





## Horticultural.

### Cultivating Tuberoses.

Tuberoses, in order to preserve their germ, will perish in a low temperature if accompanied with moisture, need to be kept dry and warm. The temperature should not fall below 65, and near 70 is better. A drawer in a warm room is a good place to keep them in the best condition. Take the old bulb and remove each small one separately. Sometimes the young bulbs need another season's growth to be strong enough to bloom. A bulb never blooms but once. A good plan in this climate would be to start the bulbs about the first of February, in four-inch pots, or tin cans will do, as they are not to be set in the window. Set them on a high shelf back or near the kitchen stove, or other warm place, and water just enough to keep them from drying out. When the leaf buds begin to start, give a little more water; turn at the side of the pot, never on the bulb. When the season becomes warm, transplant to the open ground—being careful to disturb them as little as possible in transplanting. I have treated bulbs in this way that gave me blossoms on the Fourth of July, and during the season thirty-three blossoms on the stem.

### How to Keep Out Flowers.

A reporter found his way into a florist's yesterday afternoon, and feasted his eyes and nose on the beautiful buds that lay in bouquets there.

"How long will this clove pink last?" he inquired.

"Oh, with care, a week or ten days. A solid rosebud will last about the same time. There's a good deal in knowing how to keep flowers fresh."

"Do you use any preparations? Any salt in the water, or ammonia, or the like?"

"Not at all. That's all nonsense. All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them moist and cool. If people, instead of dipping flowers in water, would simply wrap them in a wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be two heavy and crush the blooms too much, and, besides, it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily. Set that box of buds? They were packed in Boston on Monday in wet paper, and you might say they are fresher now than when they came off the bush."

"Why do you send clear to Boston for rose buds? Haven't you got the same kind of roses here?"

"Exactly the same kind, but they won't grow so nicely here. Take this Boston bud, for example, and put it beside a native bud. They are of exactly the same variety, both being Bon Silences. But the stem of the Boston bud is far longer and stouter than that of the native bud. The colors are far more brilliant and the bud is more durable. When the stem is long and thick we don't have to use so much wire to strengthen it, and that makes it much more convenient."

"What advantage has Boston over Cleveland in the raising of roses?"

"It's the climate. It is true that it isn't so warm there as here, and it hasn't been extremely sultry here this winter. But temperature in a green-house is easily enough regulated, as well as the quantity of moisture in the air, and the soil is made just so rich with all gardeners."

"It can't be because they are any more skillful in raising flowers there than we are here, for I know of gardeners who have come here from the East and expected to do the same things they did there, and failed completely. Even in New York the florist sell ten Boston buds to one of their own growth, and it's just so all over the country. You know the more culture there is bestowed upon a rose the more double it becomes—that is the more of these stems turn into petals. Well I suppose that as Boston is credited with possessing an atmosphere of 'culcha,' that has something to do with it."

### Scientific and Useful.

The largest aerolite in the world is in the British museum. It weighs nearly two tons. The largest one in the Smithsonian at Washington, weighs less than a ton.

Hickory, dogwood and persimmon, which, a short time ago, were almost worthless in North Carolina, is now in demand at five dollars a cord, for saving in blocks for the purpose of manufacturing them into power-loam shuttles.

The Journal de Pharmacie says that

a maillage composed as follows will unite wood, porcelain or glass: 24 ounces of gum arabic in strong solution, 20 grains of solution of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

An English experimentalist finds that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant an average of 2000 pounds of water is absorbed. As the French observatory of Mont Soult it was found that in rich soil 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every pound of grain produced, while in a very poor soil 2693 pounds passed through the roots for each pound of grain.

THE PULSE OF ANIMALS.—In horses the pulse at rest beats forty times, in an ox from fifty to fifty-five, and in sheep and pigs about seventy to eighty beats per minute. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone, for instance. It is generally examined in the horse on the cord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curvature, or in the udder-ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib, and in sheep by placing the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. Any material variation of the pulse from the figures given above may be considered a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full, it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow, the probabilities point to brain disease, or irregular to heart troubles. This is one of the principal and sure tests of an animal.

One of the most ingenious adaptations of electricity, recently introduced, is that by which machinery, when in motion, may be instantly stopped—as in the case of an engine. A wire rope, coiled around the stem of the throttle valve of the engine, carries a weight which is held in place by a rest, and the whole arrangement is such that the passing of an electric current along the wire releases this and causes the weight to fall. The tension thus thrown upon the wire rope acts upon the throttle valve, cuts off the supply of steam and consequently stops the machinery.

Buttons, with wire connections, are placed in different parts of the works, and on pressing any one of these the passage of an electric current acts as above mentioned. In every factory these electric buttons can be placed in every room, or several of them in a large room, as may be required.

Should any one happen to be caught by the machinery, the simple pressing of a button in the most distant part of the factory will quickly stop the whole machinery.

Gas for Nothing at a Profit.

Scientific prophets have foretold that a day will come when the "residual products" resulting from distilling coal will be so valuable as to reduce the price of gas to a mere nothing. That good time has not arrived, it must be confessed, but if we may believe the confident assertions of a gentleman at Chester there is already in existence an appliance which goes a long way toward fulfilling these predictions. He claims to know a peculiar description of ore for making coke, which, without the help of a high chimney, enables those who use it to drive steam engines without any expense for fuel. Every ton of coal consumed in the oven yields coke worth seven shillings and tar and ammonia worth 4 shillings, in addition to 14,000 feet of gas. If, therefore, the first two products are sold, the price—11 shillings—more than pays for the slack coal from which they were derived, as well as for labor, wear and interest on the capital sunk in the plant. The manufacturer consequently gets 14,000 feet of gas for nothing from every ton of coal subjected to the process, and this he can use instead of fuel to generate steam. It is certainly a bold claim to put forward, but it may, perhaps, be justified by the present prices of coke, ammonia and tar. If, however, these prices come into general use, the market value of such products will assuredly fall heavily in proportion to the immense enhancement of—of supply—and in that case the prices fetched would not cover the cost of materials and labor.

Opposition is what we want and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self reliance.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

## For The Young.

### The Two Ponies.

Mattie and Charles were brother and sister. Their father was a well-to-do farmer and they were his only children. They loved and were interested in every creature on the farm, but best of all they loved the horses. When little, nothing delighted them so much as to be mounted upon Dublin's back and ride up and down the lanes. As they grew older they ventured more, and by the time they were twelve years old no one was better trained in the use of horses than they. Mattie especially delighted in this amusement, and from a child up told all her sorrows and troubles to these trusted and faithful friends. She and her brother often asked their father to give them each a pony. Their father would laugh and say, "Tut, tut, children; wait until you know how to manage a horse before you want one. Besides all that I have is yours." Still they each wanted one for their "very own," as Mattie expressed it.

One morning when Charles was fifteen and Mattie fourteen, their father called them to come out to the barn. There in the stalls stood two of the most beautiful ponies you ever saw, one as white as milk and the other as black as a coal.

"O' father," they both exclaimed, "what beauties!"

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Dunn; "as this is Mattie's birthday, I thought she would like a pony, and as yours is coming so soon, I thought it would add to her pleasure if I should give you yours at the same time. I think you are both able to take care of a horse now, and may Snowflake and Jet lead you always in pleasant paths. Here jump on now, and let me see you gallop off."

Two more happy mortals you never saw. Charles did not say much, but his father knew he felt as deeply as Mattie, who hugged first her father and then her pony. "There, there, that is enough," jump on now," said their father, while something glistened in his eyes, and in another instant they were down the lane and soon out of sight.

Such a ride they had, and this was the beginning of many delightful journeys. Mattie would have lived upon her horse if it had been possible; hills, stone walls or ditches were no obstacles in her path now, for Snowflake carried her safely over them without fear. The neighbors used to say to Mr. Dunn: "Mattie will kill herself yet, if you don't get rid of her. 'Mattie to the top' is the cry in the field, she never even took down the bars but went over them. I expect her to see her dashed to pieces, but before I could say a word she was out of sight."

Mattie told all her secrets to her pet, and, as when a little child, declared she understood her, and, indeed, Snowflake seemed to.

In the course of a few years the dear father died, and things did not go on as prosperously as before. They were in want of many things, and the winter was coming on. One thing after another, even Jet, had to be sold. Mattie would jog along through the woods and tell her sorrows to Snowflake, feeling comforted in the belief that she sympathized with her. But there came a day: a very sad day, when Charles said to her: "Mattie, Snowflake must be sold."

"Sell Snowflake!" She had never thought of such a thing as that. Must it be?" Yes, there was no help for it. It was selfish in her to refuse it, so with aching heart she took her last ride. Charles led her away, and the purchase money bought many a comfort for them and their dear mother, who was now growing feeble. Mattie was comforted in the thought that her sorrow brought blessings to others, although she could never see a white horse or think of Snowflake even without experiencing a choking sensation and having her eyes dimmed with tears.

Some men can appreciate nothing but according to its money value. Money with them is everything. Poisoned food, if it has money in it, is preferred to wholesome food. Money is good and necessary in its proper place, but there is that which money cannot buy, and compared with it is worse than dress. Truth and uprightness are above price. Money cannot buy them. It matters not how much money a man may have, if he is not true and upright, he is not worthy of respect.

Said a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution: "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply. "Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

## Agricultural.

### Market Chicks.

There is always a ready sale for early chicks, the prices this season for those intended as broilers (weighing about one pound) ranging from forty to eighty cents; but such sizes are only in demand in the early part of the season, those weighing about two pounds each being more desirable during the summer. About the 1st of May is the period for broilers, or during "asparagus time," as the farmers express it; but at all times fowls bring good prices.

There are several points to be observed in raising fowls, the profit being more or less according to the method of breeding. Much depends upon the kind of fowl used. The Brahma is one of the best for general purposes, and as that breed grows to a large size, lays well, and is hardy, but while it possesses many good qualities, it is unfitted for producing broilers, as it is "leggy" when very young, and does not readily fatten until it is nearly matured. A cross of the Leghorn on the Brahma is one of the best, that can be made if early pullets are to be kept for laying in the fall, as such a cross combines the quick growth of the Leghorn with the size, vigor and hardiness of the Brahma, and the broilers so produced, though a little slower in reaching the proper weight, are fine-boned, plump and attractive in appearance, possessing rich, yellow skin and legs. In crossing Leghorn with the large breeds uniformity of color can be secured by mating brown Leghorn cocks with partridge, Cochins or dark Brahma hens, or white Leghorn cocks with light Brahma or white Cochins hens.

Of the pure breeds there is nothing that can compare with the Plymouth Rocks for producing the most saleable chicks up to the age of three months, and younger ones as broilers are excellent. Being very hardy, good foragers and active, they grow fast and make a plump carcass. The American Sebright (Wyandotte) rivals the Plymouth in all qualities except hardiness, and have yellow legs at every stage of growth, while the legs of Plymouth Rock pullets are dark, turning yellow afterward. The only objection to them is that being a new breed they are at the present time too closely bred. The Langshan, a new breed, is as fine in plumage, size, laying qualities and flesh as one would wish, but, having dark legs, many buyers object to them. The objection, however, is owing to a time honored prejudice, for the Langshan and Houdan (a dark-legged fowl) are superior for the table to nearly all the yellow-legged breeds. A cross of the game with the large breeds gives a fowl with fuller breast and finer bone, which should be encouraged, as the smaller amount of offal the better the quality. For market chicks, therefore, the broilers should come from the Leghorn-Brahma cross, the larger sizes from the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Houdans and Langshans, while the adults should be produced from the Brahma or Cochins crossed with the Plymouth Rock or Houdan. The best capons are a cross of the colored, dark and dark Brahma, and the largest fowls are usually a cross of the Houdan and Brahma the first season, and the produce mated with Plymouth Rocks the second season. Black Spanish, Hamburgs and Polish, though excellent layers, are inferior as market chicks. If success is desired breeders should be careful in selecting the breeds most suitable, as it is more important than any other feature in the management.

### Farm Hints.

Texas will net \$13,500,000 from the increase to her sheep farms this spring. A young man in Otsego county, gained \$125,000 on the rise in hops within the last year.

The wild duchess, of Geneva, a royal shorthorn, was recently sold at Chicago for \$21,000.

Prof. Arnold admits that brewers' grain will stimulate a large flow of milk, but says there is no butter in them.

A sheep pasture in Danmuth and Webb counties, Tex., contains 300,000 acres and feeds 300,000 sheep. It is believed to be the largest in the world.

A successful orchardist says that if he were to live over again he would trim his trees higher, and pasture his orchards with sheep, in place of ploughing or mowing.

A Florida man has grown a radish that was over 2 feet long, 18 inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen pounds; also a collard that measured 4 feet 8 inches across the top.

The Kentucky Importing company sold thirty-six shorthorns of recent importation at an aggregate of \$14,606. The highest price for a single animal was \$1000.

Hoelung, and the frequent stirring of the surface of the soil, are important in dry weather. Those parts of the garden that are most frequently cultivated show the best results.

Squashes and all kinds of vines grow and yield the best by surface culture; manure as you would for corn; drop the seed in rows; cover lightly; stir the soil often, and eternal vigilance is death to bugs, with a good sprinkling of insect powder.

Early potatoes happily early planting. No matter what variety is used, early planting must precede early crops. And cultivation must be timely to secure best results. As between level culture and hillings the advantage can be determined by trial. On land too moist for potatoes ridge planting will supply partial correction of the fault, but thorough drainage will be a better way. In any case, early planting is essential if an early crop is desired.

GRAPES.—No class of plants are better adapted for bedding purposes in an hot, dry summer, than the geranium. It flowers profusely during the heat and drought of summer, when most bedding plants suffer or are dried up. They are admirably adapted for blooming, and for baskets or vases; when a show is wanted they are without a rival. The newer double varieties are equally as fine for bedding as the single, with the additional value of the flower lasting two or three times as long when cut; this makes them very desirable for bouquets or cut flowers.

CONSTITUTION OF ALLUVIAL SOILS.—Alluvial soils are made up of decomposed vegetable substances, the river sediment and materials washed down from neighboring hills. The valleys of rivers and streams are alluvial soils and make a rank growth, but the trees grown on such soils are not so hardy or so fruitful as are the trees grown in soils with more sand, clay or gravel and less vegetable matter. A loamy soil may be considered in various ways. It may be a mixture of equal parts of sandy and clayey soil. It is neither so light as sandy nor so tenacious as the clay soil. As a rule its composition and texture are such as to render it eligible for the usual purposes of cultivation, and especially so for fruit trees. Loamy soils in which sand forms a large ingredient in their composition are called sandy loams, and are mixed with gravel, gravelly loams, and when lime abounds they are known as calcareous loams.

### How Animals Play.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battles, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves stirred by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for a spring, the body quivering and tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Bengo saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busy employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a stolid air, burying them in a hole made to receive a pot. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-ack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

## THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave each afternoon;  
Who whistles air all out of tune;  
And dons short coats cut too soon?  
The Dude.

Observe his form. You can, for he  
Wears pants a tight as tight can be—  
(And pants for notoriety).  
The Dude.

Who sits as statue out in wood;  
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could;  
And so of nothing 'twould the bad and good?  
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged;  
Who jives, that Mrs. Langst.  
Ry's charming quite, or 'till he's banged?  
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park;  
Says, "Lift 'em, such a jolly lark."  
(Perhaps the Dude's the long sought  
Shark?)  
The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, least;  
Who smokes a smile at friends he sees;  
And, for his health, sips sangroes?  
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style;  
Declares, "The weather's simply vile."  
And licks some dainty swear the while?  
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage;  
This funny shock on nature's page—  
Conundrum of the modern age?  
The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through—  
Tell what it is—what it can do?  
Guess what it is: I'll give you—  
The Dude.

### Ethel's Error.

It was a dull, gray, dewy September eve as the emigrant train stopped at the little hamlet of Chienmunga, in the state of Susquehanna. From it sprang a young girl, wearily carrying a bundle on a toothpick across her finely-formed shoulder. A tear stood in her eye until it fell down, as she gazed on the caboose of the slowly receding train which had brought her back to the home she had left two years before.

"I wonder if Aunt Gruetlon will be glad to have me back," she soliloquized, as she nearly fell over a barrel of pork which had been standing at the depot for a week waiting for the consignee to fetch it away.

It is a lovely place, Chicamunga, at any time, and trains only stop there once a week as a rule, but the conductor had been so moved by the tears of Ethel that he had consented to slow up and reduce the pace of the train to a walk to enable her to alight.

Ethel Evingslee was an orphan, brought up in a small cottage by a spinster aunt, Miss Tissue Gruetlon, who struggled, out of a small legacy and the proceeds of a pumpkin patch, to make a living. Two years before, Ethel had left her for the west, to study law in the great city of Berkeley, and try and earn a fortune in the superior courts of California. Like Laura Debussy and several other bony, strong-minded things, she was not strong-minded. Her figure might have been modeled by Phidias, but it wasn't, for several reasons. Her velvety eyelashes drooped all over a cheek, the bloom on which was like that of the violet after it has been kissed by the sun-god arising from his salt-water bath at 4.55 A. M. on June 21 (vide almanac).

Her golden hair needed no jute switch to add to its glory. It was like an aurora borealis lit up by the rays of a thousand moons at their perigee, so to speak.

Her teeth were perfect, except three that had been filled, and one that was going; and her rosy lips would have made Venus weep for envy and leave heaven to come to earth and buy a bottle of carmine.

Such was Ethel Evingslee as she tripped daintily over the alkali prairie to Aunt Gruetlon's cottage. She could not miss the road, for every rat was familiar to her, and Aunt Tissue's cottage was but fourteen miles from the depot.

As the lovely old home of her childhood loomed up with the nine hundred and ninety-nine memories of the past, Ethel's eyes filled with pearly tears. Yes, there were the nodding potatoes waving in their hills, the stately squashes lying lazily near their vines, and the tall apple trees laden with ruby and aureate fruit, and in the middle of all the darling old two-roomed farmhouse, where she had spent so many happy hours.

Aunt Tissue heard the gate open, and so did Bobbie, the watch-dog, erst once and formerly, a long time ago, a fierce mastiff, but now crippled with rheumatism and that dread disease, the mange.

As his only remaining eye fell on the form of Ethel, old Bobbie gave a cry of delight, and limped slowly to her with his affectionate tongue hanging out on the left side of his massive jaw.

"Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie!" cried Ethel, as regardless of her new polished shoes she knelt on the ground and pressed the almost hairless canine to her bosom, overcome with his devotion.

"But, Bobbie, I must hurry on, and see Aunt Tissue," cried Ethel, and in another moment she was in the arms of her only relative, tearfully kissing away the floods of tears which joyfully oozed from the lachrymal glands of that dearest of souls, Miss Tissue Gruetlon.

"Oh, auntie," cried Ethel, "it's like heaven to see you again and look at dear old Bobbie, too. He has actually dug up a piece of meat from the back yard, which he had buried, and is offering it to me as a sign of welcome."

"Ethel," said Aunt Gruetlon, between her sobs of joy, "I think Providence must have sent you back to me. I am stricken with lumbago and have a touch of pleuro-pneumonia. I am unable to move from the house and there is neither flour nor Worcester's sauce, no hominy nor canned green corn, and not even a bit of wood to light the stove. Besides this, there is a large mortgage on the property, and I have not a cent in the house with which to buy oleomargarine."

"Never mind, auntie, we're right side up, let me see, as they say at Berkeley. I've come home to run a model farm. You can wage your sweet life, and I've got three cans of oysters in my bundle, and a lot of pears, and we'll have a banquet in three minutes by my patent steam-winder."

It was a scene never to be forgotten to see Ethel take off her things, collect some old fence rails, split them, light the fire, and run out with her merry laugh to take the blue smoke ascending like a liberated fire to the gates of Paradise.

Oh, if you could have seen that couple an hour later, after Ethel had washed up, and I've got three cans of oysters in my bundle, and a lot of pears, and we'll have a banquet in three minutes by my patent steam-winder."

"I can never be a lawyer, auntie. I did not pass a single examination, and I hate Blackstone, but you must let me rub some mustard liniment on your back and cure your lumbago, and then I'll fix you a regular supper out of some old rice which I've got in my wardrobe, so old I don't think I'll make you dream you're a bad old darling from Bitter Creek."

"My own dear darling," murmured Aunt Tissue.

"And I'll be at daylight," said Ethel, a dreamy smile floating over her marble brow, "and get in the pumpkins and a load of apples and take 'em to market, and we'll be all hunkey, auntie. Why, I should blush to sipper, Aunt Tissue. Now go to bed and say your prayers. Here's your toddy, throw it down, and before you're awake I'll have the pumpkin patch clear. Kiss Ethel. Now go to sleep. That's the racket, and the affectionate girl turned off the gas and left her aunt to slumber."

It was hardly dawn when Ethel tripped into the pumpkin patch, and before Aunt Tissue had slept off the effects of her composing draught, Ethel had cleared half an acre and got two wagon loads of pumpkins ready for the market.

"I guess I'll get outside of 'utlin'," she said to herself. "This pumpkin pilla ain't no slouch of a job. Wish I had a hint, though. However, it's just a healthy straight."

So saying the fairy Ethel, glowing with tubby health, her gorgeous hair only half hidden by a green sun-bonnet, and her dimpled, round arms bare to the elbow, tripped into the house, looking like some sweet angel just dropped out of paradise to brighten our sad earth.

She came back in a minute or two, wiping her dainty lips on her elbow, country fashion, and murmuring: "Oh, my! wasn't that a snorter?" was about to resume her work, when she was conscious of the presence of a stranger.

He was leaning over the fence, gazing silently at her, with a gun over his shoulder and in one hand a couple of dead hares.

In person he was tall and erect, his manly figure set off by three diamond studs and a velvet coat. A long, silky moustache fell carelessly on his vest, which he pulled down from time to time.

His hair was as black as the wing of a raven. His nose was aquiline, and his eyes large, melting, and pathetic. His shapely legs were swathed in silken shoon, and he carried a large gold watch-chain that dropped, like the cypress, nearly to his knee, completed his negligé attire.

## A Chinese Funeral.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door.

The inhabitants of the province of Fukien are in the habit of placing a small piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him—and Elysium and receives judgment; another resides with the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

The intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning color of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time; and on their arrival a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased; and the wailing and weeping of the mourning women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant "tom-tomming" of "musicians" who have also been called to assist—in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolorousness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but ungenerous "barbarians" of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham.

In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every other day into convulsive lamentation of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians; now there are a few irregular wails, then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the "tom-toms," and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

Nobody in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are, indeed, so superstitious in regard to death, as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution—such, for instance, as "having become immortal."

After the body of the deceased is washed, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand, and shoes on his feet. The idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society.

At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be received into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses made of paper are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

Among the poor the bodies are put in the cemeteries, but it is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the confined bodies of their relatives in long forks or notches.

Cats are the fashionable animals at present, and cat-head and cat-paw ornaments are in high favor.

One of the loveliest dresses for mid-summer, or spring festival wear is of white velveteen, closely fitted with silk brocade dots.

New China crapes of the finest quality are beautifully embroidered (by hand, of course) in palm-leaf and other oriental figures.

Corn-flowers and royal French blue orange flame and gold-yellow, ox-blood, and cardinal-red crop out in most of the new fabrics.

The new fraises and ruches for the neck are very wide and full, and are nearly a yard long, so as to form a jabot down the front.

Long Jersey gloves, ten-button length, in silk, silk and linen, or finest cachemire, are highly favored for spring wear. These gloves can be found in every desirable street shade.

Railgrain stockings abound in the new varied tints of strawberry, amber, terra cotta, drake's neck blue, laurel green, bronza, elderberry, and a deep rich shade of violet. Each of these colors is cloaked with old gold or cream white.

Among other pretty dainties which fashionable young ladies are preparing for summer wear—works of their own hands—are garden party hats of ficelle lace, lining the inside of the crown and brim with pale blue or rose colored satin. Garden crapes.—Another fancy material is garden crapes, a ribbon through the meshes, finishing with a knot of velvet on the top of the crown.

The most fashionable of the white toilets to be worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose color, blue or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, tea-rose, shrimp, pink, and the like; and a leading toilet will be one of white nua's veiling, or vigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimming of pale primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chataigne of amber beads.

Arabian saddle-bags, resembling Smyrna rugs, the loosely woven Decca and Bombay shawls and heavy Turkish wraps of all kinds, are now utilized as—drapings to low easy chairs and sofas, table covers and scarfs, and also for lambrequins, caps, cushions and ties. These wraps are now selling at greatly reduced rates, and a "Bagdad shawl" from Lowell, Massachusetts, made into mantle lambrequin, table scarf and tie, with fringe and braid for the edges included, will cost no more than a lambrequin alone bought ready-made of the same Bagdad material as the shawl.

The vogue of checks and Scotch plaids is undiminished. The most popular next summer will be Scotch plaids and checks of two colors, white and black, white and blue, white and louter, pink and gray, out of which many pretty costumes will be made at most reasonable prices. Nearly all the dresses for young girls will be made with round waists coming down very low over the skirt, which gives them a very youthful and charming appearance. I know as a matter of fact, that all the leading dress-making establishments will use mountains of faille next summer for their most stylish costumes. Nor is there any material that offers a more wonderful gradation of tints. The palette richest in colors does not furnish a more complete gamut of tints, which pass almost imperceptibly from the lighter to the darker shades. The reader may consequently judge what resources this charming material presents to fashion. Very much the same may be said of the Ottoman silk, which is equally supple and soft, and which is being made both plain and brocade. The plain patterns will be used for skirts with wide plaits, the brocade for tunics, bodies, Louis XV. vests, Directoire redingotes, and many Antoinette bust an corps. I must also call attention to the fact that the present fashions no longer exclude velvet from the materials employed in summer dresses, but the velvets used are manufactured expressly for the season, and are very smooth and light mouseline velvets. They are plain or figured and stamped or "cheesed." By this last term is meant that the pattern of figures, which are either spots, flowers or birds, are in







## The New Preacher.

Yes, Botsey, I've heard the new preacher. Perhaps he may be very nice. But I can't say I really like him. Though I've never heard him but twice. He's nice and polite and read stylish. And looks very well, I must say. But what he says isn't seem like preachin'. Perhaps it's the new-fashioned way.

He took his text out of the Bible. And read it off like a book. Then went to explain it all manner. As different as different could be. His words were so long and loud-sounding. I couldn't catch all that he said. But some things he told to his people. Won't ever go out of my head!

He said he considered the Bible. A very good book in its way. But still, for the times that we lived in. 'Twas quite out of date, he must say. And some other books that are written. Were very much better to read. And suited the taste of the wise folk. Who want to be bound by prayer-book or creed.

He said that the Jesus we've known. The Savior who died for us all. Was really a wise and good man. But then, as were Peter and Paul. He taught these poor, ignorant people. A great deal of good, he's no doubt. But folks now had got to be more than that. He said that right out!

He talked about culture and beauty. And science and nature and art. But though his words sounded so pretty. They somehow seemed lackin' in heart. I wanted to hear of the Savior. Whose life here on earth was so blest. And who to souls heavy-laden. Has promised a shelter and rest.

## A Pill for the Detectives.

When Fergus Bellamy left Wolverhampton with a portmanteau which was so heavy that it took the united strength of three porters to lift it into the luggage van, the local Superintendent of Police felt it to be his duty to communicate by telegraph to his superiors at Scotland Yard. For Fergus had only been at Wolverhampton a few days, and no one knew from whence he came or what his business was. Even in the billiard-room of a second-rate hotel, where he spent his evenings, he proved himself to be an unsocial fellow. Not only did he answer in monosyllables such commonplace remarks as were addressed to him, but he so far omitted the ordinary courtesies of the place that he never offered to treat the marker to a drink or a cigar. Possibly it was on this account that that official prophetic observer as Bellamy drove off to the railway station, "He'll never be no good to no one, I'll bet a bob."

On reaching St. Pancras, Fergus evinced great anxiety that due care should be taken of his portmanteau, and no wonder, for it was apparently brand new, and bore his initials in large green letters. If the value of its contents could be judged by its weight rather than by the quality with which the porters were rewarded, it was precious indeed. After seeing it deposited on the roof of a four-wheeled cab, and discovering from a time-table that the train from Birmingham was due in ten minutes the traveler devoted himself to obtaining all the news of the day in a strictly economical manner by reading the contents bills of the papers that were exposed on the book-stall.

Within a few minutes of the advertised hour, the Birmingham train arrived, and as Bellamy stepped forward to greet the acquaintance for whom he had evidently been waiting, he was unaware of the immediate proximity of Inspector Graham, of the Detective Department, and of the interest that experienced officer was taking in his movements. Not did he notice that the inspector was taking care not to miss a word of the following conversation: "Wasn't that a fine fellow?" asked Bellamy, in a somewhat excited tone. "Nothing more but that he'll be up the day after tomorrow. It must be done before then. You have the materials, and the papers are here," replied the other, glancing downwards at a small carpet-bag that evidently comprised all his luggage. "We must join N. G. at once."

With a reciprocal wink, the two got into the cab, which had been waiting, and the driver was ordered to go to the Sprig of Shillelagh. Inspector Graham followed in a hansom at a reasonable distance.

The hotel selected by the friends was but a very humble hostelry at Islington. Its proprietor, an Irishman named O'Flaherty, carried on a fairly prosperous trade during the Cattle Show and Derby weeks, but at the arrival of these new visitors in one day in the off-season

he was considerably surprised. His astonishment abated a little when he found that they were all of one party, for the boots were told to inform Mr. Nathaniel Gavan that Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Isom had arrived. The first named came at once from the private sitting-room he had engaged and cordially welcomed the others. More than this, he hospitably manifested deep interest in the welfare of Bellamy's portmanteau, which, after consultation amongst the three, was ordered to be taken to Mr. Gavan's private sitting-room, a fact immediately noted by the watchful detective, who by this time was consuming, with remarkable deliberation, a bottle of ginger beer at the hotel bar.

Had Fergus Bellamy, David Isom and Nathaniel Gavan known that the hilarious gentlemen who dined at an adjacent table were Inspector Graham and two other detectives, whose duty it was to watch their every action and remember every word they spoke, it is probable that they would have eaten in privacy upstairs rather than in the public coffee-room. Certainly they would not have accepted the hospitality of their neighbors, but drink is responsible for many an acquaintance, and when the beefsteak and Welsh rarebit which constituted their modest meal was demolished, and Isom ordered "three whiskies hot," it was but natural that they should feel grateful for Inspector Graham's offer (made in a North-country accent) to partake of a bottle of O'Flaherty's oldest port. This was not a beverage to be despised, for it had been in the cellar nearly six months, ever since the bankruptcy of a grocer in the next street, when the landlord of the Sprig of Shillelagh had purchased the whole remaining stock of seventeen bottles for thirty shillings.

After the first glass round had been held up to the light, submitted to the nasal test and disposed of, the zealous police officer opened out his heart to his guests. "Have just come up from Bradford, traveling in the dry goods line. Maybe, Mr. —, I have not the pleasure of your name. Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. Maybe you know the town. I'm going round London to-morrow to some of our city houses. Can I be of any service to you, or perhaps you are at the same game, eh?" The inspector might have spared himself the trouble trying to extract information either by straight forward questions or cross-examination, for the three conspirators excused themselves early on the plea of fatigue, after discussing nothing but the wine, the weather, and the extortionate charges of London cabmen.

As O'Flaherty was closing his bar some three hours after his guests had retired to their respective rooms, he was surprised by a visit from a police constable in uniform, followed by Inspector Graham and another man. He recognized the two latter as customers who had dined and paid so well that evening, and assumed that they required accommodation for the night. However, he was soon undeceived, and in a startling manner.

"We are police officers of the detective department. You have now in your house—a licensed house—three dangerous characters," said the inspector, sharply, mentioning their names. "When did they arrive? Quick, we have no time to lose."

O'Flaherty was terribly frightened, and spluttered out words to the effect that Gavan had come first, and the others later in the afternoon. Gavan evidently had expected them, and had hired a sitting-room. They all had luggage and he knew no more, except that they had dined and gone to bed early. "Lead the way to the sitting-room," replied the inspector. He then gave some instructions to the constable, who passed them on to others waiting outside. Graham and his companion followed the landlord, who trembled as though he were the responsible culprit. The bedrooms being on an upper story, the officers ran but little danger of being disturbed in their search in the sitting-room. Some writing materials were on the table and by carefully reversing the blotting-paper, the inspector was able to make out that the following letter had been written:

The Sprig of Shillelagh, Islington.

DEAR MASTER—So far all well. We have the materials, and will go to work. Next day you shall hear from us whether we are to sink or swim. N. G. arrived.

Having deposited the blotting-paper in his pocket, Graham continued the

search, and, to his surprise and delight, found that Bellamy's portmanteau was still in the room. It was, however, securely locked; but the inspector's companion was prepared for this contingency, and, with the aid of skeleton keys, soon opened it.

"You scoundrels!" muttered the inspector, as, after turning over the contents and pointing some of them out to his subordinate, he quietly closed and again locked the portmanteau. "I think we've got you this time. Now to find out 'Master,' and Inspector Graham will be Mr. Superintendent, and have a money reward, too, may be. Come along; I'm satisfied with this day's work, anyhow."

Graham's junior was not equally pleased. In fact, he was somewhat puzzled, for he did not understand why these packages, if dangerous, were not taken charge of by the police. But experience had lately taught those more learned than he in the art of trapping criminals, not to strike too soon, but to track conspirators, so far as public safety would permit, to the lair of the instigator, and, by bringing him to book, destroy the root of the plot.

Next morning, after a frugal breakfast (conspirators never have enough money to afford luxuries), Bellamy, Isom and Gavan left their hotel, closely watched by detectives, and, taking the omnibus from the Angel, they were set down at Charing-Cross. Here they separated. Bellamy walked along the Strand, going citywards, while Isom went up Parliament street, and Gavan strolled towards Pall Mall.

In a few hours, the police officers employed on the special duty of watching the suspected persons made their reports.

The first was as follows: Watched Bellamy. He went up the Strand, stopping to look in several shop windows. Seemed particularly attracted by one, acule's. He went in and inquired the price of an American bowie knife, but did not buy it. Was a long while looking in the windows of an optician where there were portraits of members of Parliament and actresses. I thought he was going to turn back here, for he wavered, but at last he went on. He passed for some time at Somerset House, and walked out into the road to get a better view of the building. Passed down Fleet street, and up Ludgate-hill; walked round St. Paul's Cathedral, stopping three times. Went up Cheap-side, where he spoke to Constable (K. 007), and asked to be directed to the Bank of England. Arriving there, walked round that, viewing the Bank from several positions. Finally he appeared to select a spot in the northwest corner, and remained there looking idly about him for some minutes. He then went down Moorgate street, called in a tobacconist's shop, and purchased a box of flaming fuses. Then walked into Goswell road and on to the Sprig of Shillelagh, where I was relieved, and came directly here (Scotland-yard) and made this report.

The reports of the other detectives were very similar to this one. Isom had trotted towards Westminster, and examined the Houses of Parliament as minutely as if he were a foreign architect; while Gavan had surveyed Buckingham Palace as carefully as though he were going to make a drawing of it from memory. Both had walked back to Islington by different routes.

In the evening the three friends again left their hotel. On this occasion each took with him a brown paper parcel, and each proceeded towards the building in which he had taken so much interest in the morning.

Inspector Graham and two other officers followed Gavan. That he was the ringleader of the gang the penetrating officer had already decided in his own mind. Nor was his zeal unrewarded, for, on reaching the gates which separate St. James' Park from Buckingham Palace Road, Gavan, handicapped as he was by the apparently heavy package he carried, quickened his pace so that the detectives could scarcely keep up with him. A sentry-box close by was evidently the spot fixed on for the perpetration of whatever outrage was to be committed. Carefully watching his time when the soldier on guard had turned to the right, Gavan deposited his parcel in the shaded angle to the left of the box. Then, taking from his pocket a fuse, he struck it on the sole of his foot, and—he found himself captured and handcuffed and thrust into a cab and driven away like any other where before he had time to make any excuse. Inspector Graham chuckled to himself as after craftily waiting to

see if the brown-paper parcel would explode without assistance, he took the parcel under his arm and hurried back to headquarters to make known an exploit that would at least bring his name prominently before the public. On arriving there he found that two other men had also been arrested. Their tactics had been similar to those adopted by Gavan. It was clear that an attempt had been made to blow up Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, and the Houses of Parliament, and thus deal a simultaneous blow at Royalty, Commerce and Government.

The three canisters with which this desperate outrage was to have been carried out had been captured. Their lids were securely soldered down, and the authorities at Scotland Yard dared not attempt to open them, so they dispatched to Woolwich by special conveyance, in order that scientific evidence of their contents might be forthcoming in due course.

Reports of the affair soon got abroad. Special editions of the newspapers were published, with sensational headings. Columns of print not only gave details of what had occurred, but significantly hinted at the identity of the instigators. The political bearings of the conspiracy were discussed, while crowds of idlers visited the scenes where the canisters had been deposited. As usual, the police were sagaciously mysterious, and excitement was intense throughout the metropolis when the prisoners arrived at Bow Street in prison-vans, escorted by mounted police with drawn swords.

The court was crowded almost to suffocation when Mr. Fairland opened the case for the Crown. He was, the learned counsel said, instructed by her Majesty's Treasury to prefer a very serious charge against the prisoners. It had not yet been decided whether they would ultimately be indicted for treason, felony, or under a more recent statute with being in possession of explosives for an unlawful purpose. At this stage of the proceedings he proposed only to prove the circumstances leading to the arrest of the prisoners. He would, however, call the attention of the magistrate to the fact that a more distasteful outrage had never been planned against the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects. It was, for recklessness of conception and malignity of purpose, unparalleled in the history of crime. There was some applause when the learned counsel concluded his speech by calling as his first witness George Graham.

The witness detailed the circumstances of his suspicions, and of his following the prisoners, of his searching the rooms, and finding the portmanteau. He also produced the fragment of blotting-paper he had taken, and explained that, on searching the portmanteau, he found it contained a dozen ordinary building bricks and three canisters. They were the same as found by the police in the possession of the prisoners. The inspector then detailed particulars of the arrest of Gavan.

The prisoners declined to ask any questions.

Two other detectives corroborated a part of the evidence of Graham, and also gave details of the arrest of Bellamy and Isom.

Mr. Fairland was about to suggest an adjournment, when he was informed that Professor Cain, in whose hands the tin canisters had been placed, had arrived. He, therefore, asked to be allowed to prove the contents of the canisters. On the magistrate giving his consent, the Professor, looking somewhat flustered, entered the witness-box. His evidence was as follows:

He was public analyst to Her Majesty's War Office. Three canisters had been delivered to him by Mr. Graham on behalf of the police. As they were soldered down, he had thought it expedient to have them opened by the inspector of explosives. Each canister contained some hundreds of globules about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Taking a handful haphazard from each canister, he had analyzed them, but in consequence of circumstances he would relate to his worship, he had not persevered in a quantitative analysis. Each globule contained rhubarb and colicum, and also other harmless drugs, and he had been unable to discover the slightest trace of anything harmful in the compound. There was nothing of an explosive, dangerous or poisonous character about them. He thought they might be effectually prescribed for gout. In reply to the magistrate, he admitted that they had the appearance

and properties of liver pills. At the bottom of each canister he had found some printed handbills, announcing that "Bellamy's Balm" was a certain cure for gout, rheumatism and all diseases of the liver, and that it could be obtained from any chemist, or wholesale from Bellamy, Gavan & Isom, manufacturing druggists, Newcastle.

Thanks to Professor Cain's opinion of "Bellamy's Balm" and to the publicity given to it in all the English papers, Messrs. Bellamy & Co. were soon able to retire on a handsome fortune and build a Home for Disabled Detectives.

## Idle British Youth.

Hundreds and thousands of young men in this country spend their whole existence in the battle with time. They have absolutely nothing whatever to do except to kill it. Beyond the race-course, the covert and the hunting-field they have no appreciable interest.

The blackguardism which which was universal among the golden youth of five-and-twenty years ago may be venerated by social affectations, but the quality, the fibre and the tastes of the race are unchanged. Our insular brutality has been crossed by a strain of exotic dandyism, and the attractions of two or three play-houses have eclipsed the charms of the rattling-ring and the elder cellars.

While, as is only fair to say, the courage of our young men remains what it has been at all stages of our history, they are as desperately intelligent as ever. Art, literature and politics are as much sealed books as ever to the "chapies" and "mashers" of the period. The dullness of metropolitan dissipation is periodically relieved by rural recreations, to which a flavor is given by their latent or avowed ferocity. Our young barbarians—and, for that matter, our old barbarians—must, when they are in the country, have their appetites whetted by blood. To kill some, if during the day, to crown the exploits of the day with a dinner substantial enough for the proceedings he proposed only to prove the circumstances leading to the arrest of the prisoners. He would, however, call the attention of the magistrate to the fact that a more distasteful outrage had never been planned against the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects. It was, for recklessness of conception and malignity of purpose, unparalleled in the history of crime. There was some applause when the learned counsel concluded his speech by calling as his first witness George Graham.

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## Home Economies.

A mixture of two parts of glycerine, one part of ammonia and a little rose water whitens and softens the hands. Washing the floor in solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye gives an oak color.

Goon, Plain Soups.—If you procure a good shin of beef and crack it three or four times; put on to boil at nine o'clock; boil hard till eleven, then take out the meat and be sure to get all the bones out; then put four turnips, four carrots, half a small head of cabbage, cut all up in the chopping bowl; put in a large onion, if the family like onions, and put the chopped vegetables in the soup pot. At half-past eleven, if dinner is to be served at twelve, put three or four potatoes sliced very thin and some milk dumplings into the soup; just before taking up season with salt and pepper, and put in some parsley or summer savory. If you make beef soup in tomato season, put in half a dozen.

Chicken Soup.—Wash two good, fat fowls, and put on to boil, according to size and age of the fowls and the time you are to dine; if at twelve, put some nicely washed rice, about a tablespoonful, into the pot at ten, make some drawn butter, take out the chickens put them whole on a dish, pour the drawn butter, well seasoned, over them, and four hard boiled eggs cut crosswise and laid over them; send to the table piping hot. Season the soup with pepper and salt only. Veal or mutton makes an excellent soup in this way.

Noodle Soup.—Cut fine all the flesh from the bones of two fowls and to gether with the frame put the meat to boil; about an hour before dinner take out the bones, or frame; half an hour before put in some noodles made as follows: Four eggs well beaten, mixed well with flour and a pinch of salt, stiff enough to roll very thin; make two hours before you are ready to use them; cut them into the thinnest possible strips; season the soup with salt and pepper.

## The Indian Rupee.

Mr. Edward Thomas, whose abhorrence as a numismatist have thrown so much light upon the archeology of the East, has reprinted a paper upon the coinages of the East India Company at Bombay. The practical interest of the essay is the proof it gives of the continuous decrease that has taken place in the value of the rupee during the last two centuries. It seems that the Bombay Mint was first authorized by Charles II. in 1676, "to coin rupees, bice and budrooks," which should be current not only in the island but also in the dependencies of the company in the East Indies. This "Island of Bombay" came to the English King by virtue of his marriage contract with Catharine, the sister of Alfonso VI, of Portugal, signed in the early part of 1662; and it was by him made over to the company in March, 1662, together with its revenue of £2833 per annum, and with the King's garrison of two companies of foot, who volunteered into the company's service, and thus formed its first military establishment at Bombay. When the company began to coin money they seem to have underrated the value of the local rupees, for the first specimen of their rupees bearing this denomination contains only 178 grains of silver, whereas a later one, dated 1678, contains over 183 grains, and one of the same last-mentioned year was as much as 198. The Indian rupees were estimated by writers in the earlier part of the seventeenth century as from 2s. to as high as 2s. 9d. and the average value seems not to have been much less than 2s. 6d. The decline in value of the coin is, of course, due to various causes not affecting India alone; but Mr. Thomas warns the theorists who talk of restoring silver to its old value in India that the circumstances are now altogether altered, since, instead of the comparatively all-round trade of the old company in goods and metals, we have to face "the leech-like heavy charges of the present home Government, which draws indiscriminately for its own wants bills in rupees upon its hapless dependency in season and out of season, whether the balance of trade or metallic exchange is for or against them."

The young man was trying to play solver. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's full as a goose; ain't it?"

## Knowledge in a Nutshell.

A cubit is two feet. A pace is three feet. A fathom is six feet. A palm is three inches. A league is three miles. A span is 10½ inches. There are 2760 languages.

A great cubit is eleven feet. Two persons die every second. Bran, twenty pounds per bushel. Sound moves 743 miles per hour. A square mile contains 640 acres. A barrel of ice weighs 600 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. A barrel of flour weighs 106 pounds. An acre contains 4840 square yards. Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel. A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches. A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour. Slow rivers flow five miles per hour. A drin of butter weighs 56 pounds. A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour. A rapid river flows seven miles per hour. Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel. Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

The first lucifer match was made in 1820. Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel. A tub of water weighs eighty-four pounds. The average human life is thirty-one years. Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel. The first steam-boat plied the Hudson in 1807. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

## Scraps.

What Saved Him. A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortable on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, and altogether he was pitiable-looking object.

The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said: "He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used. "You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters eating into his flesh, it was not until next morning that he began to be about disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head. "Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"I am not sick."

"O, yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his hands and feet still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above all, don't blister me again."

"O, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell I shall be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die; unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defense. Suffice

## A Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toll, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes very suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong; for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle, to turn the weak to burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, mostly live their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig, or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are only hundreds; but instead of that he scarcely reaches on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but laborious and hardworked of all animals. He is the most irritable of all animals and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what animals secretly feel, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

The Washington Capital remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremittent kindness."

Josh Billings has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Texas, entered the circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand-organ.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then a day in April is decidedly milder, and some of the March days are raw.

Next we shall have a coat tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean, "I don't like her father."

The girl with the empty pocketbook is the one that looks into jewelry windows most.

A Cool Tramp and a Cool Maiden. A well-known printer's family met with a singular experience on Monday. The daughter answered a knock at the door. An old tramp asked for "a bite." She didn't like his looks and told him so, and he left. Shortly after his disappearance a neighbor's daughter came in and told the printer's daughter that the latter's clothes (an entire washing) had just been stolen by the man she had turned from the door; that he had taken them all down and done them up in a bundle before asking for the bite and lugged them off at his leisure. The two young ladies started in pursuit. At the Southport depot they learned that the bundle and the man went down the railroad. They followed and soon overtook him. "We want those clothes you stole from us," said the printer's daughter. "Him! Well, I don't know that you can have 'em," said he, coolly turning over the bundle. "There's a shirt or wrapper missing," said she, after looking them over. "Now, what have you done with it?" "Got it on!" said the tramp, opening his vest to prove it. "Well, off with it, then!" said the plucky maiden. "What! Here?" The maiden paused in a predicament. A gentleman friend was near, and she halted him, telling him about the trouble. "The gentleman friend took the tramp into the bushes, cut the engine works and got the shirt."

A Gama Estate. The private estate of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which will pass to the Duke of Edinburgh, affords some of the best shooting in Europe, for the sport in the Duke's Thuringian forests is nowhere surpassed in Germany. Every species of game bred is to be found there; but the wild boar are the great feature, and the Thiergarten in which these animals are preserved is as large as an ordinary deer-park, and is enclosed by a strong and high stockade, the whole being left entirely wild. There are numerous dens among the brushwood, which the boars have themselves constructed, and there are feeding places, to which the keepers go twice a day to scatter food. The animals are summoned by the blowing of a horn, but they are so regular in their habits that they are usually to be found in the neighborhood of the pens at the appointed time. There are about a dozen wild-boar preserves in various parts of he Duchy.

Reading Sound. Reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with the best results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Absurdities of Men's Dress. Trousers are not economical, inasmuch as they get baggy at the knee long before they are worn out, and they are always getting dirty at the ankles. They are not specially adapted for cold or wet. On a wet day it is the part from the knee downward that catches the rain and necessitates the changing of the whole garment. Indeed, it is the way in which they ignore the kneecap which renders trousers so practically objectionable. It is at this joint that they not only spoil their own shape but inflict a sense of tightness over the whole body by means of braces.

Why are buttons placed on the back of a coat? Mr. Gotch remarks that the tailor says they are there to "mark the waist." But why should the waist be marked? As a matter of fact, the only reason for the existence of these two buttons is they are a survival of the time when they were of use, when men buttoned back the long flaps of their coats in order to walk more freely, or found them useful in sustaining the sword belt. We have no flaps now; we wear no swords now; then why keep the two buttons? Another rudimentary article may be found at the end of the sleeve. There is always a cuff, marked generally by a double row of stitches, which perform no useful service unless

to be reminded us that our grandfathers had flaps on their sleeves, and that the little buttons which still appear at the end were of real use when the sleeves were tight as the wrist. Another inevitable feature of the coat is the collar. In old times this collar was of soft leather, it was large and turned up well in inclement weather; in order to admit of it buttoning properly around the neck a nick was necessary. But though we hardly ever think of turning up an ordinary coat collar, and find it of little use if we do, we still preserve both it and the nick as survivals. The stove-pipe hat, too, is only the caricature on which our ancestors were wont to display ribbons and knots and gauds. In itself it is both ugly and uncomfortable. Then we wear absurd neckties that do not tie, and pins that do not pin.

Field Mice in France. Darwin's familiar paradox, that the fertilization of certain flowers may depend upon the number of cats in their neighborhood, has an illustration, says The Pall Mall Gazette, now in France, where it may even be carried a step further. Any observer who knows the French rural districts well must be struck by the immense number of mouse holes which may be seen in some places. The surface of the ground at times has quite the appearance of a network of little burrows, where it would be impossible for one of the field-bees required for the fertilization of Mr. Darwin's flowers to find a secure spot for its nest. In the Department of the Seine alone it has just been calculated by a special commission that these field mice have cost the farmers no less than thirteen million francs. The climate seems to be especially favorable to these creatures, and the population being sparse, the number of cats is few, and the mice increase and multiply beyond belief. Arsenic has been tried in the open; but the hares and rabbits get killed first; and now the plan adopted is to construct heaps or small stacks of straw, to which the mice resort in myriads. These heaps are placed partly below the level of the ground, and securely packed and covered in, being first stored with poisoned beetroot, turnips and carrots. This plan is said to be succeeding well, and without harm to the hares and rabbits.

Long-Finger-Nails. According to the writer of an article on "Extraordinary Finger-nails," in the World of Wonders, it is the custom of the Chinese, Siamese and Annamese to allow the nails on all their fingers, except the forefinger, to grow to a great length, and among the former they sometimes attain the incredible length of from sixteen to eighteen inches. Among the Siamese so distinctive a mark of nobility are long-nails esteemed that the bells and beaus wear silver cases, either to protect their nails or else to make people believe they are there, whereas in reality they are not. As regards the little finger, the writer tells us that "ambassadors and visitors of distinction from Asiatic States to European, are often observed to permit the excessive growth of the nail of the little finger, and this is also a common occurrence with many of the people of India and other parts of Asia."

It Took. A Bowery dealer in clothing got hold of a chap the other day who had a knowing look in his eyes, and who strongly objected to paying \$7 for a coat which he had tried on. "Vhell, I doan say dot it was seven dollar dollar," replied the dealer. "Then why do you ask it?" "Vhell, my eyes haf got so poor dot anybody can pass badt money on me now. If I sold dot goat for seven dollar I should expect to git one dollar in gounterfeit money and two dollars in silver dot vvas plugged oop." "I guess I'll take it," said the stranger, after a pause, and he scraped the bottom of



