OLD MR. NICKLEPOD.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"I haven't the slightest objection to Jack, my dear, and when he has saved money enough to provide for you in case of sickness or misfortune I will gladly give my consent to your mar-

"How much money, papa?" "Really, Flossie, you are incorrigi-

ble. Say \$5,000." "And that, with his present salary

would take five years at least." "And you would have reached the

advanced age of 23."

"Pretty old, papa."

"Yes, in the neighborhood of the'sere and yellow."

"I've a good mind to namery Mr. Nicklepod."

"Excellent idea. He would doubtless settle a million on you, and be accommodating enough to die in a month or

two." "He's most old enough to die, isn't be?"

speaking countenance a quick examination. There was something in her manner of asking this question a little different from usual, and the judge was an expert in detecting shades of this kind.

"Mr. Nicklepod told me one day that he would give anything if he could have me about his house all the time," the girl went on, half laughing and half pouting.

"You would make a splendid trumpeter, Floss."

The Judge's suspicions were quite allayed now, and the easiest way out of these annoying love complications was to treat the matter as lightly as possible.

"Oh, my lungs are good," said Flossie; "and I wouldn't mind singing into the trumpet. Papa Somerton, what a lark! Think of how many edifying things I could say with my back to the poor old gentleman. I could abuse him to all the furniture in the house, and he'd never be the wiser. I'll con-sider it, papa."

"When a woman considers, she is generally safe."

At this point the Judge resumed his search among the intricacies of chiro-graphy, and his daughter went on with her dusting and putting to rights. After a while the silence was again broken by the latter.

"You were poor when you married, papa?" "As a church mouse, Flossie."

"Why did you do it?" "Because I didn't know any bet-

"But you and mamma were very

"Florence," and now the kindly, middle-aged man brought his hand down hard upon his desk, "if I had waited until I had saved some money your mother would be alive now. It was hardship and poverty that sowed the seeds of a fatal disease. In three years, Flossie, there were two childern born to us. My salary was quite in adequate for all the added expenses. Then came frettings and heartaches, and a six months' illness of my own. We suffered as none can understand save those who have had similar experiences. Your mother was 18 Flosie. She should not have married at that age. Our love was all right, but our marriage at that time was a fatal mistake. Now you know why I advise you as I do." Long after the Judge had left the house the saddening effect of his words remained, but youth is unable to remain very long in the shadow of another's grief, and so after a while Miss Florence doffed her sweeping-cap, put away her sad thoughts and went out into the garden. It was a warm April day, and shrubs and grass were responding in their brightest manner to nature's caressing invitation. Such a day was too much for Flossie. She could scarcely have been sad under any provocation, but a look at the bright, sunny face and the sparkling brown eyes was enough to convince one that the spirit of mischief was exceedingly strong within her. Her coquettish garden hat was posed at the exact angle for becomingness, and her plamp little figure, arrayed in a dress she had cut and madewith her own lair hands, was one to be looked after and admired by every lover of harmony. There was a gate leading from the Judge's garden to that of his millionaire neighbor, the latter being posses sed of that genial and generous disposition which likes to share his pleasures with others. Mr. Nicklepod, who was fond of working with his flowers, spent much of his time in his large hothouses, and thither the young woman, humming and smiling, betook herself. Mr. Nicklepod's car-trumpet reposed by the side of a bed of carnation pinks, while its owner busied himself with some orange trees further "I wonder how long I could stand it to yell into an ear-trumpet?" the visitor soliloquized. "Of course I could hide it when I didn't feel like talking. But then I suppose he'd be mak-ing signs and faces at me, and I should have to make faces and signs at him, and that would be worse than the trumpet.". With this the judge's daughter seized the somewhat formidable looking instrument and went to meet be friend. "Why Blossom, good morning," said the millionaire, heartily, "No-body but you ever thinks to bring me my trumpet." "And nobody but me would ever think of hypothecating your trum-pet," said the naughty girl under her breat h. "How's your pa?" Mr. Nicklepod continued. "Quite well, but a little cross," said Florence, bending over the "porringer" as she called it. "I hope you are not cross, Mr. Nickelpod?"

The smile deepened about the girl's nouth as she wondered what must have been her expression of countenance when giving utterance to these words. She lelt it to be the most designing speech of her life.

"Cross with you?" protested the old man, gallantly: "Impossible. I can't bulleve the Judge is ever cross, want as long as you live.

"I seem to be travelling by lightning express, and on the locomotive at that," said the minx, sotto voice. "But what would papa do?" she asked of the trumpet.

"You will be leaving him soms time, I suppose Blossom?'

"Yes, in about fifty years," said the girl to herself.

"And you see, child," Mr. Nickle-pod went on, "it would be very handy for your pa if he only had to come next door to see you."

"I never thought of that," said Flossie: "and I guess I'll come." said she aloud, and then to herself, "I wish dared ask him how long he thinks he is going to live,"

"I've a good mind to take you at Judge Somerton looked up from his pile of papers and gave his daughter's one thing I haven't forgot, and that's how to treat women folks. I'm a very lonesome old duffer, too, with all my money, child." "The back gate would be real con-

tone which was just on the edge of a

now the cob was softly shattered, and the April tears fell in a blinding "According to precedent twenty mist." sob. "But by what gate could Jack

"Blossom, what's the matter?" said the old man, with real concern. "It can't be possible that the Judge has really been cross enough to make you

"Oh, no. indeed!" said Flossie. "I was thinking how nice it would be to have all the flowers I wanted.' "You could have had those at any

time," was the somewhat disconcert ing response. "Yes, Mr. Nicklepod"-Flossie was

determined to be honest even in the hour of her greatest deceit-"and all the money.

The seamed and wrinkled face took on a grave expression, and the old head shook a little at the mention of this word.

"Money isn't everything, Blossom," he said "Money won't provide me with ears, or keep the rheumatism out of my knees, or the loneliness from my heart. But you shall have money. Now go and tell John to cut all the flowers you want, and then run home and tell your pa of my offer; I think you had both better come in and take dinner with me tonight, and we'll talk it all over."

"He doesn't act particularly hilari-ous, seems to me," said Flossie, as she turned away. "But I'm engaged, anyway-plighted to an octogenarain, or a centurion, or something of that kind. Jack'll hate me, of course; but when he finds I have done it for his sake he'll have to relent. If I don't have but a million, that will be better then scraping and twisting for years to save five thousand dollars. Papa always said that riches would be very becoming to me. Poor papa! Poor Jack!"

When the Judge returned

"Nod up and down," said Flossie. Don't you dare do it sideways." The Judge reached for the trumpet and yelled into it. "We'll talk about that later."

"Very well,"said Mr. Nicklepod; "I am, as I told Blossom, an old man, and perhaps not very good company; can't balleve the Judge is ever cross, Blossom; but if he is, you can run right away to my house any time, and you shall have everything you ant

"That ought to be satisfactory," said the Judge; "but there are those who would abuse such broad privileges-and one of them is not so very far off, either," he added, under his breath.

"Perhaps, but Blossom wouldn't be one of that kind. No, indeed, I am sure of Blossom."

The Judge shook his head "side-waya" that time. It seemed an involuntary movement.

"Can't you circumlocute to how old he is, papa?" said naughty Flossie. "I was telling Neighbor Davis this

morning," the host began, as if in answer to her question, "that I really look older than I am, being only 72 last week."

"You are in for it," the Judge remarked, as the speaker paused a mo-ment to fill his glass. "Feel of your ears, Floss, and learn for yourself if

they haven't grown." "My father, "Mr. Nicklepod resumed, "lived to be 96 and then died from an venient for papa, wouldn't it?" said accident. My mother was in her 90th Flossie into the trumpet, and in a year when she passed away. In fact, we are a very long-lived race, though we seem to age early."

again." the millionaire went on, "is because I could never bring myself to believe that any one whom I cared for could ever care for me; and to have a wife whose constant wish was for my leath would be rather hard lines-eh, Blossom?"

"Blossom" managed to nod her head, but her face was turned away from her host, and her father was surprised to see how pale it was. "Why are you like Cæsar's wite?"

the latter managed to ask, in his old joking manner. If Flossie lost her grip at this crisis the consequences would be more dramatic than he cared to comtemplate. But hapyily the change from the dinning-room to the beautiful library caused a change in the conversation, and the victim of her own folly had a chance to recover herself. It was a longstrange evening, and one to be remembered while life lasted. The two men played checkers, while the girl guest wandered about among the books and pictures, stealing occasionally into the great drawing-rooms, and coming back again as white and scared as if she had seen a ghost.

"Will it be lonely for you, Blossom?" the old gentleman asked, as she returned from one of these excursions. "I've been thinking," he added, without waiting for an answer, "that it'll make things about right if I can persuade your pa to come, too. He has no one but you, and then I need some business help, and it would be a heartening thing to have a true friend at hand."

"Oh, dear! he is going to marry us both." muttered Flossie.

"What do you say, Judge?" Mr. icklepod went on. "Suppose you Nicklepod went on. try it for a year? There is no reason Centlemen.

What do we mean to day by that The Quiver for May. common phrase, a gentleman? By A mud paved court, open to the tilis, it should mean a man of family, notable decent, thus embodying an ancient stupid belief and implying a modern scientific theory. The ancient and stupid belief came to the ground, with a prodigious dust and the collapse of several polities, in the latter half of the last century. There followed upon this an interregnum, dur-ing which it was believed that all men were born "free and equal," and that it really did not matter who your father was. Man has always been nobly irrational, bandaging his eyes against the facts of life, feeding himself on the wind of ambitious falsehood, counting his stock to be the children of the gods; and yet perhaps he never showed in a more touching light than when he embraced this boyish theory. Freedom we now know for a thing incompatible with corporate life and a blessing probably pe-culiar to the solitary robber; we know, cultar to the solitary robber; we know, besides that every advance in rich-ness of existance, whether moral or material, is paid for by a loss of lib-erty; that liberty is man's coin in which he pays his way; the luxury, and knowledge and virtue, and love and the family affections, are all so many fresh fetters on the paked and

many fresh fetters on the naked and solitary freeman. And the ancient stupid belief, having come to the ground, and the dust of its fall subsided, behold the modern scientific theory begining to rise very nearly on the old foundation; and individuals no longer (as was fondly imagined) springing into life from God knows where, incalculable, untrammeled, abstract, equal to one another-but issuing modestly from a race; with vir-tues and vices, fortitudes and frailties, ready made; the slaves of their inheritance of blood; eternally unequal. So that we in the present, and yet more our scientific descendants in the future, must use, when we desire to praise a character, the old expression, gentleman, in nearly the old sense-one of a happy strain of blood, one fortunate in descent from brave and self-respecting ancestors, whether clowns or counts. And yet plainly this is of but little help. The intricacy of descent defies prediction, so that even the heir of a hundred sovereigns may be born a brute or a vulgarian. We may be told that a picture is an heirloom; that does not tell us what the picture represents. All qualities are inherited, and all characters; but which are the qualities that belong to the gentleman? What is the character that earns and deserves that honorable style? And yet for all this am-biguity, for all these imperfect examples, we know clearly what we mean by the word. When we meet a gentleman of another class, though Il contrariety of habits, the essentials of the matter stand confessed: I never had a doubt of Jones. More than that, we recognize the type in books; the actors of history, the characters of fiction bear the mark upon their brow; at a word, by a bare act, we

The School of Patience.

A Home in India.

the lights of history, from gens, gen- sky-that glorious sun-illumined sky of India, that gives poetry to every-"one of a kent house," one of a thing, but enclosed with walls and surrounded by a sort of arcade or veranda. Within it three or four women-wearing the loose trousers of Mussulman women and colored sarees like the Hindus-and several young girls. They were not handsome, being rather of the thick-hipped Nubian type; but several of them, and es-pecially the elder woman, who teaches in the little school, looked intelligent, and they received us with courtesy and apparent pleasure. The children from outside were not present, a circumstance for which the elder woman apologized; but she brought forward her own children to be examined, and they acquitted them-selves with credit, reading fluently from an Indian primer and answering all the questions my friend put to them.

This family, poor as their surroundings seemed to be, enjoys a moderate prosperity. Comfort, as we under-stand it, is unknown in Indian homes. Our next visit was to be to a Hindu family of the poorer class. Our scramble over rubbish heaps and drains recommenced, and landed us at the foot of a breakneck flight of stairs which, when we had ascended, we came upon the funniest little corner of the world in which it has ever been my lot to find myself. It was part of a house, but what part it was one found it difficult to make out. To me it seemed like a balcony or ledge, hung on the side of the house. On one side, guarded by a high parapet, it was open to the sky, and looked down on a large, bare court; while on the other side was a range of untidy looking cupboards and cells.

In this curious nest a little flock of women, young and old, with a few children were gathered together. They received us with the utmost courtesy-a grace that never deserts the Hindu at home-set for us the wicker stools that are kept for visitors, and drawing their sarees around them, squatted around us after their fashion. One and another, in the meantime, were pouring out little ejaculations of welcome, which my friend, who is a fluent speaker of Hindostani, answered smilingly. Presently there came out from a small enclosure, which was more like a bathing machine than anything else 1 can think of, a young and very pretty woman, with a small baby in her arms. The little creature, who ap-peared to be the latest arrival in the crowded nest, was handed round, kissed, praised and commented upon, while the young mother stood by smiling. I learned, upon inquiry, that she was eighteen years of age, and that this was her fourth child.

The baby having received the fitting amount of attention, a bright little girl, with eyes as brilliant as stars, was brought forward to read her lesson. She was only seven years old, and her readiness, intelligence and pretty, winsome manner made her one of the most bewitching little creatures I had ever beheld, while I must discern and segregate the mass, this say that no English child of her years one a gentleman, the other not .- Robcould have surpassed her in knowledge. Other hitle ones, who were not so brilliant, foilollowed, and then the women took their turn, spelling out

Collision With a Hairpin.

"Marchy weather," remarked old Mr. Rottle, us he seated himself at the breakfast table and examined his uapkin to see whether he recognized the stains.

It was one of those rare mornings when all the boarders had come down early to breakfast-an incident, the Landlady remarked, which restored her flickering faith in human nature. No one answered old Mr. Rottle's remark. He took the conversational trick, as it were, and everbody waited for his second lead.

The Bank Clerk was bending all his faculties to decide whether the egg he had just opened was genuine or a counterfeit, and the Younger of the Two Maiden Ladies, who disliked con-densed milk in her coffee, was watching for an opportunity to appropriate unnoticed a goodly share of all the natural articles on the table.

As for the Young Laiy Boarder, he was busy with the marriage notices in the morning papers, and of course could not be expected to an-swer. Old Mr. Rottle finished his oatmeal, and finding that he had left his spectacles up scairs gave up attempting to read the paper. "Thanks, Mrs. Codhooker," he said

"Thanks, Mrs. Codhooker," he said affably, addressing the Landlady, "you may give me a bit of hash this morning. The fact is," added the old gentleman to the table generally, "I find it delightful to be in a really homelike boarding house, where I can feel that the food is trustworthy, and I am not continually tortured by the profound conviction that every article of food I eat is composed of alien substances.

"I remember," he continued genially, when I was at college years ago, we poarded in commons, and you never could tell just what you ate. The food was fearfully and wonderfully made. One day my chum, who was sitting next to me eating apple pie as calmly as you please, all at once struck a stratum of unmistakable kerosene in that pie, real coal oil. mixed with the pie crust, and ap--

Old Mr. Rottle suddenly stopped his reminiscences. He was on his last mouthful of hash.and there seemed to have been a collision of some sort. With an agonized expression on his ace, he slowly produced a piece of bent wire. There was no room for doubt. Even the landlady had to admit it. It was a hairpin.

There was a pause before old Mr. Rottle gathered strength to speak, and then he spoke in tones of deepest sorrow as of one whose confidence is shattered:

"Mrs. Codhooker, I did not expect this of you. If I were young and my eyesight sound, I shouldn't mind, but o' me, an old man, and my spectacles ipstairs—it's cruel."

The landlady, in a horrified state murmured that it was a mistake. But somehow the excuse didn't seem very fitting, and the kerosene pie episode remained unfinised. Old Mr. Rottle sat in silence shipping his coffee in a suspicious manner, and the Bank Clerk remarked to the landlady that perhaps he had better take another egg and be on the safe side.

A Wonder in Industry.

home, about 3 o'clock that afternoon, he was much surprised to find his daughter reclining upon the library lounge with her head tied up. "What's the matter Flossie? What

is it that smalls so?" "Vinegar, papa. I've had hysterics,

and this is the reaction."

"I hope you are not getting cranky, and weak, and nervous, like the girl of the period, Floss."

"I'm not getting anything, papa; I've got. I've got all I want, and more than I want. I've got old Mr. Nicklepod and his ear-trumpet for my future husband, papa, and there's millions in it; but where-oh, where is Jack?

For a moment the Judge stood as if petrified and then burst into a perfect fit of laughter. At this point the vinegar bandage was discarded and the prospective millionairess came to a sitting position.

"Isn't it funny? Isn't it very funny?" she remarked, with flashing eyes. "But you are responsible for it, with your talk about \$5,000. I went deliberately into Mr. Nicklepod's and harm-that is, if you were truly fond made him propose to me. I was bound to settle it to-day. And now, papa, will you break the news to Jack? We are to dine with the ear trumpet to-night, and then exeant age without ears." "You'll have ears enough for both,"

said the Judge. "They seem to have grown longer since morning. "But, papa. Mr. Nicklepod is cer-

tainly over SO, isn't he?" "Flossie, what have yon been do-

ing? "Truly, papa, just what I said. O.

dear me, how my head aches! Mercy! how my heart aches!"

"Upon my word I thought better of Nicklepod," said the Judge to himself a while afterward. "But I pity the man-young, old or middle-aged -who laughed again, though there was a fiorefinger, said into the trumpet: touch of something besides merriment in his heart.

That evening the millionaire was at his hest. Carefully dressed and "valeted," as Flossie remarked, he looked | "But, Papa Nicklepod, Judge Somermuch younger then when in his garden | ton and his daughter will be with you or on the street.

"Good for forty years, I should say, Floss," whispered the Judge, wicked-

"He is real handsome," was the astonishing reply, "and I shall live to be tell you how happy you have made proud of him.

"I suppose Blossom has told you of when at dessert, the servants having overflowed with tears.

left the dinning-room. The Judge nodded, the ear-trumpet

why this house cannot be a home to you both in the truest sense of the word. Do take plty on me, neighbors, for I believe I am the lonesomest old vagabond in the whole world."

"Judge Somerton, I wish I was dead," said Flossie; and then, seizing the trumpet, she said in broken tones: "Mr. Nicklepod, you are an angel, and papa don't know what to say, and I am in just as bad a I'd love to live here with all state. those beautiful things, and with you so kind and generous, and so would papa-that is, if he has a single sense left. And I made up my mind I would live here, just because I loved Jackyou know Jack-and he hadn't any money, and he couldn't marry me in

about ten ages." "For mercy's sake, Floss," the Judge put in, imploringly, "don't be a

simpleton." "It's begun, and it has got to come," was the girl's quick answer. "And, Mr. Nicklepod, I thought some time I

could take Jack a lot of money-that is, if he could wait for me-and I didn't see how I could really do you any of me."

'You are an honest, blessed girl," said the old man, brushing away a tear, "and I am truly fond of you, and truly desirous to promote your parties and dances, with Jack so best interests. But, Blossom, I would bandsome and lovely in his full-dress no soouer marry you than I would sult, and enterlong-sleeved gowns and kill you. Such a wicked thought has never crossed my mind. You shall have two fathers, Blossom, and you shall have Jack, too; but not to marry him now, because you are not old enough, and Jack hasn't had a chance to show what kind of stuff there is in him yet. Five years from now, if he proves worthy, you shall go to him with a dowry. Then we will have the jolliest wedding that ever was, and I will dance with the bride."

For a moment there was utter silence in the room, and then Flossie lifted her right hand, and with a gets my Floss!" and then the Judge characteristic movement of her little

"You two men have had your heads together. That is as plain as the nose on your tace," giving her father's nasal organ a little tweak. anon, and the way you will have to stand round and mind the housekeep-

er will be a caution." "All right," said Mr. Nicklepod; "give me a kiss; and I do wish I could ma.

The kiss was given, and it was no our compact," Mr. Niklepod began, disgrace to Flossie that her eyes

An engine coming east on the Baltimore The Judge hodded, the ear-trumpet being on Flossie's side "Are you agreed?" was the next di-rect question put by the old gentle-W. Va., and his fireman, Miller, of Cumber-

My dear boy, if a man can only cultivate patience and strength, it seems to me he will be a good neighbor, a pleasant man to do business with, a sale man to trust, and the

ert Louis Stephenson.

kind of a man the world loves, even though he lack wisdom, and hath no genius, and can't tell a good story or sing a note. How much does fretful, restless,

burrying old world owe to the patient man, who finds his strength "in quietness and confidence," who can be patient with our faults, our fancies, our wickedness; who can be quiet when the softest word would have a sting; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can patiently and silently endure a slight until he has forgotten it and who can even be patient with himself? That's the fellow, my boy, who tries my patience and strength more than any man else with whom I have to deal. I could get along with the rest of the world well enough if he were only out of it. I can meet all my other cares and enemies bravely and cheerfully enough. But when myself comes to me, with his heartaches and blunders and stumblings. with his own follies and troubles and sins, somehow he takes all the tuck out of me. My strength is weakness and my patience is folly when I come to deal with him. He tires me. He is such a fool. He makes the same stupid blunders in the same stupid way so many times. Sometimes when I think I must put up with him and his ways all my life, I want to give up. And then the next time he comes to me with his cares and the same old troubles, he seems so helpless and penitent that I feel sorry for him, and try to be patient with him. and promise to help him all I can once more. Ab, my dear boy, as you grow

older, that is the fellow who will try you and torment you, and draw on your sympathy, and tax your patience and strength. Be patient with him, poor old fellow, because I think he does love you, and yet, as a rul e you are harder on him than any oue else -Burdette.

Symptoms of Coffee Polson-

ing. Chronic poisoning by coffee has been studied by Guelliot, of Reins, who finds it among well to do overfed individuals, while tea poisoning occurs in hard worked and half starved women. The symptoms of coffee poisoning are want of appetite, sleeplessness and nervous tremblings, with various indications of indigestion and torpor of liver. Tea poisoning reonires rest and nourishment; but the victim of coffee excess usually needs to unload his system by exercise on a low

diet.

of the Indian primmer patiently,

Justice in Nevada.

Two husky-looking men. wearing high-topped boots and broadbrimmed hats well smeared with grease, met at the corner of Broadway and Seventh street, the other day, say s the Oakiand (Cal.) Herald.

"Hello, Jim!" said the tallest man-"I thought you wuz up in Nevada. When did yer come down?"

"Jest got in," replied the other. "How's things been goin' up thar tur ther past year er two?"

"Sort o' lively. Er little while after you left Swaphorse Gulch I wuz erlected chief ov perlice," "Sthat so?"

"Yaas. Er few months after that I kniled Billy Botts fur makin' er fivecard draw an' catchin' four aces agin my four kings pat, an' by er speshul erlection I wuz made mayor of ther town without er dissentin' vote."

"Yer don't say so!"

"Yaas. Purty soon after that I got stuck on Dave Sweeney's wife, filled Dave with lead, got him planted out in ther corpse patch, an' married ther woman. Ther citizens showed ther erpreciation ov me by givin' me er gold-headed cane an' er interest in ther town-site.

"You wuz havin' er run ov luck. What made yer pull out?"

"Waal, I got mad er few weeks ergo an' made er fool ov myself." "How?"

"Twurz erbout er horse belongin' ter Joe Comstock, ther drayman. Yer see, Joe's horsegot inter my yard one day, an' begun ter eat up some flowersemy wife had planted out in front ov the house. I got mad an' throwed er stun at him. It hit him on ther leg, an' made er ringbone. Ez soon az ther horse begun ter git lame Joe told ther citizens erbout it, an' they started out ter string me up to a tree; but I got onto 'em an' skipped ther town.'

"That's tuff."

"I wouldn't care so much erbout it, but I've just heard that sence I left, Joe's gone ter livin' with my wife an' s wearin' my black hat an' goldheaded cane, an' I hear thar's er move on foot ter elect him mayor in my place an' run him fur the Legislatur' next year."

The sugar trust investegation was commenced in New York recently and the pa-titioners declare that Harry O. Havemeyer and others have formed an association known as the sugar refineries com-pany, assuming without the authority or egislative enactment and without being chartered or incorporated; that the object of this association is to create a monopo-ly for the purpose of controlling prices, and ljudges it guilty of usurping. unlawfully holding and exercising a franchise or privilege, and, in consequence, a public nuis ance.

Some faint idea of the enormous proportions to which the canning industry has grown, is given by this clipping from the Commercial Enquirer of New York:

"A man who conveys the impression that he knows what he is talking about, estimates that 'the packers of food in this country use in their business some 1,000,000,000 cans annually. A box of tin plates weighing from 108 to 112 pounds provides about 8 cases of cans. A case contains one dozen three pound cans, or two dozen one pound cans.' Therefore, according to his figuring, a box of tin will make something like 100 cans, so that it requires something like 10. 000,000 boxes of tin plate to make the cans used yearly. The weight of the metal alone is about 110,000,000 pounds, and the cost, our informant tells us, is in the neighborhood of \$45,-000,000."

Champagne Seasickness. Chicago Journal.

When Mr. Lincoln made his visit to General Grant's camp at City Point, Va., in 1864, he was met by the General and his staff, and upon being ask* ed how he was, said: "I am not feeling well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and I am not altogether over it yet." "Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said one of the staff officers; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness." "No, no, my young friend," said Mr. Lincoln: "I've seen many a man in my time seasick ashore from drinking that very article."

A New Theory of Divorce.

"Idon't want to leave my busband," said an indignant wife, "for he is a real nice man and I like him. But once in a while he takes too much wine, to say nothing of other cheaper and stronger drinks, and then he is positively insufferable. If I could get some sort of divorce that would work when he is full and stop working when he is sober, that would answer my purpose perfectly. But a woman has mighty little show in this country.' -Omaha World.

A few days ago a drunken Kentuckian of the name of "Dick" roamed around to the cafe of the New York hotel threatening the case of the sty one who would not agree with him in all things. He declared that he was a Southern "lire-entor" and was looking for blood. Finally a well-dressed, good-looking young man walked up to him and knocked him down. Before the Ken-tuckian knew what had happened he received a sound thrashing, and was glad to make his escape. The good-looking young man was Fred May.