Scratch your head

Where everybody has a name that almost unseas
you to say
Where they double up the alphabet and rudely
break it off,
And half the names you chance to meet resemble
Whoopinkoff.
'Tis there they recently arranged some influen-
zial fad
That everybody's got to have, and got to have it
bad,
Already it has found its way to lands beyond the
sea,
Its in Chicago—there! Kerchew! I knew I'd have
to sneeze.

A sneeze is such a stubborn thing—it's bound to
have its way,
The more you strive to hush it up the more it
has to say,
It likes to catch you unawares, at church, or
some such place,
And when you'd look your sweetest show it
spatters up your face!
And then the swain on bended knees all ready to
propose,
May quite forget his place the while he wipes his
sneezing nose.
And do your best, 'tis all in vain to try to look at
ease,
When one is coming—there! Kerchew! Great
heavens, what a sneeze!

And so this plague is coming, if 'tis not already
here,
And while there's naught about it that the people
need to fear,
It isn't kind in foreigners to on our people
spring,
Whose time is so much occupied, this nasty
Bacteria thing.
The people oil oppose it, and there's scarcely any
doubt
That blow on blow they'll meet it till at last they
wipe it out.
It interferes with everything, and even times like
these
Are dull when interrupted—there! Kerchew
Another sneeze.

A Suggestion.

Air.—"Something That Nobody Knows."

For the topical questions one hears every day,
An answer there must be I'm sure;
Or else on the shelf let us put them away,
And no longer the torture endure.
We have heard of the mother-in-law till we're
tired,
The stay-at-the-club man is dead;
Don't you think they'd enjoy it if they could be
fired,
When our late friend reposes his head?
"Ask McGinty."

Put along with the rest the old ice-cream joke
stale,
This weather has melted it quite,
And the baby that makes a pedestrian pale
And the tack on the floor at night.
Chuck in that old stove pipe and poems on
spring,
Along with the "beautiful snow;"
And if you should wish to find out anything
As to how they are doing below—
"Ask McGinty."

The festive front gate and the coal bill so steep,
The dog and the stern parent's boot,
Let us gather them in for a long solemn sleep,
And let them all slide down the chute.
And after this funeral the curious man
Then wants to chase things a reply,
We'll smile a faint smile that is child-like and
bland
And to say—"If you want to know why
Ask McGinty."

McGINTY'S WIFE.

Buffalo, Jan. 6th, 1890.

The International Band.

Mamma's got a headache pain,
And had to go to bed again;
And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff,
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!
And we must be the best of boys,
And never make a bit of noise;
And we will be just terrible good,
I promised Mary that we would;
So come on boys and lend a hand;
And we will play at German Band.
I know 'twont hurt dear mamma's head,
'Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in
bed.

Now, Ted, you take the big tin pan,
And bang it hard as ever you can;
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs
And beat the time to all our songs;
The dinner horn will just suit me,
And how I'll blow it you shall see;
And I will be the leader, too,
Now we are ready to begin,
Ted, here's a spoon to strike the tin,
Now, tootle-toot! and a bim, bim, bang!
And a too-who-who! and a rum, bum, clang
And a cling-a-ling! and with foot and hand,
Hooray! for the American German band.

* * * * * *

"Why, mamma, we didn't never know
Our music could have hurt you so!
We fought—you know you said so, Fred—
Zat you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
And we was bein' the best of boys—
And nobody calls music noise!"

—*Olio.* *Harper in Spring Hour.*

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

CHAPTER I.

The Joyners, besides fifty negroes, owned a thousand acres of Ogeechee bottom-land, extending southward to the Mays, who, with as many slaves, paid taxes on over thirteen hundred acres. The mansion of the former, square, two-storied, with attic, was situate a few rods from the public thoroughfare leading from Augusta on the Savannah, through Gateston, the county seat, to Milledgeville, then the capital of the state. In a similar house, with a somewhat more tasteful piazza, a mile below, a little removed from a neighborhood road extending down the river-bank to the Shoals, dwelt the Mays. Equidistant, near the Gateston road, were the Dosters, in their story-and-a-half house, who, with a dozen slaves and about three hundred acres of land, rolling and much thinner than their neighbors', were doing at least as well as could have been expected. The Joyners and Mays had been intimately friendly always, and no neighbor had ever believed himself so dull a prophet as not to have foreseen, long before William and Harriet May and Hiram and Ellen Joyner were old enough to be thinking about sweethearts, that those two families, like their fine plantations, were destined in time to be united, and by a double bond.

The heads of both these families had deceased. So had that of the Dosters, the last, besides his widow, leaving Thomas, lately grown to manhood, and two younger children. At the period in which occurred what this story is meant to tell, Hiram and William were about twenty-two, and Ellen and Harriet nineteen and eighteen.

But for the double of Mr. Doster, Thomas would have had a better education. This event made necessary his leaving the state college at the end of the junior year, in order to conduct the family business. To the necessity that called him away he yielded with more reluctance because he was to leave behind a very dear cousin, with whom the expectation had been to study and enter into a partnership for the practice of law. Yet in this while he had learned quite as much of books as either of the young men his more favored neighbors, who after leaving the academy had been two years at the University of Virginia, where they had spent money to such figures that their mothers readily assented to their proposal to return home without academic degrees. For three years past they had been managing in some sort the goodly estates left by their fathers; but some said that but for their negro foreman the plantations would deteriorate faster. Much of their time had been spent in fox-hunting, bird-hunting, and other field-sports, in horseback journeyings to Milledgeville and Augusta, and in other ways which they regarded their fortunes ample enough to allow. Each, however, had reasonably good moral character, and was frank enough to admit to his mother sometimes that, compared with that of the Dosters, their place was not kept up sufficiently, and that, upon ground well known to be less productive, the Doster crops were better. Yet all along it had been hoped that after a while, particularly when they had married and settled down to steady business, Hiram and William would make good energetic, prosperous citizens like their fathers.

The Mays were tall, slender, and fair; the Joyners of middle height, dark hair and complexion; Ellen somewhat petite, her brother stout and strongly set. The girls were considered quite pretty after their separate styles, and their brothers would have been slow to believe that Tom Doster, midway between them as to figure and complexion, was considered by most people rather better looking than either. The education of the girls was excellent for those times. It was only about a year back when they had come out of the female academy at Gateston, wherein they had spent all their years since very young girlhood. This academy, founded and kept by Rev. Mr. Wyman, a Baptist clergyman, native of Vermont, had, and most deservedly, a very high reputation, that had extended throughout the state and into several adjoining. All branches taught in New England seminaries, including music, drawing, and painting, were in the course which both the girls had made, not only with satisfaction, but high honors. Ellen played on the piano uncommonly well, and Harriet, less skillful there, was a sweeter singer. The young men were quite proud of these accomplishments of their sisters, but for which it was thought that they might have exerted themselves more for their own development. As it was, they built to their fox-hunting and other amusements, each satisfied apparently with the thought that when the time should come for substituting from the other's family he would give in exchange a value regarded equal to that which he would receive.

Thomas Doster had made his bigger way more after leaving college than with more

were such that in three years enough had been laid up to enable them to commence

success and a family of negroes. For some considerable time people had been saying what a fine young man Tom Doster was. The Dosters, belonging to the same church, visited with the other two families, but not nearly so often as those with each other. The young men, particularly William May, who was of heartier temperament than Hiram, rather liked Tom, and in their own families might go so far as to admit that his example, if such a thing were necessary, might be worth imitating. If they felt like patronizing him, they could not do so to much extent, something in his manner, except when in presence of the girls, putting such deportment in restraint. Every week-day he was to be seen, in his plain, home-made, well-fitting clothes, where either the plough handle or the hoe hands were at work, and the passing by of old or young, male or female, seemed to affect in no wise the feeling of manhood as, thus homely clad, he kept at his work. Right often, as the girls with their brothers, or one with him of the other, were riding past, he would take off his broad brimmed hat, return their salutation, and, if happening to be near the fence, come forward at notice of disposition to linger for a brief chat. On Sundays when there was meeting at Horeb, a mile or so inland from the Joyners', he put on his best, and looked the equal of anybody there. Occasionally, when one of the girls had ridden there on horseback, accompanied by her brother, he proposed to escort her home, and—but not often—accepted the invitation to dinner which it was customary in all country neighborhoods to extend on such occasions.

"Tom's a stirring fellow," said Will May to Harriet one day, when, after some conversation with him as he sat upon his fence, they were passing on.

"Yes," she answered; "I think Tom Doster is a very promising young man; handsome too, even in his homespun clothes. I suspect that he would have made a good lawyer."

"Best as it is; indeed lucky, in my opinion. There's no good in a fellow trying to rise too far above his raising. It's well for Tom Doster that he could not go to the bar. He's proud enough, hard as he has to work, and he cannot, if he ever tries, conceal his aspiring nature. I like Tom very well myself as a neighbor; but Hiram, especially of late, doesn't. Hiram says that Tom is as proud as if he owned both our plantations and his little patch of ground besides."

"I don't see why he might not feel as proud as other people, brother Will. He's young, handsome, intelligent, industrious, and of as good family as any, if they do have less property. I should not call pride the feeling that keeps him from looking up to those who are in more favored conditions. I should rather name it a sense of freedom, which every man who feels himself to be a gentleman is bound to have."

"Yes; and that's just the way, as Hiram says, that Ellen talks, and both of you are rather imprudent in the way you treat Tom Doster; and I tell you now, Harriet, that Hiram especially doesn't like him."

"Oho! He doesn't! nor do you, I see. Well, Ellen and I must amend our speech, and be more circumspect in our behavior, even if we cannot help our tastes and manners."

Then she looked back with mock regret toward Tom, who was working away as if he had forgotten having seen and talked with them."

"Come, Harriet, you needn't put on airs"

"Of course not, before my brother Will, and especially before Hiram, of whose displeasure he warns me. But," she added, to tease her brother, "they do say that Tom's cousin has grown to be handsomer even than him. I'll have to see for myself before I can believe it."

"Wasn't that a pretty come off? He and Tom were to be two great lawyers, you know; and their grand scheme has wound up by Tom being, as his father before him was, a common, hard-working farmer, and his cousin a Methodist preacher."

"It was rather strange. As for poor Tom, the disappointment was unavoidable, and, like a true man always will in such cases, he has borne it not only patiently, but cheerfully. His cousin Henry, I doubt not, is following what he believes to be the line of his duty, and if so, that shows him to be a true man also."

"Everybody to his notion. Let us get on." They urged their horses to a brisker pace, that soon brought them to the Joyners', where they tarried awhile before returning home.

Henry Doster was son of Tom's uncle, who dwelt several miles beyond Gateston, and whose estate was somewhat larger than that of his deceased brother. Everybody, his parents, even himself, had been expecting, ever since he first entered college, and until just before he was to leave, that he was to become a lawyer. But about a couple of months before graduation, at the head of his class, during a revival meeting of the Methodist church in Athens, the seat of the state university, he, who always had been piously inclined, became convinced that he had a call to the sacred ministry. His parents, not church members, but rather affiliating with the Baptists, felt a double disappointment. Yet they loved and respected him too well to complain. He was as gentle as he was handsome and gifted. While in college he had the good fortune to be popular both with faculty and students, because he deported himself just as he ought before all. Of olive complexion, brown eyes and hair, his face on occasion would light into redness as decided as ever painted the fairest cheek. When he was in animated declamation his form of five feet ten swayed with a grace more engaging because unstudied, even unconscious, and his voice, at all times sweet, rang sonorous and true as a clarion's. His college mates had prophesied for him an eminent career at the bar, and many felt regret more than surprise at the course which, suddenly, as it seemed, he had resolved to pursue. At Commencement he made his modest valedictory with much *eclat*, smilingly bade adieu to all his associates and acquaintances; then returned to his home, and went to preparing himself for the solemn work that he was to undertake.

CHAPTER II.

The two leading religious denominations as now, were then nearly equally divided in middle Georgia, the ascendency held by the Methodists in the towns and villages being balanced by that of the Baptists in the rural districts. Not very many of the clergy of either had received a college education, yet many of them were very efficient preachers, and some eloquent to a high degree. The Methodists were well pleased at the accession of a young man in whom was such goodly promise. Brief preliminaries were required for the pulpit, and only a few months after the time when Henry Doster had counted upon applying for admission to the bar he was preaching the gospel. So young, and modest as young, it was thought well that for the first year he should work under the guidance of one of the older and more pronounced preachers. Fortunate to both it seemed that the Rev. Allen Swinger, a native of the county, was holding his headquarters in Gateston, and to him, as assistant in his circuit, Henry was assigned. This gentleman, very tall and muscular, had been in his youth a noted fighter, having won his wife, so the tradition went, by his conquest of a formidable rival, and he had not left behind all of his native combativeness when he advanced upon a higher field. He was fond of wielding what he styled his sledge-hammer, not only against sinners in general, but pronounced opponents of his own faith, of the entire certitude of which he never had felt a doubt since the day on which he embraced it first. Yet he was, or he meant to be, as pious as he was aggressive, and he cordially believed that his interest in the welfare of souls, outsiders and nominal insiders, was as good as the best. Many and many a time, with emphasis, would he talk about thus:

"If Allen Swinger know anything at all about himself, his own self, and if he don't, the question arises who do, but if so be, I am not aspirit some of their souls' salvations, if they would only git their consents to give up their mean ways, and then git right straight up and come aright straight along where everybody that ain't a actual a blinded with prejdijces is obleaged to see, plain as open and shut, is the way they got to follor so they mayn't git consoined not only to fire but brimstone sprinkled on top of that, which every sonnee I ben converted myself, like a brand snatched from the burnde', I ben astonished that anybody could ever be such a big fool as to think he could stand such a thing, let alone both. Now as for Henry Doster, if he wasn't quite so thin skin, and if he could get his concenie to pitch in four-an'-a-half (Mr. Swinger by this phrase meant fore and aft) more worldiyans, and be more vigious on them Babitoses, which if they sin't headed they gois' to take their whole country, same like the rand of Egyp', him and me together could git up revivals a'most a constant. But I can't git him to make charges on them. That what I call comin' down out

boy, same as a good Meth'dis' woman that

love him almost a like he were your own child, and, in time, and spiritual, when he git himself a wife, I shit occlim on his spreadin' himself accordin' to his talons, which, jest betwixt me and you, to go no furdur, he's got a plenty, more than any one man's sheer, when we have the expenses to go along with 'em."

Unlike as were these two, a friendship amounting to affection united them. The absence of everything like envy in Mr. Swinger, instead the bounding pride he felt in Henry's superior gifts, and his eagerness to help in such employment as he believed would develop and exhibit them to best advantage; on the other side, the young man's ready performance of every service assigned, his confidence in the single-minded integrity with which Mr. Swinger deported himself toward him, bound them, in not long time, closely and fondly. In spite of his general sternness of manner and speech, Mr. Swinger had much softness of spirit and considerable humor. The submission of a sinner or any other kind of enemy would melt his ire to tenderness instantly. He could tell a joke with excellent effect, and he would do so even when himself was the butt of its ridicule, and his delight at such rehearsal was equal to his hearers' in the laughter thus provoked. He believed, and he so assured the young preacher often, that he could never make important continued headway in his profession as long as he remained single. His talks upon the subject discovered some romance in his being.

(To be Continued).

What Americans Say of England.

Says Charles F. King, the American educator:

"The great commercial countries to-day are, according to value, Great Britain, United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Austria.

"The commerce of the British Empire, including India, Canada and Australia, is greater than the united trade of France, Germany and the United States. The commerce of England to-day is about nine times as great as it was in 1800. The commerce of France in the same time has increased still more rapidly. Great Britain has the most trade with India, of all her possessions; next comes Australia, and then Canada. The United States imports only about half as much from Great Britain now as in 1870, but she exports to Great Britain nearly twice as much now as in 1870.

"England has over twenty thousand merchant vessels, manned by over two hundred thousand seamen. Her commerce is protected by the largest navy in the world. She has established fortified naval depots for coal and provisions along all the great routes of commerce. For example, in the Mediterranean are Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus; on the South African route, St. Helena, Cape Town and Mauritius; on the East India route, Aden, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore and Hong Kong; Melbourne, etc., in Australia; Jamaica and Balize in the West Indies; Halifax and Quebec in Canada. *The sun never sets on her flag.*"—*Philadelphia News.*

Public Men in Washington Who Were Born Under the British Flag.

(Fred Perry Powers in Chicago America.)

There are four natives of England in Congress, and they are exactly divided between the two houses and the two parties. Senator Jones, of Nevada, Republican, and Senator Pasco, of Florida, Democrat; Representative Crisp, of Georgia, Democrat, and Representative Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, Republican, were born in England, but Mr. Crisp's parents were only visiting in Sheffield when he was born there; he does not tell us, however, whether they were Americans, or from some other town in England. They brought the young statesman here when he was under a year old. Senator Pasco was brought to Massachusetts when quite young, and was educated at Harvard. Senator Jones was brought to this country by his parents when he was less than a year old, and Mr. Greenhalge was brought here early in childhood. Scotland has furnished us more members of this Congress than any other foreign country. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Representatives Henderson and Kerr, of Iowa, and Farquhar and Laidlaw, of New York, were born in the land of Burns and oatmeal. Senator Beck and Mr. Farquhar received academic educations before coming to this country. Col. Henderson came to this country at the age of six, and Mr. Kerr came here one year later. Mr. Laidlaw was a dozen years old when his parents brought him to the United States. Ireland, fruitful mother of politicians, sends only four of her offspring to this Congress. Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey, is one of the youngest members of the House. He is only thirty-six and is serving his fourth term in Congress. Messrs. Clancey, Wiley and Quinn are new members. Mr. Wiley was only four years old when his parents brought him, and Mr. Clancey was brought here in childhood, but Mr. Quinn was twenty-five or more when he came, and so far as the biographies in the Congressional Directory inform us he is the only man in this Congress who had required naturalization.

Mr. Clunie, of California, was born in Newfoundland of Massachusetts parents temporarily residing there. Mr. Grout, of Vermont, was born in the Province of Quebec, of parents temporarily residing there. Mr. Connell, of Nebraska, was born in Canada; Senator McMillan, of Michigan, in Ontario; Mr. Stephenson, of Wisconsin, in New Brunswick, and Mr. Caine, the Mormon delegate, was born in the Isle of Man and came to this country at the age of seventeen.

Drinking a Matter of Habit.

I will show, I think, by a single illustration, that drinking is a mere matter of habit. Without the slightest fear of contradiction, I assert that there are at least 200,000 men in this city who drink every day in the week spirituous liquors and never think of touching a drop on Sundays. Now run through your own acquaintances and you will without trouble find scores and scores who never touch a drop of liquor in their own homes, but who on the floor of the Exchange, on the street, in the restaurant, in the cafe, at the stand-up bar are good fellows along that line of entertainment, spending their money freely—not because they or those whom they entertain care especially for the fluid, but that they may have a social interchange of courtesy and personal regard. This is their habit during six working days of the week. On Sundays they rarely leave their homes save to go to church, possibly to take a drive, now and then for a stroll, but thousands upon thousands, and scores of thousands of men content themselves on Sunday with their reading, their writing, playing with their children, receiving friends, literally resting from the labors of the rest of the week. Sometimes they drink at home, but in a vast majority of cases not a drop on Sunday. Because it is Sunday? Not at all, but because being out of the ordinary day routine, out of the companionships of the work-day week, away from the opportunities, they never think of it.—*Joe Howard in Chicago News.*

The Dust of Travel.

If you have been travelling any distance on the cars don't wash your face in cold water the moment you reach a washstand. If you want to remove all trace of dust and smoke rub your face well with vaseline or cold cream, and wipe it off on a dry towel. The towel after the wiping will show you where the dirt has gone. Then you may wash your face in hot water if you will. There is nothing like hot, really hot, water for the complexion. It keeps not only clean, but clear.—*Boston Traveller.*

It Might Become Useful.

How I love you more than tongue can tell!

She (thoughtfully)—Suppose you put it in writing, George.

Waiter: "What will you have, Miss?" Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare): "Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic——" Waiter (shouts across the hall to head server): "Baked beans for one."

There are, it appears, 12,000 miles of electric wires now operated in the New York subways and 2,000 miles suspended from structures of the elevated roads. The total extent of wire in electric service in the city is stated to be 35,000 miles.

Jules Verne says: I am now at my 74th novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last 37 years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest of ease.

Some Famous Collections Made by Enthusiastic Philatelists.

Do you know a business man in this city who had plenty of money, determined to collect a magnificent assortment of foreign postage stamps. For six years he has gone little else than pursue this occupation. He became crazed with all the leading dealers in the world, and left with them orders to secure rare varieties at any price. He has already expanded $25,000, and has now a collection of about 14,000 stamps. This may include all the "adhesives," as there are about 8,000 of them in existence. Occasionally you read, and so do I, of postage stamp collections containing millions of different stamps. Such things are myths, unless they consist of innumerable duplicates. Perhaps dealers and advanced collectors consider the collection of M. Ferrari, son of the Duchess of Galatea, the finest collection of postage stamps in the world. It is said to outrank even the famous Rothschild collection. The Ferrari collection is worth $250,000, and its happy owner employs a well-educated secretary who does nothing whatever but attend to it. This secretary classifies and pastes the stamps, and corresponds with all the leading dealers of the world, endeavoring to obtain what collectors call "unobtainables." The stamp dealers frequently obtain specimens of rare stamps in queer ways. Not long ago a bookkeeper employed by a Philadelphia merchant entered the office of the firm of which Mr. Hanes is a member, and throwing a stamp on the counter asked whether it was worth anything. This was one of the first stamps issued by the city of Baltimore many years ago, and the bookkeeper said he had found it on a letter of an old correspondent of the firm for which he worked. Apparently the man did not think the stamp would bring more than 50 cents or a dollar. You can judge of his amazement, therefore, when he was offered a sum very far beyond this, and which seemed to him fabulous. He parted with the stamp gladly, and hurried out of the office as if he were afraid the money would be asked back. Several days later this stamp was sold for $260. One of the most famous collectors of the world is Mr. Tapling, an English member of Parliament. He lives at Dulwich, not far from London. His collection, which is valued at $200,000, is mounted on cardboard and includes a long list of what connoisseurs call the "unobtainables." Dozens and dozens of Mr. Tapling's stamps are worth from $100 to $150 apiece. Several weeks ago a very small boy who has been selling stamps at intervals to a local dealer called upon him with a United States stamp—I think it was one of the old "80 cents"—and asked how much it was worth. This was a stamp which sells readily for $10. But the lad had never received more than 5 or 6 cents apiece for his stamps before, and the dealer was afraid of frightening him at first by mentioning a high value, so he told the boy "It was a mighty good stamp." Then offering $5 for it, he asked the lad whether he would sell it at that figure. The boy became scared, picked up the stamp, ran away and has never returned. He probably has an idea that it worth is a fabulous sum.—*Philadelphia News.*

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Youthful Humorists.

While her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked: "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

A little girl suffering with the mumps declares she "feels as though a headache had slipped down into her neck."

A little girl on Long Island offered a rather remarkable prayer a few nights ago when she said, "I do thank thee, God, for all my blessings, and I'll do as much for you some time."

"Johnnie, what are you doing up stairs?" said Johnnie's ma. "Oh, nothin' much, ma." "But, sir, I want to know." "Oh, well, then, I'm skinning a freckle to see what she looks like inside."

"Mamma," said a little boy, "I gave Carrie a pretty good hint to go home, today." "What did you do, my son?" said his mother. "Oh, I filled her mouth with mustard and called it apple sauce, and she took the hint."

As little Edgar's mother was about to punish him for some misdemeanor, he begged that he might be allowed to say his prayers before the chastisement. When he had finished he reminded there so long that his mother finally relented.

A little girl having found a shelless egg under a bush in the garden brought is in, and showing it to her aunt said: "See, auntie, what I found under the currant bushes. I know the old hen that laid it and I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it."

Stimulants Between Meals.

Although all persons who indulge in alcoholic stimulants well within the margin of actual drunkenness speak of themselves as moderate drinkers, there are two special classes of them which bear no resemblance to each other except in the solitary circumstance that they never, at any time, take sufficient to intoxicate themselves. The one class is that which only partakes of stimulants while eating; the other indulges in them between meal times. To the latter habit is applied, in this country, the title of nipping, while in the east it is spoken of as "pegging." And this is the most pernicious of all forms of drinking, from the fact that stimulants taken without at the same time partaking of food, though only imbibed in small quantities at a time, have most deleterious effects on the internal organs. A man who habitually indulges in a single glass of sherry in the forenoon, a brandy-and-soda in the afternoon, and a glass of whiskey-and-water in the course of the evening does far more injury to his constitution than one who partakes of a larger quantity of alcoholic stimulants at meal times.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Measurements of the Great Lakes.

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 86 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Both Suffered from Delay.

"My business is suffering from delayed mails," remarked Gazzam.

"Delayed mails are very annoying," assented his wife, severely. "I waited for one last night till about 1 o'clock."

Big Beat.

"Here's something interesting," said the exchange editor to the paragraphic serf. "They hung a newspaper man out West for something he wrote."

"Well," said the P. S., wearily, "he had the satisfaction of getting the noose exclusive."

Stately Sweetness.

Minnie—Mr. Bizz actually proposed to me last night. I never was so surprised in all my life.

Mamie—You needn't have been. His sole ambition is to be thought eccentric.

—Buffalo Bill recently climbed Mount Vesuvius. He was pleased with the crater.

A New York pool seller, who in order to escape jury duty swore that he was not a person of good moral character, was never thought to have spoken the truth for once and he was excused.

When a bashful young man finds himself in company where there is a crowing infant of ten months, the expression of his face, when the proud mother thrusts her tender offspring at him with the remark, "Baby, kiss the nice gentleman," may be imagined, but it could not be counterfeited.

"We all have our trials," said a married lady yesterday. "The trouble with me," said a young lawyer with an equally copious flow of tears, "is that I haven't any."

Interesting Labor Notes Culled From Various Sources.

The first woolen mill in Greece was recently established.

A bowl of wood fibre is made in Saxony. It is water-tight and indestructible.

The physicians of Findlay, O., have increased the price of a visit from $1 to $1.50.

The bottomers in a Haverhill, Mass., shoe-shop struck against working by piece.

The initiation fee of the San Francisco Brick-Handlers' Union is $25.

The Fall River cotton weavers get 19 cents a cut on work that formerly paid 21 cents.

Washington, D. C., Government compositors want $4 a day and 50 cents per 1,000 ems.

Eastern competition is ruining the boilermaking trade in San Francisco. Boilermakers get $3.50 per day out thetyr.

On the Hudson River alone 10,000 men usually employed on the ice harvest are idle.

The blast furnaces of West Cumberland, Eng., are busier than at any time in the history of the trade.

At Albany, N.Y., the shoe lasters, moulders and bakers have endorsed the eight-hour movement.

The Key West cigarmakers won the strike for an advance of $1 per 1,000, and the helpers got 10 cents advance.

Under the eleven-hour law in Georgia Columbus mills will begin work at 6 and stop at 5.30; 5.50 on Saturday.

The Federation of Labor has ordered some Pittsburg carpet-setters to strike against non-union men, but they refused to go out.

McKeesport, Pa., undertakers have asked Councils to grant funerals the right of way in all cases except the fire department and mail waggons.

The Brooklyn Tin and Sheetiron Workers' Union defeated by one vote a motion to fix the initiation at $25. It was made $10.

The English miners have been granted the new advance of 10 per cent., making an increase of 30 per cent. over their wages of fifteen months ago.

Planing-mill employees at Butler, Pa., get $2 for a ten-hour day and at Pittsburg the same class of men receive $2.75 for nine hours.

The boy employees of a Steubenville, O. glass works have struck for an advance from $4 to $5 per week. Pittsburg boys get $4.

Women employed on the Volga River in Russia, work from 4 o'clock in the morning till sunset. They carry 140 pounds of freight up high ladders. Men get 22 cents per day, women 18 cents.

San Francisco bakers get from $15 to $20 per week. Some helpers get $17, and a few chargers $24. The union has cut the hours from ninety to eighty-four hours per week, and changed the monthly pay-day to each week, and in some cases abolished boarding at the shops.

When the failure of Oliver Brothers, iron manufacturers, of Pittsburg, was announced with $1,500,000 liabilities, the laborers offered to work for half wages for a year, and their action has placed the firm in its old place. The works employ 4,000.

The Denver Stone-cutters' Union has 300 members and claims to be the largest in the country. They get 57 cents per hour, and work eight and four on Saturday. Two apprentices at a time are allowed to each employer.

The Indianapolis carpenters have given notice that their work will consist of eight hours per day after April 15th, and 35 cents per hour the lowest wages. Double pay for Sundsy work and other over time 50 per cent. over regular rate.

So many people commit suicide at Monte Carlo that the managers of the gambling tables there really ought to provide accommodations for them. It is very shabby of them after raking in all a man's money to leave him to invent methods of self destruction. A suicide annex to that fashionable resort would add greatly to its convenience.

A farmer who had been looking yester day for men to grub and clear land was complaining that it was impossible to get the work done for any figure he could afford to pay. Three years ago, he said, he could have had the land cleared for $25 per acre, now it will cost him from $70 to $90 per acre. Even the Chinese do not any longer care to contract for grubbing land. They used to cut wood for 80 to 90 cents a cord, and now they want $1.50, and are very independent about working at all. The restriction act does not suit every one.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Young Lawyers Catching On.

A young lawyer who comes to a big city to make his fortune must first make himself known. Without acquaintances he might as well try to manage a comic opera company on a desert island as to get cases of a desirable kind. The piece of advice that is first given the young lawyer by the older heads when he comes to St. Louis is, "Make yourself known!" There are different ways of doing this. Some young fellows, if they have money, plunge into society the very first thing. That's a good thing in its way, but I do not believe that it pays in the long run. Others join secret orders, attend meetings regularly, and in a few weeks know several hundred people by sight and name. That is one of the best plans, and a very popular one.

If you are familiar with the secret organizations of the city, just think how many of their officers are lawyers. Another plan which is employed with good results by many is to take board in a down town hotel, and spend a great part of the time, out of office hours, in the rotunda, meeting strangers and talking. One keeps himself in touch with all the news this way, and makes valuable acquaintances. The young lawyer who is fortunate enough to get a desk in the office of some established attorney, whose friends and clients he meets, is in the best position of them all, and will probably begin making money sooner than any of them. If, with this advantage, he will also put into execution one of those other plans, he will go ahead rapidly.—*One of Them in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Bridge Over the Behring Straits.

In an age which has seen a Forth bridge an accomplished fact, and a bridge from England to France discussed and designed, there is nothing novel or extraordinary in the project which is receiving some attention in Russia of bridging over the Behring Straits. The narrowest part of the gulf which separates Siberia from Alaska is only 96 kilometres (little more than 60 miles), and it so happens that there are islands in a straight line which would serve as points of division in the bridge and reduce each portion to a length considerably less than that of the proposed channel bridge. The compensating advantage to be gained by a work of such huge expense is not obvious, though there needs must be something attractive in a scheme which, if carried out, would seem to bring nearer the day when it may be possible to make the circuit of the globe on foot. But if, as we are told, the supremacy of the world in years hereafter is to be divided between Russia and America, it might be better for general peace if the sea remains unabridged.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Grippe of Other Days.

There were altogether about 300 distinct epidemics of influenza in Europe between 1510, when the disease was first noted at Malta, and 1850. In 1729 the whole of Europe suffered severely. According to statistics published by the *Novoe Vremya* the disease caused 926 deaths in London in one week, and in Vienna 10,000 persons were affected. In 1767 and 1768 there were further outbreaks, and the deaths in one week in London amounted to 1,000. In 1775 domestic animals were first attacked by it. In 1782 40,000 persons fell ill of it in St. Petersburg in 24 hours. In St. Petersburg quinine is now served out daily to the troops, mixed with vodka.

The description of a missing man which was sent to the Columbus (O.) police headquarters contained the statement that he was 68 years old and small for his age.

—The mouse in his hole is safe beyond a purr-adventure.

—"Which is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dewkins.

M. Rothschild has presented $30,000 to the city of Paris for the relief of the poor who are suffering from influenza in that place.

Story of a Georgia Man's Singular Paralytic Affliction.

Joseph Oscar Johnson was sent to his home a few days ago, and his case is probably one of the most remarkable that occurred to that or any other hospital, says the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*. He is a paralytic, and one side is entirely useless. The stroke come on him some two months ago. He is a locomotive engineer, and was able to make a good living. He had seen a good deal of the world, and generally saw the bright side of it. It was in the town of Clinton, S. C., that the stroke came on him. He was on a run that carried him into that town. He was one day doing some work on his engine and talking to some one standing near. At the moment he received the blow he was in the act of laughing, and, strange to say the muscles and nerves of the face that are brought most into play in the act of laughing are the ones that are most affected, and over these he has no control whatever. He feels, of course, like there is little left for him to live for, being utterly helpless, and it is necessarily a sad thought to him. But he cannot think of it nor tell his troubles, and the doubts and fears that torment him without laughing. He has a wife and five children, and when this affliction came upon him he went to his father-in-law, who lived in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition and of his inability to care further for his family, and telling him at the same time that for himself he did not wish to be a burden upon any one, but would go somewhere and seek seclusion and calmly await the closing of what was henceforth to be a useless life. The recital of his parting with his wife was most pathetic and heartrending, yet with tears in his eyes and a heart full of agony he was forced to laugh as though he was telling the most ludicrous incident.

He has wandered from one county to another, and has frequently gone several days without a morsel to eat. Recently he spent a night in the woods in a violent rain storm. His crippled leg refused to serve him longer, and he was compelled, without shelter, to take the violence of