

PHONETIC NOTES.

Multum in parvo—A woman's tongue. The longest reign in history—The deluge. Appointing honor—Civil Service Reform. Many a broker is a poor finance seer. A burning question—How much is the gas bill? The hairdresser's widow is a relic of barbarism. Patience comes in where there is nothing else to fill up. A small soul has plenty of elbow room in a narrow minded man. A member of the Shaker fraternity—A man with an attack of the ague. It sounds somewhat paradoxical to say that cremation is "gaining ground." The report that the army worms wear helmet hats seems to be unfounded. Man proposes and the other man—her papa—disposes of him in short order. The immortal saying, "There's always room at the top," was invented by a hotel clerk.

What is the sad end? No, it is not death. It is the tambourine-player's chair in a minstrel show. In the bright lexicon of modern times there is no such word as "bursted." A Rockland woman calls her husband "a glacier," because he moves so mortally slow. The death of Capt. John Ace is announced. It seems that death came along and "coppered the Ace." One of the hardest things to accomplish is to waken a man in a railroad car who is occupying two seats. Ladies' hats may be cheaper this spring than last season, but we notice that they come higher than ever. Philadelphia is a great manufacturing city, but the girls would be better suited if it was a great city for man.

A poetess asks: "Where is my sailor love to-night?" If he is ashore, the probabilities are that he is "half seas over." If the young man who left the poem: "I want to be at rest," upon our desk will call in, we will see that he is accommodated. "Half a loaf is better than none," as the fellow said who was kicked out of a bar-room at noon, where he usually put in the day. When Longfellow's Alpine maiden said to young Mr. Excelsior, "Stop, oh, stay," did she think he was a dude and ought to wear a corset? An exchange says that the famous monkey of the Jardin des Plantes has "joined the great majority of monkeys." Become a "dude," we presume. Jobbins didn't mean it for swearing when he found, one night, that his barn-door had disappeared, and remarked that it was "a door gone shame."

Henry Dore, of Rochester, was kicked by a horse Sunday and received a broken leg. Now let somebody sing "Never take the horse-shoe from the Dore" to him. A mule with five legs has been born in Alabama. We shall look for a large falling off in the population of that State within the next six or eight years. A Pennsylvania man left his wife because she always made him enter the house by the back door. We naturally infer that the cook was not particularly good looking. This is the season of the year when the young man with the twenty-five cent clocked stockings and low-cut shoes sits cross-legged until the whole lower half of his anatomy goes sound asleep.

One of the drawbacks to the pleasure of angling is that if you bring home a string of which you are proud, some envious son of Walton is liable to insinuate that you caught poor mortem trout. One of the results of the panic is the fact, cabled from London, that several wealthy Americans abroad will be obliged to return home immediately. And another that several at home will want to go abroad. The solidification of whisky is a new invention. If the spirit is taken in the form of cakes hereafter, the term "liquid damnation" will no longer apply; but the phrase "solid comfort" will, in the minds of some people, have received a fresh significance.

A Remarkable Incident. A remarkable accident happened in New York recently. A safe weighing two tons and a half was being hoisted to the fourth floor of a building on Broadway, and had reached the desired height when a workman at the window through which it was to pass, and who had been guiding the ponderous mass suddenly gave a piercing and agonizing shriek that startled the crowd who were watching the operation. A glance at the writhing form of the workman, who groaned and screamed with pain, showed what had happened. He had taken hold of the pulley to swing the safe, and his fingers had caught in the rope and drawn into the sheaves of the block. His fellow workmen knew that to turn the winch either to hoist or lower the safe, might result in crushing the poor fellow's hand to a pulp. There was only one thing to do—the ropes must be cut and the safe allowed to drop to the sidewalk. As quickly as possible the sidewalk and the roadway were cleared of pedestrians and vehicles. Two stout fellows lay out upon the sill and held the body of their suffering comrade so that he would not be carried down with the safe. Then the ropes were quickly severed close to the block. The man's hand was released, and he was drawn, half fainting, into the room and carried to a surgeon's. The big safe crashed through the sidewalk, smashed a heavy flagstone into powder, and buried itself in the earthy floor of a vault under the street. The safe was not materially injured, and the workman's wounds are not dangerous.

An Ancient Method of Allaying Storms. Cannonading the sky was formerly regarded in France as an effective means of allaying storms, not of raising them. Arago, the astronomer, traced the origin of this practice to a retired naval officer, who, having seen water-spouts destroyed at sea by the firing of cannon, tried in 1760 to subdue by similar means the storms of rain and hail which prevailed in the department to which he had retired. Arago also found that the firing of cannons in order to allay storms had been preceded in France by the custom of ringing the bells vigorously on such occasions.

An Insolent, Blundering Judge.

It is expedient for those "clothed with a brief authority" to be careful and courteous in its exercise. Some persons invested with power think that ignorance is smartness. Such persons, sooner or later, learn their error. One evening in the Summer of 1742, a gentleman embarked from a barge at Paris, whither he, with a large quantity of baggage, had been brought from Fontainebleau. He engaged a drayman to convey his baggage to a certain place, and then left the quay on foot. The drayman omitted taking one article—a large box, whose shape attracted the attention of a custom-house officer. Thinking its contents might be contraband, he ordered it to be opened. To his astonishment he found therein the body of a woman wrapped from head to foot in linen bandages, whose discolored countenance indicated that she had died from violence.

The officer at once summoned a commissary of the police and a surgeon. Barely looking at the "remains," they also decided that a murder had been committed. A report to this effect being made at the police office, the body was removed to the morgue. On the following morning, as the gentleman returned to the boat for his missing box, he was rudely seized and hurried before the police magistrate. "We've got you, haven't we?" asked that officer, tauntingly, as the gentleman was brought in. "Perhaps you thought to escape, but I assure you that neither my officers nor myself can be found napping where justice demands that we be alert." "I should like to know what all this means," said the gentleman. "Your pretence of ignorance will not save you from the punishment due for your crime."

"My crime?" "Yes,—the murder you committed, or to which you were an accessory." "Murder! What makes you think I have been concerned in such a crime?" "Did you not bring with you to this city a box containing the corpse of a woman?" "Yes." "Who placed the body in the box?" "I did." "How old was she?" "Not far from twenty-five I think," smiling. "Where was her home?" "In Egypt." "Make a note of these answers," said the magistrate to the clerk. Then turning to the gentleman he asked, "When did her death occur?" "About 3,000 years ago." "No levity," remarked "his honor," sternly. "There is no levity in my statement. I must say you are the most stupid judge I ever saw. Had not you and your officers been the veriest ignoramuses, you would have known the 'body' is a mummy," contemptuously. "A mummy?" repeated the dumfounded magistrate. "Yes; from Cairo, whence I have just returned."

"And who are you?" "Count Damont, President of the Royal Society of Antiquities and member of the Academy of Inscriptions." "My lord, I implore your forgiveness for the annoyance I have caused you," said the judge in the most abject humiliation.—Youth's Companion.

CURIOUS FACTS. Kerosene oil is solidified in Russia and made into candles. The telegram overtakes twenty-nine criminals to one secured by a detective. Paris has a Mme. Ledouble who makes a handsome living as a dog's dressmaker. A paper chimney fifty feet high has lately been put up at Breslau. Compressed paper pulp is stated to be one of the least inflammable of substances, and to make an excellent material for fire-proof doors. The general Government owes New Jersey 73 cents, an excess paid on the state by the direct tax of 1861. The United States treasurer's book shows this—and with interest added the amount would be \$1,706—but there is no way of paying it without an act of Congress. Jacques Dupin, the most famous model for old men in Paris, has posed for artists for more than half a century, and beginning in small boyhood as Cupid has grown gray in service, and now stands for such old patriarchs as Job and St. Anthony. A man was received into the Laborisere Hospital, Paris, the other day with a yard of rope hanging from his mouth. Traction upon the cord revealed a section of clothes line measuring eight feet. He had been surprised in an attempt at suicide and had tried to conceal his design by swallowing the cord. He lives. Card telegrams are much in use in Paris. There are two kinds of them—one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue and capable of being so closed as to conceal the writing. They are each large enough to contain a message of fully 60 words. When a card is dropped into the card telegram box of the nearest telegraph office the official in charge picks it up and has it transmitted through one of the pneumatic tubes which extend all over the city, thus insuring its delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less than half an hour from the time it was "posted."

A singular freak of nature has just been made known a short distance from Alliance, Ohio. The parents of the child which has been stamped by Dame Nature as one of her whimsicalities are disinclined to publicity, but the story has got abroad and the neighbors are flocking to see the wonder. A child has been born whose right hand is entirely transparent, differing entirely from the left hand, about which there is nothing abnormal. Through the pellucid skin is seen the veins and muscles, which seem in combination to form the word "star." The parents do not know how to account for it, but the old wives of the place have learned theories of the cause for the congenital peculiarity. Medical men are taking great interest in the transparency. But those who have seen the infant declare the appearance of a word depends very largely upon the imagination.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

Short Talk With the Boys. "Hurry up—quick!" "Now, my boy, you want to stop dead still! They call this a fast age, and we are termed a fast nation, but in spite of that we have plenty of time. Take time to eat. Take time to dress. Take time to do whatever task you are engaged in to your complete satisfaction. I always feel like kicking a lazy man, and if I set out on a journey I can't go fast enough, but this impatience has lost me days of time and a good many dollars. If I want to make a shelf or bench I rush for the first handy board, saw it off hap-hazzard, pound in any sort of nails in any sort of way, and when the shelf is complete I have a shelf which won't fit by a jug-full, or a bench which rests on three legs and holds up the other one as if it had a sore foot. I have taken the wrong street car, lugged off other men's hats, left my change on store counters, bought sugar when I was told to buy butter, spoiled any number of boots, offended dozens of good men, and all because I wanted to save time. "Don't rush. The older I grow the less I believe in the man who leaves a cloud of dust behind him. He will be wrong half the time. He will botch his work, upset the best calculations, and lose a dollar for every seventy-five cents he makes. A petulant, impatient boy makes a man who can't keep a friend. He will be obstinate, unreasonable, unforgiving and thoroughly despised. Don't argue that it is born in you and you can't help it. A boy can help any thing if he has any sand in his nature. He can exercise patience or give way to fits of anger which ought to be boot-jacked out of his nature to save him from the gallows. But you hate to be bossed, eh? Well, my boy, if we could all do as we pleased this world would be a fine country to live in. Our workmen would get to their labor at 10 o'clock in the morning and quit in time for 5 o'clock supper. Our stores might open in the morning or wait until afternoon. Our mills and factories would be run to suit the convenience of teamsters and engineers instead of owners. Our trains and boats would have to suit captains and conductors, and some days you would get one meal and other days three. We must have bosses and stand bossing. Don't start out with the idea that you can be independent. Don't think that you can sit with your folded arms and bring men to you with fat offers. Don't imagine that you are doing anybody a great favor by calling upon them and hinting around that you could be coaxed to take a situation. Do as your employer directs. If he doesn't know his business that's none of your affairs. Make up your mind that the boy who sets out to earn only three dollars per week will never get four. If he is determined to be worth four he will soon be receiving five. I sat down with a half dozen of you the other day, and the opinion of the majority was that employers didn't make any distinction between a smart energetic boy and a drone. Don't be foolish, my lad. Nine employers out of ten had much rather advance a boy than to discharge him. A boy may not be watched as closely as a man, because we make allowances for his inexperience and follies and trifling nature, but don't you forget that he is soon sized up. If he is respectful and truthful and honest the employer who doesn't realize it and reward him is no man to work for. M. QUAD.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. Likely Soon to Again Brighten the Circum-Polar Sky. The theory concerning the "Star of Bethlehem" is based on a poetical foundation, having little to support it. In the year 1572 Tycho Brahe, a Dutch astronomer, discovered a new star near Capri, in the constellation Cassiopea. It increased in brilliancy until it was as bright as Venus, and could be easily seen at noonday. It continued to shine brightly for a month, then gradually grew dim and, in sixteen months disappeared from view. It was looked upon as a new creation or a sun on fire, and the general opinion was that it would never again shine in the star depths. Forty years later the telescope was invented. When it was turned to the position in the heavens occupied by the blazing star, a minute star was found near the identical spot. This telescopic star is still there and is doubtless the same one that blazed forth in 1572. The discovery that it existed led astronomers to search astronomical records, and it was found that similar bright stars had appeared in the same region of the sky in 935 and 1264. Continuing back three periods from 945 we are brought to the near vicinity of the birth of Christ. About twenty-four of these temporary stars have appeared in the last 2000 years, subject, like the star in Cassiopea, to sudden outbursts, followed by a return to their normal insignificance. They are now classed as variable stars, subject to sudden outbursts due to eruptions of blazing hydrogen, and which are followed by long periods of quiescence. The star was due in 1883. If it appears at all it will surely blaze forth by 1885. There is a possibility, therefore, that the long lost Star of Bethlehem, the Pilgrim Star, the Star of 1572, or Tycho Brahe's Star—for it is known by all of these names—will once more become a shining wonder in the sky.

The Execution and the Eulogy. An Execution, lying in the shade reading a newspaper, was approached by a Eulogy. "Anything new, Execution?" "Yes; I've lost a job." "How's that? Panic knock you out?" "No; but you know Mr. Prominent Man?" "What, that generous gentleman, so kind, yet so firm, so proud yet so humble, so profound yet so simple?" "Yes, that old skinflint, so full of taffy yet so pig-headed, so vain yet so obsequious, so bombastic yet so puerile; that's the fellow."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen. "When I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents. Either exercise your graces; or Satan will exercise your corruption; as one bucket descends the other rises.