

In life it is difficult to say who do the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

A Kansas City paper proudly boasts that it costs only 10 cents to be buried in that town. Residents of St. Louis are buried for nothing.

New York World: Civilization in Russia is making rapid strides. They have already advanced to the plane of successful lynching parties.

A California college girl has married a Chinese classmate, believing that wedding a Celestial is the next thing to a marriage made in heaven.

Laureate Austin's poetry isn't well paid for, comparatively speaking. Think how much Mr. Astor has recently paid for an "owed by Albert Edward."

The Boston Traveler remarks that "a Providence man yesterday met death with a broken neck." Death probably had been trying to learn to ride a bicycle.

The Boston bank clerk who stole \$30,000 because he wanted to buy a bicycle seems to have wanted to be sure to have enough money to keep the thing in repair.

The New York Herald's fund for Mark Twain already has overtaken and passed Tom Palmer's Duke of Veragua fund. The latter still stands at \$1.67, or rather stands still at that figure.

A woman in Cleveland has applied for a divorce on the ground that she "wants to marry somebody else." This is not an unusual cause for divorce, but the frankness with which it is expressed certainly is unique.

A New York paper says that May Irwin is at her summer home in the Thousand Islands, "giving that soul-swallowing kiss of hers a chance to recuperate." Where is the other half of that kiss recuperating?

The teacher who can inspire his pupil or his class with a personal enthusiasm for the subject in hand is doing more to engrave it upon their memory than he could in double the time spent in mere instruction or memorizing.

Tennessee has some very good papers or some mighty mean men, or both. The Tazewell Times says: "Owing to our regular edition being stolen Tuesday night we are a little late in making our appearance this week."

John L. Sullivan may bluster as much as he wants to about the return of his vitality, but if he ever gets up in front of Robert J. Fitzsimmons in a twenty-four-foot ring there will be one less big, ignorant, drunken plug-ugly in the world, and the corpse will not be red-headed, either.

The Grand Forks (N. D.) Plain Dealer says: "The editor of the Wimbledon News reports the loss of two horses. How did he come into possession of two horses? Possibly some one else lost them at an earlier date." Such little journalistic amenities as this add considerably to the gaiety of life in the Northwest. They also keep the coroner busy.

According to the Albany Press, a house which is not only the oldest in America, but is the place where the immortal "Yankee Doodle" was written, is still standing at Greenbush, N. Y. It was built in 1630 by Killian Van Rensselaer, the first patroon, who brought the hand-made bricks and the timbers from Holland for the purpose. In 1755, when the British troops were encamped there during the French and Indian war, Dr. Shackburg, an army surgeon, lived in the old mansion, and he was so struck by the tattered and appearance of the colonists who came to the aid of the regulars that he composed the doggerel which has since become so popular. If the Press story is true some historical society should lose no time in buying the property and taking measures to preserve it.

Those who like to point morals and adorn tales will find an old-fashioned story in the life of the man who has just been appointed Governor of Alaska. He is called John Green Brady, and he is the adopted son of an Indiana judge named Green. Thirty-seven years ago he was taken from New York with a lot of other homeless orphans who were to be distributed among Western farmers. When the train arrived at the home of Judge Green the latter asked the man in charge of the boys to give him the ragged little urchin. He got him, and the hitherto friendless boy found himself in a home of culture and refinement. He was sent to school, then to college and finally to Harvard. Having been graduated from the theological department he was sent to Alaska as a missionary by the Presbyterian church. Since then he has been closely allied to the interests, both material and spiritual, of the territory. He has developed considerable executive ability and seems to have the confidence of all classes in that part of the country. The old-time Sunday school book was not always exaggerated.

The autopsy upon the body of a young lady who died suddenly in an Eastern city revealed a myriad of tiny splinters of wood in the throat, ophagus and stomach, which the physicians traced to her habit of chewing tooth-picks after luncheon. This calls attention to the very vulgar habit which so many people have of chewing tooth-picks upon the street. The toothpick is a useful thing in its place, but there is nothing which so transgresses good taste as to appear, as so many persons do, upon the street with that article in the mouth. At lunch time hundreds of men and women may be seen carrying between the teeth this evidence of their having dined. It would seem almost unnecessary to point out the bad taste of such a practice, but the custom has become so common as to attract attention everywhere.

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Fifteen or twenty years ago "carp culture" was all the rage, and one of the chief objects of the Fish Commission. If we would only cultivate the carp our food supply would never give out and we would have fish to give away! In every annual report glowing accounts were given by the commission of the success that was being achieved in disseminating this noble fish. Carp ponds were established in Washington and at Wytheville, Va., and distribution was made everywhere. In the last report of the commission for the year ending June 30, 1896, we learn that the "distribution of this fish has been discontinued," and that it is to be cultivated hereafter as a food for other fishes, but not for man. On top of this we learn that the carp ponds everywhere are being cleared of their inhabitants, and their places supplied by cleaner and gamier fish. The noble fish is no longer noble. Whatever they may be in China or in Germany, where they are largely cultivated for food, they do not suit us, and there is nothing American about them. They will not fight nor strike back nor attempt to defend their liberty. If caught on a hook they make no resistance, but come up like a "blind salmon," and are as limp as a rag. They are unclean feeders and wallow in a mud bottom like hogs. Their flesh is coarse and without flavor, and they are an unpleasant, disagreeable and dirty fish. This we have at last found out. The word has gone abroad that the carp must go, and the sooner the better.

The attorneys defending a man in Cleveland who was charged with forging a check for a large sum set up the plea of insanity and brought forward some physicians who testified that the prisoner was insane because of an unnatural depression of the skull upon the brain. An operator was performed and it was said that the man had regained his reason. An acquittal was asked for, but the judge very properly refused to let him go for want of evidence that the depression had affected his sanity, and has sentenced him to the penitentiary. No just judge will refuse to give a prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and there is much crime which can be traced to insanity and nervous disorders, but the plea of insanity has been sadly overworked. It is certainly strained when men try to bring it in as a defense for such a crime as this man was charged with. A similar case is that of a man in St. Louis, who committed bigamy while in Europe. He sets up the plea that he is affected with abulia, or paralysis of the mind. During one of his abulia periods he went to Europe, married and proceeded to raise a family of children. Before going abroad he had deeded to his St. Louis wife all his property and she was to make him an allowance. When he returned he neglected to bring his abulia family with him. His normal spouse discovered the existence of the abulia progeny and promptly cut off his allowance. He now sues her to recover his property, claiming that when he deeded her the stuff he was suffering from the malady with the patent medicine name. It is said to be the first time that this disease has been brought forward as a defense, but there is nothing new about the malady. Nearly all of our criminals are affected with it in some form or other.

A Warning to Cat Kissers. It must be a terrifying revelation to those foreign ladies who kiss their cats that has been made by Professor Flocci, the Italian chemist. He has found by experiment that when a cat licks its lips it spreads over them a saliva in which there are swarms of minute bacilli not free from danger to human beings. When he inoculated rabbits and guinea-pigs with this noxious substance, they died within twenty-four hours; and he has come to the conclusion that it is dangerous for ladies to indulge in the habit of kissing their cats. We cannot conceive of any lady indulging in it. By the professor's experiments we learn, further, that there are ladies in Italy who kiss their lap-dogs, a habit even more dangerous than the other. His analysis of the saliva of these beasts brought out facts that are too repulsive to speak of.

Nice Girls. Of Matthew Arnold as a school examiner the author of "Pages from a Private Diary" has this to say: "Arnold's reports are very good reading, but his methods of examination were sometimes highly poetical. I remember a tale told by a fellow-inspector of a class of girl pupil teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the 'excellent' mark. "But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others." "Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold, "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

LITTLE INIQUITIES

DR. TALMAGE ON SINS THAT NIBBLE AT THE HEART.

Gambling is a Vice that Begins with Little Sins and Grows to Fearful Enormities—Severe Arraignment of Gift Enterprises and Stock Gambling

Our Weekly Sermon. Dr. Talmage in this sermon depicts the insidious modes by which evil habit gains supremacy and shows how splendid men are cheated into ruin. Text, Isaiah v. 18, "Wee unto them that sin as it were with a cart rope."

There are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work, the man still stands upright, respected and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions and seize hold of a man and bind him with bonds forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin with a cart rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound. Then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox or hold a ship in a tempest.

I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers and brothers and some be interested in such a discussion, but that wives and mothers and sisters and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed or their intended home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say, "It has no practical bearing upon my life," for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds—earth, heaven, hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are 5,500 professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten—these ten professing to be honest because they are merely the antechamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent.

A Gilded Den. There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Daphnia's Daughter" and "Dore's 'Dante's' and Virgil's 'Frozen Region of Hell,' a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place here is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banquetting room where, free of charge to the guest, you may find the plate and viands and wines and cigars sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "proper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther squat in the grass know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place or your body will be thrown bloody into the street or dead into the river.

You go along a little farther and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse." And there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting that "gig" and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door, "Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

The Inclination to Gamble. Now you acknowledge that is a cart rope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is in many a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling that they have of thinking, "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filled and accelerated by skating very near an air hole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gaming practices. Here are \$500. I may stake them. If I stake them, I may lose them, but I may win \$5,000. Whichever way it turns, I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored friends. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can win one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?"

When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, Satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness—that man is bound to

go on. When a man makes \$1,000 a year and spends \$1,200, when a young man makes \$1,500 and spends \$1,700, all the harpies of darkness cry out, "Ha, ha, we have him!" And they have. How to get the extra \$500 or the extra \$200 is the question. He says: "Here is my friend who started out the other day with but little money, and in one night, so great was his luck, he rolled up hundreds and thousands of dollars. He got it—why not I? It is such dull work, this adding up of long lines of figures in the counting house; this piling down of a hundred yards of goods and selling a cantonnet; this always waiting upon somebody else, when I could put \$100 on the race and pick up \$1,000."

An Insidious Sin. This sin works very insidiously. Other sins sound the drum and flaunt the flag and gather their recruits with wild huzzas, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in silence, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much sound as the click of the dice. Oh, how many have gone down under it! Look at those men who were once highly prosperous. Now their forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that will never go. In their souls are planted the hooks which will never be lifted. Swing open the door of that man's heart and you see a crowd ofadders wriggling their indescribable horror until you turn away and hide your face and ask God to help you to forget it. The most of this evil is unadvertised. The community does not hear of it. Men defrauded in gaming establishments are not fools enough to tell of it. Once in awhile, however, there is an exposure, as when in Boston the police swooped upon a gaming establishment and found in it the representatives of all classes of citizens from the first merchants on State street to the low Ann street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Central Railroad of Georgia, was found to have stolen \$103,000 for the purpose of carrying on gaming practices; as when a young man in one of the savings banks of Brooklyn many years ago was found to have stolen \$40,000 to carry on gaming practices; as when a man connected with a Wall street insurance company was found to have stolen \$180,000 to carry on his gaming practices, but that is exceptional.

Stock Gambling. Generally the money leaks silently from the merchant's till into the gambler's wallet. I believe that one of the main pipes leading to this sewer of iniquity is the excitement of business life. Is it not a significant fact that the majority of the day gambling houses in New York are in the proximity to Wall street? Men go into the excitement of stock gambling, and from that they plunge into the gambling houses, as, when men are intoxicated, they go into a liquor saloon to get more drink. The agitation that is witnessed in the stock market when the chair announces the word "Northwestern" or "Fort Wayne" or "Rock Island" or "New York Central," and the rat, tat, tat of the auctioneer's hammer, and the excitement of making "corners," and getting up "pools," and "carrying stock," and a "break" from 80 to 70, and the excitement of rushing around in curbstone brokerage, and the sudden cries of "Buyer three!" "Buyer ten!" "Take 'em!" "How many?" and the making or losing of \$10,000 by one operation, unfits a man to go home, and so he goes up to the flight of stairs, amid bushes of the darkly curtained, wood-paneled room, gaily furnished, inside and table, his place at the roulette or the faro table. But I cannot tell all the proceeds by which men get into this evil. A man went to New York. He was a Western merchant. He went into a gaming house on Park place. Before morning he had lost all his money save \$1, and he moved around about with that dollar in his hand, and after awhile, caught still more powerfully under the infernal infatuation, he came up and put down the dollar and cried out until they heard him through the saloon, "One thousand miles from home, and my last dollar on the gaming table!"

Via to a Gambling Den. Many years ago for sermonic purposes and in company with the chief of police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night, and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down, the door was guarded, but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table finding eight or ten men in middle, well dressed, all the work going on in silence save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming table in one parlor and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of those men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were shipwrecked bankers and brokers and money dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice, but all intent upon the table as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh, there was something awfully solemn in the silence, the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapid, and I have no doubt some saw as they sat there horses and carriages and houses and lands and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a tarthing in that presence, had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me, "None gets in here except by police mandate or by some letter of a patron."

While we were there a young man came in, but his money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost. Then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in one of the club houses of London. His body was carried into the club house and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players. In these gaming houses of our cities men have their property serving away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen, and so restore their fortunes; some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down. And that work proceeds day by day and night by

night. "That cart rope," says one young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart rope been twisted?

Gift Enterprises.

I arraign before God the gift enterprises of our cities which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul and a robbery of the community. Yet how we are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerns, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience, or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchaser of this tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what until you open them and find pictures on their wall gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the threads that make the cart rope, and when a young man consents to these practices he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity, and some of you remember at the close of our civil war how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young men, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Be one of two things—be honest or die.

I have accomplished my object if I put you on the lookout. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begin to go astray from the path of duty they are apt to say: "There's no use of my trying to get back. I've sacrificed my respectability. I can't return." And they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, my friends, that God this moment, by his Holy Spirit, can change your entire nature, so that you will be a different man in a minute.

The Path of Safety.

Your great want—what is it? More salary? Higher social position? No, no. I will tell you the great want of every man, if he has not already obtained it—it is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been rephending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison and try to get out, and you fail, and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grates and blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back and the door will swing open and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door, straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return, and the calf is as fat as it will be, and the harp of heaven are all strung and the feet free! There are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the green baize of their billiard saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for heaven and won it. There stretches a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clinched as if to smite, but outstretched as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and many are fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom and immensity no iron bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvo of eternal victory, but alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace while the angels of God keep the tally board, and after kings and queens and knaves and spades are "shuffled" and "cut" and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the faro bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood stained wagers.

Short Sermons.

Truth.—The reign of truth would make a heaven anywhere, and what is the use of dying to get to heaven if we can get it by living it? There is no other time but now. Truth is life, and we cannot get the truth by living or by dying. The grave is not the gate to immortality.—Rev. Dr. Harcourt, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Orthodoxy.—The last quarter of the nineteenth century has been pre-eminently the age of the decomposition of orthodoxy. One and all orthodox creeds are tumbling into ruins everywhere. The thought of to-day will shortly reach a plane where there will be no place nor use for orthodoxy.—Prof. John Fiske, at Minneapolis, Minn.

Creed.—Everybody but an idiot has a creed. If we have definite notions about anything that is a creed. The way a man conducts his business is his commercial creed. If a man belongs to a political party he has a political creed. We call it a platform, but that is only another name for the same thing.—Rev. F. M. Goodchild, Baptist, New York City.

Faith.—Faith does not supplant reason, but assists it. It is to us what the pillar of fire was to the Hebrews. Not only does Christian faith give us a sublime idea of God, but it also gives us a proper understanding of ourselves, which, according to the poet, is the proper study of mankind. It tells us what we are, whence we have come and whither we are going.—Cardinal Gibbons, Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

The Library Corner

A. C. Armstrong & Son, of New York, announce "The Novels of Charles Dickens; A Bibliography and Sketch," by F. G. Kitton.

Jerome K. Jerome's forthcoming volume, "Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green," consists of stories that have appeared as serials.

Max Pemberton is about to follow up his "Christine of the Hills" with "A Woman of Kronstadt," which, like its predecessor, will be set amid scenes quite unfamiliar to the reading public.

W. C. Morrow, the author of "The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People," is a San Francisco newspaper man. The prompt demand for a second edition of his stories promises well for the reputation of this new author.

Bishop Potter, just before he left for Europe, read the final proofs of a volume entitled "The Scholar and the State," shortly to be published. The book is made up of essays discussing sociological and civic questions.

Mr. Gladstone has finished reading the proofs of the first volume of his "Later Gleamings." He has carefully revised the twelve collected papers that form the bulk of it. His postscript on the Pope and Anglican orders is, of course, wholly fresh material.

F. Marlon Crawford's novelette, "A Rose of Yesterday," is soon to be published in book form. A question of divorce is the motive of the tale, and those who read it in serial form need not be told that it is one of the most satisfactory things Mr. Crawford has written.

The Athenaeum says that Paul Laurence Dunbar, the American negro poet, is shortly to give a recital of some of his poems in London under the patronage of Ambassador Hay. His "Lyrics of the Lowly," with an introduction of Howells, is being brought out by a London publisher.

We are shortly to have another snap shot volume of America by a foreigner who has "done" us. It is under the title, "The Land of the Dollar," and its author is G. W. Stevens, who was sent to this country by the London Morning Post to write up the last Presidential campaign. Mr. Stevens is said to be a writer of good English, and his "novel picture of Chicago is one of the most graphic descriptions of the place that we have had."

The Kelmscott Press is slowing down. Three presses were in use during the lifetime of the founder, but since his death only two have been kept running, in order to complete the work he left unfinished, and as soon as that work is out of the way the Press is to be abandoned. Regret is, of course, being expressed on all sides, but it seems wise to discontinue the enterprise. Morris himself gave it three-fourths of his reason for being.

Salt and Its Properties.

Used in washing the hair it will prevent the hair from falling out. A teaspoonful of salt in a lamp will make kerosene oil give a brighter light. Added to a bucket of water it forms a remarkably effective fire extinguisher. A handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next best thing to an ocean dip. Damp salt will remove the discoloration and the like in dishes that have been carelessly washed. New calicoes soaked in a strong solution of salt for an hour before washing will retain colors better. As a dentifrice salt and water will not only cleanse, but whiten the teeth, and will harden the gums. When broiling steak a pinch or two of salt thrown on the fire will quench the flames arising from the dripping fat. A weak solution is good for sore throat, to be used as a gargle, and this is still better if a few grains of red pepper are added. Ink stains may be removed by the use of moistened salt. When it becomes discolored remove it and use fresh supply until no color remains. Dissolved in water and snuffed up the nostrils it is of use in curing catarrh, but when chronic its use must be persisted in night and morning for several months.

A little salt in raw or boiled starch will prevent the irons from sticking, and make the starch whiter. If the irons are rough lay some salt on a piece of brown paper, lay a piece of muslin over it, and rub the irons on it until they are bright and smooth. A bag of salt, heated, and applied over a painful spot is often very efficacious in allaying pain, especially those of a colicky nature in the stomach and bowels, says a writer in the Boston Traveler. A weak solution of salt in water is a good remedy for slight indigestion, especially that characterized by a sense of weight and oppression.

Many Baldheaded Doctors.

An English statistician has recently been engaged in an original task—that of studying the influence of music on the hair. The investigator establishes, in the first place, that the proportion of bald persons is 11 per cent, for the liberal professions in general, with the exception of physicians, who appear to hold the record for baldness, which is 30 per cent. Musical composers do not form any exception to the rule, and baldness is as frequent among them as in the other professions.

If there is any one habit particularly shiftless, it is that of reading continued stories.