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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you've anything to grieve you,
And fill your heart with fears,
If Poverty bides near you,
And your days are dimmed by tears,
If you find with soul despairing
No answer to your prayers,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,
And pain and sickness bring
A gloom that clouds the sunshine
And shadows everything,
If you feel that lot so weary
But seldom mortal bears,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

This world is fond of pleasure,
And, take it at its best,
'Tis really bored unless you
Meet it with smile and jest;
It yawns o'er Want's complainings,
At sorrow coldly stares,
So never tell your troubles,
Nobody really cares.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Weekly.*

WITHOUT HER CONSENT.

It was a chilly November night when the train got to Hampden.

Hampden was one of those new, unfinished places which require the brightest of sunlight, the greenest frames of quivering leaves to make them at all presentable. And in the gray, uncompromising medium of the November dusk Hampden looked dreary enough, with the dark chimney of the new silk mill rising out of the hemlock woods, the staring Queen Anne depot, the church, which bore a strong family resemblance to a child's wooden toy, and the stone quarry to the left, which reminded the thoughtful looker-on of a gigantic fortification in an unfinished state.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Nedley, as she looked around her. "A queer place."

Her niece Phebe was there to meet her with a box wagon and a white-nosed old horse.

"Folks can't always choose where they're to live," said Phebe, who was always in a state of antagonism to Mrs. Nedley, "and Hampden is good enough for me."

"How is Philip?" asked Mrs. Nedley.

"Philip is well," said Phebe, as she helped the depot boy to hoist Aunt Nedley's trunk into the wagon.

Philip Barrow was Mrs. Nedley's favorite nephew. She had paid his bills at school, superintended his fortunes and finally purchased a share for him in the new silk mills.

"He's all I've got," said Mrs. Nedley, "except Phebe, and Phebe and I never did hitch horses together. And I want him to succeed in the world."

But within a few days a new claimant had arisen to Aunt Nedley's protection and tender consideration.

"To be sure, she is no relation to me," said Mrs. Nedly. "But her mother was my dearest friend, and I think I will adopt her 'for my sake.'"

And it was scarcely an hour from the time in which she learned that Sylvia Gray was on orphan that she wrote a kind letter to the girl asking her to come to the East for a visit.

"If you like it, my dear, there need be no occasion for your going back," she wrote. "We are both alone. Let us be companions to one another."

She had waited and waited and no reply had arrived; and while she waited a plan had developed itself in her mind.

"If she is her mother's daughter she can't help being pretty," said Mrs. Nedley. "Phil is a handsome lad. She shall marry Phil!"

And this explains Mrs. Nedley's presence at Hamden.

"I suppose you are still keeping house for Philip?" said she to Phebe, as they drove along in the chill twilight.

"No," said Phebe, skillfully guiding the old horse down a steep place in the road.

"He boards, eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"No, he don't board," answered Phebe. "His wife keeps house for him.

"What?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"He is married," announced Phebe, very much in the tone in which she might have said: "It's a cold evening," or "the train is late."

"Philip married!" repeated the old lady—"married! Stop, Phebe; don't drive a step further! Turn around at once. Take me back to the station. I'll return to Concord."

"Ain't you going to see Philip?" asked Phebe.

"Not if he's married," answered Mrs. Nedley, in a choked voice.

"He's got a proper, nice wife," pleaded Phebe. "You'll like her."

"No, I shan't," answered Mrs. Nedley. "Philip—married. Phebe, if you don't turn around, I'll get out and walk."

Mrs. Nedley's will was like adamant, and Phebe Barrow was forced to succumb to it.

And so it happened that Phebe and the white nosed pony arrived, solitary and alone, at the little cottage of the mill superintendent half an hour later.

Phil came out into the porch, carrying a lamp in his hand.

Mrs. Phil ran after him, with a pink apron tied around her trim waist and her brown fringe of hair blowing back from her forehead.

"Where's my aunt?" said Phil, as Phebe jumped out. "Didn't she come?"

"She came," said Phebe, curtly; "but she's gone back again."

"Gone back again?"

"Yes. She didn't like it because you've married; so she's gone back by the 8:06 train."

"Oh, Phil!" cried Mrs. Barrow, who was a round, cherry cheeked little woman, with soft, hazel eyes and a mouth like a rosebud. "What shall we do? Why didn't you consult her before you married me?"

Phil Barrow broke into a great laugh.

"My dear," said he, "it wasn't her consent I wanted; it was yours."

"Oh! But Phil, she has done so much for you."

"She's a good soul, but she's eccentric," said the mill superintendent. "Go in, Phebe, and get your tea."

"I'm sure I can't eat a mouthful," said Mrs. Phil, despairingly. "And the biscuits I mixed myself; and the fried chicken, and the White mountain cake—oh, Phil! oh, Phil!"

"Don't fret, dear," said Phil, "my Aunt Nedley has missed a very good supper; that I can tell her."

"But I've blighted your future," said Mrs. Barrow, tragically seizing the sugar tongs.

"We'll go to Concord to-morrow and see the old lady," soothed Phil. "She must surrender if she sees you, wifey."

Phebe chuckled grimly.

"That's all very well," said she, "but you forget that an old lady and a young man don't look at a girl with the same eyes."

"Hold your tongue, Phebe," said the mill superintendent. "Where's the use of always croaking?"

And then Mrs Phil began to laugh, and Phebe, who after her crabbed fashion, was fond of her pretty young sister-in-law, laughed also; and, after all the dainty little supper was eaten and enjoyed, even though Aunt Nedley's face was steadfastly turned toward Concord.

Her own fireside had never seemed so solitary and dreary as it did upon that November night.

The maids, gossiping in the kitchen, were called upon to rekindle the dead fire. The tea, smoky and half cold, was served, and Mrs. Nedley was just resolving to go to bed when Betsey brought a letter.

"Postman, mum; he left it a week ago," said she. "It had fallen down back of the letter box."

"Ah," said Mrs. Nedley, fitting on her spectacles and scrutinizing the seal and directions, "from Silvia Gray! Now I shall have some one to love in Philip's place."

But she had not read three lines before she flung the letter indignantly on the sulking fire.

"Married!" she exclaimed. "That child! Is everybody crazy to get married, I wonder? And she hopes I'll excuse her, but her husband thinks—folly and nonsense! What is her husband to me? Betsy, my chamber candle!"

"Bless me, ma'am!" said Betsy. "What has happened?"

"Everything!" said Mrs. Nedley. "Don't let me be called before eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I almost wish that I could go to sleep and sleep forever."

And Mrs. Nedley, in the silence and solitude of her own room, fell to thinking to what charitable institution she could leave her money.

With the Psalmist of old she could earnestly have cried, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"I loved Philip," she said, "and I had set my heart on Silvia—and such a match it would have been!"

She was sitting at her luncheon the next day, with the cockatoo on one side of her and the poodle on the other? when Betsy opened the door.

"Please, ma'am," said Betsy, "company."

"Betsy," said Mrs. Nedley, severely, "I told you I was not at home to anybody to day."

"Please ma'am," giggled Betsy, "he would come in."

"Who would come in?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"It's me, Aunt Nedley," said Philip Barrow, "and my wife. Don't be vexed."

The tall young mill superintendent came in, with his pretty wife hanging on his arm.

"Won't you kiss me, Aunt Nedley?" said Mrs. Phil, putting up her rosebud lips—"for my mother's sake?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"Didn't you get my letter?" said Philip's wife.

"Letter?"

Mrs. Nedley was more convinced than ever now that she was asleep and dreaming.

"I wrote you all about it," said Mrs. Phil. "Don't you know? I am Silvia Gray. I met Philip when he came out to Denver to look at the new mill machinery, and he would be married immediately. He said he was sure you would forgive him. Will you forgive him, Aunt Nedley?"

"Yes, my dear; I will," said Mrs. Nedley, her face brightening up like the full moon peeping through mist wreaths; "but why didn't they tell me you were Silvia Gray?"

"Philip wanted to surprise you," said Silvia, hanging her head.

"Well, he has surprised me," said Aunt Nedley.

She went back to Hampden with the mill superintendent and his wife, and slept in the pretty pink and white bedroom which Silvia had prepared for her with so much pains; and she praised Silvia's chicken salad and prune pies, and she even condescended to approve of Phebe's half-completed silk counterpane; for life was all couleur de rose for her now.—*F. Marion Crawford.*

Fat People in Public Life.

Judge David Davis is here with his young bride, says a recent Washington letter. Their is about forty years' difference in their ages, but the old judge has grown thinner since his marriage, though his eye is brighter than ever. Perhaps the fattest couple in our political history was General Knox and his wife, who used to be central figures of court society in Washington's day. Knox was Washington's secretary of war, and it is said that both he and his wife pulled the scales at full three hundred pounds. General Knox began life as a bookseller in Boston, and he met his wife in his bookstore, where she came to purchase. Her name was Miss Fletcher, and she was the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Fletcher, the secretary of the Province. The Fletchers opposed the match, but it finally came off and Henry Knox soon became more noted than his father-in-law. He died at last from his carelessness in eating. A chicken bone, choked him and he swallowed it. Mortification of the stomach resulted, and he died at fifty-six.

Taking a Thumb Oath.

In the council chamber of an old German town, famous for rare and quaint memorials of the very long ago, is preserved with wondrous care a very singular bit of gold smithery. It is "the Burgered crystal," an enameled relic box with a rock crystal upon the top, and upon this the burghers of Luneburg placed a thumb when required to take an oath.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Cravats and scarfs are made of paper by a Berlin manufacturer.

A QUEER GAMBLING SCENE.

VISIT TO A CHINESE GAMING HOUSE IN CANTON.

Betting on a Fight Between Two Crickets in a Porcelain Bowl—Flight of the Gamesters.

A writer in an English publication describing a visit paid by him and a companion to a gaming house in China, says: Preceded by Whang, whose long black tail and dark dress gave him the appearance of a huge tadpole, we set out one evening after sunset to visit one of the most fashionable of the thousand and one gaming houses with which Canton is infested. After about fifteen minutes' smart walking, we arrived at a low narrow door in a dark narrow street, into which we stooped and squeezed ourselves, and keeping close to our conductor's "tail," entered a small room lit by three lanterns as large as regimental double drums, and of the same shape, and seven or eight oblate spheroids, which were dangled about in the hands of the gamesters' attendants, and by some of the sporting gentlemen themselves, so anxious were they about the game. "Tseng tow ke!" cried our conductor, which being interpreted, means, "Clear the way!" But we checked his rudeness, and declared we only came as visitors, and did not intend to bet.

In the center of the room was a round table, ornamented at the edges with a richly carved ivory rim; in the center of this table was a large porcelain bowl, of a delicate white color, veined and clouded with pale tints of purple; round this bowl were assembled some fifteen or twenty Chinese gentlemen, evidently in a state of intense expectation and impatience. At opposite sides of the bowl stood Chinese attendants, who acted as backers of the respective combatants, each being armed with a straw. The play was now ordered to begin.

Two other attendants immediately made their way through the crowd, each with a little carved ivory case having a gold top of open work like an aromatic scent-box. Out of the cases were produced two large crickets. These fighting insects are regularly trained for the contest by a variety of curious processes. They are of a dusky color, with strong legs and thighs, thick bodies, and broad bull-heads, and have mouths that bite like the front claw of a little crab. The combatants were placed at the same time on the inside surface of the bowl, and, sliding down quickly, came against each other, head foremost, with a dry, crisp, cracking sound. But they immediately drew back, and began to manoeuvre in the air with their front legs. At sight of this great applause was elicited from the company.

The gamesters, however, soon became too impatient to bear this display of science, and the backers were ordered to make them "go to work." These gentry accordingly advanced their straws, and stirred, and turned, and poked the crickets, till the poor creatures became so exasperated at what they evidently thought to be the strong provocation given by each other, that they reared themselves on their hind legs, and danced, and bit, and wrestled with their front legs, and pulled and scratched, and tore, and rolled over and over, and jumped up and down, and slid about, and bled and foamed at the mouth, until pieces of skin and joints of legs were strewn quivering over the bottom of the bowl.

These Chinese gentlemen were all excited to the highest degree; They also capered, and slid, and jumped up and down, and pulled and scratched, and squeaked and screamed, and frothed at the mouth, while their eyes were all like glittering beads. They betted for flycakes—cakes in which small black flies are baked by way of currants; but the thing hazarded is only nominal, gambling for money being contrary to law. These nice cakes, however, are privately understood to represent money.

I confess I was at last so absurd as to become excited myself as the fight went on, and made several bets of ten cakes, with the understanding that my cakes meant dollars. My friend, Captain Bowling, in order to prevent me being "done," hedged all my bets. I felt certain as to which of the crickets would win, for one of them had by this time no atom of wing left, and scarcely half a leg to stand upon, while the other had one ragged wing quite entire at the shoulder, and three good stumps of thighs.

My bets had by this time amounted to one hundred dollars. Captain Bowling having carefully "hedged" to the same amount with different sporting gentlemen in the room. No sooner, however, had I made my bet of the last ten cakes, than the cricket which was reduced to a mere trunk, and which, of course, I had betted against, bit the head of his adversary completely off! There lay the vanquished cricket, and there lay the head, with the mouth opening and shutting. I have not the slightest idea how it was done. It all seemed fair enough, and, I may add, with shame in my participation in it, barbarous enough—bad as our cock-fighting. But how did it happen that my cricket lost? Surely some black leg longtail must have done the deed with an invisible pair of nippers.

Howbeit, I paid the hundred dollars. Captain Bowling then went laughing round the room to collect his bets, which would just have got the money back again; when suddenly a servant rushed in as pale as ashes, and cried out that three mandarins and a troop of soldiers were about to surround the house. Down came the large lanterns from the ceiling—out went those in the hand—smash went the porcelain basin—and amid the scrambling rush of the crowd and the crashing of china under foot I was pursued about in the dark, first one way, then another, till eventually I fought my way out into the street, by some other door than the one by which I had entered, and fell over the prostrate body of Captain Bowling, who was lying with his head in a broken lantern, but not hurt, with the exception of a few pretty severe bruises.

The life of 1,000 persans is now equal in duration to that of 1,070 persons previously, and 1,000 births will now keep up the growth of the world's population as well as 1,070 births used to do.

A French astronomer claims to have discovered a mountain seventy miles high in the planet Venus.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chestnut and mushroom are the new fashionable colors.

In the English civil service there are 3,260 women clerks.

Sixty-four women engravers earn their livelihood in England.

Jerseys will be in greater demand than ever this coming spring.

There are fifty new shades of brown, almost as many of green.

There are 7,162 women missionaries and preachers in England.

Ten thousand five hundred women bind English books and 2,302 assist in printing them.

The newest crepe lisse neck plaitings are bordered with very small beads in pearl, gold or crystal.

Gold jewelry set with small stones is fashionable. These stones are usually incrusted in a rough surface.

There are 347 female blacksmiths in England, all of whom actually swing heavy hammers and do men's work.

A silver cream-colored necklace, for visiting toilet, has different animals' heads in raised filigree on its coin drops.

A number of New Haven women have been selling their hair to raise money for the necessaries of life. Their husband's have none to sell.

Mrs. Harriet Smith, of Tuckertown, Fla., has proved that women have a soul above the fashions. She is making money by running a large sawmill.

The English clockmakers produce the most accurate timekeepers, the French the finest decorative clocks, and the American manufacturers the best clocks for a moderate price.

Changeable brown agates, called tiger-eye, are much used for ladies' umbrella handles. For gentlemen, buckhorn mounted with silver, or silver chased with hawthorn blossoms, is preferred.

A new jabot is of point d'Angleterre and is a combination of pale crepe shirred, the lace forming Vandyked points and embellished with pale pink satin bows here and there. It is wider and squarer than the jabot of last year.

It is said that a lady in New York has a dress of spun glass, trimmed with cut crystal beads, the glass being in the palest amber tone, in exact coloring of the hair of the fair wearer, who is very young and exceedingly beautiful.

An elegant headgear for a matron is of point de Venice lace caught into a rosette at left side by a cluster of sunset rosebuds, and a plain but deep band of the rich lace forms the cap, which is wired into a diamond-pointed shape.

White satin foulard, brocaded with gold-colored buds and leaves, is not a bad substitute for white satin wrought with gold, especially when made up with panels and fan plaitings of gold-colored satin and a ruffle of gold satin around the entire skirt.

At a recent sale of fans in Madrid one of ivory, painted by Watteau, which formerly belonged to the Princess Adelaide of Savoy, fetched $750. A fan painted by Boucher sold for $950; and another, painted by Lebrun for the Dutchess of Medina-Cell, brought $450.

Brown velvet is much favored by the London dressmakers as a trimming for the yellow illusion evening gowns now so fashionable. It makes a hem more becoming, even to brunettes, and removes the slight suspicion of gaudiness which always clings about a yellow dress.

A new, useful and unique style of jewelry has come into fashionable wear called English crape stone on account of its having the light and wavy appearance of crape. It is now the most popular, being largely worn by people in mourning, in place of jet, as it is both elegant and inexpensive.

Onion sociables are the latest fashionable novelty in Wyoming Territory. Six ladies take an onion with them into a room, and one of them takes a bite out of it. Then a young gentleman is admitted, and if, after kissing all he fails to tell which of them bit the onion all the girls are obliged to kiss him.

The colors for spring bonnets are six shades of brown, from deep to light Havana, three shades of ecru, several shades of bluish drabs, decided straw yellow, Leghorn yellow; cardinal, cherry, and coquelicot; a new shade of absinthe, said to be an exact imitation of the intoxicating beverage when mixed with water. The light pinks, blues, and staple shades of spring are included in all assortments.

Miss Maud St. Piere, who is known as the "Southern Coal Queen," is the happy possessor of 300,000 acres of mining lands situated in Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky. She overlooks 22,000 acres of mineral wealth from her mountain home in Tennessee, superintends her workmen in a great degree, and still she is not strong-minded in the general acceptation of the term. She merely demonstrates woman's right to make money—if she can.

In Sweden young girls place under three separate cups a ring, a coin and a piece of black ribbon. If the ring is first accidentally exposed she will be married within a year; if the money, she will get a rich husband; if the ribbon, she will die an old maid. It is a favorite amusement among the young girls in Russia to conceal their finger-rings in small heaps of corn on the floor. A hen is brought in, which at once begins to peck at the tiny heaps of grain. The owner of the first ring exposed to view will, according to popular belief, be married before her companions in the experiment.

Popular Delusions.

Science destroys some of the most cherished popular delusions. Catgut is derived from sheep; German silver was not invented in Germany, and it contains no silver; Cleopatra's needle was not erected by her, nor in her honor; Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with that personage; sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax; the tuberose is not a rose, but a polyanth; the strawberry is not a berry; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths at all; whalebone is not bone, and contains not any of its properties.

The attendance at some of the leading colleges for the current year is as follows: Michigan, 1,554; Columbia, 1,530; Harvard, 1,522; Yale, 1,070; University of Pennsylvania, 1,044; Princeton, 527; Oberlin, 1,474.

AMERICA'S RICHEST WOMAN

MRS. GREEN AND HER IMMENSE FORTUNE.

How She Has Accumulated About Forty Million Dollars. Her Economy and Wonderful Shrewdness.

Mrs. Edward H. Green is one of the most extraordinary women in America. Wall street has long been filled with stories of her wealth, her penuriousness, her shrewdness, and her wonderful "financial operations." That she is the wealthiest woman in the United States is without question. Her $25,000,000 of first-class securities and government bonds that were in the vaults of John J. Cisco & Son are a part of her riches. Her wealth is believed to be about $35,000,000 or $40,000,000. To all intents and purposes she owns a controlling interest in the Louisville and Nashville railroad, of which her husband was long a director, and for a short time the president. Most of this immense wealth she has created by her own financial ability, and by a habit inherited from her father of strict economy and accumulation.

The shrewdest brokers on the street admit her remarkable business ability. Her knowledge of Wall street is extensive, but her quickness in discerning changes for making "turns" as in avoiding pitfalls and ambushes amounts to intuition. Many a mysterious but powerful movement in the financial world has been traced to her. Many of the stories about her are, of course, romances, but enough is true to warrant the statement that she is a positive force in the street. She is credited with even greater ability than her husband, who is a level-headed and acute financier, and who had created a fortune for himself before he married Mrs. Green.

Her maiden name was Harriet H. Robinson. Her father, whom she is said to resemble, was a rich old whaler of New Bedford, Mass. He made $9,000,000 in whaling vessels, and left this amount to his daughter many years ago. Following shortly after his death was an aunt, who left her $4,000,000. Out of this $13,000,000 she has accumulated her present immense possessions. This she has done by patient accumulation and by successful operations in the street. On several occasions she has "cornered" Reading to her profit and the discomfiture of the unfortunate persons who happened to be "short" of the stock. She dealt freely in Louisville and Nashville when her husband was prominent in the management.

Mr. Green had made a fortune of about $750,000 in Manilla, in the East Indies, before he met his wife. Many amusing and romantic stories are related of their courtship, and it is said that though her wealth was twelve times larger than his she had a clause inserted in the marriage contract providing not only that her fortune should be kept entirely distinct and separate from his, but also that he should, out of his means, defray all the living and personal expenses of both. He is a man remarkable for his height and figure. He is a man of great intelligence, affable in his manner, and naturally of a broader and more liberal disposition than his wife, though it is said he has been more or less influenced by her character. He has been a member of the Union club since 1860. It is understood that with an income of a million dollars a year their joint personal expenses do not exceed $5,000. While in this city they reside at the Glenham hotel, but Mrs. Green spends most of her time at Bellows Falls. They also have apartments in London, England.

Many are the stories of this eccentric lady's economy. She is strictly honest, but demands the half cent every time. The ambition of her life, it is said, is to make her son, a cripple, fifteen years old, the richest man in America. She has been known to carry a lot of securities worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to her bankers, the Ciscos, in her valise, riding down town in a stage.—*New York World.*

Names of Indians.

The American Indians, says *Health and Home*, do not usually bestow names upon their children until they are old enough to show some peculiarity of disposition, or character, and the name is intended to describe that peculiarty. These names are liable to be dropped and others substituted at any time, on the development of other characteristics—the performance of some remarkable experience. The name of an Indian always has, therefore, to his people, a significant meaning, while to the whites it may be very absurd. The *Council Fire*, a paper published in Washington, as the organ of the Quaker policy of justice and fair dealing toward the Indians, has many Indian names on its list of subscribers and contributors, from which we make the following selections:

Rev. John Jumper.	Vermillion
Rev. C. Journey Cake.	Calico.
Thos. Wildcat.	Medicine Bull.
White Turkey.	White Antelope.
Blue Jacket.	Big Brain.
Chief Red Cloud.	Bear that Sleeps.
Chief Red Dog.	Running Horse.
Fire Lightning.	Iron Bear.
White Hawk.	High Horse.
Slow Bear.	Big Wolf.
Man Above.	Pacer Boy.
Cloud Shield.	Brave Hawk.
Running Eagle.	Poor Elk.
No Dress.	Revenger.
Kill Hard.	Bad Wound.
White Tail.	Little Soldier.
Barking Dog.	Charging Hawk.
Crazy Bear.	Stands His Ground.
His Horse is Blue.	Laughing Blood.
Mad Bull.	One Feather.
No Water.	Poison Oak.
Rising Sun.	Red Plume.
Lone Wolf.	Waking Elk.
Brave.	Good Shield.
Hunts the Enemy.	Star Bird.
Little Moon.	Six Feathers.
Chases the Crow.	Plenty Bears.
Whirlwind Man.	High Wolf.
Stand Round.	Spotted Crow.

For Jim Jams.

Dr. Selitzer says: Beef tea, made red hot with red pepper, is the very best treatment for delirium tremens. A patient to whom I once administered such a dose, made so strong that I would not have dared to taste it myself, afterward told me that it was the most refreshing and cooling drink he had ever taken. A London surgeon of the police told me that he had treated one hundred and fifty cases of delirium tremens with this remedy alone, and had not lost one. The use of chloral in these cases is criminal, and many a death certificate of "delirium tremens" ought to be "heart failure from chloral poisoning."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

An expert baseball player tried to catch a ball thrown from the top of the Washington monument, but was unable to hold it. So great was its velocity that it dented the ground like a cannon ball.

Of mines, the highest in the world is the silver mine of Potosi, in the Andes of Peru, which is stated as being 11,367 feet above the level of the sea, and the deepest mine is the salt mine of Neusalzwerk, Westphalia, which is said to be 2,050 feet below the sea.

There are many curious stories told of painters. Velasquez painted a Spanish admiral so true to life that when King Felipe IV. entered the studio he mistook the painting for the man, and began reproving the supposed officer for neglecting his duty, wasting his time in the studio when he should have been with his fleet.

The practice of indiscriminate plundering on the sea in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was only a part of the practice of robbing prevailing on the land. Every individual, or town, or state, who chose could equip a vessel and plunder all others. No richly-freighted ship was safe. Entire coasts became asylums for marine freebooters. Towns employed vessels against other towns, and cities thus waged war against each other.

It was once a current notion that a horsehair dropped into corrupted water would soon become an animal. The fact, however, is that the hair moves like a living thing, because a number of animalcule cling to it. This ancient vulgar error is mentioned in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra:"

Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.

An Englishman with the Nile expedition writes home that the camels are great lovers of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged snuff, swallow the smoke, then, throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.

The Tip of the Tongue.

In civilized life we find everything ready labeled and assorted for us; we comparatively seldom require to roll the contents of a suspicious bottle (in very small quantities) doubtfully upon the tongue in order to discover whether it is pale sherry or Chili vinegar, Dublin stout or mushroom ketchup. But in the savage state, from which, geologically and biologically speaking, we have only just emerged, bottles and labels do not exist. Primitive man, therefore, in his sweet simplicity, has only two modes open before him for deciding whether the things he finds are or are not strictly edible. The first thing he does is to sniff at them, and smell being, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has well put it, an anticipatory taste, generally gives him some idea of what the thing is likely to prove. The second thing he does is to pop it into his mouth, and proceed practically to examine its further characteristics. Strictly speaking, with the tip of the tongue one can't really taste at all. If you put a small drop of honey or of oil of bitter almonds on that part of the mouth, you will find, no doubt to your great surprise, that it produces no effect of any sort; you only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself, and reaches the true tasting region, in the middle of the distance. But if you put a little cayenne or mustard on the same part, you will find that it bites you immediately—the experiment should be tried sparingly—while if you put it lower down in the mouth you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with nerves which are really nerves of touch, not nerves of taste, proper; they belong to a totally different main branch and they go to a different center in the brain, together with the very similar threads which supply the nerves of smell for mustard and pepper. That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike as everybody must have noticed; a good sniff at a mustard pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incautious mouthful.—*Cornhill.*

Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoterie cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!—*Journal of Education.*

A Fortune in Celery.

Fifteen years ago Lendert De Brazen, a Hollander, was a poor gardener near Kalamazoo, Mich., trying to make a living off of some marshy land he had purchased. After other things had failed, he experimented with celery and is now a rich man. What was a dozen years ago a swamp is to-day a vast celery field, beside which a hundred acre lot is but a garden. The shipping season begins in July, increases until the holidays, then gradually decreases until the crop is disposed of in the spring. Fifty tons daily are now being sent out, and the crop of 1884 will reach 5,000 tons. Twenty thousand stalks are raised upon an acre of ground. It is said that 2,000 persons in that locality are engaged in this industry.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Of the whole population of the globe it is estimated that 90,000 die every day.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One summer day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe,
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the boy, as sailors have it,
Beginning new to "haze;"
"I can," he said and manfully
Again he seized his hoe,
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And learned the lesson well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell
Take courage, man; resolve you can,
And strike a vig'rous blow;
In life's wide field of varied toil
Always "hoe out your row."

—*Dixie Farmer.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A morning call—"Get up!"

The penman's business is flourishing.

The flower of the family doesn't often make good bread.—*Judge.*

Remembering the poor is well enough, but it is much better to give them something.—*Picayune.*

Gentlemen (entering rail car)—"Is this seat engaged?" Self conscious young lady—"Yes, sir, that's engaged too."—*Boston Transcript.*

They were talking over an aged millionaire who has on several occasions given his heirs high hopes—high hopes always dashed by his recovery.

The young couple who before marriage thought they could live on love are now living on corn bread and hominy.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Policeman: "Have you a permit to play here?" Organ-grinder: "No, but it amuses the little ones so much." Policeman: "Then you will have the goodness to accompany me." Organ-grinder: "Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A young lady whose very best young man lived over the way with his parents took a seat by the window one cloudy morning. "Why do you sit by the window such a chilly morning, Laura?" asked her mother. "I'm waiting for the son to come out, ma," she replied.

"Yes," said he, speaking of the church choir, "they all have good voices, but they don't know how to use them together; there's no harmony among them." "Oh!" exclaimed she, "you are wrong there. The best of feeling exists between them."—*Boston Transcript.*

An English magazine contains an article entitled: "What Dreams Are Made Of." As the author fails to mention mince pie, pickled pigs' feet, fruit cake, and several other indigestible things, it is evident he tackled a subject upon which he lacks information.—*Norristown Herald.*

The reason farm hands are so scarce can be accounted for in the fact that a man can't get a moment's rest on the barb wire fence now in use. The old rail fence offered some inducements to a man to engage on a farm, but this barbed wire business don't give a man any show at all.—*Peck's Sun.*

She held my heart in a willing thrall,
She held my ring on her finger small,
She held my respect, this maiden young.
And she also knew when to hold her tongue.
—*Boston Courier.*

She held a mortgage on my life,
She held beside a fat cash plum,
She held our private residence,
She held me underneath her thumb.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A pie in 1770 was made of two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curleys, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. A pie can now be had from one slice of dried apple and a little piece of soggy dough. Such is the march of improvement.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Capped the climax: An Englishman, Frenchman and American were discussing the merits of their respective countries. The American, after listening to all the others had to advance in favor of their countrymen, remarked: "Wall, yes, I guess they did some tall painting, but there was a young fellow in our village and he got a piece of marble and painted it like cork, and blame me if it didn't float."—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Making Leather From Catfish Skin.

"When I was shooting on the St. Francis river in Arkansas, some years ago, I discovered that catfish skin made good leather," said Jacob Trungenwalt, the fishing tackle maker on Third street, yesterday, "and I have manufactured it ever since. I heard a story when I was there about a big catfish which had broken all the nets in the neighborhood, and I laid for him with my gun beside a pool which he frequented. I stayed there all day and was leaving at moonrise, when I threw the remnants of some canned salmon on which I had touched into the river. Suddenly I saw a huge black shining object roll half out of the water. My heart leaped into my mouth. I pulled myself together and held my gun in readiness. There was another splash, then bang went my gun, and floating in the pool I saw the big catfish. He was dead, the bullet having gone through his head. He weighed 160 pounds. Well, sir, I had him skinned in no time, intending to stuff the skin, but the fellow I gave the job to made a botch of it, and brought me the skin beautifully tanned instead. A happy thought struck me that I might profit by the accident, and I started and have since successfully carried out a catfish skin tannery. We make use of it for everything, from shoe laces to slippers, cabas, pocketbooks and fancy pocket case covers." The leather is light gray in color, very soft, and Mrs. Trungenwalt says, "tougher than the hide of a badger."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Methodist Episcopal church is going to start another university in Western Missouri or Eastern Kansas. A Kansas citizen offers $500,000 if they will call it by his name.

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