

A Sagacious Lizard.

"This is the third one that has been found in the Park this spring," said a man at the Arsenal, holding out a curious, spiny-looking object for a reporter to look at. "No, it's not a toad; though they call them horned toads. It's a lizard, and the people in the museum call it the phrynosoma."

The animal was about four inches long and unpleasant to look at. Its body was flat, the upper surface covered with short dark spines and the under surface with small plates. The back of the head was armed with several recurring short spines, with shorter spines here and there.

"You wouldn't think such a creature would know anything," continued the owner of the lizard, "but a snake has to wake up early in the sea-son to get the best of it. I call him Samson, because the first day I had him he pushed under the leg of a heavy chair that was tipped against the wall and fairly knocked it over. If a man were as strong in proportion to his size he could lift the obelisk. No, that didn't show any cunning, but I'll show you where the cunning came in. I caught a big striped snake about two weeks ago. I was standing in my yard when along came a big toad putting in its best hops, and right behind it the snake, so intent on the chase that it came right up to me. I caught it and kept it for some time in a box with a glass top, and one day it struck me that the spines on the lizard must have been intended as a preventive against snakes."

"I thought I would test it, and I put Samson into the box. Then I discovered that he was as wise as Solomon. The snake evidently had not tasted food since last summer—you know they sleep all winter—and, quick as a flash, he darted at the lizard, but, as the boys say, he got left. The little fellow was around the box like a shot, but finally the snake cornered him and caught him by the hind claw. Now, a toad or frog will squirm around and face a snake and get demoralized generally, and give it a chance to catch hold of its head, but my lizard knew a game worth two of that. When the snake touched him he turned his head directly away. The snake tried every way he could to edge up and get the little fellow by the head, so he went to work to swallow his tail first. He stretched out his jaw and planted his long teeth into the legs and gradually worked the body into his mouth with the smaller teeth."

"When he had taken in as much as he could in this way, the long fangs were loosened and thrown ahead and fresh hold taken, each side of the mouth edging ahead in turn. Nothing could stand this pressure long, and in ten minutes half of the patient lizard was out of sight. He was only waiting for his turn, and it soon came; the snake's lips had reached his neck, when operations ceased. There were four or five spines as sharp as needles, pointing out every which way, that put an end to the swallowing business. I didn't see the lizard laugh; he must have felt like it, for he wasn't hurt in the least. It took the snake half an hour to get rid of him, but it tried two or three times to swallow him. At every jump the lizard turned his back so that the spines faced the snake, and at last I separated them. Yes, it was rather cruel, but I looked at it as a scientific investigation."—*N. Y. Mail.*

Opium Smoking in British Burmah.

In a copy of a memorandum by Mr. C. U. Aitchison, Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, on the consumption of opium, the Chief Commissioner says his attention has been specially directed to the change which was gradually coming over the Burmese National character, of which the principal cause was said to be the growing habit of opium smoking. When on a visit to Akyab, he was waited upon by a large deputation of the most influential natives of the town, who presented a petition describing, in very forcible language, the misery entailed on the population by opium, and praying that the traffic in opium might be altogether abolished in Arakan. The Chinese population in Burmah consume opium without any apparent bad effects, and do not smoke to excess; but the Burmese seem quite incapable of using the drug in moderation, and the dealers tempt young men to smoke by giving them at first opium to smoke. Among the Burmese the habitual use of the drug saps the physical and mental energies, destroys the nerves, emaciates the body, predisposes to disease, induces indolent and filthy habits of life, destroys self-respect, is one of the most fertile sources of misery, destitution and crime, fills the jail with men of relaxed frame, predisposes to dysentery and cholera; prevents the due extension of cultivation and the development of the land revenue; checks the natural growth of the population, and enfeebles the constitution of succeeding generations. That opium smoking is spreading at an alarming rate under our rule does not admit of doubt. On this point the testimony of all classes of officers and of the population is unanimous. The quantity of opium consumed in 1879 was more than double what it was in 1869, and the prosperity of the country was least where the consumption of opium was greatest. The Commissioner says: "Probably a variety of causes have contributed to the spread of this vice. Burmah is intellectually in a transition state. The people are becoming emancipated from many restrictions of their old creed. The inevitable tendency of the education we give, and of the new sense of personal liberty which our Government creates among an Oriental people, is to weaken the sanction of religious belief and break down the re-

straints of social customs. Such results ought neither to surprise nor alarm us. However much the old fashioned among the population may regret it, or blame us for it, we can as easily put back the shadow on the sun dial as arrest the disintegration of the old world customs. But there are other causes within our control. Of these the principal is the increased and yearly increasing facility with which opium can be obtained. Our professed objects are to supply only so much of the drug as may be needed to meet a bona fide demand, to discourage extended consumption, and to realize from restricted consumption as high a revenue as we can without affording inducements to the people to obtain supplies by unlawful means. Theoretically these principles are sound enough. But there are many drawbacks in their practical application."—*London News.*

Fashion Notes.

Pointed shoes are now the rage. A yellow-green is called "Dragon." A new shade of red is called "Lucifer."

"Mine d'Or" is a new brown shot with gold.

Silver-gray silks and satins are again the mode.

Mitts are still the fashion in black and flesh color.

Natural flowers are worn on bonnets and at the throat.

Small flat reticules hang from the belt, attached by a chain.

Tussore silks and Japanese crape are among the novelties.

The fashions of 1820 and 1830 in bonnets are again revived.

"Dawn" is the name of a new shade; it is a very pale gold.

Princesses gowns and jackets are trimmed with military braiding.

A fancy or green enameled button is the figure of a camel.

Satin surah is used for the foundation of grenadine dresses.

Pearl, gilt and steel buckles are all fashionable on dresses and hats.

Gold bangles are still the only jewelry that is much worn in the streets.

Fans are made of cretonne to match the dresses and parasols also.

The fashion of going on the street without an outdoor wrap has passed away.

Valenciennes lace is much used on white dresses. It is the most suitable.

Coaching dresses are now the rage. They are trimmed to display the front breadth.

Children wear little shirred hats and bonnets of cream-white crape, and quaint is the effect.

A device made like a sword hangs at the side and is used to fasten the parasol when not open.

The draperies of muslin dresses need not be hemmed. They can be turned over and looped.

Black sewing-silk grenadine, trimmed with crape and platings of grenadine, is suitable for mourning.

Fancy-colored satin sashes, either striped, shaded or plain, are worn tied in front with a large bow.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

A Conductor Steps Off a Train.

The train going east on Saturday night had three Pullman cars on, but between two of them was a baggage car. One side of the baggage car is protected by a railing; the wide door on the other side, which is generally kept shut while the train is in motion, was open and unguarded. While the train was on the bridge James A. Coleman, the conductor of one of the palace cars, passing through the baggage car, went to the open door, thinking it was the side with the narrow platform and railing. Believing he was stepping on the platform, he fell out, striking heavily on the iron work of the bridge. It was near the center tube, and fortunately the train was going slowly. He fell with his arm across the track, but he had the presence of mind to turn it to one side; the wheels of the car passed over the sleeve of his coat, cutting it from near the shoulder to the wrist. The unhappy man's thumb was crushed. After lying for some time he managed to get up and walk to St. Lambert's Station. He was not missed from the train until it reached Beloeil. He was put on an in-going train and taken to the house of his father. His body is much bruised, and he will be confined to the house for some time. He was not addicted to the use of liquor.—*Montreal Witness.*

A Little Misprint.

He walked into the office this morning, looking much like a man pretty well satisfied with general results, and said:

"Can I see the editor?"

He was shown that eminently useful adjunct to a newspaper at once.

"Good morning, sir," he cheerily began.

"Mornin'," said the editor.

"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Well, you see, I sent a notice around yesterday that Mr. Smith had been married, and your compositor, I see, has got it Mr. Smith has just been martyred, but I guess it don't hardly make enough difference to change it."

The editor scratched his head a minute and thought of house-cleaning and other female eccentricities, and told the visitor, of course it didn't, and he went away whistling. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"—*Staubenville Herald.*

—No fewer than seven different languages are spoken on one side of Lake Nyassa, which is only 350 miles in length, and natives from the southern cannot understand those at the northern.

An Intricate Proposition.

"Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that a person going overland would have to mail two letters a day from the train in order to have one letter a day return to San Francisco?" asked Major Max the other evening after the cloth was removed from the table and his wife was pouring his glass of two-thirds benedictine and one-third curacao, which the Major contended was the only civilized drink with which to prepare for the after-dinner cigar.

Mrs. Max passed the Major his cordial and waited a moment before replying: "Why, no; it seems to me that if a person traveling east mailed a letter each day by a westward-bound train, a letter would arrive here each day."

Mrs. Max answered cautiously, for while she knew that the Major pretended to deplore the fact that she was illlogical, he really derived much comfort from his superior comprehension, and was somewhat addicted to studying out intricate propositions with which to puzzle the lady.

"You think so, do you?" queried the Major, as though about to be convinced by her, while in truth he only wanted her to commit herself more decidedly that his victory would be the more signal.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Max continued, somewhat assured, "if you mailed a letter on the first day out, it would get here the next day; if you mailed one the day following it would arrive here a day after the first, and the letters being mailed twenty-four hours apart would, of course, continue to arrive here a day apart. They couldn't grow farther apart on the road, could they, Major?"

Mrs. Max wound up this sequence of feminine logic with a triumphant accent, and felt sure she had posed the Major, for he did not reply until after lighting a cigar. Then he said, slowly: "You post a letter the first day out?"

"Yes."

"That letter arrives here the day after you leave?"

"Certainly. One day gone, one letter received."

"Exactly. Well, the next day—a little curacao, straight, please—the next day you post another letter from the train, and —"

"And that arrives here the day after the first, of course, making two days out and two letters received, and so on to New York. Eh, Major?"

If Mrs. Max had not been examining a new pattern of lace she had in her sleeves she might have noticed the satisfied smile the Major had as he leaned back in his chair and said: "The second day out you would be at Ogden?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it take as long for a letter to return to San Francisco as it had taken you to go to Ogden?"

"I suppose so."

"Then the second letter would arrive here two days after you arrived at Ogden and four days after you left here?"

Mrs. Max looked up and said, hesitatingly: "Well, I don't see how you make that out."

"I did not make it out, Mrs. Max. I only asked if I was right?"

"No, you are not; if you post a letter on a returning train each day I say that a letter must arrive here each day, and I don't care."

"Mrs. Max, how long does it take to go to New York?"

"Seven days, I suppose."

"Then a letter a day would be seven letters. You would post your sixth letter on your sixth day out, and it would take it six days more to return, being twelve days after you left here. Now as you had only mailed five letters before the one which arrived on the twelfth day, how could a letter a day have arrived?"

Mrs. Max thought a moment and then asked with considerable warmth: "Do you mean to say, Major Max, that if a person going to New York posts a letter on a San Francisco-bound train each day that it takes two weeks for all those letters to arrive here?"

"It certainly would," replied the Major, growing comfortably behind his cigar. He knew Mrs. Max acknowledged her defeat by the way she rang for the tea, but she would not ask for further explanation, so the reader must figure out the proposition without further assistance than the Major's hints afford.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Manners a Century Ago.

The world has moved. The nineteenth century is more decorous than the eighteenth was, and enjoys more of the comforts of life. Take, as an illustration of progress, Scottish society. A hundred years ago, it was as picturesque in its manners, and as rude also, as the wild scenery of the Highlands. Strange contrasts met the eye of the foreign visitor. He saw the laird living in an old house with massive walls of red sandstone or gray granite. A square castellated tower showed that it was built in unsettled times, when an onslaught of enemies had to be resisted. The farm-buildings, with their heaps and pools of manure, were within a stone's throw of the laird's door. The cottages of his tenants were hovels, with unplastered walls, ragged thatched roofs and straw-bound chimneys. The laird was usually a deep-drinker and an over-much feeder. His "liddy" found employment in driving her maids from pillar to post. She had no accomplishments, and her education was of the plainest sort. Neither she nor her daughters cared to read, and there were not many books, then, to interest the feminine mind. But the laird and his wife were aristocratic and knew the prestige of blue-blood. On the laird's death, his unmarried daughters clubbed their little dowries and went to reside in some town. They were poor, but

the town's people at once acknowledged their right to move at the head of society. In Edinburgh, fine ladies inhabited flats on a fifth or sixth story. When they went out to a party the condition of the common stairs obliged them to hold high their robes of brocade. A couple of porters, called "caddies," carried them in sedan-chairs at a swing-trot while another went before with a flaming torch to show the way through the filthy and ill-paved alleys. In the smaller towns, a lady going to a party was preceded by a lass bearing a bandbox, and a lantern also, if it were winter, when darkness came early and stayed late. In the retiring-room, the lady unpacked the bandbox and rearranged herself. She appeared before the company in a dress which had been handed down as an heirloom from generation to generation. Everybody was familiar with all the dresses, whose antique fashion was set off by frills, and falls and tuckers in old family lace. Though they dressed at each other, there were few surprises, and, therefore, fewer heart-burnings than now. Cards entertained them, and the play was enlivened by the usual wrangle, in which their blue-blood did not prevent them from forgetting their manners. During the play they told bits of news, with which their maids and their inferiors, anxious to pay them court, had crammed them. No modern reporter was better informed of what was going on than these aristocratic dames. And no story-writer was more able than they to construct a sensational scandal out of the slightest materials. If there was dancing, it was carried out in a courtly style, with an elaborate profusion of bows and formal courtesies. The rules of etiquette and precedence were rigorously observed. But neither courtesy nor etiquette forbade the gentlemen from coming into the dance full of wine, or from offering the broadest of compliments to their fair partners. Even the enthusiastic eulogist of the olden time must admit that modern manners and ways, if less picturesque, are an improvement on those of a hundred years ago.—*Youth's Companion.*

How the People Live and Raise Cattle on the Hatteras Banks.

A letter in the Raleigh News and Observer gives an interesting description of the sandy banks along the Hatteras coast, Dare County, N. C., and their inhabitants—sometimes known to inland people as "sand-lappers."

The people of this region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much on and in the water, that most of them, I am sure, are web-footed. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapins and wild fowl. When they leave home they go in a boat, and whether they go to court or go courting, or to trade, or to mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with wind mills. They don't go up stairs, but "go aloft," and when they go to bed they "turn in;" when they are ill they "are under the weather," and when in robust health they are "bung up and bilge free. They speak of a trim-built sweetheart as "clipper built." Many of them have ships' cabin doors in their houses, that slide on grooves, and to their buildings they give a coating of tar instead of painting them. The "old woman" blows a conch-shell when dinner is ready, and they measure time by "bells." Their babies are not rocked in cradles, but swung in hammocks. They chew black pig-tail tobacco and drink a wild tea called "Yeopon." They manure their land with sea grass, and bury their yam potatoes in the sand hills. When they want a doctor they hang a red flag against a hillside as a signal of distress. If he don't come, because the "wind ain't fair," they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their (web) feet in sea water, "turn in" and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sand ridge; and when you see several sail-boats on the water in procession, with a flag at half-mast, you are looking at a funeral. They ornament their houses with whales' ribs and jaws, sharks' teeth, sword-fish snouts, devil-fish arms, saw-fish swords (six feet long), miniature ships, camphor-wood chests, Honduras grounds, spy-glasses, South American lariats, war-clubs from the Mozambique Islands, Turkish pipes, West India shells, sandal-wood boxes, Chinese chessmen, Japanese faces, Madagascan idols, Australian boomerangs and other strange, outrageous things. Their hogs are raised on clams, mussels, oaf of fish and garbage, and their cattle wade out on the shoals for miles, where the water covers their backs, to feed on sea grass, and if they are carried up-country, and fed on corn and fodder, they will not live. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and "she" is always better than any other boat in some way. "She is hard to beat in a gale of wind," or "before the wind," or "beating to windward," or "with the wind on the beam," or "she can sail closer to the wind," or "will carry sail longest," or is "hard to beat in a light wind," or "totes more stook," or is "stronger," or "drier," or "bigger," or "she is a big little boat," or "draws the least water," or "needs less ballast," or "she is the newest," or "has the best timbers," or "steers the best," or "she is a lucky boat," or "stands up better," or "needs less sail than any other boat," or "she is best for fishing," etc. Perhaps "she comes about better than any other boat." She is bound to have something about her better than anybody else's boat.

Facts About Postage Stamps.

It is only thirty-four years ago that the first postage stamp was used in this country. Prior to 1817 postage was charged by the mile, and the postman received the price of the letter on delivering it to the person to whom it was addressed. For instance, in 1790 a letter was carried from Savannah to New York for thirty-six and three-fourths cents, and from Boston to New York for about seventeen cents. Between the two points last mentioned the mails were carried on horseback, and the time occupied in going from one point to the other was three days in winter, and two days in summer. In King James' time the rates of postage in Great Britain were two pence for a letter for a distance less than eighty miles, four pence up to 140 miles, six pence for any longer distance in England and eight pence to any place in Scotland. Our stamps were issued on the first of July, 1817, in denominations of five and sixteen cents only. In July 1851 a new series was adopted, consisting of one, three, five, ten, twelve, twenty-four, thirty, and ninety cents. These continued in use till 1861, when another series of the same denomination as the foregoing, but of different designs and colors, was adopted. The two-cent stamp was first used on the first of July 1863, to accommodate the local rate of postage. In the month of March, 1869, the six-cent stamp was substituted for the five-cent one, but the change was not considered a wise one, so that in May, 1870, the following one, two, three, five, six, ten, fifteen, thirty, and ninety, cents series was adopted. The following is a description of these stamps:

One cent—Franklin; profile bust, after Rubrecht; color, imperial ultramarine blue.

Two cents—Jackson; profile bust, after Powers; color, velvet brown.

Three cents—Washington; profile bust, after Houlton; color, morill green.

Five-cent stamp—Adopted 1875; profile bust of Jackson, color, dark blue.

Six cents—Lincoln; profile bust after Volk; color, cochineal red.

Ten cents—Jefferson; profile bust after Powers' statue; color, chocolate.

Fifteen cents—Webster; profile bust, after Cleveland; color, orange.

Thirty cents—Hamilton; profile bust, after Cerrachi, color, black.

Ninety cents—Commodore O. H. Perry; profile bust, after Wolcott's statue; color, carmine.

The seven-cent stamp which contained the bust of Edwin M. Stanton, the twelve-cent stamp, which had Henry Clay's picture, and the twenty-four-cent stamp, with the bust of Gen. Winfield Scott, have been discontinued. The postage-due stamp is a recent invention. It came into use on the ninth of May, 1879. It is used for collecting short paid postage. These stamps are of the following denominations: one, two, three, five, ten, thirty, and fifty cents. Their color is a reddish brown, and the figure representing the denomination is placed in the center of the stamp, surrounded by an oval of delicate lattice work. On the upper border of this oval are the words "Postage Due" in white letters, and on the lower border is the denominational letter in the same color. On each side of the oval are the letters "U. S." in small white shields.

The highest price paid for a stamp is twenty-four dollars. These stamps are only used on newspaper bundles; they are not often called for; nor is there much demand for ninety-cent letter stamps, only one having been sold at the Brooklyn office during 1880.

The number of postage stamps issued to Postmasters in the United States for sale to the public during the year ending July first 1880, was 875,681,970, valued at \$22,414,928; and of postage-due stamps 6,284,500 were issued, valued at \$251,836.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Paradise for Householders.

Utopia, from the rate-payers' point of view, has at length been discovered. It is a small town, situated in the very heart of the rich and fruitful Rhenish Palatinate, and its brief, unromantic name is Schopp. Recently the municipality of this ideal burg, finding its receipts largely in excess of expenditures, resolved to dispose of the cash balance at its command by presenting to every householder within the civic precincts the handy little sum of £2 10s. A similar repartition of surplus income took place a few years ago, upon which still more propitious occasion each rate-paying citizen received a bonus of £4 from the town exchequer. Our German contemporaries, the *Frankfurter* and *Koblenzer Zeitungen*, in recording the above mentioned facts, with justifiable pride and exultation, point out that the solution of life's most difficult problem—how to eat your cake and have it, too—has obviously been attained in Schopp. That is the place, they observe, in which the heart that is humble may hope to achieve perfect contentment. The *Cologne Gazette* concludes its reference to this fiscal paradise, "the happiest spot upon our earth," with an exhortation to its readers, couched in terms as stirring as they are terse. It runs as follows: "Up and away to Schopp!" This irrefutable "*en du cent*" will doubtless find an echo in many a breast throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland.—*London Telegraph.*

—A mare belonging to Mr. Muney, who resides on the Touchet, Washington Territory, attracted the attention of the family by her strange actions. She would run up to them, rub them with her nose, whinny and then run toward the river. Curiosity prompted them to follow her. They discovered her colt entangled in a drift in the river, only its head being visible.