

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Philadelphia manufactured \$10,000,000 worth of umbrellas last year. The population of Athens, Ala., is 8,000, and its valuation \$8,000,000—\$1,000 to each inhabitant. It is estimated that there are three thousand industrial establishments in the Republic of Mexico where steam power is used. Griffin, Ga., has the largest peach orchard in the South, containing 50,000 trees and covering most of 600 acres. On the same farm are 4,000 grafted apple trees and 5,000 pear trees. Four thousand of the Sharpless family held a reunion recently at the old Sharpless homestead near Waterville, Pa. They were descendants of old John Sharpless, a Quaker who lived there 200 years ago. An artist photographed the family in groups of 1,000 each.—Philadelphia Press. The value of property in the United States is held to be fully \$50,000,000,000, making it the richest country in the world. England, the next richest, has \$44,100,000,000, and France comes next with \$37,200,000,000. The average to every inhabitant in England is about \$1,300 and in the United States but \$1,000.—Chicago Herald. The annual production of Canada malt is about 66,000,000 pounds. Of this nearly 23,000,000 pounds are exported to the United States. The imports—almost wholly confined to British Columbia—barely exceed 150,000 pounds. In Toronto alone there are 1,800,000 gallons of beer brewed, while the capital employed amounts to \$5,000,000. The manufacture of peach-baskets has become an important industry. Years ago the baskets were made by hand, costing from 25 to 30 cents, and the loss of any considerable number of them was a serious matter. But the establishment of great factories, required by the growth of the peach trade, has reduced the price to a moderate figure, varying from \$6 to \$8 per 100. Along the Maryland railroads there are now eight or nine basket-factories, each making from 2,500 to 4,000 baskets a day during the busy season. The bottoms and hoops are made of Maryland pine, and the staves from the Delaware gum tree.—Chicago Times.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years, and every little absence is an age.—Dryden. The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.—George Eliot. A thick corn-husk is not a sign of a hard winter, as some folks think. It makes no difference to corn-husks what the weather is.—Detroit Free Press. "Yes, sir," says the oldest resident, "the first trip I made from Lowell to Boston was over the old canal, and I worked my passage on the canal-boat." "Worked your passage? How?" inquired his audience. "I led the horse," solemnly remarked the ancient mariner. "Fogg has got an idea at last, and he says there's millions in it, as it meets a long-felt want. It is nothing less than a revolving house, which is to turn upon a pivot, so that the best rooms shall always face the sun in winter and be in the shade in summer. Fogg has a great head."—New Haven Register. A student of human nature was the Yankee schoolm'am who undertook the care of a school out West, where her predecessor, a man, had been tossed through the window by the rebellious pupils. She got along splendidly; and, when asked how she managed it, replied: "Oh, easily enough. I thrashed the little boys and mashed the big ones." "I declare, Julia," exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat, as her eldest daughter seated herself at the breakfast table, "your lips are all broke out in a rash." "Yes," returned Julia, with bashful candor, and a heightened color that looked as if the rash was spreading all over her face, "Charley has begun to let his mustache grow again."—Brooklyn Eagle. A coachman calls upon the doctor to ask what can be the matter with him. "My good man," said the prince of science, "you've got dropsy—that's what ails you." "Dropsy! What's that?" "It's a morbid collection of fluid in the serous cavities within the body—in your case, I take it hydroperitoneum caused by cirrhosis of the liver, but curable by paracentesis." "I know, but what is it in English?" "You are all full of water inside." "Water? Oh, that's nonsense." (Reflects a moment.) "That scoundrel of a school-keeper must have watered his liquor, and yet he swore to me he didn't."—Chicago Times.

A Chase for a Baby.

There was a funny chase for a baby at Plainville, Conn., on Wednesday morning. A woman stepped from a train a moment to question the agent, and the train pulled out suddenly without her, carrying off her baby. Her frenzy moved the good ticket agent to telegraph to Bristol and order the baby returned. The train dropped the infant at Forestville, and a good man footed it thither and juggled the baby back to Plainville. The mother, meantime grown impatient, had gone to Forestville on the engine of a gravel train. So back went the good man with the baby to Forestville, there to learn that the frantic mother had returned to Plainville. The man then telephoned to the woman to sit still half an hour, which she did, and got back her infant.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Piano.

The old idea was that a piano was bought and brought to the house with much bruising of its beautiful legs and much muffled profanity on the part of the draymen, to be played on. What superlative nonsense! What a stale and preposterous suggestion! What a relic of barbaric ignorance! A piano to be played on! Go to. Thank the stars the days of such stupidity are over, and the true, sole and natural use of a piano is becoming generally understood. A piano is put into a house for these simple purposes and none other. Its top is designed as a place for a photograph album, a brilliant lamp-mat and a vase of flowers. Its rack is intended as a rest for an open book—an open book covered with pictures of farm, and fences, upon which are perched innumerable black birds. Its stool is placed there for the nervous young man in company to sit on and whirl, and writhe and wriggle. Its richly carved legs are sprawled out for near-sighted and awkward people to run against, and upon being solicitously asked by the hostess if they are hurt, to reply, with the hot tears of anguish gushing into their eyes: "Not in the least; only just grazed it." Such are the legitimate uses of an able bodied and well-limbed piano in its various parts and proportions. As a whole the piano serves two other and nobler purposes. The one is it imparts character, stateliness and an air of affluence to a household establishment. The proud-spirited host points to the rosewood instrument and seems to say to his assembled guests: "You behold that majestic instrument. It is grand, square and upright. Is it not symbolic of its owner—is he not grand, square and upright?" Of course nobody can play on it—not one of his quartet of daughters—but it is to be remembered that it was not put there to play on, and who would ask its owner to put it to perverse use? But after all the real mission of a piano in the house is this—a place for a young lady to sit and idly turn the leaves of a blackbird book, and a something for a young gentleman to hang over and now and then breathe softly in the young lady's ear to let her know that he is growing weak, but he still lives. It is an affecting sight to observe a young man hang over a piano. Few young men know how to hang over a piano in good form. One must not bend too low, as if he were looking for a lost sleeve button or a nickel, nor yet be too rigid and inflexible, like a wooden soldier on a weather vane. A compromise of these attitudes with a little oblique leaning toward the stool and its occupant is about the correct thing in piano hanging. Now and then by way of novelty an attempt is made on a grand social occasion to actually play the piano. A dismal young man leads an exhaustive young lady to the piano. An awful silence pervades the drawing room. The somber young man slowly lifts the lid, as if he was about to view the remains of the last relative he had on earth. The young lady wildly runs her fingers over the keys—there is a sob, a wail, a vociferation of violent grief, a cry of comfortless despair and all is over. The young lady sinks upon the nearest sofa. The young man lowers the lid, turns away his head and is seen no more. Verily, the day of superstition and mistaken ideas is over, and piano playing has passed away with the many follies and foibles of our purblind and uncultured ancestry.—New London Telegram.

How Tarantulas Fight.

There was recently received in Denver, for store exhibition, two full-grown tarantulas, one of the brown and the other of the black variety. The brown fellow was caged in a common cigar box and the black one in a glass jar. As they could not be exhibited to advantage in contrivances of this kind, and as they were not very pleasant company to have running about loose, a box almost two feet square with a glass top was procured, on the bottom of which a layer of sand was spread to make the animals feel at home. The cover was then drawn and the two spiders pitched into it from their separate cages. No sooner did the one discover the other's presence than they rushed at each other as viciously as two panthers, and immediately closed in deadly embrace. They came together with a bound, and then twining their long hairy legs about each other rolled over and over in the sand, biting each other savagely, and then tugging with all their might as if endeavoring to crush each other by sheer muscular power. Incredible as it may seem, this sort of warfare was kept up for six hours, during most of which time it could not be seen that either was gaining the slightest advantage, as neither showed any sign of disposition to end the fight except by the death of his adversary. At last the black one rolled over dead on the sand while the victor immediately proceeded to reap the spoils of his long battle. Seizing his vanquished enemy in his stout horns, or pincers, or whatever contrivance he has for that purpose, he rapidly tore him limb from limb, and coolly proceeded, in the cannibalistic fashion to make a meal of him. In a very short time nothing was left except a little pile of legs and pieces of shell to mark the spot where one tarantula had fallen and another had dined.—Denver Tribune.

—Ada Worden, twelve years old, who fell a distance of sixty feet recently at Boston, has astonished the doctors by getting well. Her mother believes that faith and prayer did it.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

At home the Moravians number only 20,000; but they have gathered 73,000 heathen into the fold. The oldest Presbyterian Church in the world, the Waldensian, sends out more missionaries from her highland valleys than all her ministers at home. Three thousand five hundred churches have been built in this country during the past fifteen years, and more than one for every day in the year during the last twelve months. A candidate for a teacher's certificate in the recent examination at El Dorado, gave as a reason for the lengthened days of summer that they were expanded by the heat. Of course they contract in the winter.—Leavenworth Times. Rev. Miss Anna Oliver says that the ideal Christian woman is the salvation of the Church, and expresses the belief if women lose faith in the Church and Christian religion in its general outlines the whole fabric of modern theology will fall apart. A Hindoo mother, after listening hour after hour to the lady missionary as she explained the way of free salvation, exclaimed: "Tell me more." At last when the long talk must close the old mother drew from under her veil the thin, gray hairs, saying: "These hairs have grown white waiting for such words as these." The industrial schools are having an apparently good effect upon the Indians. The red men have begun to work well and to take a pride in their work. General Armstrong believes that within five years, with the 100 Indians at Hampton, Va., and the 300 at Carlisle, Pa., and others under instruction elsewhere, all the shoes and harness needed on the plains can be made by the young men at home.—Chicago Journal. Mr. Spurgeon, while in Scotland, recently preached in the grounds of Benmore. A temporary pulpit was erected on the lawn, and Mr. Spurgeon addressed an open-air congregation of nearly 5,000 people, who had come in from "all the country side," many persons having walked over ten miles expressly to be present, for the austere Puritans of this part of Scotland would regard driving on such an occasion as a "Sabbath desecration" of the most heinous nature.—N. Y. Post.

How the Czar Enjoys Himself.

In the meanwhile the Emperor enjoys himself after his style at Peterhoff, defended on every side like a fortress, but occasionally openly showing himself to the enemy—the public. The Empress is slowly recovering from her confinement, but the nervous prostration still remains, and it is said that it is largely for her sake that the coronation has been left in its present uncertain condition. Personally she is averse to its celebration, and shares the view of several of the Czar's advisers, that if he can rule Russia without a crown as well as with one why should he run the risk of a coronation? The Czar has been amusing himself of late with a sloop, propelled by electricity, which arrived at Peterhoff a short time ago from Cronstadt, where it had been constructed for the heir-apparent. Quite a flotilla of gunboats and torpedo cutters is maintained at Peterhoff to guard the palace. Great changes are being made in the personnel of the Imperial household, and it is stated that, for the future the maintenance of the servants of the palace will only cost £13,000 a year, instead of nearly £100,000, as in the time of the late Emperor. Economy and simplicity characterize not only the course of life at Peterhoff, but also the entire higher administration of the Empire. The ostentation that marked every movement and act of the late Czar's brothers, the Grand Duke Constantine, of the navy, and the Grand Duke Nicholas, of the army, has been replaced by the austere simplicity of the present Czar's brothers, Alexis and Vladimir. The parasites of the late court are having a terribly bad time of it now. No mercy is shown them in the reorganizations that are daily taking place, and, as might be expected, their opinion of the Czar is a very bad one and goes to swell the popular clamor against him. The Winter Palace is under repair and many suits of apartments are ordered to be furnished afresh. A few weeks ago a deal of old lumber found in one of the garrets of the palace was sold for 2,000 rubles to a dealer in curiosities of the Nevsky Prospect. The rubbish-filled several wagons, and although not one-half has yet been properly examined the dealer has already netted 20,000 rubles by the sale of two valuable pictures he found the first day among it.—St. Petersburg Cor. London Post.

A Dilemma.

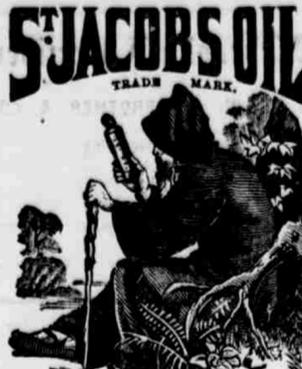
An Austin boy had the bad habit of reading after he went to bed, and leaving the candle burning, much to the alarm of his parents, who were afraid he would set the house on fire. As the boy did pretty much as he pleased, his father told the colored boy who waited on the table to go up into the son's room after he had gone to sleep and put out the light, which programme was carried out for several months. One night, however, the parents of the boy were aroused from a sound slumber by the boy calling out: "Boss, oh Boss! what am I ter do?" "Merciful Moses! what has happened?" "De boy has done—" "Merciful Heavens! has he set the house on fire?" "No, but he put de light out hisself. I want to know what I'm gwine ter do about it?"—Texas Siftings.

A Romance of Atlanta.

Once upon a time, and not very long ago at that, a young man of Atlanta fell in love with an Atlanta girl. This happens every day, and, as also happens, the girl fell in love with the young man. Somehow or other the parents of the girl frowned upon the union of these two hearts that beat as one, and they continued to frown until the young people, thrown upon their own resources, eloped, as young people will do, and the parental frown alluded to instead of becoming a smile and a benediction in the presence of the inevitable, widened and deepened into bitter disapprobation. The father and mother set great store by their daughter, and they were overwhelmed with grief when they discovered that for the first time in her life she had disobeyed them. They did not seek her out for the purpose of bestowing their forgiveness. In the course of time a little baby was born to the young couple—a marvelously beautiful child we have been told—and it grew to be as cunning as it was beautiful. One day recently a lady acquainted with the facts, and intimate with both families, called upon the young mother, but found nobody at home but baby and nurse. An idea struck her, and she lost no time in carrying it out. She seized the baby and bore it off in triumph to its grandmother. When she rang the door-bell at grandmother's house the lady was in a tremor, but the baby was as cool and as unconcerned as a cucumber. Perhaps we ought not to say unconcerned, for when the grandmother opened the door the baby laughed and crowed in her face, and was as pert and as saucy as you please. And wouldn't the lady come in and rest herself? Well, the lady didn't know; she was just passing, and she thought she would ring and see how all were getting along; but in she went, and presently grandmother was admiring baby as it sat perched, bright and buoyant, upon the lap of the lady. At this juncture the baby displayed the most exquisite diplomacy. It boldly held out its dimpled little arms to its grandmother, and was soon nestling against her motherly bosom. It laughed and crowed and cuddled, and when somebody made a pretense of taking it it cuddled the closer. What wonderful bright eyes it had, to be sure! What a cunning little curl, half hidden behind its little pink ear! What tempting little toes! What dainty little hands! Oh, a wonderful baby altogether, the grandmother thought and said. At this critical moment the grandfather made his appearance, and this remarkable baby seemed to understand its business thoroughly. It cooed and crowed at the grandfather, found a place in his strong arms, and hid its little face in his coat collar. The grandfather was captivated. He tossed and dandled the baby, and fondled it in a way altogether unusual. Then the lady was asked whose baby it was. Her position was embarrassing. She had no idea of the result, but she made bold to tell the two old people that it was their daughter's child. With this the grandmother fell to weeping, and clasped this wonderful baby to her breast, and the grandfather walked nervously around, wiping his eyes and wondering why he was so foolishly happy. Nothing would do these old people but their daughter must be sent for, and such another reunion and revival as was held over that baby has never before been seen in Atlanta. That we'll say and stick to. A carriage passed in front of the Constitution office yesterday, and in it were seated all the members of the reunited family. The baby had a front seat, and it was laughing and crowing and looking as pretty as a pink, and as cute—well as cute as it could look; and if any reader of the Constitution is inclined to discredit this true story, all he has to do is to ask the grandmother about it.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Directions for Making a Shirt.

The very first thing to do is to set the linen bosom on the front. Stitch it twice across the lower edge, and cut out the neck by the shirt pattern. Next finish the back. If a yoke shirt is to be made, gather the fullness, and placing it between the front and back of the yoke, sew the seam and turn the yoke, leaving the seam inside. If it be a sack-shirt, face the back for a depth of twelve inches. Next sew up the shoulder seams, always leaving the facing of the back, or the lining of the yoke, to stitch down on the right side. This makes all smooth and well finished. Then take the sleeves, which have already had the wrist-bands sewed on, but are still open from wrist-band to shoulder, sew them into the body of the shirt, leaving half an inch to turn down for a facing. This makes unnecessary the troublesome arm-hole facing and gives the requisite strength and finish. Now comes the long seam, closing both the sleeve and the body, and almost finishing the garment. This seam must be carefully felled. Make the narrowest hem possible round the bottom of the shirt. Stay the ends of seams with tiny gussets or a tape stitched firmly across. The pattern ought to be so perfect that the neck will need no trimming out. A circular band is the best fitting, and this requires a pattern. Remember that upon the set of the neck-band depends the fit of the bosom and the comfort of the wearer, and use a tape measure that it may be neither too large nor too small, but just right. Shirt bosoms should always be lined. They are sometimes purchased with a coarse linen lining, but the ordinary linen bosom sewed over the front, and the cloth beneath allowed to remain instead of cutting away, is quite as good.—Wisconsin State Journal.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN J. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

DR. JOHN BULL, Manufacturer and Vendor of SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.



PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and who want a sure and safe medicine which can be freely used internally or externally, without fear of harm and with certainty of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00 per bottle. Directions accompany each bottle. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.