

WASHINGTON'S CALL TO ARMS.

An interesting manuscript in the possession of a New Jersey man, William R. Weeks, of Newark, N. J., has an original document from the pen of George Washington that is of far greater interest than the usual old manuscripts of the Father of his Country discovered from time to time.

The document is a call to Jerseymen to take up arms in the defense of the country. It was written in Trenton five days after the celebrated capture of the town by the American forces, in commemoration of which the Trenton Battle Monument was raised a little over a year ago.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON. "Trenton, 31 Dec., 1776." The continental army was flushed with its success at Trenton, but the master mind of the commander was alert and as watchful as ever. He was looking into the future, and knew full well that the battle ground was to shift to places further up the State.

It is a problem what became of the letter after it was written, and where it has been through all the years since. Mr. Weeks got the document from a friend in the South, and it seemed to have been found among Washington's papers after his death.

Earthquake Waves. Some of our readers may remember that the pulsations of the great earthquake in Greece last April were perceived in England, and it was believed, at the Cape of Good Hope, by means of very delicate instruments contrived for the purpose of registering any slight shaking of the earth's crust.

A Cowboy at 6. The youngest cowboy and herd-owner in the world is said to be Logan Mulhall, who lives in Indian Territory, and who has lately passed his sixth birthday.

In the Tenement Houses. The inspectors working in the interest of a benevolent association in Boston recently found a family of eight—father, mother and six children—buddled into two dark, damp rooms in a tenement house, where as many as could work were engaged in finishing trousers and other garments for miserable pay.

PERIL OF PLAYING WITH FIRE.

What a St. Louis Doctor Thinks of Cocaine as an Anesthetic. Dr. J. M. F. Wells, of St. Louis, is in all probability the most uncompromising opponent of cocaine as an anesthetic in the United States.

It is a case on record—it is one of the first of the lethal cocaine poisoning cases, which was most deplorable. A young physician, thoroughly skillful, not at all presumptuous, and generally regarded as careful, depended upon the assertion that cocaine in large doses was not fatal.

It is rather surprising that the newspapers did not tell about that case. I expect to have professional discussions while I am here on the subject of cocaine and the danger of its use, even in careful hands.

The average number of persons to a dwelling house at the last census was 5.6.

Another African Explorer. M. de la Kethulle de Ryhove, a Belgian carabineer officer in the service of the Congo state, has just completed an important exploration into an unknown part of Africa.

There is one thing you may depend upon; if you believe all the women say you can't believe a thing the men say.

LAFAYETTE LEADS A MOB.

Starving Parisians Force Louis to Return to Paris. In the preceding autumn famine was actually stalking abroad. In Paris the populace grew gaunt and dismal, but at Versailles there was food in plenty, and the contrast was heightened by a lavish display.

It was felt that the ecclesiastical domains, the holders of which were considered as mere trustees, should be adapted to the same plan. Both ecclesiastical and aristocratic bodies were thus overwhelmed by the stroke of a pen.

No Proof that He Took Part in the Terrible Excesses of Aug. 10. It has been asserted that on the dreadful day of Aug. 10 Bonaparte's assumed philosophy was laid aside, and that he was a mob leader at the barricades.

Dr. Daland's Haematocrit. Dr. Judson Daland exhibited his "Haematocrit" yesterday afternoon at the pharmaceutical meeting in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

Didn't Have Any Cheese. One of the best story tellers in Congress is John Allen, of Mississippi, and this is one he tells of himself: As a youth he lived on a farm in Tishomingo County, and received only a common school education.

It was a long sermon that morning and at the conclusion I was pretty well worn out and tired. The sermon was over at last, however, and the elders of the Presbyterian church were distributing the bread and wine.

WHITE PELLETS OF ARSENIC.

Their Use for Cosmetic Effects Becoming Prevalent Among Women. Arsenic, of all drugs, is wonderful in its cosmetic effects. After a few months' dosing the cuticle acquires a pellucid clearness free from spot or blemish, beneath which the fine tracing of a vein or the unrestricted play of an emotion is exquisitely pictured.

Young girls are the most frequent victims of this sort. It is a curious fact that very few women over 30 are arsenic-fetters in this country, which shows the habit to be comparatively recent here.

There were deeds of valor and chivalry before the walls of Zutphen in Flanders, but one act of self-sacrifice alone is remembered. Sir Philip Sidney, wounded, dying and burning with thirst, put away from his own lips the bottle of water which had been brought to him in his agony.

Luck in Fairy Stones. Fairy stones are the latest and a young woman from the South has set her friends sending around for them.

Feminine Thief-Takers. At Copenhagen a young woman who seized a thief and held him until the police came was presented with a diamond brooch and a flattering letter of thanks from the Director of Police.

It Pissed Her. To-Day tells of a poor woman who was talking to the district visitor about her various ailments, and how the doctor had prescribed for her "Gugguliver." "What's that?" she remarked, "is how them slugs get inside the liver?"

HARD LUCK.

One of the Disadvantages of Farming in the West. The man in the corner of the car seat was looking so extremely despondent that the drummer, who was feeling pretty comfortable across the aisle, thought he would go over and cheer him up a bit.

A PRIEST'S NOBLE WORK.

Jim Root Not the Only Hero of the Forest Fires. The exploit of the brave engineer who piloted his train through the tornado of flame in the Minnesota forest fires and rescued swarms of terror-stricken refugees has made him famous; but, says the Youth's Companion, the self-sacrifice of a poor parish priest in Hinckley has hardly been mentioned, although there was in it much of the finest quality of heroism.

He led one group after another to the sand-pits when they were beside themselves from fear and excitement. When one place of refuge was over-crowded, he found another, and begged the stragglers to follow him.

He Nailed the Central Thought. Into a Maine village where he had preached when he was a licentiate with more hope than fame there came a few Sundays ago an elderly and prosperous doctor of divinity.

Given to the Church. There is a curious custom among the daughters of the house of Hapsburg whose bridal trains, instead of finishing an honorable career in the ball room, are bestowed after the ceremony on the church whose sacred floor they have swept.

Wanted to Sample the Poissonet. Ibrahim dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast.

Excuse me," he said, sitting down behind him and resting his arms on the back of the seat. "You look lonesome and I feel that way, and I thought I might come over and see if we couldn't combine our burden and both of us take a lift at it."

"What's the matter? Sick?" "No; just kind of run down at the heel for lack of encouragement. Everything I lay hand to seems to go the other way. It's got so bad that I start up stairs sometimes and the next thing I know I'm in the cellar."

"Where is your farm?" "Martin County, Indiana." "No wonder you feel as you do," said the drummer earnestly.

"How deep have you gone?" said he. "Two hundred feet," said I; "a hundred and fifty of it through the solid rock."

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