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THE NEWSBOY'S DREAM.

It Was His Idea of What Would Be Absolutely Ideal Conditions.

The American newsboy can almost be said to have created a genus for himself. If he has any, he has certainly created it, for of all the inhabitants of this planet there is none who is so absolutely independent, so thoroughly confident of his own exertions. He has a self importance, derived from his ability to support or partially support himself, which places him high above the rank of the ordinary gamin, and he generally possesses what is far more important in any community—ready money. He is the capitalist of our junior civilization, the Count Esterhazy of newsboys' alley. He can play craps for money when other boys are constrained to pursue this delectable amusement with only the milder if more intellectual pleasure of studying the fluctuations of fortune, or, at most, hazarding cigarette pictures.

He may swear a little more than is necessary, but in general is not half bad. His train of thought is usually healthy and vigorous and has a robustness born of the outer air in which he spends so much of his time. Physically he is agile and almost tireless. While apparently reckless in most things, he is, on the whole, careful of his health—he is scarcely ever known to smoke a whole cigarette at a time. His intellect is as keen as a razor. He keeps it continually honed on the strop of experience. Everything carries for him a lesson. From the sale of the largest Sunday paper to that of the most unpretentious weekly there is nothing he does not profit by.

He is a born statist, a self educated strategist. He has the nice art of going far enough and yet never overstepping himself. On the eve of such an occasion he will vociferate, "All about the election," but don't ever expect of whom until you buy the paper. Pleasure and other things occupy a fair proportion of his time, but with him the distribution of news is always uppermost. It even permeates his sleeping hours. One of them was heard to remark between sales to another a day or so ago, "Say, Jim, I had de finest dream I ever had las' night."

"Was it about angels?" inquired Jim.

"Naw," was the contemptuous response. "I dreampt dat der was a awful smashup, six fires, four double murders an tree suicides, all in one day."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE FAMOUS GIN LAW.

How It Was Received and Evaded by the English Public.

This famous "gin law," passed in 1736, is interesting as the earliest severe blow at liquor dealing among civilized nations. It levied a tax of 20s. a gallon on spirits, and a license of £50 for any one selling or dealing in them. And, being in advance of public opinion, it failed, much as other more stringent prohibition laws have failed in our own day. For the cry was at once raised that it taxed the poor man's gin and let the rich man's wine go free. Every wit, every caricaturist, had his fling at it. Ballads were hawked around telling of the approaching death of Mother Gin. The liquor shops were hung with black and celebrated uproariously Mme. Geneva's lying in state, her funeral, her wake and so on. The night before the law went into effect, so the contemporary journals say, there was a universal revel all over the country. Every one drank his fill and carried home as much gin besides as he could pay for.

To evade the law apothecaries sold it in vials and small packages, sometimes colored and disguised, generally under false labels, such as "Colic Water," "Make Shift," "Ladies' Delight." There were printed directions on some of these packages—e. g., "Take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, or as often as the fit takes you." Informers were very prominent and exceedingly offensive, inventing snares to catch lawbreakers for the sake of the heavy rewards, and spying and sneaking around in a way particularly distasteful to the English mind. In consequence they suffered in their turn. The mere cry, "Liquor spy!" was enough to raise a mob in the London streets, and the informer was lucky if he escaped with a sound thrashing and a ducking in the Thames or the nearest horse pond. Indeed, such an outcry was made about the matter that the ministry became very unpopular, and the law was not enforced after two or three years, and was largely modified in 1748, after seven years' trial.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Curious and Rare Book.

The most curious as well as one of the rarest books known to collectors is the edition of the Vulgate issued by Pope Sixtus V, some time between 1585 and 1590. The book, as Disraeli describes it, "fairly swarmed with errata." So numerous were they that a number of printed paper slips containing the proper words were pasted over the blunders, and this device proving ineffectual on account of the immense number of mistakes, as many of the copies as could be found were called in and destroyed. Only a few remain, and the book with its paper patches commands an extremely high price.

ON THE STRENGTH OF A FIVE.

A Young Man Who Found It Cheaper to Travel Without Change.

"Washington, from what I have seen of it, is a peculiar place," said the visiting young man to a reporter.

"I'll tell you why I think so," he continued. "The other day I was going over to Baltimore, and on consulting my watch discovered I had but a few minutes in which to catch my train. I struck the avenue at Fourteenth street and boarded a car.

"When the conductor came round for my fare, I put my hand in my pocket and found I had nothing less than a $5 bill. The conductor glanced at it, then at me, and shook his head disapprovingly.

"'I can't change that,' he said.

"I told him it was the smallest I had, but he said then he could not change anything larger than a $2 bill; that they were not required by law to do so. I began to think I would have to get off and walk, when he came to my relief by saying that I could get the bill changed and pay him at the end of the line, near the depot.

"I thought this was very considerate. When we reached the terminus, I told the conductor that I could have the $5 changed and pay him, starting for a place on the corner.

"'That's all right. Go on! Go on!' he told me, waving his hand as if he owned the railroad.

"However, I tried to have the bill broken unsuccessfully. Just then I remembered I wished to communicate something to a friend up town and asked if I could use a pay telephone in a corner of the room.

"'You could use it all right if you had 10 cents in change,' the proprietor told me, 'but you haven't it. Come back here in my office and use my private phone. That's all right,' when I was profuse in my thanks.

"Say, do you know what I think," continued the young man. "I believe I could get a $100 bill and live in the capital for weeks for nothing, simply by getting things and shoving it under the noses of the people I purchased from. They would rather give them to me than take the trouble to break it."

And then he remarked that the only difficulty would be in securing the bill in the first place.—Washington Star.

A GOOD STORY.

The Native Seemed Innocent, but He Was Very Knowing.

I was sitting on a keg of nails in a West Virginia mountain store watching a native dickering with the merchant over a trade of a basket of eggs for a calico dress. After some time a bargain was closed, the native walked out with the dress in a bundle under his arm and I followed him.

"It isn't any business of mine," I said, "but I was watching that trade and was surprised to see you let the eggs go for the dress."

"What fer?" he asked in astonishment, as he mounted his horse.

"How many eggs did you have?"

"Basketful."

"How many dozen?"

"Dunno; can't count."

"That's where you miss the advantages of education. With knowledge you might have got two dresses for those eggs."

"But I didn't want two dresses, mister," he argued

"Perhaps not, but that was no reason why you should have paid two prices for one. The merchant got the advantage of you because of his education. He knew what he was about."

He looked at me for a minute, as if he felt real sorry for me. Then he grinned and pulled his horse over close to me.

"I reckon," he half whispered, casting furtive glances toward the store, "his eddication ain't so much more'n mine ez you think it is. He don't know how many uv them aigs is spiled, an I do." And he rode away before I could argue further.—Boston Herald.

Soldiers' Beds.

The soldier's bed varies notably in the different European armies. According to Dr. Viry, the following are the principal varieties, in which, perhaps, we may see the reflection of national characteristics. In England the bed is hard. The soldier lies on a thin mattress that rests on canvas stretched over a frame. In Spain the soldier has only a straw bed, but he is allowed besides this a pillow, two sheets, two blankets and a covered quilt, sometimes even a cover for the feet. It is almost sybaritic. In Germany and Austria he has a simple straw bed with one or two covers, neither sheet nor mattress. In Russia, until recently, the soldier slept with his clothes on on a camp bed, but now ordinary beds begin to be used—the result of contact with more civilized countries. After this it cannot be doubted that the French soldier's bed is the best of all, with its wooden or iron bedstead, a straw bed, a wool mattress, sheets, a brown woolen coverlet and an extra quilt for cold weather. Thus the bed of the French soldier is the softest of all soldiers' beds, as that of the French peasant is acknowledged also to be the best of all European countries.—British Medical Record.

HE PLAYED BARBER.

SHAVED A DEAD MOONSHINER, AND THERE WAS NO "NEXT."

The Job Tendered, With Some Emphasis, by Friends of the Deceased—The Traveling Man Accepted, but Now Sells Over Another Route.

"It was in Tennessee," said the traveling man, "it happened, on one of those back country roads which I was traveling on my way to a town where I had a fine list of customers. The night was closing in, and I was wondering how long it would take me to reach a place where I could spend the night. I knew that I was among the moonshiners, for the jug on a stump with the money under it was in evidence along the road. I had no thought of being molested in that country, where the only warfare is against the revenue officers, and no one would have suspected me of complicity with the government.

"A slight noise startled my horse, and I leaned out of the buggy to look into the chamber of a revolver. At the same time I saw two figures, one on each side of me, and, checking my horse, I tried to assume a bravado I was far from feeling as I asked:

"'Well, gentlemen, what is your will with me?'

"You can imagine my surprise when a boyish voice asked:

"'Kin you shave yourself?'

"I answered that I always shaved myself. Without lowering his revolver he looked across me to his pal on the other side.

"'He uns will do, Jim. Hop in an I'll lead the horse.'

"Having made up my mind not to be dragged off in any such ignominious manner, I said:

"'If you are going to shoot me, I suppose I must give up my life, as I am unarmed. If it is money you want, I"—

"'Tell him, Jim,' said the one who was leading my horse.

"'Yer won't be killed nor robbed nor nothin, if yer don't try ter give us the slip. Shet your mouth now, mister, an you'll know more right soon.'

"We must have gone a mile before we came to a turn in the road that brought us out in front of a cabin much larger than any I had seen that day in my travel. A woman stood at the door crying.

"'Hev yer foun somebody, boys?' she asked anxiously.

"'Yep, morm, an he'll do the job up slick 'tbout askin much pay.'

"I wondered if I was to be compelled to murder some one. The boys were beardless mountain loafers—I had met their type often, but I never knew them to be desperadoes.

"I was shown into the cabin by the woman, one of the boys following with the revolver, while the other waited to fasten the horse to a scrub oak. I saw a figure stretched on a settle, and the idea flashed into my mind that I was mistaken for a doctor.

"'I am not a medical man,' I began to explain, when the woman cut me short.

"'You uns 'ud a been tew late ef you uns was a doctor. He passed outen afore daylight, an it's 'nother kind of job we wanter hev done. Yer see, we uns is a goin tew hev the biggest fun'rel evah was in these yeah pahts, an we wanter hev the ole man shaved foh the fust time, an there ain't a man nowhere aroun as shaves hisself or ennybody else.'

"The revulsion of feeling which came over me was not altogether pleasurable, for I did not fancy the idea of playing barber to a dead man, but when I looked at the cadaverous countenance and tangled gray beard of the deceased I felt a sort of professional pride in making him look more like a mortal being and less like a wolf. I had always been an abstainer from strong drink, but I filled up on crude spirits that would have killed me on an ordinary occasion and tackled my silent customer with a feverish and hysterical alacrity. This was in part due to the close proximity of the two boys and their revolvers. But as soon as I had the old mountaineer shaved the revolvers were laid aside and I was treated with the utmost hospitality. The work itself had not been half as gruesome as I had imagined, and I had to fight a ludicrous temptation to pour barber talk into the deaf ears. He was such an improvement over himself when alive—as I judged by the family lingo—that I wanted to ask him to look in a mirror. I declined the fee tendered me by the boy Jim, and, supplied with a jug of moonshine whisky, I was set in the right road and permitted to leave.

"I found it true that in all that community not a man had ever been shaved, and it was only in deference to a whim of the old mountaineer, expressed on his deathbed, that he was made such a curious exception. I did not mention my part in the transaction until I was far beyond that county line, for I was not sure that, a precedent being set, they might not again demand my services, and another salesman has that route."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Old Leprosy Laws.

In the earliest code of British laws now extant—namely, that of Hoel Dha, a famous king of Cambria (the present Wales), who died about the year 950 A. D.—we find a canon enacting in plain and unmistakable terms that any married woman whose husband was afflicted with leprosy was entitled not only to separation, but also to the restitution of her goods.

The largest electric sign in New England, that on the Washington street facade of the New Grand theater, Boston, is composed of 1,000 incandescent lamps of 32 candle power each, and the letters which they make are four feet high. It took four men a month to make the sign, and it cost the company that erected it about $5,000.

SHE MADE A GREAT MISTAKE.

Thought She Would Make Tom Happy, but Both Are Now Miserable.

Daughters of wealthy men who fall in love with their fathers' employees are not entirely restricted to novels. There is a Chicago merchant whose confidential man has for some time been a suitor for his daughter's hand. There is another departure from tradition in the fact that his love affair is not as violently opposed as it might be. He is a thoroughly capable and upright fellow, and his prospective father-in-law probably doesn't see why he wouldn't do just as well as a clubman or perhaps a nobleman for his daughter's husband. Of course the two lovers like to be as much as possible in each other's company and try all sorts of little schemes and inventions to bring this happy state of affairs about.

The other evening when the young man, whose familiar name is Tom, called at the home of his fiancee she was perfectly radiant.

"Oh, Tom, I have just the best piece of news to tell you!" she said to him.

"Indeed!" was his reply. "Tell it to me right away."

"I know you will be so glad I did it," she continued.

"Did what?"

"I'm going to tell you all about it. Papa said this morning that he was going to California, to be gone a month. He said I'd enjoy the scenery and the climate, and he thought there wasn't any trip that I'd like so much. Oh, he wanted me to go awfully bad, but I just thought that I wouldn't see you for a month, and so I took a stand. I must have made 50 excuses. Finally I told him that I'd promised to go to Cousin Maude's at Lake Geneva, and that I just couldn't break my promise, so at last he let me off. It was hard work, and I'm almost afraid I made him angry, but I knew you'd be so glad."

"Yes—um—of course," responded Tom.

"Well, you don't look half as glad as I thought you would."

"No—I"— he began.

"Then you're not glad," she said in a tone of mixed surprise and disappointment.

"Well, no, darling," he said. "You see, I'm to go with him."—Chicago Times-Herald.

CANNED GOODS.

The Most Flagrant and Extensive Kinds of Adulteration Are Practiced.

Under one heading we may consider several groups of food stuffs, which, while different in composition, are alike in the form of adulteration which is resorted to These groups include the varieties of canned vegetables, fruit butters, jellies, preserves and catchups. The forms of adulterations common to all of these consist in the use of coloring matter, of imperfect vegetables or fruits, of other fruits and vegetables than those called for or of preservatives. In the case of canned vegetables there is an accidental adulteration from the ingredients of the can, such as lead and tin, and which may, as a rule, be attributed to a lack of care in canning.

In all of the groups mentioned the adulteration practiced is of the most flagrant and extensive kind. Catchups are made of skins and cores instead of the pure vegetables, then colored with a coal tar product and loaded with salicylic acid to prevent fermentation. Fruit butters are nothing but parings and scrapings of fruit to which glucose, starch and coloring have been added, with salicylic acid as a preservative. Jellies are made from glucose flavored with essential oils and colored, to which salicylic acid is added. Some fruit jellies marked as pure have never seen a trace of fruit. What is true of jellies is true of preserves. Put together refuse material, the cheapest sort of glucose, some coloring and salicylic acid, and you have the composition of some of the cheaper forms of preserves that are to be found on the shelves of some of our grocery stores. Of these coarser forms of adulterations it will be unnecessary to say even a word. They are universally recognized as unfit to be used, and every honest dealer is of the opinion that the sooner they are driven out of the market the better it will be for trade.—Sanitarian.

Her Foot In His Pocket.

Of Princess Pauline Borghese, she whose charms Canova is supposed to have immortalized in his Venus Victrix, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, in his "The Story of My Life," relates this anecdote, told him by Lady Ruthven:

She used, when at Rome, to go to "la toilette des pieds" of Pauline Borghese. Regular invitations were issued for it. When the guests arrived, they found the princess, supremely lovely, with her beautiful little white feet exposed upon a velvet cushion. Then two or three maids came in and touched the feet with a sponge and dusted them with a little powder—"c'etait la toilette des pieds." The Duke of Hamilton used to take up one of the little feet and put it inside his waistcoat "like a little bird."

No Sound of R.

Many languages are devoid of certain sounds quite familiar to us. The Chinese, for instance, has no sound equivalent to our "r." For America a Chinaman says "Yamelika." The Society islanders could not pronounce either "c" or "k," and the nearest approach they could make to the name of the celebrated navigator Cook, who visited their shores, was "Tut."

Russia and Music.

The astonishing statement that Russia is the country that will presently lead in music is made by Yaske, the famous violinist. "The Muscovite empire," he says, "has some of the characteristics of those early ages which gave us the masters of arts. She has that tranquillity, that repose, that isolation under which masterpieces come to perfection"

MONEY TO BURN.

They Burned It and Later Wished They Had Kept the Fuel.

"When Burnside made his mud march on to Fredericksburg, we men in the advance had some gay times," remarked a veteran of the civil war. "It was a long while before the Johnnies would let us cross the river, but when we did get across we made the fellows who had been shooting at us for the past three hours get right up and dust for safer quarters. The infantry soon followed us and took up their position along the river toward Falmouth, while we skirmished through the town. When we came to the Planters' hotel, we just walked in and took possession. Everybody had deserted the place and we did just as we pleased. In going through one of the rooms I came across three bundles of Confederate notes. Each bundle was labeled to contain $5,000, and as I held them aloft I shouted to the rest of the men that we now had money to burn. They laughed, and I thrust the notes in my pocket. The Johnnies had taken or destroyed everything to eat, and, as for liquor, there wasn't any in the town.

"After satisfying ourselves that there was nothing further to be had in the Planters' hotel we sallied forth and walked up toward the home of the mother of our country—George Washington's mother. We had had no breakfast yet, and now it was close on to noon. One of my companions had some coffee in his haversack, so I thought we might have a little coffee if nothing else. Well, we got the coffee out and then discovered that we had no firewood. There was some tall swearing just at that time, for the Johnnies hadn't left so much as a match behind them.

"'I've got it!' I cried, and I hauled out the three bundles of notes I had found in the Planters' hotel. My expression was greeted with a shout by my companions and—we had money to burn. We soon had the fire going and the coffee cooked. Need I say to any soldier that we enjoyed our coffee at a price which seems rather high—$15,000? We were soon through and marched back into the town only to see our men trying to buy some tobacco without money. How strange it seemed! They had not a cent, while we had money to burn and burned it.

"Four years after I regretted having had this money and burned it. While in Washington in the winter of 1865 I had the mortification of seeing an advertisement for this identical package of notes and offering 50 per cent on their face value for their return. They were Virginia state bank notes; hence their value. Whenever I hear that a man has money to burn I think of my $15,000 and shed a tear of regret that I burned it."—New York Telegram.

THE SUBJECT WAS DROPPED.

Tilt at a Banquet Between Two Well Known Men.

"That reminds me," remarked an old pioneer to a San Francisco Post reporter, when General Halleck's name was mentioned, "of the banquet we gave Halleck in 1865, when he returned from the war. The people here were proud of him, for he had more than regained the laurels he lost at Corinth, when he permitted the enemy to escape under the cover of a big battery of wooden guns that had been made out of logs during the night.

"Among the friends of Halleck who met him at the banquet was 'Bully' Waterman, the old sea captain, who in early days commanded a clipper ship plying between San Francisco and New York. On one voyage he had laid a big wager to beat a rival clipper, but when he found on going to sea that some of his crew who had shipped as ablebodied seamen were incompetent he was so mad he hanged three to the yard. Just how many were hanged was never known, but Waterman was tried for murder and acquitted.

"During one of those silences that will fall over the merriest of banquets General Halleck called to Waterman, who was at the other end of the room:

"'Now that you have been tried and acquitted, Waterman, won't you tell us how many men you hanged on that voyage?"

"'Yes, general, I will,' responded Waterman, 'if you will first tell us how many wooden guns stopped you at Corinth.'

"The subject dropped there."

An Acid Proof Glue.

The following has been recommended as producing a cement which will fasten glass or porcelain, etc., together firmly and will not be affected by strong acids: Mix together two parts of powdered asbestus, one part of barium sulphate and two parts of sodium silicate of specific gravity 1.50. A still firmer glue can be made which is particularly valuable, since it is not attacked by hot acids, by mixing together two parts of sodium silicate, one part of the finest sand and one part of finely pulverized asbestus. If potassium silicate is used instead of the sodium salt, the glue will harden immediately, but otherwise it will require about an hour to set.—Exchange.

Opened the Wrong Door.

In a letter to one of his children Guizot tells how on his first visit to Windsor he lost his way and opened a wrong door and beheld for a moment a lady having her hair brushed. The next day the queen (for it was she) joked him about it, and he says: "I ended by asking her leave, if ever I wrote my memoirs, like Sully or St. Simon, to mention how, at midnight, I opened the door of the queen of England. She laughingly gave me the desired permission."

The state of Vermont seems to be distinguished in many notable and diversified ways. It transpires that the first patent granted by the United States was to Samuel Hopkins of Vermont (July 31, 1790) for making pot and pearl ashes.

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Teachers and scholars are especially invited to extend this invitation and compete. The exercise will be highly profitable to the young worker.