THE JOURNAL.

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THE EDUCATED MISS.

She's a dainty little maiden
With artistic graces laden,
Quite aware of her attractions and rejoicing
In her teens;
She parades with ostentation
All her Vassar education,
With a reminiscent flavoring of culture and
of beans.

With suggestions by the legion
She can scale the airy region
Where the transcendental fantasies in gay
disorder float;
With a languor rare and queenly
She can voyage most serenely
Through the hazy sublimation of the misty
and remote.

She can read the rocky pages
Of the geologic ages
When the mighty megatherium was sleeping
in his lair;
With features bright and smiling
She is often most beguiling
With medieval narratives of knight and
"ladye faire."

She is often entertaining,
When most learnedly explaining
How the philosophic systems in a measure
disagree.
She is posted in quadratics
And the higher mathematics,
And can ask for the butter in the language
of "*Parce*."

She's an educated daisy,
And could run a fellow crazy
With a stock of information too enormous to
rehearse;
She brought away from college
Such immeasurable knowledge
Of the correlated members of the whizzing
universe.

Still, I hope this gentle maiden,
With such erudition laden
And so eminently fitted with philosophers to
cope,
Yet may manage to discover
Something worthy in a lover
All intent upon the making of a merchant-
able soap.

—*Life.*

A BIG STAKE.

A Father's Plot to Secure a Wealthy Son-in-Law.

A Mysterious Disappearance—A Family Afflicted With Bigamy—Some Very Clever Detective Work Which Restored a Missing Son.

The writer finds in his note-book the subjoined story as related to him by the detective, from whose diary many narratives already published in these columns have been taken:

"Rev. Dr. Gleig was the son of a man of good family, but poor. Dr. Gleig went into the church and had to content himself with a small living. He married an amiable but portionless girl, and the result of the marriage was one son.

"About a year before the beginning of this narrative Dr. Gleig had been smitten with paralysis, two strokes in succession depriving him of the use of his limbs, and leaving him an almost helpless imbecile. The physicians were at first in hopes of his restoration, provided he could be tided over a year or two without another attack, but at the expiration of nine months an unfavorable change occurred, and it was evident he might be taken off suddenly at any time.

"When Dr. Gleig married he was about the tenth removed from the heirship to a large estate. One by one the nearer heirs died off. The sickness of Dr. Gleig had diverted his family's thoughts from all other subjects, and they were, therefore, somewhat astonished when they were notified that there was but one person between him and a vast property, and that one an old man of seventy-nine.

A DISAPPEARANCE.

"George, the doctor's son, was at Oxford, where he had only recently matriculated, being in his nineteenth year. On February 25, 1863, he disappeared, leaving behind him no clew. His mother used every means to discover the whereabouts of the boy, without, however, giving the matter publicity. Three weeks later Dr. Gleig came into possession of the estate worth twenty thousand pounds sterling a year, with a fine mansion in Yorkshire and another in Leicestershire. From that time his wife spent large sums of money to find out her missing son. In June she employed me, through a London attorney, to undertake the task, and I at once went to work.

"The first thing I did was to go to Oxford and make inquiries among his associates there. They knew positively nothing, and referred me to the servant who had waited upon the young man. I found him living in a comfortable dwelling, and answering to the name of Binker. He had a shy way with him and did not seem to enjoy my questioning him.

A SPECIAL MAN.

"'To tell you the truth, sir,' he said, 'I was very sick at the time Mr. Gleig disappeared, and had been for over a month, so that I was relieved from duty and another man was put in my place. That is to say, another man did his own work and part of mine, too, but as Mr. Gleig was very particular, I employed a special man to attend to him.'

"'Who was he?' I asked, thinking it very strange at the outset that George Gleig, whose father had had to scrape and hoard to send him to the University and who was described by all as a youth of such modest and careful ways, should have gone to the expense of another servant—for of course he would have to pay him.

"'His name,' said Binker, 'I forget. He was recommended by a particular friend of mine, and that was all I knew of him.'

"'Who was the friend who recommended him?' I inquired; 'perhaps he might know more about the man.'

"'Ah,' said Binker, 'my friend went to London, where he got a situation about the docks.'

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"'What sort of a looking man was this person who waited on Mr. Gleig?' I asked.

"'He was short and thin, I believe,' replied Binker, 'and about twenty or thirty years of age, with red hair and a clean-shaven face, and spoke like a foreigner.'

"I went back to the college and saw one of George's most intimate associates. The description he gave of Binker's substitute was the very reverse of that furnished by Binker. The man, said the student, was over fifty, tall and stout, with black hair and a full black beard, and spoke excellent English.

"I went to Binker's once more and asked him when he resumed his duties after his sickness. Singularly enough, it was the very day after George Gleig had disappeared—February 26.

"'Did you see your substitute after your return?'

"'No, I did not,' was the answer.

"'And you have never seen him since, or heard of him?' I asked.

"'I have not,' he answered.

"Further inquiry showed that George Gleig and Binker's substitute disappeared from public gaze at the same time. After some trouble I found the place where the substitute had lodged, and discovered that he passed under the name of Brown. A crown piece put me on pleasant terms with the old lady who kept the house. She said that all the time Brown staid there with his daughter, Binker was a frequent visitor, sometimes staying late into the night. She allowed me to see the room occupied by Brown, and you may depend upon it I rummaged for some fragment that might help me to a clew. But I didn't find any. On leaving the house, however, I found the old lady with a letter in her hand.

"'This,' said she, 'came for Mr. Brown the very day after he left.'

"I examined the envelope. It was in a lady's hand, and bore the Shrewsbury postmark. I should have liked to see the inside, but that couldn't be, and so I gave it back to the old lady, after a very careful scrutiny. I went to my hotel and set to work to reproduce that envelope and all it contained. With a little ingenuity I made an envelope that would pass muster. Then I manufactured an inside, and the letter I returned to her was the counterfeit. When I reached my hotel I slit the envelope and drew forth the paper it contained. It was a blank! I scrutinized it closely, and finally held it up to the light. The riddle was solved. These words were distinctly visible:

"'We are very anxious about you. Why don't you write? JANE.'

"This told me nothing, but the envelope showed me that the letter came from Shrewsbury. Thither I went—of course, I was not such a fool as to believe that Mr. Brown at Oxford would be Mr. Brown at Shrewsbury, but I was in hopes that something might turn up at the latter place to throw light upon the mystery I was attempting to solve. The day after my arrival I saw a gentleman enter a bank whom I determined to examine a little more closely. On his returning to the street I scrutinized him, and thought he answered Brown's description.

"I ascertained that his name was Bignall, and that he resided in the suburbs. I found further that he was formerly a strolling dentist, going from one town to another practicing his profession, and that while at Shrewsbury he had had for a patient a widow, who resided with her son and two daughters in the outskirts of the town, where her husband had left her an annuity of six hundred pounds sterling a year. He had married the widow and resided there ever since. I laid a little plot. I wrote a note to Mr. Bignall and signed it Binker, telling him that business of the utmost importance to him had brought me to Shrewsbury, and that he must meet Binker at the Red Cross Inn at seven o'clock that evening. True to the minute, Mr. Bignall appeared, and seemed greatly perturbed when no Binker was forthcoming. After making many inquiries, and waiting for over two hours, he went away.

"Naturally after he was gone, the townspeople in the bar began to talk about Mr. Bignall.

"'It was a lucky thing for him when he married the Widow Gleig,' some one said.

"I started and unwittingly exclaimed, 'The Widow *Gleig!*' Then it was explained, and I soon learned that Mrs. Bignall was the widow of the younger brother of Rev. Dr. Gleig. Here was a most unexpected discovery, and, be sure, I made the most of it. On Dr. Gleig's death, which might occur at any moment, his son George would fall heir to the property, and if George was removed the next heir would be the son of Mr. Bignall's wife!

"I felt now that I was on the right track. I went to Leicestershire, whither I heard Dr. Gleig and his wife had removed, and saw Mrs. Gleig. Had she a photograph of George? Unfortunately she had not. Could she describe him accurately? She thought she could, but sadly blundered over it. Was he like her or Dr. Gleig? Like her? Yes, she had a photograph of herself taken just before her marriage, to which George bore a striking resemblance. I got the likeness, went to Leicester and had a dozen copies made. I took with me to Dr. Gleig's residence, near Sileby, the best portrait painter I could find in Leicester. He cut out the face of the photograph and pasted it on card-board. Then he drew and painted the bust of a young man to match the head, using a coat of George's to go by. Next, following Mrs. Gleig's description, he added the hair as George was accustomed to wear his, and painted it a light brown. A touch here and there, and Mrs. Gleig declared that it was the image of her son. Domestics recognized it instantly, and, when shown to Dr. Gleig, his dim eye brightened, and he made a painful effort to clutch it. There was no doubt in my mind that I had got a good likeness of the missing youth.

"Half a dozen likenesses were prepared in the same way, and I departed. I went straight to Shrewsbury, to find that Mr. Bignall had left by train that very morning for London. He was three hours ahead of me. I rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message to my assistant:

"'Look out for a man; six feet; stout; black hair; full, black beard; well dressed, with a prominent nose. Follow and watch. He will reach London and N. W. Depot by train due at 3:48. I will be on by 6:08. Send word, so that I may find you.'

"I had an hour or so to spare, and so I went to Mr. Bignall's residence and asked to see him. He was not at home. Mrs. Bignall wanted to know my business, and I said it was private. She grew fidgety and put many questions, but all to no purpose. Then she said she didn't expect Mr. Bignall home for a week. I bade her good-day, and went to the depot. The train was on time, and I reached the London depot at the hour specified. Here a messenger awaited me with a note. Mr. Bignall had gone to No. — Chapel street, Islington, and my assistant was on the watch. At that number I ascertained lived a Mr. Brown and his wife and daughter. The daughter had recently got married and gone away, said the grocer. Had he seen the bridegroom? O, yes; he was a very young, good-looking fellow. Anything like this portrait? That was the man without a question. What like a man was Mr. Brown? Tall, stout, dark hair and beard, and so forth. Was he much away from home? A great deal, and he had just returned that afternoon, after a long absence.

THE LITTLE PLOT.

"Then Mr. Bignall was Mr. Brown in reality, and had two wives, and he had married the heir to a handsome estate to his daughter! That was the little plot.

"I called on Mr. Brown and saw Mr. Bignall. His son-in-law, I said, requested me, as I was coming to town, to hand Mrs. Brown that likeness of him. Mrs. Brown was delighted. Mr. Brown smiled all over, and offered me gin. I was going back that evening—had they anything to send? Yes, certainly, if I would be so kind. A parcel was put up and handed to me.

"'Suppose, now,' I said, 'I was to forget this on the train. It has no address, and would be thrown aside or appropriated.'

"'That is so,' said Mr. Brown, and he wrote an address upon it in a bold hand:

"'MRS. GLEIG,
"'No. 23 St. George's Terrace,
"'Gravesend.'

"I bade them good-by, and was on my way to Gravesend in two minutes. I caught the 7:30 train at London Bridge, and at 8:15 was standing at the door of No. 23 St. George's Terrace.

FOUND.

"The next minute I was in the presence of George Gleig. Fortunately his wife was not present.

"'Mr. Gleig,' I said, feeling justified in lying, 'your father is dead, and your presence at home is required immediately.'

"The young fellow burst into tears and upbraided himself bitterly for not being at his father's bedside in the last moments. I urged him to control himself and come away with me at once.

"'But my wife,' he said; 'I must take my wife with me.'

"'You must not,' I said; 'I know you are married, but your mother does not, and in her present condition it would be unkind to inflict upon her more pain than you have already done by your unexplained disappearance.'

"'I can not leave her here to starve,' he said.

"'I have made ample provision for that,' I said; 'you can leave with her a couple of hundred pounds which I will give to you.'

"'But she is out and won't return before midnight,' he said, almost peevishly.

"'Write a note and inclose the money. He is the paper. Now sit down and I'll tell you what to say.'

"He sat down and wrote from my dictation. The notes were inclosed and the letter sealed and delivered to the landlady. Then we started for the depot, and reached London in time to catch the express train north. We stayed in Leicester till the morning and then went over to Sileby.

"I can't describe the meeting between mother and son. He was somewhat surprised to find that his father was still alive, and still more gratified to see that his father recognized him.

THE SEQUEL.

"Well! Can't you guess the rest? Bignall or Brown was a bigamist, to begin with. After he married Mrs. Gleig, he learned all about the estate to which Dr. Gleig, her brother-in-law, was heir, and his condition toward the last. When he was gone George would inherit, and suppose before then he married Miss Brown? Brown went to Oxford, put up the job with Binker, and once with George Gleig under his eye, he soon managed the rest. He brought his daughter, who was a dashing blonde, to Oxford and took care that George should see her. The girl had learned her lesson and knew what a big fish she might hook. She led the youth on until at last he yielded and made him her abject slave. Then in came the outraged father, weeping and forgiving, and was about to tear away his daughter and send her to an institution. She wept and clung to George, and George swore he would never leave her, and then it was proposed he should marry her. They took the midnight train for London, disguised, and next day the father took care to see his daughter safely married. That done, he dispatched the new couple to his sister's at Gravesend to await developments.

"What became of George's wife? Well, it so happened that she had another husband with a prior claim to George's. In hunting up testimony against Bignall for bigamy, I found it ran in the family. We let the girl go, but the father was convicted at the Old Bailey and went into retirement for seven years."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE FAIR OF IZAMAL.

Ceremonies Attendant Upon the Occasion—Yucatan Bull-Fights.

On the 8th of December the festival of Our Lady of Izamal is celebrated with great pomp. A large fair is also held in the city during those days in her honor. Even merchants from neighboring States flock there, if not to kneel at the shrine of the Virgin, to worship at the altar of Mercury. Devotees on those occasions crowd the private apartment of the doll, which is also carried in solemn procession, decked in gorgeous array, and followed by a long train of worshippers.

After church service is over, all leave in a hurry and rush to the bull-fight. Many of the Indians, who know absolutely nothing about *tauromachy*, enter the ring to fight the bull, exposing themselves to be injured for life, or die a painful death. In this we see an ancient custom yet prevalent. The ancients sacrificed their lives to deities for any benefit received. To-day an Indian begs a favor of his patron saint, and as a proof of his deep gratitude promises to fight a bull, keep drunk a certain number of days, or do some other rash thing.

Bull-fighting in Yucatan is not like bull-fighting in Spain. The ring is a double palisade sustaining sheds covered with palm leaves, that are divided into boxes. Every one provides his own seat. The best and the worst, big and small, all attend the bull-fight. Those who, on foot, merely play with the bull, only have a henequen sack to serve as shield. Others, also on foot, are provided with poles about three feet long, having a sharp iron head, like that of an arrow, called *rejon*. When the people are tired of seeing the bull played with, they call for the *rejoneros*. Those with the spears described then come forward. Their business is to strike the bull in the nape and kill it, but it is seldom done at once. The beast is chased by two or three men, blow after blow is dealt, the blood gushing afresh each time. The first pain makes the animal furious, but the loss of blood soon weakens it, and it becomes almost harmless. Then the horsemen are called to lasso it and drag it away. While another bull is being fetched rockets are fired, the people applaud, the band plays, a clown meanwhile doing his best to amuse the spectators. If a bull is disinclined to fight, they gird his body with ropes in every possible way, fastening fire-crackers about his head and tail. Aggravated and tortured, the poor beast jumps about, and the crackers explode to the great delight of all present, big and small. This renders it furious for a few minutes; but if it again refuses to fight it is taken away as a coward not worth killing.—*Alice D. le Plongeon, in Harper's Magazine.*

BENGAL.

How Christmas is Celebrated in That Antipodal Country.

At sunrise the ever-grateful cup of tea is conveyed to each before rising through the medium of the ayah or bearer, and by and by the guests drop into the veranda to enjoy the only fresh air of the day, and partake of the *chota hazri* (little breakfast) which is already waiting. Coffee and tea, with toast, eggs and fowl, are the usual items of this meal, and while engaged with it you get a view from between the veranda pillars of a dead level country, with patches of jungle here and there amid wide tracts of cultivated land, while in the foreground stretches a velvety compound interspersed with ornamental banyan and india rubber trees, clumps of bamboos, shrubs and flowers. Winding along the avenue presently appear four great elephants, which soon draw up in front of the bungalow, and ayahs, bearers and children, suddenly entering on the scene, turn everything into commotion. Servants hurry to and fro with guns, ammunition and sporting gear, which the sportsmen see safely deposited in the howdahs; and, lastly, they themselves mount by a swing on the elephant's trunk, or by the rope-ladder that hangs from the side of the howdah, and the mahout gets the order to march. The ladies and children are to join them at breakfast a few hours later at the camp pitched on the hunting-ground. Meanwhile, to pass the time, some of the ladies saunter down to the garden under an archway of acacia and other tropical trees that line the avenue; while through the leafy canopy glances the genial sun of the cold season with pleasant warmth, illuminating beautiful flowering creepers, parasites and trailers that have entwined themselves among the foliage. —*All the Year Round.*

RUNNING AWAY.

A Short Story Showing That There Are Worse Places for a Boy Than His Home.

This is not exactly the season of the year for boys to run away from home, but it is getting so boys run away more or less at all seasons of the year, and since there is so much said in the papers about the warm climate in the South, where people can eat oranges and loll in the shade in January, and the New Orleans Exposition is holding out glittering inducements to visitors to go South, where they will be able to wear linen dusters in the winter, there are many boys who are becoming restless at home, and a good many will run away this winter, no doubt. A boy who reads papers, and thinks he is posted about things away from home, gets tired of doing chores with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, and he yearns for a warm climate. He goes to bed at night with his fingers and toes cold, from working in the barn among cattle and horses, and as he undresses in a cold room in the garret, and jumps into a cold bed, and feels the wind and snow coming in the cracks, sees the frost on the glass, and hears the wind whistle, he dreams of a land that is fairer than this, and some day he takes a change of clothes, and with money enough to buy a ticket a thousand miles or so South, he leaves the old home and goes out into the world to get warm. Nine times in ten it is made so warm for him that he would give all he possesses to be home, cold as that home is. There are probably a thousand boys under twenty years of age from the North in New Orleans to-day, without a cent of money, living on what they can pick up. A gentleman just returned from there, says he lent all the money he could spare to young fellows from Milwaukee, who had gone down there expecting to get some good paying job, but couldn't find anything to do. They have found the warm climate, but even in a warm climate a person wants some kind of victuals to bank himself up inside, and he has got to have a place to sleep in doors, as there is a cold rain falling almost constantly at this season of the year, which chills one to the marrow of his bones. Running away from home is fun as long as the money lasts that a boy takes with him. As long as he has money he can get enough to eat and a place to sleep, but when the money is gone he becomes a tramp. "What is the reason that he can't work?" some boys will ask. Because there is no work to do. In almost every community there are residents enough to do all the work there is to be done, and if a man wants to hire a boy he hires one he knows, who lives near him, in preference to a stranger, whom he half suspects is a thief. It is hard enough for a boy or a man to get work where he is known, when there is little work to be done, and a hundred times harder to get work when one is tramping. A man wants to know something about the person he hires, and if a boy applies for work and is asked where he is from and how he came to leave, he does not want to say he ran away from home, for that is a give away on him, and if he lies about it the man don't want to hire a liar. There are probably more boys running away to follow theaters and shows than anything else. The idea of traveling from place to place with a theatrical company seems heaven to a great many boys, and they would take a position in a menial capacity in order to be on the road. Boys who think that home is not the best place on earth, and who may be thinking of leaving, are requested to read the following letter which a Philadelphia father recently got from his son:

WASHINGTON ASYLUM, D. C., Sunday December 7, 1884.

DEAR FATHER, MOTHER AND SISTER: I hope you are all well, as this letter leaves me at present. Dear father, I left Philadelphia Saturday, November 29, for Baltimore, to work for a theater company. When I got there the company wasn't there. They said that the company went to Washington. The first night I got there I could not meet it there, but I got a place at another theater. But I did not have any money, so I had to sleep on one of the railroad cars. There were three of us who left Philadelphia. As I told you before, we slept on the railroad car, and two policemen arrested us. The three of us are in the work-house. We are working very hard. We go to bed whenever we like after dark. But we have to get up at half-past four in the morning. We get a piece of dry bread and bitter coffee for breakfast; at dinner we get dry bread and a drop of soup; at night we get the same as in the morning. We have to go out in the morning as soon as it gets light. We go back to prison as soon as it gets dark. We have to go out on the railroad to shove and pick. You can just bet we want to get home, and I swear to you that if you send me $5—for they say they can get me out for $5—send it if you have got to pawn everything you have got. My God, I can't stand it. They charge me with vagrancy. They say the authorities will transport me to Philadelphia if I get out. My God, this has given me a lesson to stay at home. I will work as hard as I can. Send the money as quick as you can. Do not forget to address the letter to Washington Asylum. I got ninety days, and I can't stand it to stay another two days. I am sore all over. My hands are blistered. My God, this place gives me a lesson. Good-bye. Send me a letter as soon as you can. Yours, in *agony*.

JACOB SCHMIDT.

—*Peck's Sun.*

JAPAN CHILD NAMING.

The Singular Custom in the Far East of Giving Names Ordinarily Given to Infants of the Opposite Sex.

Old-fashioned people in many districts of Japan, to whose families death has made frequent visits, still resort, in their anxiety to prolong the lives of their children, to the custom of bestowing upon their offspring names ordinarily given to infants of the opposite sex. Probably the superstition is more widely prevalent than foreigners would suppose, but it is only when some incident or story in connection with its observance is reported in the vernacular papers that the majority become aware of the existence of the old custom. A Tokio paper tells a story in point. Some time ago, a man named Kano, living at Kameicho, Nihonbashi, Tokio, received an intimation from the authorities that his eldest son, Bunnosuke—a name always applied to males—having attained military age, steps should at once be taken with a view to the young man undergoing medical examination prior to actual enlistment. Kano lost no time in going to the ward office and explaining to the officials that Bunnosuke was his daughter, though registered as a male since 1872, in which year the census system was altered. The authorities, however, in whose minds frequent and more or less ingenious schemes to evade conscription had given rise to a condition of pure scepticism on this point, did not scruple to order an examination to be conducted at Kano's house. The result, of course, proved the statement made by the father, who, on being questioned, said that, having lost two daughters, both about one year old, he had been driven to this expedient to keep the third alive. It may be presumed that its success, as evidenced in his daughter's attainment of "military age," will tend, at any rate among his neighbors, to the revival of a custom which, whatever its inconveniences, is not without suggestive interest. Greater men than Kano have laid schemes, far deeper than his simple artifice, to circumvent the grim visitor, and for the most part they have failed.—*Japan Mail.*

—Paper from the yucca, a hairy plant found in Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California, is becoming popular in Great Britain. It is readily bleached, and has a fiber almost as strong as hemp. It can be manufactured at about the same cost as paper made from mixed cotton and linen rags.

FINGER RINGS, ETC.

Secrets of a Talkative Jeweler—How to Test Precious Stones.

"How are finger-rings made?" asked a reporter of a jeweler. "The process is simple," was the reply. "Steel dies and a heavy press to form the plate into the proper shape, solder to unite the joints and pieces, and a few tools to burnish and embellish the goods is about all that is required in the workshop.

"Finger-rings are the stand-by of the plated goods trade. There are two kinds which approach in value solid gold, being the Seale ring, which has a flat top, either plain or ornamented, and a ring with a genuine stone setting. These are known to the trade as the hard solder-filled rings. The outside of a ring, where there is the greatest wear, is the thickest plate, and is first stamped into shape. This is filled with silver solder, which is melted with a blow-pipe. The ring is then placed on an 'arbor,' which makes it perfectly round and of the size desired. A reamer is then run through it, which smoothes the inner edge and adapts it for the inner lining, which is usually made of thin plate. The fancy work is put no the fine rings by hand and on the cheap ones by stamps or rollers. Machine ornamentation is so well perfected now that experts are often deceived by it. The stones used are as good as any put in solid rings, except diamonds, and are principally pearls, garnets, amethists, agates, emeralds, rubies, opals and bloodstones. People are humbugged by the blood and gold-stone. No such stones are found in nature, and these are simply chemical combinations. These rings are about one-third gold, and are worth from three dollars to forty-eight dollars per dozen. The greatest demand is for those between six dollars and thirty dollars per dozen. The cheap rolled plate rings are made in the same way as the more expensive, but are filled with lead and set with imitation stones made of glass, and are worth from one dollar to eighteen dollars per dozen.

"Do you know how to test an amethyst? No? Well, here is an imitation and a genuine amethyst. Just put them on your tongue alternately, and you will find that the spurious feels warm and the genuine icy to the touch. Strange, isn't it? The stone which has had the greatest run of late is the tiger-eye, which has a peculiar, dull fire. What is it? Well, I don't want to destroy public confidence, but it is only a piece of petrified wood, turned, smoothed and polished. New styles? Yes, our drummers claim to have them every spring and fall, but there is as much difference between them as there is between two leaves on the same tree. There are only fifteen factories in this country that make a specialty of rings, and these turn out about one million six hundred thousand a year.

"The trade in plated bracelets is enormous. One factory that I buy from makes six hundred pairs a day, and there are three hundred shops that make a specialty of these goods. Plate from ten to fourteen carats fine is used in their manufacture, stamped into the proper shape, the ornamentation being rolled or put on by hand. They are worth from seventy-eight cents to eighteen dollars per dozen. The city trade calls for novelties all the time, while the country folks look with favor upon the plain, old-fashioned styles, the greatest demand being for a pattern that has been in the market for twenty-two years. The narrowest bracelet is one-eighth of an inch, the widest one and a half inches. They are made into five sizes, adapted to all arms, in about three hundred and fifty patterns. In full sets of jewelry, including a lace pin and ear-rings, a choice may be had from two thousand patterns, which will deplete your capital from ten dollars to seventy-two dollars per dozen. Your fancy may select from about four hundred styles of watch-chains, which cost from twenty dollars to one hundred dollars per dozen.

"Watch-cases? Well, here is a sample case which represents about two hundred and fifty designs that will put to blush the best solid cases made, and costs only about one-quarter as much. They are all filled with a peculiar composition, which stiffens and makes them firm. The outside is made of plate, about one-third, and the inside about one-tenth as thick as the composition, the difference being made because the wear is greater on the outside. The joints, thumb-pieces and trimmings are solid gold and are interchangeable. They are made of four-carat plate, and are heavier and thicker than a gold case of the same size."—*Baltimore Herald.*

A NOTABLE RESTAURANT.

One of the Curious Low Eating Houses of Paris.

Some forty years ago Paris could boast of some very curious low eating-houses, or *gargotes*, and cheap ones to boot. There was an establishment in the Rue de la Mortellerie—appropriate, lugubrious name—that perhaps had no equal anywhere. It consisted of a long, corridor-like hall, on the ground floor; it was neither paved nor flagged; you believed yourself in the street, only the ceiling assured you there was something between you and the sky. The table was fixed to the ground by solid posts of wood in masonry; the leaf of the table was a long block of wood, pierced at intervals, like a school desk for ink-bottles, in which a hole had been excavated, and then lined with tin; opposite each of these holes was a kind of rustic stool, serving for an arm-chair. The walls were hung with pictures of reigning sovereigns, and battle-pieces. Body and mind were thus provided with nutriment; it was a restaurant-school. The school, however, cost nothing, the feast of reason was uncharged for, but the meal meant nine sous. When any of the ancestors of the Rothschild family dined there, they gave the waitress one sou—a gratuity was not obligatory. The client, on taking his seat, had his soup "laid on" by means of a syringe arrangement connecting the soup-coppers with the sunken, tin-lined cavity in the table; as he commenced to eat he was expected to pay. It was no use saying you had forgotten your purse, or would return the next day; no pay, no *pater noster;* the syringe was again brought into requisition, and syphoned the soup back into the boilers with the rapidity of a disappearing meal in a pantomime. But if the customer was able to meet his bill like an honorable man, after the soup was supplied he was given a junk of bread, which had been fresh the day before. Dipping this bread in the soup, and the latter disposed of, the waitress next threw into the hole a morsel of beef, not bad if your teeth were not affected with the palsy, and then followed an iron fork, which she wiped by drawing through her closed finger and thumb, or her shut hand—and all was said.—*The Paris Caterer.*

—The paper made from sawdust has now been improved, until it is of excellent quality, good color, not hard so as to wear the types as at first, and greatly cheaper in price. Nothing but chips and sawdust are used in making it. It promises a revolution in the print-paper trade.—*Chicago Times.*

—People who are forced to live in cities which burn soft coal will be pleased to hear that an Englishman declares that soot is useful in absorbing the germs of disease and in preventing the spread of epidemics by its diffusion of carbon and sulphur.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—There are six hundred Masonic lodges in Texas, and sixteen thousand Masons.

—At West Point, Ga., a fruit-grower has sold since 1881 seventy-six thousand dollars worth of peaches off of not more than fifty acres of trees.

—A St. Louis man has discovered that cod fish skin, "when properly tanned, makes elegant leather. It is of a pearl-gray color, and very tough.

—A Bloomsburg (N. J.) woman, who was born dumb, began to laugh just before her death, and laughed continuously until she breathed her last.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—There are but four national banks in Mississippi. There is said to be a movement on foot among Nashville capitalists to establish one at Natchez, where there has never been a National bank.—*Chicago Times.*

—Between the clapboards of his house A. Billings, of Le Roy, Minn., found one hundred and fifteen pounds of honey. One piece of comb was five feet nine inches long and twenty-three inches wide.—*St. Paul Press.*

—A few weeks ago a man who was walking from Peekskill to Sing Sing became tired, and coolly turned the signal light near him and stopped a freight train. He got aboard the train, but was arrested, and has been sentenced to one year in State prison.—*Troy Times.*

—The use of the magnet for the cure of disease was known to the ancients. It was known to Aetius, who lived as early as the year 500. He says: "We are assured that those who are troubled with the gout in their hands or feet, or with convulsions, find relief when they hold a magnet."

—Norman Lovell, chief of the largest and wealthiest band of gypsies in this country, died recently near Elizabeth, N. J. His wife, the queen, died in May last, at the age of one hundred years. Their eldest son will rule until next spring, when there is to be a great gypsy council and a consolidation of several bands under one head.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A well-dressed man was seen to stare at a woman impudently, hail a street-car imperiously, pay his fare condescendingly, seat himself fashionably, and expectorate furiously. "Who is that distinguished gentleman?" whispered an awe-struck stranger to the conductor. And the conductor replied: "He is the janitor of a West-Side flat." - *Cincinnati Travelers' Magazine.*

—A Stamford dog which had been used to drink at a certain trough found it empty the other day, but a hose lying close by. After evident consideration, he picked up the hose in his mouth, put the end in the trough, and waited for the water to run. It is pleasant to know, that having got so far, there was a witness who turned the stop-cock, so that the dog's hopes were realized.—*Hartford Courant.*

—"There's no use talking, I'm going to get married," said a bachelor to a married acquaintance the other day while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I have worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then, just as I succeeded, I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded, and now, after sewing on this button fast and strong, I find I've got it on the wrong side, and I have my work all to do over again."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A traveling combination at a hotel in one of the small Ohio towns left word at the office before retiring for a general call at half past seven o'clock, to enable the members to make the next train for Cincinnati. The night clerk was a son of ould Ireland, and at half past five in the morning he rapped at the doors, awakening all of the company, saying: "It is half-past five. I'm going off watch. You have an hour and a half to sleep yet."—*Cleveland Herald.*

—Europe and British India consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfumes yearly. The English revenue from eau de cologne is $40,000 annually, and the total revenue of other perfumes is estimated at $200,000 annually. There is one perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly 100,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 20,000 of tuberose blossoms and an immense quantity of other material.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—The use of arsenic is alarmingly on the increase. The researches of Dr. Draper and Professors Wood and Austen show that it is extensively employed in wall papers, textile fabrics, writing and printing paper, candles, toys, confectionery, playing cards, theater tickets, rubber balloons and balls, sweat bands of hats, paper collars and bed hangings, and in amounts sufficient to cause sickness and even death. Professor Austen recommends a law prohibiting its use in all materials consumed or employed in the household.—*Chicago Times.*

—A stranger walked up to the clerk's desk at the Mansion House one day recently and arranged for a commodious room. He registered his name, "W. H. Durand and ——, Toronto," and laid down the pen. The clerk looked at the entry a moment and said politely: "Will you not register your lady also?" The man hesitated and then said: "I'll register in an hour." "All right, sir," said the clerk. The guest and his lady left the hotel. An hour later they came back, he went up to the registry and added one word—"wife." They had been married in the interval.—*Boston Courier.*

A "SMART" SALESMAN.

Specimens of What Some Persons Consider Sharp Dealing.

"One night a sailor came into the store and wanted to buy a blanket. Of course he wanted a cheaper one than any we had in stock and I was afraid my man—he hadn't been here long—would let him go. Not a bit of it. He marched him off to a lot of big horse blankets and pointed out their size and dilated on their merits. The sailor seemed pleased at their size and quality, but asked what them holes were for. 'Oh,' said my man, 'that's a new thing and very popular. You just get into your berth and pass this belt (meaning the surcingle) through those holes and fasten it 'round you, and it can't slip off. We sell lots of them, but if you don't like it we can cut it off.' The sailor did like it and paid his money and left the store happy.

"Another time we had a pair of fur-lined boots or shoes we could not get rid of. When, one day, a young man from the country came in and wanted something of the sort, my clerk brought out this identical pair. The customer was delighted, and tried 'em on, but they were so small they hurt him badly. My salesman saw the difficulty immediately, and was as ready as ever. 'Look here, stranger,' he said, 'what are you trying to do? You've got your stockings on have'nt you?' The man admitted that he had. 'Why, these are made on purpose to save stockings,' said my new acquisition. 'We sell lots of them.' The gentleman from the rural district took off his stockings and his foot slipped in beautifully. He was tickled and took the shoes, paid for them, and went out well pleased."

Some day the smart salesman may prove too smart for his employer.—*Lewiston Journal.*

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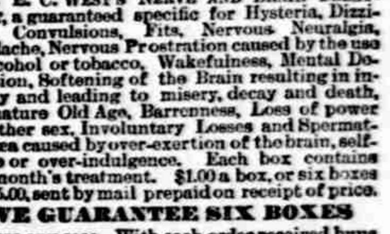

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