husband's Christian name! But this is not naming "Prospective's" baby. Dear mother, you would be perfectly safe in calling him Philip, Royal, Raymond, Richard, Arthur, Gilbert, Max, Harold or Forest. Or you might do as I did—just name him for his grandfather! A very pretty custom is to combine the father's Christian with the mother's maiden name. If the baby is a girl, call her something old-fashioned, the older the better. The new names, such as, Daisy, Myrtle, Lily and Minnie, have had their day and we are going back to the dear old names. To-day I visited the primary schools and heard a beautiful child called Rachel and another actually responded to the name Sarah, without any modern contraction. Among my favorites are Ruth (my little daughter's name), Edith, Esther, Dorothea, C. Dorothy, Winnifred, Helen, Marguerite, and the sweet names Faith, Hope, Peace, and Patience. For a middle name use something short, such as Lee or Ray, and have the name always written in full. It is well to provide even a girl with a nice middle name, for in case she never marries, she may pine for a trio of names. I have always clung to my maiden name and think it a proper thing for every woman.

And now, "Prospective," I hope you will go ahead and name the baby just what suits yourself and may joy and prosperity attend both you and him forever.

Kitchen Wrin kles.

I wonder if the sisters know that kerosene will take iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injuring the fabric in the least? Pour a little kerosene in a dish and wash the soiled place in it as if it were water. The spots must be washed in the kerosene before they have been put into soap and water, or it will do no good.

Many steps may be saved if the housewife will have a market basket in which to carry things back and forth from table to pantry and cellar. The basket may be decorated much or little as the taste dictates. I prefer a large basket, stained on the outside and lined with oil-cloth, as it is easy to keep clean. The basket is handier than a server since it can be carried in one hand.

Have you tried concentrated lye for hulling corn? It is much easier than to make lye of wood ashes. I hull as much as I can in two kettles, and when it is thoroughly cleaned from the lye, I dry it well and it is ready to use at any time.

Vegetables should be boiled in soft water because hard water toughens them. When cooking keep the tea-kettle boiling, then, if the meat or vegetables need more water it can be added without stopping the cooking process.

Our Cook Book.

ROLLS.—1 pint boiling milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1¹/₂ tablespoons sugar, ¹/₂ cup liquid yeast. Flour to make a stiff sponge. Let it rise over night. In the morning knead it well, let it rise again, roll it out and cut it with a biscuit cutter.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Flour for stiff batter.

OATMEAL ROLLS.—To a vegetable dish of cold, cooked oatmeal, add, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, 1 pint hot milk, flour to make quite stiff, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in gem irons.

COFFEE CAKE.—1 cup molasses, ¹/₂ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¹/₂ cup butter, 1 cup cold coffee, 1 cup raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon soda, 3 cups flour.

YEAST.—Peel and grate four good sized potatoes. Boil a handful of hops in a pint of water until strength is extracted, then strain the water over the grated potatoes. Set all over the fire and stir it constantly until the mixture becomes like stiff starch, then add one cupful of sugar, and half a cupful of salt, and set it away to cool in a dark place. When it is luke-warm stir it into one pint of old yeast, then let it rise, after which, it must be kept in a cool place.

APPLE CAKE.—7 eggs, ¹/₂ cup butter, 2 cups white sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons water, ¹/₂ teaspoon salt. Bake it in layers, between which put the following filling: 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 3 grated apples, 1 lemon.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 egg, 2 cups graham flour, ¹/₂ cup shortening, 1 teaspoon soda. Stir all well together, add ginger to taste and enough flour to make a thin batter. Bake in a quick oven.

COOKIES.—1 cup butter, 1 cup flour, 1¹/₂ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¹/₂ cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon soda. Season to taste. Mix the butter and flour together as for pie-crust, then add the other ingredients and mix well.

FLOAT.—1 quart milk, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons corn starch, 2 teaspoons sugar, ¹/₂ teaspoon lemon essence. Let the milk boil in a double-kettle where it will not burn. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and lay them on the hot milk a moment, then remove them carefully. Mix the corn starch with a little cold milk, add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, then the sugar. Stir all into the boiling milk, add the essence of lemon, remove all from the fire, add the whites of the eggs, and serve with cake.

BROWN BREAD.—1 pint sour milk, ¹/₂ cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon white flour, 1 teacup graham flour,

1 teacup corn meal. Steam two hours, bake half an hour.—Mrs. C. Fay.

Try baking soda to remove grease spots from the kitchen floor. Moisten the soda and rub it on the grease spots with a cloth.

A good substitute for coffee is "browned barley coffee" that comes in pound packages at ten cents a pound.

When crackers become damp or softened, try crisping them in the oven. They will be as nice as when fresh.

Do the sisters know that putting corn meal in a tub or barrel will stop leaking.

Scour steel knives and forks with sifted coal ashes.

MYRIADS OF CATERpillars.

Railway Trains Brought to a Standstill by the Pests.

The Carolina, N. C., Central trainmen have been having a peculiar experience with caterpillars. East of Lumberton the railroad goes through the "big swamp" on trestle work, broken here and there by embankments of earth. Last Tuesday an army of caterpillars began moving out of the swamp, and when they reached the streams over which the trestles carry the rails they massed on the rails, and proceeded to cross on the trestles. The rails and ties were covered inches deep with the moving mass, and the first train that encountered them was brought to a standstill the driving wheels of the engine slipping, around as if the rails had been oiled. The engineer exhausted the contents of his sand box before he got through the swamp and reached a clear track. The next day a train encountered an army of caterpillars crossing the trestle, and had some difficulty. The Charlotte bound passenger train yesterday had a similar difficulty. The rails and cross ties of the trestle were obscured from sight by masses of caterpillars, and the ground and swamp on each side of the track were littered with fragments of millions of caterpillars killed by the wheels of passing trains and from this mass an unendurable stench arose. Where the caterpillars came from is not known.

British Parliament.

That the stock exchange is not an accurate thermometer of a nation's prosperity was illustrated by the budget submitted to the House of Commons last Thursday by Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In spite of the low prices of stocks, it seems that the English nation has never been so prosperous. At the beginning of the year Mr. Goschen estimated a surplus of fourteen millions. This increase in the surplus came despite an increase in expenditures. A million dollars more than was estimated was expended in Ireland, largely upon the relief works to furnish employment to the victims of the famine. An additional million was expended upon the Post-Office Department, chiefly in increasing the wages of the employees. "The Government," said Mr. Goschen, amid cheers, "does not believe that the cheapest labor is the best." For the coming year the Government does not propose to reduce the duties, but, instead, to appropriate ten millions dollars to free education. When we come to consider the source of the surplus, the cause for congratulation seems less certain. To a large degree it came from the increased consumption of beer and spirits. While the population had increased but one per cent., the consumption of beer had increased four per cent., and the consumption of rum twelve per cent. As Mr. Goschen humorously put it, "the nation had been drinking itself into affluence." In an important sense it is of course true that the increased consumption of these commodities meant, not the increase of England's wealth, but the increase of England's want. Yet Mr. Goschen was undoubtedly right when he said that this increased consumption of liquor was the effect of prosperity, even though it may be a cause of adversity.

While the Electric Lights Were Out.

A story comes to me from Athens which is almost too good to be true, but quite too good to be withheld. The privy council had a meeting in the room set apart for them in the glaring, white, stuccoed palace. It was evening, and the president had just risen to address his colleagues, laying, according to custom, his gold watch on the table in front of him, so that he might mark time. Suddenly the electric light went out, but after a short interval returned. Then the president discovered that his watch, which was a present from his royal master, was missing. He lamented, and invited his colleagues to replace the watch, but there was no response. He reminded them that the door was locked and that the watch must be in the possession of one of them. He next put each member on his word of honor to say that he had not it; which little performance was promptly got through. The president then remarked that the situation had become embarrassing; but as he wished to make things easy for the culprit, who had doubtless yielded to temptation in a moment of weakness, he would order the lights to be again extinguished in order to give him an opportunity of restitution.

This was done; and when the lights were turned on the president found that not only had he no watch, but that he had also lost his silver inkstand!—*Vanity Fair*.

Jonah and the Whale.

In its explanation of the Sunday school Bible lesson on the book of Jonah, "The Baptist Teacher" took the following extraordinary position:—"If it had pleased God so to order, it would have been entirely possible even for an oyster to swallow Jonah—quite as easy as for Jonah to have swallowed an oyster." Upon which "The Congregationalist" thus comments:—"If it had pleased God so to order, it would have been entirely possible for Him to have made an oyster a Sunday school teacher; and it would hardly have been more remarkable than that one who could write such nonsense as the comment quoted should be chosen for that place. But the oyster, if allowed to follow his natural instincts, would have kept his mouth closed."

Ball-Room Conversation.—"My dear madam, why is it we seldom meet at the skating ground? Is it because I do not go, or because you do not?"

Why do we frown on the ballet,
While the decollete we adore?
One's dress is too far from the ceiling
If the other's too far from the floor.

REVENGE AND SUICIDE.

A Rodent Punishes a Physician for Experimenting on Its Body.

Dr. T. J. Richie, a physician of Beaver Falls, Pa., has had an experience with a rat during the past week which he will not forget for some time. Recently he has been experimenting on rats, dogs, and cats and other small animals for the purpose of studying the process of digestion. He would place the animals under the influence of chloroform, and then, after cutting them open and noting the working of the digestive organs, would sew up the wound, anoint it with a healing salve and

LET THE ANIMAL GO.

On Saturday last he captured a large rat and placed it under the influence of the drug, when to his surprise, he discovered that the animal was one he had previously operated upon. He examined it for a second, and then, just as he turned to his case to get the necessary instruments to make further investigations, the rat revived, jumped from the table, sprang into the open fireplace and escaped up the chimney. The doctor, thinking the rat would pop out of the chimney, ran out on the street to see it, but no rat appeared.

That night as he lay asleep he was awakened by a sharp pain in his finger, and opening his eyes he saw a rat, which proved to be the one which had escaped from him the previous evening, scamper off the bed and up the chimney again. He examined his finger and found it badly bitten. He washed and bound up the wound and went to sleep only to be again awakened by the same rat biting his nose. He chased it away, but he got little sleep that night, for the rat kept returning, and when he attempted to kill it the wily little creature always successfully

TOOK REFUGE IN THE CHIMNEY.

The next night and for several nights afterward, the rat disturbed his rest by its persistent and bloodthirsty attacks. Dr. Ritchie couldn't help but be curiously interested in the little fellow's welfare, even though his experience was rather unpleasant. Finally he stopped up the chimney, but the rat managed to get out. He then left the door of his room open, thinking the rat would seize the chance to leave the premises. He also set a trap for it, but he didn't catch it until Monday evening.

WHEN THE RAT SAW THE DOCTOR.

It showed every sign of terror and when he put the trap on the table and brought out his bottle of chloroform and sponge it gave a despairing squeak, tore savagely at its abdomen with its sharp teeth until the wound, only imperfectly healed from the previous operation, burst open, its bowels pushed out and the poor little animal rolled over, kicked convulsively and died. It had committed suicide rather than submit to another operation.

Preserving a Dead Wife.

In 1775 died the wife of that eccentric empiric, Mr. Martin Van Buechel, and the singular mode employed for the preservation of her body merits notice. On her death taking place, he applied to Dr. Hunter to exert his skill in preventing, if possible, the changes of form usual after the cessation of life. Accordingly the doctor, assisted by Mr. Cruikshank, injected the blood vessels with a colored fluid, so that the minute red vessels of the cheeks and lips were filled, and exhibited their native hue; and the body in general, having all the cavities filled with antiseptic substances, remained perfectly free from corruption or any unpleasant smell, as if it were merely in a state of sleep. But to resemble the appearance of life glass eyes were also inserted. The corpse was then deposited in a bed of thin plaster of Paris in a box of sufficient dimensions, which subsequently crystallized and produced a pleasing effect. A curtain covered the glass lid of the box, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, and this box being kept in the common parlour, Mr. Van Buechel had the satisfaction of preserving his wife for many years, frequently displaying the beautiful corpse to his friends and visitors. A second marriage some years afterwards having occasioned some family differences, it was found expedient to remove the preserved body.

Remarkable Surgical Case.

A Parisian surgeon has the credit of having obtained a remarkable result in a case in which he operated upon a child. The patient was a girl, eight years of age, who at the age of 18 months had been noticed by her parents to be deficient in intelligence. Subsequently she became subject to epileptic attacks, and these had only ceased a year before she was seen by the surgeon. When she came under professional observation her physical development was normal, but her intelligence was that of an infant. The child had been sent to school, but she had never been able to learn the alphabet, neither could she talk intelligently. The conclusion was formed that the brain had ceased to develop owing to the too early coalescence of the bones of the skull. The surgeon accordingly operated, removing several small pieces of bone from the top of the skull, and by this means relieving the pressure on the brain and allowing it to expand. The day following the operation the child took notice of everyone, asked for something to eat, and cried for her parents. Before leaving the hospital she was able to talk well and amuse herself. The operation wound in the scalp had soundly healed in eight days.

Fire.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptian tribes, and when the celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with the element and how to produce it, they were wild with delight. The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the comforts which fire bestows; the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponius Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just recently learned it. The inhabitants of the Marian islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw it applied to wood, most of them taking it to be some kind of an animal which the sailors had brought with them, and which must be fed on wood.

I never knew a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in his head or his heart somewhere or other.

A Slandered Dog.

In these days, when it is the fashion to set right the reputations of notorious personages of the past, it seems only fair that a kindly, intelligent, loving creature, which has been so misrepresented that his very name causes a "creepy" feeling, should be put forward in his true and more pleasing colors.

The creature which needs this redress is the bloodhound. Most persons, when they hear his name, are wont, by an accustomed association of ideas, to picture a ruthless sly fiend creature, tearing with savage vindictiveness through the dank morasses of a swamp after a fugitive black, eager to overtake the panting slave, and showing him no mercy when run down.

This notion is radically wrong. The thoroughbred bloodhound is as gentle as a sheep, as affectionate as a child, and intelligent to a more than ordinary degree.

To many such a picture of the bloodhound may seem too good to be true. Very recently I chanced to meet the chief breeder of this class of dogs in this country, and what he told me of them was so pleasantly novel that it has seemed worthy of being communicated to others, who may labor under as great a misconception as my own was in the matter.

This gentleman was waiting on a dock in New York until a steamer should swing down the stream from her anchorage higher up the river, and deliver to him two valuable bloodhounds which he had imported from England for his Vermont kennel.

"The popular estimate of the bloodhound is all wrong," he said to me. "Much of it is no doubt due to the influence of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and to the character of the Southern bloodhounds. The dogs that were used on the slave plantations were really of an ill natured grain; but this was not due to the bloodhound in them. They were all a cross between the bloodhound and a dog which is known sometimes as the Russian hound, sometimes as the Dutch hound, sometimes as the Great Dane.

This is a fierce dog, and the savage character of the Southern bloodhounds is due to this strain in them.

"The thoroughbred bloodhound is entirely gentle, rather timid in its nature—a ladies' dog more than anything else. It may sound absurd to you to say that a harsh word or scowl has a very depressing effect on the bloodhound, owing to its sensitively affectionate disposition; but it is true. Why, when the dogs overtake the man they are chasing, they fawn upon him with an expression of delight.

"I can give you an instance that will illustrate the gentle nature of this dog. On my farm in Vermont, where I have several bloodhounds, there is one celebrated dog named the Duchess of Ripple.

"One day I was in the yard when my attention was attracted by the deep, mellow bay of one of the bloodhounds. There was nothing fierce in it, but hearing it two or three times at intervals, and seeming to detect a sort of complaint in the cry, it struck me that it indicated something unusual. I went into the front sitting room to see what it was.

"There was the Duchess of Ripple sitting on the floor, her dark, mournful eyes turned toward me with a melancholy gaze. There is always a pathetic look in the eye of a bloodhound, something that is hard to resist, it is so humble and pleading.

"My little boy, not more than two and a half years old, who was always fond of playing with the hounds, was sitting astride her back with a pair of small scissors in his hand. He had been snipping at the hair of the dog's long, silky ears, and two or three times, without noticing it, had cut the flesh so as to bring the blood. The dog bayed in meek protest against the pain, but would not throw off the child to escape, for fear of hurting him.

"There she sat, uttering this mellow bay under the pain, but making no effort to shake off the boy. When I lifted him away she sprang up, and by her demonstrations of affection for him, said as plainly as a dog could, 'I know you didn't mean anything by it, but it hurt me, so I had to speak.'

"Almost any female dog is inclined to be fierce when she has young puppies, and they are handled. But you may approach a mother bloodhound, take up the puppies and carry them about, and she will show no anger at all.

"The gentleness of bloodhounds makes them quite useless watch-dogs; and here is another popular delusion about them. The only time I have ever seen them at all resentful was when they were interfered with when they were closely following a scent. It is such a passion with them that if they are taken from it they protest against it, as if mechanically.

The Growth of Cities.

We are too frequently disposed to think of the rapid growth of our American cities as merely incidental to the settlement of a new country, and to regard the European cities as old and stationary. It is true that their nuclei are ancient, but so far as the greater part of their built-up area is concerned they are almost or quite as new as the American cities. They, like our own population centers, have grown unprecedently in recent decades as the result of modern transportation and industrial systems. Thus London to-day is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time, the population of London grew to 1,500,000 in 1839; and by 1855 it had increased to 2,500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled. The present sovereign has witnessed a gain of two hundred per cent. or more since she began to reign. There are three or four dwelling-houses now for every one that was visible at the date of her coronation. In the past forty years from 2,000 to 2,500 miles of new streets have been formed in London. Who, studying the growth of foreign cities, can doubt the continued growth of our own? London is not an exception. All the other great towns of England have grown up as if by magic within this century. The same statement applies to those of the Continent. Paris is five times as large as it was in the year 1800; Berlin has grown much more rapidly than Paris; Vienna has expanded marvellously since 1840.

A Kentucky paper is responsible for the statement that the "grandmother of the bride, at a wedding in Covington recently officiated as the bridesmaid."

"Mr. Glanders," said that gentleman's wife, rather severely, "I want you to give that typewriter of yours the sack." "You are a little behind the age my dear; I gave her a seakins two months ago." "What?" "O—er—that—is—yes I'll discharge her to-morrow."

Steamship Subsidies.

Parliament may during the ensuing session have occasion to consider various matters connected with the steamship lines which our Government and people are alike desirous of seeing created or encouraged. The authorized arrangements at present are three in number: 1. An Atlantic service is to be subsidized to the extent of \$500,000 per annum for a weekly service for 10 years. 2. A projected fortnightly service to Australia and New Zealand from a British Columbian port, with a subsidy of \$75,000 in addition to what may be offered in the other colonies. 3. A monthly service to China and Japan, for which \$80,000 per annum has been promised by Canada and \$225,000 by Great Britain. Should the Imperial Parliament prefer to raise its grant to \$375,000 in order to provide a fortnightly service, our contribution will be increased to \$125,000.

Such is the position of affairs at the moment, and there can be little doubt that in thus promoting a policy which will enable us to fairly participate in the maritime trade of the world the Canadian Government has taken a step which will greatly redound to the national benefit. As an instance it may be pointed out that the French trade with Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay only amounted to \$38,600,000 before the opening of the subsidized steam lines from Bordeaux to these countries, and that it has since increased to \$91,675,000, or 237 per cent. The entire French trade with Eastern Asia did not exceed \$18,721,000 prior to the inception of the service to China and India, while in 1879 it had attained the figure of \$77,200,000 and Lyons had become the European emporium for Chinese and Japanese silks.

The traditional policy of Great Britain has indeed been similar to the one which we are now pursuing in Canada, and few can be found to deny the advantages that have accrued to the Mother Country from her liberal encouragement of shipping. Apart altogether from the development which resulted to a certain degree from the stringent navigation laws of years gone by, Great Britain spent in direct subsidies to shipping of various kinds between 1800 and 1867 the immense sum of \$197,369,984; while since the latter year, by the more indirect means of post-office payments for mail services and packet lines, she has expended the large amount of \$91,713,340. The following table of annual sums now granted for the encouragement of foreign commerce in the form of bounties and compensation for the transportation of mails will speak for itself:

France	\$6,792,778
England	4,069,874
Italy	3,503,035
Germany	3,131,610
Brazil	1,700,000
Spain	1,571,035
Netherlands	7,775,191
Mexico	758,000
Canada	730,000
Australia and other colonies	596,000
Other countries	2,129,399

Canada is at present the fourth maritime power in the world, and it becomes obvious that if we are to continue a successful competition with the United States, which ranks next below us, we must not give upon policy of promoting trade and commerce with outside countries by means of fast and efficient steamship lines.

The Consumption of Alcohol in France.

The latest returns issued by the Ministry of Finance indicate that the consumption of alcohol in France, which was larger in 1889 than ever it was before, continues to increase. The tax upon alcohol last year having produced \$11,101,483, or nearly a million more than it did the year previous. This is equivalent to a consumption of 37,395,000 gallons of alcohol, and there was an increase of consumption in every department, excepting the Hautes-Pyrenees. The department of the Seine is that in which the consumption is greatest, the tax upon alcohol producing over \$1,200,000, while next come the Seine Inferieure with \$760,000, the Nord with \$480,000, the Pas de Calais with \$369,000, the Somme with \$320,000, the Aisne and the Seine-et-Oise with \$280,000, the Calvados, the Finistere, and the Manche with \$240,000, while in 58 other departments it produces between \$40,000 and \$200,000. The consumption of spirituous liquors has very much increased in all the large towns, the increase being as much as 31 per cent at Nimes, 24 per cent at Lille, 14 per cent at Rennes, 11 per cent at St. Etienne, and 10 per cent at Caen; while, taking the consumption per head of the population, it is three gallons in the Seine Inferieure, over two gallons in the Somme and the Eure, and little over one gallon and a half in Paris (the Seine.)

The Power of the Lottery.

The managers of the Louisiana Lottery have succeeded, as against their opponents, in gaining a verdict in the highest State court requiring the submission to the people of Louisiana of the question whether the lottery charter shall be renewed. It is claimed that the anti-lottery sentiment is gaining strength in Louisiana, and that the application for a continuance of the charter will be negated by the popular vote. Failing that, the opponents of the concern are likely to appeal for an enforcement of the Federal law. Already Congress has interfered to prevent the forwarding of lottery matter through the mails, an action which the company, however, is stubbornly resisting on the ground that Congress has no power to legislate for the suppression of a lottery in any State or to use the Post-office Department for any such purpose. The power of Congress, however, to regulate the uses of the mail service at its discretion is pretty certain to be upheld by the Supreme Court, in which case it is believed that it will be exercised with effect. The New York Times says that, if the people of Louisiana choose to have a lottery, the Government of the United States cannot protect them from it, but it can protect the people of the rest of the country to the extent of refusing to have the mail service used as the chief agency of the Lottery Company in the conduct of its nefarious business.

Honoring the Presidents.

"Well, Uncle Mose, I hear you have an other pair of twins at your house."

"Yes, misses, yes, we has. Lord bress dey little hearts."

"Have you named them yet?"

"Yes'm. Done named 'em aftah two ob de fust Presidents ob dis country."

"Indeed? What two?"

"Ole Christofo C'lumbus an' Juleysous Cesar, ma'am. We'se great on namin' de children fo' de Presidents 'o' our house."—*[Detroit Free Press.]*