THE HERALD.

FACETIÆ.

Teacher—Has fire any gender? Pupil Yes, feminine. Teacher—What makes you think so? Pupil—Because I heard mamma tell papa not to hug the fire.

Extract from a letter from Angelian: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry. I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."

Sunday School Teacher (reprovingly) —"Boys do you know what day this is?" Street Boy—"Hi, fellers! here's a cove that don't know what this is! I guess he's been out all night!"

A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. The gas man, come to take the meter," was the reply. "Great heaven!" cried the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar."

New York millionairesses about to start for Europe. They are studying—not Murray and Baedleker—oh, dear, no!—but Burke and Debrett, and taking note of all the unmarried peers. Clara von Deepenbeck: "What a pity they don't publish their photographs as well as their ages and titles!"

Mistress—"As you've never been in service I'm afraid I can't engage you without a 'character.'" Young Person—"I have three school board certificates, ma'am." Mistress—"Oh, well, I suppose for honesty, cleanliness——" Young Person—"No, ma'am; for literatoor, jogg'phy, an' free 'and drawrin'!"

A country girl at a fashionable hotel in New York noticed that all the guests used their forks only in eating their pie. Upon her return home she reported the fact to the old lady, who comforted her by observing; "You shouldn't mind'em, Jemina; its all because they're too tarnal lazy to use their knives.

Tableau Vivant—Bridegroom (to his little sister-in-law at the breakfast)—"Well, Julia (enfant terrible)—"Yes; and ma said the other day to pa, she didn't think he was much account, only it looked like Lottie's last chance!" (Great clatter of knives, forks, and spoons.)

"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with our late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where things are kept." He lets things run on as usual.

Enter Jones, the magnificent, with stranger—"A little surprise for you Mrs. J.! Let me introduce Mr. Wiggins, whom I have persuaded to take his chance, and come and try pot luck with us; and I hope you won't starve him, hay, my love?" Mrs. Jones (curtseying)—"There's no fear of that, Mr. Wiggins. I got my husband's telegram in time."

A fashionable Boston lady was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he asked what in the Halifax was the matter with the coffee. "I don't know," she said, bursting into tears; I've boiled these beans for a full hour, and they are no softer now then they were when I first put them in the pot."

A thin old man with a rag-bag in his hand was picking a number of small pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that the quaint-looking gatherer was asked how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied in a squeaking voice, "but 'spee some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout somewhere."

Young Hopeful, age 6, who is showing a visitor his book containing an alleged representation of a "bird" and a "horse," as indicated in the words underneath the drawings; These are my worst drawings, Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith: "Indeed, Tommy! and where are your other ones?" Young Hopeful: "Oh, I haven't drawed them yet."

Croizette.

Croizette, the celebrated actress of the Comedie Francais and rival of Bernhardt's, has been having affairs pretty much as she wills since the departure of the latter. She has a salary from the government of 25,000 francs per annum. It keeps her in gloves, bottines, and bonbons. She has three very beautiful children, and, though she is mademoiselle, they accompany her everywhere, and are well cared for by their respective fathers. One of them, a boy, is the acknowledged child of the Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, and is the exact image of his grandfather.

In Croizette's more beautiful days she sat as a model for the figure of "Truth," now on exhibition in the Luxumburg, and which represents a perfectly nude woman with a lamp in her hand. It is said that when this picture was completed, the actress went to see it with a number of friends, among them a rich but very stupid young marquis, who, after examing the paintings, inquired: "Mademoiselle, why do you carry a lamp?" To which Croizette naively, and to the horror of the artist, responded: "Mon Dieu, monsieur, je cherche mes habits." (I am looking for my clothes.) Croizette is no longer beautiful. She looks like an exceedingly fat Modjeska, if one can imagine such an anomaly, and scarcely opens her large, dark eyes in talking. She is very popular, and gives elegant receptions weekly at her residence.

A Western Derivation for Blizzard.

The derivation of the word "blizzard" is not generally known. We will elucidate: When one of those superior creatures who inhabit Boston enters his æsthetic home on a cold night he removes his cultured muffler from his refined throat, and remarks, "The atmospheric exuberance is antagonistic to the preservation of caloric in the physiological structure," which, translated, means, "It blows hard." When a degenerated Chicago man returns home at 3. a. m., from a chicken fight, after having observed the fall of the mercury and several other things in liquid form, he explains the state of the atmosphere to the angry partner of his joys as follows: "M'dearsh, bl'sh'ard—bl'zzard," after which he encounters a blizzard from his indignant spouse.

Insomnia.

A little English work, "Sleep, and How to Obtain It," says that insomnia is not so dangerous as is commonly supposed, for the author knows an eminent man of letters who has suffered from it for many years without injury. When a man begins to dream of his work he may know that he is under too great a mental strain. The author's plan of inducing sleep is to reckon up friends and acquaintances whose names begin with a certain letter.

A tenant has been dancing all night over the head of his landlord. At six in the morning the latter comes up-stairs and complains bitterly of the annoyance?" "What annoyance?" asks the tenant. "Why, I haven't slept a wink all night," was the answer. "Neither have I," says the tenant; "and yet I don't make any fuss about it."

NEWS BREVITIES.

The cultivation of rice is attracting attention in Louisiana.

Italian laborers for orange groves have arrived at Jacksonville, Fla.

Austria has a petroleum region one-eighth the size of that of the United States.

The Pullman car company earns on each car about $180 a month net, and has 474 cars.

A very large amount of money is alleged to be due to east Florida claimants for losses of 1812.

The dominion of Canada, in thirteen years, has accumulated a debt of $200,000,000, principally for public works.

On Pierce's hill, Dorchester, near Boston, stands a house built in 1840, and which is still occupied by descendants of its builder.

A corporation is about to establish a zoological garden above Central Park, Chicago, with an observatory three hundred and twenty-five feet high.

The body of an infant was found by the janitor of a school in Bristol, R. I., neatly done up in a package and laid on the shelf.

In Waterville, Me., the prohibitory laws are so strictly enforced that the college professors are unable to procure alcohol for scientific experiments.

The estimated rent of the new building on the corner of Broadway and Wall street, New York, will net to its owners the princely sum of $180,000 a year.

The total value of England's imports for 1880 was £409,990,000, an increase of about £40,000,000 over 1879. Living animals were imported to the value of £1,245,963. The number of eggs imported was 747,412,440, worth £2,241,300.

Capt. M W. Barnes and wife, of Watertown, Conn., recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their marriage. The captain is 93 years old and his wife 87, and both are now in good health.

Bradlaugh is a stalwart who believes in muscle. When the authorities of Scotland yard tendered him detective protection against assassination recently, he thanked them and said he thought he could take care of himself and it would be best to protect the assassins.

The demand for George Eliot's books has been so great since her death that the London publishers have not been able to meet it. One thousand readers inquired for "Adam Bede" in one week at a leading circulating library. A cheap and an expensive complete edition of her works will be issued in the spring.

Large depots are to be put up on Harlem river, to accommodate the railroads to New England, which will come here there with the railroads to New England. Twenty-six acres of marsh for the purpose has been bought for $166,000, and eight and a half acres near by sold for $76,000 to another company.

The largest deed ever put on the records of Naugatuck, Conn., consisted of eighteen pages of closely-printed matter. It was a mortgage to the Mutual Union, of New York city, for $350,000 from the New Union Telegraph company. The charge of the town clerk was $13.

A man who had lived in a Boston boardinghouse for ten years, and had been known only as "George," was found dead in his room recently. Among his effects were found papers which indicated that his name was Eben Leman, and money, bonds, and bank-notes to the value of $15,000.

Four years ago a schoolboy in Monroe county, Indiana, threw a dead rattlesnake around the neck of a little girl, and it has made her permanently insane. During all this time she has recognized no one, but daily sits with her slate in her lap, making out the same figures she had been given as a lesson at school on the fateful day, occasionally crying out: "Take the snake away."

A clergyman's daughter at Napa, Cal., went to a circus. On the following Sunday her father preached on sinful amusements, and used her case as an illustration. In the Sunday school that afternoon he said that she was impenitent, and moved her expulsion; but a vote being taken all the pupils voted to retain her.

Mr. Edison has nearly finished a dynamo-electric machine having three field magnets six and a half feet long, and an armature one and a half tons in weight. The armature is connected directly to a Porter-Allen engine of 100-horse power. Both the engine and the dynamo-electric machine are mounted upon a large iron bed. This new electric generator is intended to do what is usually done by sixteen smaller machines with greater steadfastness and economy.

It is remarkable that the working-classes of Germany have taken little part in the anti-Jewish agitation. At a stormy meeting in Berlin recently, in which the Jews were denounced as people "unfit to mix with other races," a workman had the courage to state that "after seventeen years" hard work in Berlin, although a Christian himself, his experience was that Jewish employers had, as a rule, treated him far better than his co-religionists." He accordingly proposed a resolution in favor of "religious liberty." The result was that the meeting hissed him and turned him out.

Henry Brand and wife, living at No. 32 Raymond street, Brooklyn, N. Y. fled from the house in which their child had died of diphtheria, and the health authorities took the body away and buried it, and could not find the child's parents. Subsequently it was ascertained that Brand had a child who died a few days before of diphtheria. Then the second child contracted the disease and died, and Mrs. Brand was also taken ill. Brand was too poor to bury the child, and he thought it best to get his wife out of the house.

Mr. Spurgeon wrote recently that the most useful members of a church were usually those who would "be doing harm if they were not doing good. They could not be the chips in the porridge—they must flavor it one way or the other." "In my young days," he continued, "I feared I said many odd things and made many blunders, but my audiences were not hypocritical, and no newspaper writers dogged my heels; and so I had a happy training-ground, in which, by constant practice, I attained such a degree of ready speech as I now possess. There is no way of learning to preach which can be compared to preaching itself. If you want to swim you must get into the water."

As the steamship Labrador was on her way from Havre to New York, an immigrant passenger named Jacob Neick Oerthy committed suicide by jumping overboard in mid-ocean. The sailors made every possible effort to rescue the man, but the weather at the time was so rough that they were unsuccessful. Oerthy left in his trunk two letters, one of which was addressed to his sister, and the other to a girl who was his affianced. These notes were couched in rambling, incoherent language, indicating that the writer was of unsound mind. He wanted to die because he had been dissuaded from going to Africa, as he had intended, and induced to embark on a vessel bound for New York.

"Old Lion."—The Man Who Led Three Hundred Kentuckians At Monterey.

There were a crowd of men seated on the steps of the custom-house yesterday, talking about the wars of the country, and about the time they mentioned the battles of Buena Vista and Monterey, an old veteran "who fit in '46," and who had a plum-colored nose and a look about him which plainly told that he could outlie a digging-rod man, got up, and, brushing the dust from the seat of his pants, said:

"Well, it kinder amuses me, then agin it makes me feel sad, when I read the history of the Mexican war, and see the all-fired lies it can history fellows tell. They speak of the old army officers jest as intimate like as i they'd slept together and scratched each other's backs. I'll just be essentially gol durned if I'd have my name stuck in an old history, 'cause my comrads who fit with me knew what I did, but it raises my dander when these here history chaps git to talking about what was done when they weren't thar, and you couldn't have pulled 'em thar with a yoke of Arkansas steers nether. Why, at Monterey—history sports about Monterey. What was Monterey? Merely a little skirmish which didn't amount to a bar-room row. I recollect Monterey. I was thar, and commanded the Kentucky volunteers, 300 of the bravest boys from the Bluegrass district, and they used to call me 'Old Lion.' Why? Not because I was braver than any one else, but because they loved me. Dang it, they used to try and keep me from the front, but I couldn't leave 'em when I knew they were liable to be cleaned out. My place was thar, and thar I stayed. At Monterey Gen. Taylor ordered us in. Well, sir, you jest oughter seed them boys how they lit into the greasers and took two forts and 3,000 prisoners 'fore you could wink your eye. But only 13 lost what was their duty. What's the use of loafing around brag-ing about what you did and trying to sneak your name into history? Dang a man, I say, who will do it. It's true I got shot four times while leading the right wing over the parapet, but you don't see me hanging around asking for a pension. Not much."

The crowd gazed at him silently, and, after reaching down for a fresh chew of tobacco, he continued: "I recollect at Buena Vista I sat on my horse, with my left leg resting on the pummel, as a pistol-wound in it had'nt healed, and Gen. Taylor was standing by my side talking as if no fight were going on. Confound it, his coolness ought to be counted an ice bill. A bullet came whistling along and struck his horse in the shoulder, causing the animal to rear and plunge forward with a sharp snort of pain. Zack.—I always called him Zack.—turned to me—I'll never forget his words—and said: 'Major, those d—n greasers are shooting pretty close, and we had better get down.' At the time I was busily engaged surveying the fight through my field-glass, and Zack.. seeing that I didn't move, said: "Major, you're the most obstinate and reckless old war-horse I ever met,' but I never had time to hear the rest, as I ordered the volunteers to waltz into the fight. When the victory had been gained I rode up to old Zack., and he had one of those pleased smiles on his face—darned if I ever saw a man who could throw more soul into his smiles—and all he said was: 'Major, I guess you had better wear a leg,' and he held out a sword—the very one he wore at Monterey. Fishes what does those history fellows know?" and the old veteran limped down the street with a proud air of disgust, and left the crowd to wonder if they could lie that way when they got old and had the rheumatism in their back.—*New Orleans Times.*

SCIENTIFIC.

Copper has been detected in the soil of a church yard, and in portions of exhumed bodies.

A new scientific instrument is the "viometer," which registers the quantity of rain falling within a certain period, and the duration and hour of the fall.

According to a London journal, the orange specks of the gaslights along the Thames embankment were seen to shine dimly through a recent fog while the brilliant white glare of the electric lamps was indistinguishable.

Mr. W. N. Lockington states that of three hundred and eight species of fishes, mostly marine, occurring on the Pacific coast, all but thirty-seven are found in California. Of the five hundred and forty fresh-water species known in the United States, but thirty-seven are found in California.

The authorities of the postoffice in Glasgow, Scotland, are about to make arrangements for the permanent lighting of the main departments of the building with the Compton electric system. Satisfactory experiments had been made with that system for some time in the sorting room and in the telegraph instrument office.

If aloes are believed to be present in cordials, elixirs, liquors, or beer, Hugo Borntrager gives this rapid method of testing the question: A portion of the liquid is well shaken with twice its volume of benzine, and the behavior of the mixture with ammonia is observed. If no red coloration is apparent, aloes can only be present in very insignificant quantity or not there at all.

With the view of approximately ascertaining how long after death phosphorus can be detected in cases of poisoning, Dr. L. Medicus killed a hen with that substance. Twenty-three days afterward the fowl was dissected. The digestive organs were observed to be quite luminous, and the presence of phosphorus was easily detected.

Opium is harvested in this manner in the Province of Kweichow, China: As soon as the petals fall an incision is made in the poppyhead with a small three-bladed knife again and again, until all the milky juice escapes and is secured in a bamboo tube. When the juice is dried in the sun and turns black it is considered fit for market.

According to the experiments of M. Grehant, air containing 1-300 of its volume of carbon dioxide proved fatal to a dog which inhaled it for fifty minutes. With another dog of the same size the fatal dose was 1-250. A rabbit resisted various proportions of mixtures of air and carbon dioxide until the latter rose to 1-60 of the volume of air; while a sparrow died with 1-500

A new method of producing light from electricity has been patented in England. Small balls of platinum or irridium are arranged at the ends of small platinum rods enclosed in pairs in the center of a suitable globe, and a rapid succession of sparks is passed between them, whereby they are raised to incandescent heat. A disadvantage is the noise attendant on the rapid sparks.

An easy method for showing whether butter is adulterated with beef fat has been submitted by Hager. He saturates a cotton wick with a suspected sample, which is first melted. He then lights the wick and permits it to burn for about two minutes. At the end of that time, when the wick is extinguished, an odor like that given by a tallow candle when its flame is blown out is readily perceived if the butter is artificial.

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