

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) gentleman will publish all the rejected poems he can find. Mrs. A. C. Pond, a sister of the famous Sam Patch, died at Petersburg, Va., recently. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, and Congressman Miliken, of Maine, are said to resemble each other as closely as two Droemios. David Pulsifer, who has been clerk in the Massachusetts Secretary of State's office for thirty years, retired a few days ago. Rev. Dr. Backus, of Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., who has been blind from cataracts ten years, has fully recovered his sight as the result of operations performed by a Baltimore physician. Ex-President Thomas Hill, of Harvard College, has edited an almanac in which the computations have been made according to the new Eastern standard time, the first of the kind to be published. Mr. Bennett, the owner of the New York Herald, is said by persons who have seen him in Paris lately to have become "prematurely old." His hair is turning gray and he is as slow and precise in movement as an old man. A Waterbury (N. Y.) girl was married to a young man who fell in love with her photograph and the courting was done through the medium of correspondence. The couple met for the first time at their wedding. Senator Soteldo, who turns up in Washington as the Minister from Venezuela, is the father of A. M. Soteldo, the young gentleman who lost his life while trying to regulate the editorial management of the Washington Republican from the outside. What sort of a man is Uncle Remus? I asked of a Georgia friend, writes a Washington correspondent. "Joel Chandler Harris," he replied, smiling. "He's a little, red-headed, freckle-faced farmer's boy from Putnam County. Just about as handsome as a burnt shoe. He's a good fellow, though, and bright, but indolent. Sort of a singed cat. He has been very well treated by the Atlanta Constitution people. They give him a good salary for writing an hour or two every day, in addition to a very nice house, which they gave him outright as a Christmas gift. I think. So he has plenty of time for literature and a pleasant place to write it in."

HUMOROUS.

There is danger in the electric wire," remarked the criminal when overtaken by a telegram. "Young farmer: 'Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?' Miss Gusherton: 'Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma.'" "The newspapers often print the 'last words' of men, but never those of women. The latter would take up too much room and crowd out all the advertisements." "Caw! caw!" screamed a Britisher, waving his umbrella at a Market street dummy the other day. "Get in, you crow," said the conductor. The man was raven. "Down in New Jersey the greatest barbarities are perpetrated by those who go out hunting snipe. A very common occurrence is for six sportsmen to surround a single snipe and go through such ridiculous, though highly sportsmanlike, performances that the poor bird actually dies laughing at them." "I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, in a dreamy tone that made his pulse quicken with hope. "And why?" he asked, with suppressed anxiety. "Oh," she replied, in a freezing tone, "if you were a comet you would only come round once in fifteen hundred years." "Wasn't Mr. Thornton mad that you went into his woods and cut all that birch bark?" asked a little girl whose brothers came from a wood belonging to a neighbor with their arms filled with great strips of the birch. "No," said the boys; "he saw us and never said a word." "Well," cried the little sister, triumphantly, "that's just it. He was so mad he wouldn't speak to you!" "A story is told of a Wequetequoek man being brought to a Stonington doctor in an ox-cart, having been handed without gloves by a brother. While the doctor was dressing the wounds the man asked: 'Doctor, if I die from the effects of this beating will they hang my brother?' 'I'm afraid they will,' replied the doctor. 'Then let me die,' said the Wequetequoek. "Why, how are you, Gilpin?" exclaimed an erratic Austin man, trying to thrust his hand into the unwilling, clammy paw of the supposed acquaintance. "How you have changed! Never saw a man change so in my life." "My name is not Gilpin," said the stranger in a thirty-six decimated the Austin man, "worse and worse! You have not only changed wonderfully in personal appearance, but have actually changed your name." "Perfectly dreadful. "Oh, I say, Chawley, that was a charming cweechaw you dawkned with at Mrs. Bullion's t'other eve." "No, Hawy, she was not chawming, she is a vulgar cweechaw." "Why, weally, you don't say so," Chawley. "Yass, she asked me if I liked conundrums, and I told her that I had tried them in Poree, but I didn't like them as well as fiewd fwoags. And then she larfed—actually larfed. Just think of a society gurl larfing!" "Puffe dweel, wasn't it?" "Yes, and then she asked me if I knew why Fweddie Simpson was a fountain of humor, and when I said no she said it was because he was always having boils."

The Detective Business.

The detective, surrounded as he is by an atmosphere of romance and mystery, has been a favorite character in fiction. The continual use of the character has made necessary so high a coloring and so sensational a description, that the general public has grown skeptical and is inclined to regard him as a creature of the novelist's brain. And yet it is an unquestionable fact that the mysterious man of many disguises, trained in sagacity and keen of wit, is an important factor in our every day life; and it is equally true that no city is better supplied with detective forces than our own. "Besides the corps of police detectives in this city," said the head of a large agency to a Tribune reporter, "and the three or four agencies which have men always on duty, there are upward of a hundred men who do private detective work independent of any agency—watching in stores for shoplifters, shadowing suspicious characters on the streets, or occasionally volunteering detective work in case of a great crime. It is from these self-trained detectives that the agencies draw their supply. Our force, for instance, varies in numbers from twenty to forty-five men, according to the season. Winter, when the rich families are all in the city, is our busiest time, while in summer we do little except occasional summer work at summer resorts. Business comes to us from all over the world, and is of almost every conceivable character. There is only one branch of work that we will not touch and that all respectable agencies avoid—namely, securing evidence for divorces. This work is generally regarded as 'crooked,' and agencies that undertake it have to make it their only specialty. We do a great deal of investigation of wills, as to the condition and circumstances of the testator. Men are also detailed to follow suspected characters. The very best people in this city engage our services to inquire into the actions and habits of members of their own family. Then we send out men occasionally on the chance of securing a reward. At least half our work is in the criminal line, but almost entirely outside of the city, on account of the excellent detective police force of New York. Out-of-town burglaries supply a good proportion of the work. We send men to the place in various disguises; they mix with the common people, follow up suspicious characters and keep an eye on all places where the robbers would be apt to conceal or dispose of their booty. There may be in one small town half a dozen detectives, and not an inhabitant suspect their business—not even the parties by whom they were engaged."

Eating Camel's Blood.

The animal was led out some distance from the tents and made to kneel. A rope of camel's hide was fastened to its jaws and its head was dragged around towards its tail until the two almost met. The butcher then opened a vein in the animal's neck from which the blood spouted in a large wooden bowl which had been brought to hold it. While the blood was running one of the Arabs kept stirring it to prevent it from coagulating. After the blood had been dried the bowl was carried over to a fire which had been built and heated stones were put into it until the blood was thoroughly cooked. Meanwhile the butcher proceeded to cut up the camel. The intestines were taken out and cleaned and put into another bowl for cooking; the animal's skin was taken off and then the flesh was stripped off the bones, cut into pieces and laid out to dry. The bones of the animal were distributed among the young boys of the tribe, who cracked them between stones or with bent axes, and sucked the marrow from them. The blood, which after being cooked was something like jelly, was cut into parts and shared among us captives. We found it quite palatable. The intestines and a portion of the meat the Arabs disposed of that evening, and the remainder of the meat were informed was to be kept for the use of the slaves on the journey.

MR. I. CARPENTER, 463 Fourth Avenue, New York, after running a gauntlet of eight years' rheumatism, used St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain reliever, by which he was entirely cured and has had no return of his complaint.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc. in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

The Mysterious Element in the Mind That Arouses Vague Apprehensions—What Actually Causes It.

The narrative below by a prominent scientist touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the distressing evils which hypochondria brings. They come at all times and are self-started. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded. Editors Herald: It is seldom I appear in print and I should not do so now did I not believe myself in possession of health, the revelation of which will prove of inestimable value to many who may see these lines. Mine has been a trying experience. For many years I was conscious of a want of nerve. My mind seemed sluggish and I felt a certain falling off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people who like myself are physically below par, but like thousands of others I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork, and resorting to a glass of beer or a milk punch, which would for use time invigorates and relieve my weariness. After awhile the stimulants commenced to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased, and I was compelled to resort to my usual means of relief. A physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he can not see himself as he sees others; so I called a physician and he advised me to try a little chemical food, or a bottle of hypophosphates. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indisposition seemed to increase; my food distressed me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I started my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five to ten drops of Magendie's solution of morphine, two or three times a day, for the weakness and distress in my stomach. I did not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation. The morphine produced such a deadly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation. I tried various other remedies, but all failed. I was in a state of nervous prostration, nearly a year, wholly unfit for business, while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished, and I suffered from incapacity with an appalling sense of misery and general debility. I was unable to sleep, and my food distressed me. 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