

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I was readin' in de paper yesterday," said the member Gardner as the meeting opened...

CAN'T RECONSIDER. The secretary announced the following communication from Point Pleasant, W. Va.:

PHLEGM McCANEY. "De co'n doctab," said the President, "is a pusion who makes a bizness of re-

BRO JONES WILL GO. The following letter, from Carlisle, Ky., was then presented to the meeting:

HARRISON PIPER, Secretary. On motion of L. Kadooshil Burrows the Henryville band was accepted as a branch...

"Pay Your Bills." A well-known business man hailed us today with: "Come here, I want to interview you."

"The Sobbing Wren." There is a bird in southwestern Texas known as the sobbing wren. Its note begins in a high silvery cry, descending from one sweet note to another...

tion, there would be very little of what we call 'hard times.' The man who owes a dollar and has got it to pay, but hangs to it, prevents the payment of a great many debts.

"You see," he went on, "money is valuable when it is in circulation. Like blood in a man's body, when stagnant it is of no use. There are too many cowards. A man who gets scared and grips his dollars when he ought to pay his debts with them, does the public a positive injury."

"You were right," he continued, "when you said that if everybody will pay his bills next week, in three months' time business will be good and money plenty. We can make courage and confidence if we will. Some men who are chronic dead-beats put on a great deal of style. I could point you out a man who dashes up and down Delaware street behind a hired fast horse, and his creditors are thicker than bees."

The Earth as a Timekeeper.

A problem which is attracting to its study astronomers, relates to the earth as a time-keeper. We measure time by dividing either the period during which the earth revolves around the sun, or that in which it turns on its own axis.

She Had Missed Her Man.

A teacher in one of the Indian schools relates the following incident of an Indian boy's quick thought. He had asked the meaning of the word miss. "To miss," I told him, "is the same as to fail. You shoot at a bird or at a mark and do not hit it; you miss it. You go to a tailor's for a coat, and your coat fits badly, it is a misfit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examination, and so you miss the promotion."

Too Fond of Medicine.

"I see you have got that black bottle filled again!" remarked Mrs. Splatterby, the other day, as Splatterby was hunting around for the sugar.

The Sobbing Wren.

There is a bird in southwestern Texas known as the sobbing wren. Its note begins in a high silvery cry, descending from one sweet note to another, each more delightfully clear than the other, until it bursts into a sobbing cry, ending in a gasp like that of a suffering child.

Two women think will support a man. No wonder that ice-dealers, who store their houses with ice from ten to twenty inches through, can live in luxury.

SPRING SALAD.

Awfully bored—Artesian wells. The English swallow—"All and 'all." The original boy cot—Oala's little crib. Are haters and bootmakers divinites because they shape our ends?

A somewhat weather-beaten tramp being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insects; it hasn't had a nap in ten years."

An Irishman, mourning his wife, tearfully exclaimed: "Faith, an' she was a good woman; she always hit me wid de soft end o' the mop."

"It is always the beginning of Lent at our house." "I don't understand you." "Don't you know we have hash Wednesday all the year round."

There is said to be a sort of sympathy between extremes. To illustrate—many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty woman's foot.

A lady waiter asks: "Why don't bachelors marry?" That's so—why don't they? Come to think about it, we have never yet seen a bachelor who was married. It's lamentable, too.

When the fashionable young lady makes a dive and grab at her dress skirt, a fellow feels very much like dodging, for she acts for all the world like she was going for a bribe.

Now comes the season when the fashionable belle, who has been shocked all Winter at the opera ballet, goes to the seaside and displays the last new style in bathing dresses.

"Now, look'er yer, Charlie, Jim mout be an honest nigger and then, again, he moutn't; but if I was a chicken and know'd he was about the yard, I tell ye wot, nigger, I'd roost high—that I would."

Violet's daughter—"Well, Tommy, how are you all getting on?" Tommy—"Nice-ly, thank you, miss. Oi got a gumboll, mother she's got the rheumatism, and father e've got a month in jail!"

First small boy—"Say, Johnnie, where are you in Sunday-school?" Second small boy—"Oh, we're in the middle of original sin." First small boy—"That ain't much; were's past redemption."

"Is there any plural to deer?" asked Professor Snore of his class in grammar. "I think there must be, for there is a plural to bear. You can say 'two beers; I've often heard it," replied Tom Anjery.

A Toronto man by feeding a tramp found a long lost brother of his wife. We suppose this ought to be taken as a solemn warning against something or other, because he has had to keep on feeding him ever since.

Husband (desperately)—"Life has no longer any charms for me. I'll kill myself. I'll take poison." Wife (calmly)—"Well, if you do take poison, my dear, get the kind that's advertised: Don't die in the house."

It takes a very strong-minded young Romeo to talk nonsense to a gentle Juliet at 11 P. M., when the screams of a colicky baby across the street are splitting the stilly stillness of the night from the cradle to the curbstone.

A Guelph lady recently married, seeing her husband coming into the house, slipped quietly behind him and gave him a hearty kiss. The husband told her that she offended all propriety. "Pardon! pardon!" said she, naively. "I did not know it was you."

"Say, Mrs. Smith," complained an irate boarder at a Bond street boarding house the other day, pointing to a dish in front of him, "you shouldn't put such stuff as that before hogs." "That's so," the old lady snappishly remarked; "here, Jane, bring that dish to this end of the table."

In Corea, so we are informed by a returned traveler, both men and women wear hats in and out of doors, varying in width from three to six feet. Under these circumstances we are not surprised when we are told that there has not been a theatrical performance in Corea for the last four years.

A clergyman who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was "one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal, you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I'll bet I will!"

Pompey took little Ethel to see the last batch of chickens making their first appearance in the world. "I wonder they've got the strength to break their way out of the shell." "Why, ze see, Mrs. Ethel," said Pompey, sagaciously, "dey makes a mighty big effort at last 'case dey's afraid o' bein' billed if dey c'any longer."

An elderly lady who, with her daughter, has but recently returned from a rapid journey through England, France, part of Germany and Italy, was asked the other day if they had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "La! ma, yes we did," said the daughter, "that was the place, don't you know, where we bought the bad stockings?"

A skeptic who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we are in the Spirit and the Spirit in us; he received the following reply: "O, dar's no puzzle bout dat; its like dar poker. I puts it in de fire til it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."

The height of magnificence in Protestant weddings is undoubtedly one in Westminister Abbey. When a cosmopolitan American who was betrothed to an English girl said: "What do you think of my being married in the Abbey?" "Undoubtedly," was the answer, "since there isn't the goblin of a chance of your being buried in Westminister, the next best thing is to be married there."

Young playwright—"Well, Mr. Buncomb, have you read my comedy?" Buncomb—"Yes, and I find it shall be unable to use it. It has some good points, my dear boy, but its crude—very crude."

Young playwright—"Then you couldn't think of putting it on the stage?" Buncomb—"Well, I didn't mean to say that. I could have it ground up and use it for a snowstorm, if you would care to have it put on that way." (Exit playwright abruptly.)

CARNIVALISM IN HAYTI.

Several Practices Among the People of the Black Republic. The following is a translation from Le Peuple of January 23, a journal published at Port-au-Prince, Hayti:—"General Alfred Millard, commanding the arrondissement of Grand Goave, accompanied by the police, proceeded last week to arrest ten or twelve persons of both sexes who were carrying on a trade of killing people in order to sell their flesh in the market-place at Grand Goave. The citizen who has reported this fact to us is in every way worthy of belief. When these people were being conducted to the town, a woman who had taken the communion but a few weeks before, overcame by remorse, died on the way, and her body was buried by the escort. Another, named Sophia (corrected Francoise) arrived at the town tied on a donkey, was recognized by the neighbors and by the wife of our informant, who spoke to her thus: 'How is it, Sister Sophia (Francoise), you who have been cook to Padre Frelah, you who have taken the Communion scarcely fifteen days ago, you feast on human flesh? You should have committed suicide rather than have permitted yourself to be brought here in this state. Arriving at the police office, situated about twenty paces from the house of this lady, the said Sophia (Francoise) was taken from the donkey quite dead, and immediately the prisoners had to dig a grave in which she was buried. The other anthropophagi have declared that for some time they have sold human flesh for pork in the market of Grand Goave. They have made revelations of great importance, but incredible if it were not certain of the facts, seeing them practised or executed before us." The correspondent who forwards the above to the Daily News says:—"It is an important corroboration of the statements contained in Sir Spencer St. John's, Hayti, or the Black Republic," as well as of Captain Kennedy's notices of his sojourn in the West Indies. The authorities at Port-au-Prince were very angry at this publication, and threatened to prosecute the editor, Mr. J. J. Audin, for having had the courage to bring before his countrymen what is passing daily in their midst. The women who are supposed to have died of remorse no doubt fell victims to the clubs of the police, who never spare a prisoner, whether innocent or guilty. I trust none of your readers will confound Hayti with its progressing neighbor, San Domingo.

A Novelty in Surgery. An electric light inside the hip-bone of a man is an unusual spectacle, and yet it was witnessed recently at the Postgraduate Medical School, in New York city. The light was used in an operation to cure hip disease. A student, twenty-two years old, in the college of Burlington, Vt., slipped on the pavement about two months ago and strained his thigh. He soon lost the use of his left leg and suffered excruciating pain. He came to New York, was placed in a cot in the Postgraduate Hospital, and Doctor J. Milton Roberts, a professor in the institution, performed on him a remarkable operation.

The young man was put under the influence of ether, and Dr. Roberts, with a scalpel, laid bare a portion of the hip-bone about three inches wide. Then he called into play a bone-cutting machine, invented by himself, and called the electro-osteotome. It is worked by an electric battery, and can revolve surgical instruments 12,000 revolutions, if necessary, in a minute.

The doctor attached a small drill to the instrument and cut out portions of the hip-bone up to its head, a distance of four inches. These pieces of bone under the microscope showed disease. The doctor then used still larger drills until there was a space large enough to admit the entrance of a man's finger. He now wanted to see the exact condition of affairs inside of the bone. To do so he used a novelty for this class of work—a tiny incandescent electric light, about as large as a pea. This Dr. Roberts introduced inside of the passage in the bone, and the several flashes of light enabled him to see just where the diseased bone was. Then he took up his drill again and cut out the diseased bone wherever it was necessary as easily as if the bone were open before him on an operating table. Dr. Roberts put in a drainage tube to take off diseased matter that might form, sewed up the wound, and applied antiseptic bandages. A hypodermic injection of morphine was given to the patient, and when he recovered from the effects of the ether he was in a satisfactory condition, and it is conjectured that he will in a comparatively short time be able to use his disabled limb.

A Pathetic Tragedy in Real Life.

The evidence of little Frankie Gaughan in court in Scranton, Pa., against John McAndrews and wife for the death of his thirteen year old sister (whom they had adopted) was another proof that truth is stranger than fiction, and told a story of real life whose narration Dickens might have envied. The child, clad in a calico dress and without shoes and stockings all Winter, beaten and starved, lay at last on a bed of straw in the garret in the early morning of a raw March day, dying. There were no bedclothes there, and she was shivering with cold when her little boy of nine, came to see her at five o'clock.

"Frankie," cried the dying girl to her brother, as he drew near, "it is so dark and so cold here—so very cold. Lift me a little, please."

Tenderly the boy raised his fragile sister to a sitting posture and moistened her parched lips with water. For an instant the girl revived, but soon relapsed into unconsciousness. The boy thought her dead and started to summon a neighbor, but a plaintive voice caused him to halt. His sister was speaking faintly.

"I just saw a beautiful angel," she said. "It was mother, and she wore a crown, too. Yes,"—but here her mind wandered for a moment. "Oh, I'm so cold! Frankie, bring Prince (the family dog) and place him on my feet to keep them warm."

The boy did so. "Water! Water!" whispered the little sufferer. "Angels are coming! Oh, see them, Frankie, see—oh, mother—" But that was all, for the little girl was dead.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Iron rust is removed by salt mixed with lemon juice.

Mortar and paint may be removed from window-glass with hot, sharp vinegar. To remove paint splashes on window glass moisten the spots with a strong solution of soda. Then rub hard.

There is a good fern in Virginia on which are kept some 5,000 geese. The main object is the production of down.

By washing a pine floor with a solution of one pound of copperas in one gallon of strong lye, the appearance of oak flooring may be produced.

The following is a good remedy for burns: Mix four ounces of the yolks of eggs with five ounces of pure glycerine. This forms a kind of varnish.

"I will give any man \$100,000 who will produce anything that will prevent a wall of pressed brick from turning white," says a prominent architect.

Empty spoons are nice to use to hang towels and clothing on. Drive nails through them so the head will sink in the end of the spoon. No danger of rust in using them.

Boots and shoes may be rendered waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. The compound forms a fatty acid within the leather, and makes it impervious to water.

A very convenient rule for determining the speed of circular saws is to divide the number 36,000 by the diameter of the saw in inches. The quotient is the proper number of revolutions per minute.

BORAX SOAP.—Cut an ordinary bar of soap in small pieces; put it in one quart of boiling water, and add one ounce of borax. Let it all melt, but not boil. When cold, cut in pieces, and use like ordinary soap.

It is computed that a twelve-inch wall of hard burned bricks and good lime and sand mortar could be built 1,600 feet high before the bottom layers would be crushed. If Portland cement were added to the mortar, the height might reach 5,700 feet.

Some physicians are prescribing nitroglycerine as a stimulant in place of brandy. It is said that two drops of one per cent. solution are the equivalent of an ounce of brandy, and that this dose creates no unnatural craving.

Lime cartridges are coming into use for blasting purposes. A hole is bored, the lime cartridge inserted, and water is poured over it. The increase in volume of the soaked lime splits and cracks the substance which it is desired to blast.

For turning and drilling wrought-iron and steel, one ounce of a mixture of soft soap, with half its weight of pearl-ash in about one gallon of boiling water, is in everyday use in most engineering shops. The work, though constantly moist, does not rust.

Copper-lined tanks are often known to give trouble by leaking, after a few years, much of which arises from the manner of soldering. Most plumbers use common solder, made of lead and tin. For this kind of work pure tin should be used, and the laps thoroughly sweated through. The nails should also be of copper.

A good authority says that a first-class cement, with which to fasten stone to stone, or iron to iron, is made by mixing a paste of pure oxide of lead, litharge and glycerine. This mixture hardens rapidly, is insoluble in acids, and is not affected by heat. It has been used to fasten the different portions of a fly-wheel with success, while, placed between stones and once hardened, it is easier to break the stone than the joint.

If it is desirable to set up an anvil so that its use will make the least possible noise, set the anvil on a block of lead; or make a putty ledge around the anvil upon the wooden block, one-half inch clear all round, one inch high. Raise the anvil clear of the block one-half inch, by any means available, pour in the lead until it rises above the bottom of the anvil; or set the anvil on a good bed of sand half an inch in a box.

To etch your name on steel tools, proceed as follows: Clean thoroughly of grease, and then spread a thin coat of beeswax, or paraffin, on it, the name where the name is to be. This mixture as thin as possible. Then, with a sharp needle point write through the wax to the steel. Paint this over with a mixture of nitric and muriatic acid, in the proportion of six to one respectively, and, when bubbles cease to rise, the work is done. Wash in strong soda water.

To take away ink spots from paper it is customary to use a blotter, which freely soaks up the liquid, and if, by this means, all traces of the ink do not disappear, recourse is had to a salt or some substance having the property of bleaching paper, for instance, oxalate of potassium, etc., to attain this end. A simple modification of this renders still better services. Take a thick blotting paper or board, steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid or oxalate of potassium. Then dry it. If there is a spot to be taken away, apply the blotter, which has been prepared in this fashion, to the same. In proceeding thus, the ink is entirely removed. The blotter drinks up the ink, and whitens the paper at the same time.

How Boy's Marbles are Made.

Almost all the marbles with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, says the Scientific Monthly, in season and out of season, on sidewalks and on sandy spots, are made in Oberstein, Germany. There are large granite quarries and mills in that neighborhood and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stones for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelfuls into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone, where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half bushel of good marbles, all ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 163,000 marbles per week. The hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process somewhat analogous to the other.