

Names That Overcome a Hotel Clerk.

Among the many thousands of proper names annually written, more or less legibly—usually less—upon the register of a hotel like the Grand Pacific, pretty much every known combination of letters is found. Hotel clerks become hardened, and greet Mr. Buck and Mr. Cluck and Mr. Duck with equal affability. But Paul Gores, of the Grand Pacific, ran up against a combination the other day that laid him out.

The two Japanese produce and stock exchange commissioners who are stopping there walked up to the desk and asked if any one had called on them during their brief absence. They had registered before Gores came on duty and he did not know them.

"Let's see what's the name?" he asked briskly.

"Oh, go away," said one.

"Oh, no," remarked the other.

Gores was dazed until he discovered that the gentlemen's names were Ogawa and Ono.—Chicago Tribune.

Looking for a Job at 65.

A farmer not less than 65 entered the office of one of our cotton mills the other day and asked the genial agent for a job at bookkeeping. He said he'd turned it from a boy up, and that he had decided to try something easier the rest of his days. He said, too, that he had not been educated in keeping books, but he was confident he could do it. The agent who tells of the incident says he heard the old gentleman's story and kindly told him that he saw no vacancy then, but that he would remember him.

—Lewiston Journal.

A Nervy Boston Girl.

Boston Traveller: Miss L. Maude Pratt, daughter of S. B. Pratt, editor of the American, was visiting the North Atlantic squadron, stationed in Boston harbor, on Friday of last week, as the guest of Chief Engineer Winslow of the Dolphin. She had been shown over the different vessels, and was examining one of the big eight-inch guns of the Atlanta's armament when she expressed the wish that she might fire it off. "Would you do it indeed?" asked the Engineer Winslow and being assured that she would only be too delighted, he hurriedly whispered an order to a gunner, and in a trice a 100-pound blank cartridge had been inserted into the gun. The officer did not believe that his fair guest would dare to carry out her desire, but the cord was placed in her hand, and all waited breathlessly for the result. They did not have to wait long, however, for, grasping the cord firmly, Miss Pratt gave it a sudden jerk and the big gun spoke out with a tremendous roar, disturbing the quiet of Massachusetts bay for miles around, while the young woman never flinched. The officers and men, one and all, admired her for her nerve, and Mr. Winslow said that in five years in the service of the United States he had never known a woman to fire off a cannon on board a war vessel before. Another officer, a lieutenant, remarked that he had never heard of its ever having been done up to that time.

Queens Who Smoke.

The Comtesse de Paris, the queen de France, is addicted to mild Havanas of delicious flavor, and her daughter, Queen Amelia of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of Russian cigarettes at Dresden. All the Russian grand duchesses and most of the imperial archduchesses of Austria, including Marie Theres, Elizabeth and Clothilde, smoke to their hearts' content and in the most public manner, and their example is followed by Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, who is a daughter of Czar Nicholas; by Queen Olga of Greece, who is likewise a Russian grand duchess; by the Princesses Leopold and Luitpold of Bavaria, and by Queen Henrietta of Belgium. Neither of the empresses of Germany nor the queen of Saxony, nor yet the grand duchess of Baden, is known to use tobacco in any form, and if either Queen Emma of Holland or the queen of Sweden indulges in an occasional cigarette for the purpose of soothing sorely tried nerves, she does so in private.—Paris Letter.

Eupherin Among Cats.

Lovers of cats are requested (in a polite way) by hygienic authorities to keep a strict lookout, in the case of their pets, for symptoms of a feline disease which is believed to possess a greater likeness to human diphtheria than is quite agreeable to consider or dwell upon. The human ailment and the cat trouble have occurred coincidentally or subsequently, sometimes the diphtheria preceding the feline disease and vice versa. The subject is at present under investigation by Dr. Klein, working in the interest of the London government board, and all its points have not, of course, been yet satisfactorily determined.

Enough, however, has been proved to teach us that on the first appearance of sickness in cats they should be carefully watched and isolated from contact with their households. Children especially are given to fondle and nurse cats, and in their case the warning just given applies with special force. We often think we are not so careful as we should be in the matter of the health of our domestic animals, and the latest information about the cat may serve to place us on guard against what at least may be regarded as a possible source of disease.

The Growth of Mexico.

The Mexican Chamber of Deputies met on September 16th for its autumn session, which was opened by an address from General Diaz, the President of the Republic. This address was interesting as showing that Mexico is in a condition of tranquility, both in its internal affairs and as regards its relations with all foreign powers.

It is only within recent years that a Mexican President could have made so happy a report of the condition of the country; and that it is indeed peaceful through all its borders, as well as in amity with the nations of the world, is no doubt largely due to the ability and patriotic wisdom of the present President.

General Diaz has nearly completed the first year of his third Presidential term. He was first chosen, for four years, in 1876. The Constitution of Mexico did not then allow a President to be re-elected, and in 1880 General Diaz was succeeded by General Gonzalez. In 1884 Diaz was chosen again, and was re-elected for four years in 1888, the constitution having been amended expressly to permit his reelection.

It is safe to say that the Mexican Republic has never so prospered and so rapidly advanced as it has during General Diaz's two terms. Not only has the country ceased to be torn and distracted by civil wars or local uprisings, and to be the prey of rival and unscrupulous military aspirants for power, but it has taken long strides forward in material well-being, and has become, with almost uniform steps, a richer and stronger country in the development of its natural and industrial resources.

The revenues of the Republic have more than doubled in twenty years. In 1870 they were sixteen million dollars; in 1887 they were thirty-two million dollars; and the estimated revenues for 1888-9 were nearly thirty-eight million dollars.

It is true that the expenditures have grown large more rapidly than the revenues, so that there has been, for several years, a not large deficit. But the main reason of this has been that the State has expended large sums on railways and other extensive public works; so that while the national treasury has suffered a little, the country has been greatly benefited, and its resources have been greatly increased.

Both the imports and the exports have steadily gained in the past few years. From 1885 to 1888, the imports of Mexico increased from thirty-four million dollars to over forty-three million dollars; while in the same period the exports increased from forty-six million seven hundred thousand dollars in round numbers, to nearly forty-nine million dollars.

Nearly three-fourths of the exports from Mexico were of the precious metals, the industry in which was materially benefited by the building of railways and roads.

The increased facilities of railway communication may be judged from the fact that while, in 1879, only three hundred and seventy-two miles of railway were in operation throughout the Republic, there are now more than five thousand miles.

Mexico has larger business dealings with the United States than with all other nations put together; and that its commercial relations with us have grown constantly more important may be seen by the fact that the Mexican exports to the United States in 1885 were valued at about twenty-five and one-half million dollars, and in 1888, at thirty-one million dollars.

The mining interests of Mexico are large, and are yearly becoming more valuable. But its agricultural prosperity is also notable. Its farms and forests are sources of large and growing revenues. Its productions of coffee, sugar, corn, wheat, tobacco, cocoa, and other plantation products approach in value two hundred million dollars yearly. It has, besides, vast cattle ranches, in all valued, five years ago, at over five hundred million dollars.

A country so abundantly and variously blessed with nature's gifts only needed internal peace and a good and wise government, to acquire strength and wealth, and Mexico has made great progress as the result of such a peace and such a government during the past five years.—Youth's Companion.

Stage Statistics.

A. P. Dunlop in Stage News says that last year no less than 480 theatrical companies went on the road from New York, and that probably 200 more started from Chicago and St. Louis. He estimates the number of people who earn their bread in America by theatrical performances at 50,000, and says that there are 4,000 theatres and halls in the United States where dramatic performances of one kind or another are given. The total receipts for a forty-two weeks' theatrical season in the United States amounts to over thirty millions of dollars.

Mad the Quacomania.

Judge: "What does your husband do now?" inquired the parson.

"Well," answered the heart-broken wife, "he buys half a dozen different papers and tries to make money in their guessing contests."

A Successful Novelist.

Mr. Rider Haggard belongs to an excellent Norfolk family of Danish extraction, and is a tall, slight, handsome man, with full blue eyes, fair complexion and brown hair. From 18 to 23 he lived in South Africa, and probably knows more of the country and its languages than any other living Englishman. He was a briefless barrister before he flowered into a successful novelist, and although he has published eleven long stories he is barely 34 years of age. —Exchange.

Electric Lights for Prisons.

The illumination of one of the corridors in the Bridewell prison, Chicago, affords a good illustration of the advantages of the electric light. The lamps are placed upon the walls and shine into the cells. They are entirely out of reach of the prisoners, but under instant control of the keeper, who finds his labors materially decreased by having everything full in view. A very important consideration is the improved hygienic conditions which accompany the use of the electric lights in prisons, where it is also said its cheerfulness has a distinctly beneficial effect on the prisoners.

Genus Questions in Rhyme.

Does your mother-in-law live with you?
Are you deaf?
Have you elephantiasis of the heart?
Did you ever have the measles? Are you good at hunting weasels?
Do you wear your tresses in a bang, or part?
Have you ever got a mortgage on your house and lot?
Do you pray till you get corns upon your knees?
Did you ever drop a nickel in the slot? Do you really think your brother-in-law likes cheese?
Are you fond of chestnuts? Do you ever sweat?
Do you eat pie with a knife or with an ax?
Are your molars all your own or does your dentist groan
In spirit when he hears you chewing tacks?
Do you like your sirloins well done or blood rare?
Do you put molasses on your black-eyed peas?
Do you have good luck in drawing to a pair?
Do you really think your brother-in-law likes cheese?
Did you ever kiss a girl at 4 o'clock?
Don't you think that Wagner's music's rather poor?
Were you quiet-like or merry when in jail?
Did you ever slide upon a cellar door?
Do you feed your wealthy relatives upon poison?
What do you think of queries such as these?
Stop, stop—I'll go away, don't kick me so, I pray—
Do you really think your brother-in-law likes cheese?

Irish Wit.

"The Irish are the most witty of all people," writes Edmund Kirke in the North American Review, and he tells two anecdotes to illustrate the quickness of repartee which characterizes even the unlettered among them. "Go to your captain, and tell him you are the laziest rascal in the regiment," said a field officer to an Irish private.

"Please yer honor," replied Pat, "wud ye hev me go to the captain wid a lie in my mouth?"

When James Harper was Mayor of New York, he required that applicants for position on the police force should be able to read and write. Patrick Murphy, who could neither read nor write, was anxious to be on the "perliase" and set himself to work accordingly.

When he could scrawl his own name in "course hand," he presented himself before the mayor, accompanied by several friends.

On marking his application, he was told to write Patrick Murphy in a blank book. He wrote it, much to the surprise of his friends.

"Howdy Moses!" exclaimed one. "Mike, d'ye mind that? Pat's a writing. He's got a pen in his fist!"

"That will do," said Mayor Harper. "I'll make inquiry about you. Come again in a fortnight, and I'll see what can be done for you."

"Please yer honor," said one of Pat's amazed friends, "ask him to write somebody else's name."

"That is well thought of," answered Mr. Harper. "Patrick write my name."

"Me write yer honor's name!" exclaimed Pat, jumping out of the trap before it could spring. "Me commit forgery, and I a-go in on the perliase! I can't do it, yer honor!"

The mayor of course, saw through the ruse, but he loved a joke, and Patrick Murphy, in the course of time, exhibited himself to his admiring friends in the uniform of a policeman. —Youth's Companion.

A Misinterpretation.

Harper's Bazar: Mrs. Fangle—"I didn't know your house was too large for you, Mrs. Gazzam."

Mrs. Gazzam—"Why, it isn't."

Mrs. Fangle—"Well, now I thought it wasn't; but Mrs. Larkin said you had lots of room to rent in your upper story."

WAYLAI'D.

"Chip, you'd better start home at once. Don't be on the road after dark with so much money about you."

The window was high from the ground, and the disreputable looking tramp who had entered the garden heard Mr. Stockwell's remark and came to a stop on the gravelled walk.

Neither Mr. Stockwell nor his trusted clerk, Chip Ferris, saw him as he half crouched beneath the open window, from which place their tones were plainly audible.

Mr. Stockwell had the largest grocery in Lebanon, and Chip Ferris, though only 17 years old, was his right hand man.

He owned another grocery in Milldale, a thriving little village eight miles away, and Chip had just been directed by him to go over and collect the month's receipts from the man in charge.

"Tell Hanley I'll be in Milldale to see him just as soon as I can get out of the house," said Mr. Stockwell, who had been overcome by his old remedy, the rheumatism. "I've instructed him in the note to turn over the collections to you, and if any stock is needed he can let you know."

The man at the window did not wait to hear more, but went noiselessly to the gate, all thought of begging removed from his mind.

A companion, as ragged and vicious looking as himself, stood waiting for him some distance down the street.

"What kept you so long?" he growled.

"Any luck?"

"I should say so," was the response. "You didn't get any money, did you?"

"No, but we'll soon have plenty if we manage things right."

And he proceeded to confide what he had overheard, whereat the other worthy's eyes glistened.

"Well, that is luck, and no mistake," he said. "If he's only a boy it will be as easy as rolling off a log. There he comes now."

At that moment Chip Ferris was closing Mr. Stockwell's gate.

He walked down the street in the direction of the two men, giving them no more than a casual glance as he passed by, for tramps were no rarity in Lebanon.

"Those fellows are pretty rough looking customers," he thought. "It's a wonder the constable hasn't got them."

It was 3 o'clock then, and he went to the stable in the rear of the shop and harnessed the horse to a light vehicle.

The drive to Milldale was a pleasant one, and Chip enjoyed the prospect of it exceedingly.

About a mile from town, resting under a leafy tree by the roadside, were the two tramps he had seen some time before.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "There are those fellows again. I wonder what they're up to now."

He passed by in a cloud of dust, and, looking back, saw that an animated conversation had suddenly sprung up between the two.

Somehow Chip got it into his head that they were talking about him.

"They can't know about the money, of course," he said uneasily. "Such men look evil enough to do anything."

When he reached Milldale he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Hanley had gone into the country to look at a colt that he thought of purchasing.

The money was locked up in the safe and he had the key with him, so that there was nothing for Chip to do but to wait for his return, which he did with a good deal of impatience.

It was nearly 6 o'clock and the sun was far down in the west when Mr. Hanley came back, and Chip lost no time in transacting with him the business on which he had come.

"Better stay with me to supper," Chip, said Mr. Hanley. "There'll be a moon at 8 to light you back."

"No, thank you," said Chip. "I don't want to be out late with this money. I'll just take some bread and cheese with me."

He bade Mr. Hanley good-by, and, giving his horse the reins, was soon going at a smart pace through Milldale until the last of the straggling houses at its outskirts was left far behind.

The sun sank behind the distant blue hills and twilight came on.

"It won't be long now before it's dark," said Chip. "I hope I won't meet those tramps again. They'd stop me in a minute if they thought I had so much money about me."

As the light faded he grew more nervous, and, with an idea in his head, he reined in the horse to carry it out, first looking around to satisfy himself that no one was in sight.

In his pocket was a copy of the village paper, which he carefully tore into strips the size of bank notes.

He selected from the roll of notes Mr. Hanley had given him four of the least valuable and wrapped them around the strips, placing them in his pocketbook.

The money he hid in one of his shoes "Perhaps I'm over cautious," he told himself, with a smile. "Those men have likely enough taken another road, but if they should try to rob me this bogus roll may fool them."

He was half way home when he came to a large tract of woods, through

which the road passed for some distance.

"The thick foliage of the over reaching trees shut out the light, and the road was so bad that Chip was obliged to let the horse walk."

There was an absurd story which had long been current of a headless horseman who appeared in these very woods, and Chip could not help recalling it with a shudder in spite of its utter improbability.

Suddenly the horse shied, and the startled boy caught sight of two dark figures lying in wait at the side of the road.

The horse gave a leap forward, but a hand seized the bridle and swerved the animal to one side, so that the vehicle was nearly overturned in the deep rut.

"No, you don't, youngster," a gruff voice said. "Just you give up that money you got at Milldale or it will go hard with you."

"How do you know I got any money?" asked Chip, with a fast beating heart, for he saw the gleam of a revolver that was in the man's hand.

"None of that," replied the rascal angrily. "You just give it up, that's all. If you don't you'll never drive this wagon again."

Chip took his pocketbook out with trembling fingers, and the man greedily snatched it from him.

"You'll let me go now, won't you?" the boy pleaded.

"No, much," said the robber coolly. "Get out of that vehicle, and don't waste any time about it. Do you hear me?"

With shaking limbs Chip obeyed and submitted to a thorough search of his pockets after which he was bound, with his arms behind him to a tree.

"There, I fancy that'll do," said the man with a chuckle. "Turn the vehicle round, Bill, and let's be off."

"Are you sure you have got all?" his companion asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "If we hadn't used up all the matches trying to get a light for our pipes I'd count what was in the pocketbook."

The two rogues jumped into the vehicle and drove off in the direction of Milldale, leaving Chip straining and tugging at the rope that bound him.

His fear that the robbers would return when they discovered the deception that had been practiced upon them made him almost frantic, but all his efforts to free himself were in vain.

Helpless and exhausted he waited the outcome, turning pale at every noise that he heard in the woods.

He was as brave as any ordinary boy but beads of perspiration were on his brow and his hair almost stood up on end when at length he heard the ominous sound of wheels drawing near.

"Good gracious!" he said in terror. "It's they; and they'll kill me."

Nearer and nearer came the sound and then, as the vehicle passed by there was a sudden transition from despair to hope.

"Stop!" cried Chip wildly. "Help, help!"

"Who is it?" a startled voice called back. "What are you doing there?"

"It is I—Chipman Ferris," said the boy. "Two men, who tried to rob me, have tied me to a tree."

He heard some one alight, and the next moment footsteps came crashing toward him.

Chip was overjoyed to recognize Mr. Bolton, a farmer well known to him.

"How did you come to get in such a fix, Chip?" he asked, as with a few cuts of his knife he released him from his uncomfortable position.

Chip explained to Mr. Bolton how he had been waylaid, and the farmer said indignantly:

"The villains! They must have taken the road to Malden, for I didn't pass them."

Just as they were getting into the farmer's vehicle they heard the sound of angry voices from behind.

"Quick, Mr. Bolton!" cried Chip, excitedly. "They are armed, and they are coming back."

The farmer needed no urging, but gave the horse the whip.

As they flew on they still heard the desperate men venting their rage in angry threats, and they knew they were in hot pursuit.

They emerged into the open, and looking back in the light of the moon that had risen, Chip could see the men as they beat their jaded horse in their effort to overtake them.

The rascals shouted out for them to stop, and discharged their revolvers to intimidate them, but Mr. Bolton's horse was the fresher of the two, and they soon gave up the chase.

Chip was glad when he saw at length the lights of Lebanon shining out from ahead, and it was not long before every one in the village knew of the attempted robbery.

The constable and several men at once started out to arrest the tramps and found the horse and vehicle abandoned by the roadside, and the men having feared capture and taken to the woods.

But the telegraph is effective, and the next day the robbers were arrested in another county and got the punishment they so richly deserved.—New York World.

Chicago Tribune: Willie—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned?

Papa—No, my son. Why?

Willie—'cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.

Thanked Instead of Being Injured.

Sir Robert Wright, appointed seat on the bench of the high justice left vacant by the late Baron Huddleston, on one while at Oxford, was summoned before the Dean of Balliol for the purpose of being censured. He was exceedingly careful of his well as of his personal safety. Wright looked the dean was down while the latter was his lecture, and finally intervened in the middle of one of the long periods, by remarking, "I know you will excuse me, I think you cannot be aware waistcoat is unbuttoned." nonplused, the dean was stammered out: "Oh, thank you, Sir Robert, thank you, Sir Robert. So very kind of you. Good morning, good morning." —San Francisco Argonaut.

The Wonder of Wagon.

When Mr. Loughton was consul at Boston he was one day being near where some barrels were being thrown overboard from a European seaport. Among the things was a flint pebble somewhat than a hen's egg, which, when some of the larger stones were thrown, the middle. Mr. Loughton picked up the two halves, each half, in marks made by the natural growth of the stone, were feet human heads in profile, the outlines of features and perfectly distinct, the natural coloring much darker than the stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that though the two halves fit together, one of the faces was of a male, the other that of a female. Even the putting up of the appropriate to the sex, yet they were face to face. —S. C. public.

Superstitions About Eggs.

In olden times, in the French districts, the parish priest nearly on the Easter morning house to house, and bless the In payment for his visit as he always received eggs and it was a serious question in the case of so large a number. The French royalty, in a basket filled with golden eggs, a tribulation of high mass on the day, were brought into the temple and distributed to the poor chaplain. Indeed it was a faith in Normandy that when bells ushered in the angels descended to the little children dwell, and an assurance of their ratification in Good House keeping.

Wonderful Memory.

Of M. de Lacerpelle, a French writer on natural history, recorded that he composed directed his works from memory before wrote them down. This practice is ascribed to the American historian, who is used to compose and finish them in his mind before they were committed to paper. That a man should be able to store own writings in his mind harder to understand than should recall the writings of because in the one case every immutable, whereas in the other is absolutely fixed. It is a fact that a powerful memory more generally coveted than the imaginative or the faculty. This is apparently strong memory can be turned many uses, not only in literature in the conduct of life.—New York Ledger.

The Blue Danube.

Among the most important of Europe is the Danube, in fact second river. It has a length of 1,770 miles, and its tributaries are having an area of over 1,000,000 square miles. Many nations flow into it, and nearly all are spoken from its source to its mouth. It rises in the Black forest of Switzerland, and almost to the French frontier. Through Austria is its course, through Hungary, past Servia and Bulgaria, and Roumania, while it flows in from Bosnia and Herzegovina on the south and Poland and Prussia on the north. It is so that practically the whole of Danube comprises the most important portion of eastern Europe.

It runs through the battle of civilization and savagery. Romans contended with the Huns; and the Huns; here the Huns strove to maintain its supremacy the hordes of savage tribes who after the empire of the east had Charlemagne contended with the tribes of semi-Asiatics; here fought the Turks for generations, until by the generation, until by the generation fought under the walls of the fop of the Mohammedan world was rolled back toward the East.

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