

## A PLACE OF SUICIDES.

BEAUTIFUL LOOKOUT HILL, MADE FAMOUS BY WASHINGTON.

A Spot in Brooklyn's Magnificent Park Where Despondent People Go to Commit Suicide—Memories That Cluster About the Neighborhood.

Most New Yorkers know very little of Lookout hill in Prospect park, Brooklyn, except that they occasionally see some mention of it in the newspapers. One Brooklynite who was asked for information about it the other day described it as a place where "fools from New York go to commit suicide sometimes."

This description of Lookout hill is hardly a fair one. It is true, however, that for some reason men who want to commit suicide do somehow manage very frequently to drift out to this part of Brooklyn's big park to carry out their intentions. But they don't all of them go from New York. There have been two suicides there by Brooklynites. The two that preceded these, however, were men from New York, and of the many prior to these Brooklyn may be charged with the most of them.

One stormy, snowy day a well dressed young man hired a cab in this city and was driven rapidly over the bridge to Brooklyn and out to Prospect park. When the cab reached the city line the young man got out and sent it back to New York. Then he went into a saloon near by. He left the saloon, entered the park, walked through the driving snow to the summit of Lookout hill and there shot himself.

A policeman heard the shot, and found the body of the suicide still warm, but he was dead. He had evidently intended that there should be nothing cheap or vulgar about the affair, for even the revolver used by him was of the most expensive pattern and make and had been bought new for the purpose. He was identified as a Columbia college student belonging to a New York family of excellent standing.

### REMARKABLE IDENTIFICATION.

The suicide before this was also that of a New York man, and it attracted some little attention at the time by reason of the fact that there was a mix up about the identification of the body. This had lain on the hill so long before it was found that it could be identified only by the clothes on it and by the formation of the body. It was formally identified at the Brooklyn morgue the morning it was found as the body of a New York printer, who had, through despondency, taken his life.

This identification was made by two members of Typographical Union No. 6, who had known the man. Later that day the body was again identified as that of a barber doing business on Third avenue in this city, and this identification was finally found to be correct.

The most curious thing about this case was the physical likeness of the printer and the barber. The barber was deformed—that is, he had a club foot. The same was true of the printer, and it was the left foot that was deformed, as was the case with the barber. They were physically alike otherwise. Then the printer's friends identified the clothing, the shoes and the hat and even a knife that was in the pocket of the suicide.

But the printer wasn't dead. The writer knows that, for he reported the first identification for an afternoon paper; the second was made too late for notice that day, and in about a week afterward the printer brought suit against that paper for \$30,000 damages for saying that he committed suicide. He didn't get the \$30,000, but he did prove to the satisfaction of all that he was very much alive.

### A HISTORIC PLACE.

But there have been many other suicides on Lookout hill. Brooklynites are inclined to object to the use that is made of this picturesque spot, and as for the Prospect park police, they more than object. They constantly patrol the neighborhood of the hill, and any lonnger about there is sure to have a very careful eye kept upon him by the bluecoated guardians of the park.

Lookout hill is one of Prospect park's picturesque and historical spots. It is a hill looking out over the big lake at the boulevard, and is heavily wooded. As a point from which to view the surrounding country it is unsurpassed. From its brow you can see for miles in all directions. Coney Island, Manhattan beach, and even Far Rockaway, are visible to the naked eye. Flatbush and other towns nestling down among the trees, and the farms stretching out over the level country, present a fine scene at this season.

General Washington used this very hill to make observations from when he was holding Brooklyn and watching for the expected landing of Sir Henry Clinton on Long Island. It was from here that the American generals watched Clinton's movements when preparing for the disastrous battle of Long Island that resulted in the retreat of Washington to the heights above the Harlem and gave New York city into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton.

The tide of battle swept all around the hill and in the green field below it good blood stained the sward.

But times have changed. Battles are still fought in the field below Lookout hill—the sham battles of the Brooklyn militia. And the hill itself is no longer visited by great generals. Those who want to commit suicide go there instead. —New York Recorder.

### How Dentists Acquire Skill.

The dental student studies as much chemistry, anatomy and physiology as do medical men, and also performs a great deal of work in the histological laboratory. He learns to fill teeth by taking a decayed molar, for example, that has been picked out. This he mounts in plaster of paris and carefully excavates and fills with tin under the direction of a demonstrator. When the student has progressed far enough he practices on the patients who go to the clinics. —Philadelphia Record.

## DROGGED FROM HIS HORSE.

Daring Capture of a French General by a British Officer at Waterloo.

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French general whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade major anxious for an adventure. During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve under a heavy fire from French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay any one five pounds that I will bring that French general over here dead or alive. Who'll take the bet?" "Done, done, done!" shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then, shouting "Goodby," and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through.

Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At the instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily over the saddle and throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider they dashed after him, but he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of killing the general.

Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns.

Amid the maddest cheering Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled and in reply to his congratulations of his comrades, said simply:

"Praise my horse, not me." The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration. —Newcastle Chronicle.

### Superstition in Rural England.

That an extraordinary amount of superstition still exists in some of the agricultural counties, particularly in the west of England, has been demonstrated by circumstances which have come to light in connection with the death of a Taunton oracle, who was known throughout Somerset, Devon and Dorset as "Billy the Piper." He was for many years looked upon as the "Wizard of the West," and a large bundle of letters which were found in his house reveal to an astonishing extent the credulity of certain people in those parts.

Billy, who was seventy-six years of age when he died, had lived in the same house for forty years. He commenced life by hawking pipes, but doubtless the acquaintance he formed with country folk while he was peregrinating with the humble "clays" opened his eyes to their superstitious beliefs and induced him to pose as a past master of witchcraft and fortune telling. And it was not only simple villagers who were reckoned among Billy's clients. Farmers and well-to-do people frequently consulted him—the former believing that he could cast disease out of their cattle; the latter regarding him as an infallible aid in the discovery and punishment of those who had done them wrong. —Casell's Saturday Journal.

### An Englishman's Historic Blunder.

A dramatic critic in a desultory conversation the other night said he wondered why Cinderella wore glass slippers; he never saw any one dance in glass slippers, and he didn't believe any one could dance in glass slippers. One man suggested that it was a fairy tale. Another man made every one tired by talking of malleable glass. He remarked that he once saw a Pittsburg lady in a glass gown. The manager, a distinguished Gallist—he once went to school with Tartarin at Tarascon—said she never did wear glass slippers.

"You see," he explained, "Cinderella was indebted to a translator's mistake for her uncomfortable pumps. This delightful extravaganza was originally French, and the man who Englished it didn't know his business. The French words are 'pantoufles de vair'—fur slippers. Now the word for glass is 'verre,' and the English chump got 'em mixed up." —Chicago Tribune.

### Water for Cholera.

Not long ago many physicians who had had experience in cholera maintained that water should be withheld as much as possible, from the patients, and that those who drank freely were almost sure to succumb to the terrible malady. At the present time, however, it being universally acknowledged that cholera is a disease due to germs, a treatment that promises to be popular is to insist that the patients drink all the hot water possible, for the purpose of washing these germs out of the intestinal canal. Moreover, to take, at frequent intervals at first, large injections of hot water to favor this expulsion. —Boston Herald.

### A Soldier's Hardships.

He—Yes, I have been in the army for fifteen years, and of course had some terrible strains upon my courage. She (sympathetically)—Yes, I suppose all the time you have been expecting to be called into service. —New York Epoch.

## THE COOK HAD NERVE.

With the Aid of This and Two Revolvers He Soon Became a Chef.

Not so very long ago a large band of cattle were resting on a few miles from Vinita, in the Indian Territory before being driven across the line to Kansas. The boys belonging to the outfit were particularly hard lot, and in six weeks no less than five cooks had left the camp in disgust, as no matter what they did or how well the food was prepared the men were sure to growl. The head boss was in a quandary when the fifth man left, as he knew he would have a hard job to find another.

To his surprise, however, soon after sunrise next morning a short, sinewy son of Erin walked into camp, and, after lighting his pipe, sat down on a dilapidated gipsack and inquired if a cook was wanted. It did not take the boss long to make a bargain with the man, who said his name was MacMillan. He was soon installed in his position, stowed his grip away, and after a wash in the creek began the operation of getting dinner. The boys sized up the new arrival as the beans were dished out, but said nothing.

Next morning, however, the fun began. One man asked Mac where he learned to fry pork, another remarked that he forgot to put the coffee in the pot, but he was deaf to all until Joe Taylor, the biggest man in the camp, said he would be hanged if he could eat such biscuit as those, and if there was no improvement in the grub at noon the cook would hear something from him.

At the first mention of the biscuit the pipe fell from Mac's mouth, and he stood listening until Taylor had finished. Then, walking quietly over to the wagon he fished out a pair of Colt's revolvers, and marching up to the growler shouted, "You ain't got no appetite, but you sit down and eat them biscuit, or I'll plug you before you can wink!" There was a wicked look in Mac's eyes as he spoke, and Taylor saw the cook meant business. He had a pistol in his belt, but he also knew that before he could draw it he would be a dead man.

"Eat them biscuit," came the order again, while the rest of the crowd sat around with a grin, taking in the fun.

There was no help for it, so Taylor sat down, and before Mac let him go he had eaten every biscuit in the pan, and was stuffed so full he could hardly breathe.

"I thought you would soon find your appetite," said Mac. Then turning to the rest of the boys, he asked, "How's the coffee?" Every one replied that it was fine, and all agreed that the pork was cooked to a turn. Mac staid with the outfit several months, and when he left the boys swore he was the best cook west of the Mississippi river. —San Francisco Call.

### Natural History of the Criminal.

Of late years there has sprung up a new science, which seeks to investigate the natural history of the criminal. It regards the criminal as a variety of the human species which has degenerated physically and morally. The most eminent living authority on this subject thus describes the two great criminal classes: "The murderer," he says, "has a cold, concentrated look; the nose is often aquiline or hooked, always large; the ears are long; the jaws powerful; the cheek bones widely separated; the hair is crisp and abundant; the canine teeth well developed and the lips thin; often the eye appears bloodshot, and a nervous contraction on one side of the face uncovers the canine teeth, producing a sardonic effect."

The thief, he asserts, has less brain capacity than the assassin; he has remarkable mobility of countenance; the eye is small and restless; the eyebrows thick; the nose flat and the forehead low and retreating. Another writer on the same topic declares that one visiting a prison can, by the aid of these outline descriptions, distinguish those condemned for murder from those convicted of theft. —Washington Star.

### Tough but True.

There has been a great deal of talk about the ferocity of Tip, the big elephant in Central park, New York, but those people who happened to be in the elephant house at 3 o'clock the other afternoon came to the conclusion that he was very playful. Two men, in company with a little girl, had been feeding the big fellow lozenges (above all things he likes lozenges), and the stock at last gave out. Tip waited patiently, when at last a thought struck him. He cautiously advanced his trunk and in a second had removed one of the gentlemen's hats.

He carefully laid it down on the hay and waited again. Peanuts were offered him, so were crackers, but not until the owner of the hat had bought more lozenges did Tip relent, for as soon as he saw them he, with a good display of grace, returned the hat and received a whole handful of his favorite sweets in return. —New York Letter.

### Why Lang Writes So Much.

There is talk among literary people to the effect that Andrew Lang is publishing too much. His work commands large pay and he does an enormous amount of it. But he is practically compelled to publish, for in the position he holds among men of letters in England his expenses are enormous. He is a great lion socially, and a large income is required to entertain as he is expected to entertain. For the same reason Mr. Gladstone has recourse to his pen. For every article he writes Gladstone receives \$1,000. His receipts from his literary ventures enable him to gratify certain tastes which otherwise could not be indulged. He is comparatively a poor man. —Edward C. Bigmore in Chicago News.

### Knew Their Traits.

Old Gentleman (in the park)—What are you doing, my little dear? Little Girl (with doll)—I am giving Dolly a drink.

"Giving Dolly a drink, eh? But the water is running down all over her pretty dress."

"Yes, she slobbers a good deal. All babies do." —New York Weekly.

## Terrible Experiences of a Pleasure Party.

A small fishing schooner has just returned from a trip along the coast, and brought with it a party of father, son and daughter, who had an experience which rarely falls to the lot of any one.

The party is William Buchanan, his son Tom, and his daughter Nellie. Five weeks ago they started on a cruise along the coast in a small yacht, taking a pleasure trip. They were provided with guns, ammunition and fishing tackle, and expected to have a fortnight's sport and then return east. Miss Nellie was as expert with the gun and rod as either her father or brother, and all three were good sailors. About sixty miles south a squall drove their yacht out to sea and wrecked the vessel on one of the small islands about twenty miles off the coast.

Mr. Buchanan was badly bruised by being dashed against the rocks, and Tom had his right arm broken in a similar way. Miss Nellie was the only one of the party who received no injury, and it is to this fact alone that any of them are alive. The guns, ammunition and fishing tackle were all saved, and Miss Nellie cared for her wounded relatives and then started out to get them something to eat. The island is out of the way of travel, and in consequence not a vessel was seen for two weeks. During all this time the young lady hunted and fished, and was so successful that they did not pass one day without food.

The island is so flat and barren that unless a vessel gets close to it the people on board cannot see it. They could not use the little wood they found for signal fires, for they were afraid there would not be enough to serve for cooking their food. A storm had sent them on the island, and a similar occurrence saved them, for the fishing schooner had been driven off the shore and out of her course, and when the captain saw the island he sent a boat ashore to see if he could get water.

Mr. Buchanan had by this time fully recovered, but the son was still suffering from his broken arm. They were taken off and brought to this city, and are now feeling none the worse for their experience, except Tom, whose arm is in bad condition from neglect of proper treatment during the two weeks of suffering. —Tacoma (Wash.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

### The Health of New York's Wealthy Men.

With Jay Gould sick with the neuralgia, C. P. Huntington out of sorts with malaria and rheumatism, and John D. Rockefeller under treatment for nervous prostration, it is not to be marveled at that Wall street men ask, "Are our great financiers breaking down?" Within the past six months the respective presidents of two big trust companies have been advised that they must either abstain from business cares or retire from all association with common humanity. The past year has indeed been a trying period for the nerves of great financiers. They have had to battle energetically with adverse circumstances, and very few have come out of the struggle with unimpaired health.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, D. O. Mills and Russell Sage are conspicuous exceptions to the general physical demoralization of rich men. Mr. Vanderbilt is not only a very methodical man, but he has so many competent lieutenants in the management of his vast property that he does not feel the wear and tear of the ordinary man of millions. Besides, Mr. Vanderbilt probably gives himself more rest and recreation than any other millionaire in this country. He never bothers about details. Mr. Depew relieves him of those, and Mr. Depew has well trained assistants who relieve him from worry. D. O. Mills retains good health because he has a rugged constitution and a placid disposition. Russell Sage is seldom sick, because he cannot afford to spare the time. —New York Times.

### Runaway Charges in France.

The etiquette of French law must sometimes take the flavor of an unwelcome surprise to lately exported brides. Not long ago the Countess de la Forest Devonne, formerly Florence Audenreid, of Washington, was driving in the Bois de Boulogne with her cousin, Mrs. Harrison Caner, another bride from Philadelphia, when her horses suddenly took fright and ran away without hurting anybody seriously or doing perceptible damage. With characteristic promptness, however, a government official called and laid before the countess a bill for damages. The official document stated that some injury had been done to the barks of the trees and some little confusion of roadway and bordering grass had been caused by her horses.

Well, this seemed rather amusing to an American, but when bills for damages to five different carriages came in, one after another, the countess began to get anxious, and consulted her check-book with a growing interest and much wonderment as to whether there would be enough left of her yearly income for necessary expenses. Furthermore, she has no idea when the demand will stop or how many more ancient and decrepit vehicles will come out as good as new at her expense. —New York Times.

### A Venerable Prize Winner.

Jacob Pottinger, the well known cattle dealer of Shillington, had a small field of rye harvested in a novel manner. He invited a large number of friends to his home, and after providing each with a sickle he took them to the field and announced that a "sickle race" was to take place for five prizes, with William A. Arnold, Henry M. Ahrens and Maquah S. Weller as judges. At 2:30 the race began, Henry Kurtz, of Cumru, aged seventy-five, with a sickle 150 years old, that had belonged to his great-grandfather, taking the lead and tying the first sheaf. He held the lead and finished far ahead of the others. —Philadelphia Record.

### He Was Short Three Dollars.

A twelve-year-old Auburn boy rapped at the teller's wicket of an Auburn bank the other day, called the cashier up and asked for the loan of three dollars with which to buy a bicycle. He was that much short and had heard that they loaned money there. —Lewiston Journal.

## To Determine the Speed of Electricity.

Philadelphia scientists are preparing to find out how fast an electric current travels. An experiment will be made, probably from the Franklin institute, by connections over the Atlantic cable to Liverpool and return.

A recent test appeared to show that an electric current is a slow coach as compared to light, being only able to get over to Europe and back in something like a second, or at the rate of only some 40,000 miles a minute, while light ambles along at a million miles a minute gait. The Philadelphia scientists who are proposing to make further investigations are not satisfied to give up the record to sunlight, and hope to prove that the electrical current, if not handicapped, is the swifter element.

The most recent experiment was tried at McGill college, Montreal. The current was transmitted in Montreal, was transferred to the cable at the Newfoundland cable station by means of Thompson's mirror galvanometer, sent across to the station at Liverpool and returned to Montreal by the same method. The distance traversed, partly by overhead wire and partly by cable, was 8,000 miles. From the time the current left the key in Montreal until it returned to the receiver in the same office just one second and one-twentieth of a second had elapsed, and the conditions were not as good as they might have been; hence the further experiment to be made here.

The rapidity with which the current travels over short wires with no delay indicated unlimited possibilities in the direction of practical tests. Professor Marks, of the Edison Electric Light company, is authority for the assertion that if the globe was encircled with a continuous cable a current would travel the entire distance in a trifle over three seconds. At this rate a current would travel to the sun, covering the distance of 96,000,000 miles in three and a half minutes, or twice as fast as light. —Philadelphia Record.

### Mrs. Pettis' Boat Floated Away.

Mrs. Pettis, a lady living at Lake Emily, in Le Sueur county, met with an experience that she is not apt to forget for some time. She was out boat riding during the evening, and while out on the lake her boat, which was leaky, began to fill with water. She was in the vicinity of Cedar island, and rowed there for the purpose of bailing out the boat. She got on shore, and some distance from where she landed she spied a can, which she proceeded to get. She got the can, but when she returned she was horrified to find that a strong wind had taken her boat some distance out into the lake.

The island was some distance from shore, and her cries of distress were unheard, and the prospect of spending the night was anything but pleasant. No one came to her relief, and, as there was no way of escape, she was compelled to accept the condition imposed by unkind fate and remain. She passed the night and was discovered next afternoon by a party of St. Peter campers, who were out sailing. One of the party, A. F. Everson, secured a skiff and hastened to the island to rescue the unfortunate woman from another night of horror. She was taken into camp and kindly cared for by the ladies, and her mental equilibrium was soon restored. She has no desire to spend another twenty-four hours in a like manner. —Cor. St. Paul Globe.

### Revenge on a Widower.

A heavily veiled woman, dressed in black, entered the business office of one of the morning newspapers a few days ago and inserted a death notice, with the announcement of the funeral next day. Many friends of the deceased man read of his death with sorrow, and at the hour mentioned for the services gathered at his home. Several carriages stood in the street, but no hearse was visible, nor was there any crape on the door.

In fact, instead of witnessing the last sad rites the visitors found themselves ushered into a brilliantly decorated room, in which a clergyman was about uniting their alleged departed friend to his second wife. The laugh went around, but the mystery was not solved until some time after. It has since transpired that his first wife's relatives were bitterly opposed to the widower's second marriage, and inserted the funeral notice in a spirit of revenge for the outraged feelings of the shade of wife No. 1. —Philadelphia Record.

### A Great Year for Little Immigrants.

A medical man who knows what he is talking about said recently: "This is a baby year. I do not know how to account for it, but the statistics will bear out my assertion that some years are noted for the great number of births that occur. This year of our Lord 1891 is one of these seasons. If you will take pains to look the matter up you will find that 1894 was a very prolific year, and so was 1886 and 1888. Now we have 1891 with more than the usual number of births. There will be a great number of happy families before 1892 comes to greet us. It is fortunate, too, that there has been comparatively little sickness among the children so far, which was not true of either 1886 or 1888." —Chicago News.

### Storks That Fly Long Distances.

For a number of years a pair of storks built their nest annually in the park of the Castle Ruhleben, in Berlin. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird, in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. Last spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription, "India sends greetings to Germany." —Exchange.

### A Combination Strawberry.

A Palmyra woman could not believe her own eyes recently when she found a strawberry measuring six inches in circumference. An investigation showed that it was made of no less than eleven berries which had grown together, making a great sight. —Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

## Were They Qualified?

A correspondent sends some evidence that it is not always the school children who have queer ideas regarding the meaning of words. She has transcribed from several hundred replies to questions given in the examination of applicants for the position of teacher. The candidates were asked to define plagiarism. Here are eight of the answers.

Plagiarism is an occult science. Plagiarism is the act of plagiarizing. It is the state of believing differently from the majority of people.

It is the act of telling falsehoods about an opponent. It is downright meanness. It is having the disposition to fight. It is something made correct by usage. I do not know unless it relates to the power of witching.

Define pedagogics. Pedagogics is formal teachers. It relates to petty rulers. In that case there is something about pedagogics in the history of Europe, also history of the United States and the Bible. It is the history of one's good or bad deeds. Pedagogics is an old teacher that's cranky.

What are metaphoric rocks? They are rocks composed of little animals called metamorphoses.

What is the derivation of the word "polypus"? It is derived from poly (many) and pus (pus); many cats.

What is anatomy? Anatomy is extinct in a dead body.

What can you say of the use of pain and pleasure? Pain is of no use, but it is bad for the health. Pain gives the physician practice. Pain tells us that all is not right in the region where the pain is. There are many kinds of pain, enough for every one to have some. Pleasure is useful because it promotes health, it lets us enjoy ourselves while the pains are absent.

Describe the bee. The bee has 2 wings, 4 legs. It has 1 part at the end of the body not the head that is poisonous. He is classed among flies.

Give an account of Horace Greeley. He led the Greeley expedition into the north, turned cannibal, eating up their members when provisions gave out. —Youth's Companion.

### Why People Get Married.

Though it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if single blessedness were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man says he got married to get a housekeeper, another to get rid of bad company.

Many women declare they got married for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friend." Wycherly, who espoused his housemaid, said he did it to "spite his relations."

A widow who married a second husband said she wanted somebody to console with her for the loss of her first. Another, because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another, to get rid of incessant importunity from a crowd of suitors.

Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than as spinsters. Nevertheless Quilp gives it as his opinion that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, spinsters or bachelors, do so for the sake of—getting married. —London Tit-Bits.

### The Lumber Business of Three States.

The value of forest products, not manufactured at the mill, in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, 1890, aggregates \$30,426,194; value of mill products, \$215,609,004; value of remanufactures, \$21,112,618—making an aggregate value of products in three states of \$167,237,816. The capital invested to produce this value was \$270,152,012; men employed in forests, 95,258; women, 99; children, 10; animals, 32,491. In the mills the product required the labor of 87,939 men, 646 women and 653 children.

The amount represented in operation of machinery and chemical appliances, 1890, was \$23,559,334; the expenditure of steam and water power was reported as sufficient to lift 3,500,000 tons one foot in one minute; 1,262,151,180 cubic feet of merchantable timber were removed from natural growth; \$7,890,254 were invested in vessels and other means of transport, and \$99,688,256 were expended for wages, subsistence, supplies and miscellaneous purposes.

The aggregate increase of product since 1880 is reported to be 29.66 per cent. in quantity and 75.92 per cent. in value. —Harper's Weekly.

### An Odd Use for the Pin.

An odd use for the pin was put to long ago was that of checking the intemperate habits of the English. St. Dunstan conceived the idea of dividing the tankards out of which the liquor was drunk into eight equal parts, each part marked with a silver pin. The cups were generous affairs, holding two quarts. Consequently the quantity from pin to pin was half a pint, and the regulation was that the drinker "stop at a pin."

Roisterers, however, prevented the purpose of good St. Dunstan and established the rule of "good fellowship," by which the drinker was to stop only at a pin. If he drank beyond he had to go on to the next mark. As it was difficult to stop exactly at a pin the vain efforts always excited much mirth, and the trial usually ended with the draining of the tankard. —Table Talk.

### A Man Who Had Eighty Overcoats.

There are dozens of New Yorkers who have a passion for buying clothes, and they count their suits by the hundred. Pierre Lorillard has a great assortment of clothes, and so has A. M. Dodge, the latter probably having as varied a collection of garments as any gentleman in the city. None of the fashionable set has ever exceeded the late W. K. Soutter in the size of his personal wardrobe. Mr. Soutter was known to have had eighty overcoats. —New York Sun.