

A STRANGE FRENCH LAW.
Objected Because a Servant Hore His Jail Number.

There is a law in France which embitters the life of every dramatic author, says an exchange, as it confers upon every French citizen the right of having a novel or play immediately suppressed by the police if his name happens to be mentioned in it. In their anxiety to avoid unpleasantness the parodists of the Cluny theater decide to designate the characters in a recent piece by numbers. The effect thus produced is somewhat peculiar, as, for instance:

"Ah, charming 132, you are the most adorable of all women!"
 "And you are a flatterer, Count 18."
 While the two were thus exchanging compliments an elderly gentleman suddenly appears and calls out in a voice of thunder:

"I have caught you now, Count 18. Are there any cowards in your family?"
 "Gracious!" whispered Count 18, trembling in his shoes. "Gracious Duke 53!"
 "Seventy-four," exclaims the duke, "turn this gentleman out!"
 But at this point a fellow in the audience springs to his feet.

"That's really too bad," he shouts in the direction of the stage, "I will send you a summons."
 The duke answers in surprise: "What have you to complain of. Seventy-four is only a number."
 "That's just it. It is the very number I bore when in jail, and I am not going to be degraded by having a servant dubbed with it."
 Everybody had to give in to that argument. It was the law. The play was stopped there and then.

EVOLUTION OF THE WHISTLE.
 Locomotive Sireners Were First Suggested by a Tin Toy.

When locomotives were first built and began to trundle their small loads up and down the newly and rudely constructed railways of England the public roads were, for the greatest part, crossed at grade, and the engineer had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. But this, as may be imagined, was far from being a sufficient warning. One day in the year 1833, so runs a story of the origin of the locomotive whistle, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railway track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. Just as he came out upon the track a train approached. The engine man blew his tin horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass, and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, his 960 eggs, his horse and his wagon. It was regarded as a very serious matter, and straightway a director of the company went to Atton Grange, where George Stevenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give a warning more likely to be heard. Stevenson went to work and the next day had a contrivance which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave out a shrill, discordant sound. The railway directors, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances to be attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.

The Human Body.
 Among the questions which a 7-year-old Montclair, N. J., boy was required to struggle with in an examination was this:
 "Of what is the human body composed?"
 As it was a written explanation he had some time to get his thoughts together and the following answer was the result:
 "The human body is composed of two-thirds water and the other three-quarters meat and vegetables."—Exchange.

A Strong Hint.
 "Uncle" Peter Bates was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Randolph, Vt., in the old staging days. He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas. One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart without paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up to him and blandly said: "Mister, if you should lose your pocketbook between here and Montpelier remember you didn't take it out here."

Foreign Immigration.
 Of the 229,370 alien steamer passengers who arrived at the port of New York last year, 42,942 above 14 years of age could not read and write. About 149,500 of the steamer arrivals were over 14 years of age, and only 29,287 of these brought with them \$30 and over. No less than 182,000 of the whole number of steamer immigrants had some point in the north Atlantic states for a destination, while only 2,451 were bound for the south central states.

Iowa Creameries.
 The state of Iowa has 839 creameries and cheese factories. Last year they produced 70,561,710 pounds of butter, worth \$13,000,000 and about 2,500,000 pounds of cheese, worth about \$250,000. A large part of the butter is shipped away, but most of the cheese is consumed in the state.

November and December.
 A groom of 74 and a bride of 69 were married in North Adams, Mass., recently. The groom had outlived five wives, but the bride had only one other husband.

ABOUT APPENDICITIS.
 The Necessity of Resort to an Operation Questioned.

It is many a long year since so much unscientific and unnecessary butchery has been indulged in as is recorded in the treatment of appendicitis in the last few years, says the New York Ledger. Severe pain and certain symptoms that might be attributed to a dozen other causes are charged to appendicitis and a continuation of them suggests experiments to the minds of the doctors and the operating table looms up in the immediate future as the only hope for life. There are yet many physicians who insist that operations of this sort are absolutely necessary, but it is a hopeful sign of the times that some of the more conservative and experienced doctors declare that only in exceptional cases is surgery positively necessary. As a simple home treatment several patients have been immediately relieved by drinking large quantities of pure salad oil. This appears to have a beneficial effect upon the entire lining membrane of the alimentary canal; the oil seemed to spread over the surface, allaying irritation and softening whatever food products may have lodged in the appendical sac. The nonsensical theory put forth by one member of the medical profession that no infant was properly equipped for life until by surgical means it had been deprived of the vermiform appendix and thus fortified against future danger is too silly to deserve a moment's consideration. Millions of people have lived and died without ever knowing that was such a thing, and the proportion of deaths that can by any possible means be attributed to this cause is extremely small. Some day doctors and patients will realize that a thorough washing out and cleansing of the interior of the body is quite as beneficial as the same process applied to the exterior. It is asserted by those who have had sufficient experience to entitle their statements to consideration that the thorough washing out of the digestive apparatus by means of tepid water properly purified would prevent at least half of the diseases from which humanity suffers.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.
 There Was a Vast Difference in the Two Cases.

The other day at Montezuma, while two citizens were conversing at the depot, a negro approached and addressed one of them as follows:
 "Kurnel, I h'ar yo' wants to git a man out on de plantashun."
 "Yes, I want a man out there," replied the colonel as he looked the negro over. "Seems to me I've seen you before!"
 "Reckon not, sah. I've new roun' here."
 "But I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. Let's see. I was over at Perry the other day."
 "Yes, sah, yo' was ober to Perry."
 "And while there I called at the jail."
 "Yes, sah, yo' called at de jail. Dey has got a powerful nice jail ober at Perry."
 "And while at the jail I saw a colored man who was serving a sentence for stealing a hog."
 "No doubt of it, kurnel. Yes, yo' dun saw a cull'd pussion right in dat jail at Perry."
 "And you are the man," said the colonel as he laid his hand on the negro's shoulder.

"Jes' so, kurnel—jes' so. I was right in dat jail at Perry, an' I dun 'members of seein' yo' pass along. Curious what a mem'ry some white folks has in their heads!"
 "But you don't suppose I want a man who has been in jail for stealing, do you?" exclaimed the colonel.
 "No, sah—no, sah. Of co'se yo' don't. Dat's what I've here to displain about. Yo' got it all wrong 'bout dat hog, kurnel. De pussion who dun stole de hog was asleep when yo' called. I wasn't in dat jail for stealin' no hog. I've no such man as dat."
 "Then what were you in for?"
 "Why, dey said dem two bags of cotton seed meal what dey found in my cart was taken from de depo'."
 "Oh, I see. Well, what's the difference?"
 "What's the difference? Heaps o' difference, sah. On de one hand, I've loadin' up a bar'l o' salt arter dark, an' dem bags jes' tumbled into my cart while my back wuz turned. On de oder hand, a pussion goes out by daylight and runs a hog aroun' de woods for ober two hours before he catches a hind leg. 'Seuse me, kurnel, I did reckon I'd like to work on yo' plantashun, but if yo' am de sort o' man who can't see de difference between a pussion restin' in jail to oblige de jury an' bein' sent to jail for stealin' a hog I couldn't trust my rep'utashun in yo' hands. Good mawnin', kurnel, good mawnin!'—Ex.

AN INDIAN WAR-DANCE.
 A Dakota Chief Takes Bishop Whipple and Civilization to Task.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that the Dakota Indians once held a war dance near a mission house. He went to Wabasha, the chief, and said: "Wabasha, you asked me for a missionary and teacher. I gave them to you, I visit you, and the first sight is this brutal scalp dance. I knew the Chippewa whom your young men have murdered. His wife is crying for her husband; his children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit hears his children cry. He is angry. Some day he will ask Wabasha: 'Where is your red brother?' The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth and said: "White man go to war with his own brother in the same country; kill more men than Wabasha can count in all his life. Great Spirit smiles; says 'Good white man! He has my book. I love him very much. I have a good place for him by-and-by.' The Indian is a wild man. He has no Great Spirit book. kills one man, has a scalp dance. Great Spirit is mad and says: 'Bad Indian! I put him in a bad place by-and-by.' Wabasha don't believe it!"

The Magpie and His Parrot.
 A Magpie who was Chattering Away at a Lively rate was Approached by a Parrot, who Sneeringly said:
 "What an Awful, awful Row! Are you trying to Scare all the Children to Death?"
 "You are a nice Specimen to Sneer at my Music!" replied the indignant Magpie. "If I had your Voice I'd go hang myself!"
 "And if I had yours I'd Sing to a Pole Cat."
 "This little Matter can be Easily Settled," observed the Parrot, after a moment's Thought. "Let us go into the Garden of the Musician and Sing for him and leave it for him to Decide."

**It being so Agreed, the two Birds perched themselves on a Limb near the Musician's window and began their Songs. Each was trying his Best to Excel the other when the Alarmed and Enraged Referee rushed out with a Club and exclaimed:
 "Great General Scott! but if you don't Clear Out of this I'll have your Lives! It's Worse than a Horse Fiddle!"
 Moral: Vanity and Boasting are but a Thin Cover over one's Weaknesses.**

Don't Let Tea Stand.
 If only one pot of tea can be made for a family taking their luncheon at different hours, every housewife should see to it that the tea does not stand with the tea grounds in it longer than from three to five or seven minutes. After that time pour the tea into another pot and throw the grounds away. If you have only one teapot, infuse the tea in some other vessel, pottery or some kind is best, and pour into the pot. In this way the injurious effects of the tannin which is drawn out of the leaves after a long infusion is avoided, and you save yourself, your friends, and family from becoming tea-maniacs.

She Was Lost.
 "I am lost!" she exclaimed in a tone of terror.
 "Fear not, fair one," said the hero, who had not rescued anybody for three or four chapters, and was beginning to feel lonely. "I will protect you."
 "I don't want protection," she answered. "What I want is a map and a compass and a guide book. I have just come from Boston, and the streets here are so straight that I am utterly confused."

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