LEVYING TRIBUTE.

How Gift-Making Has Degenerated Into a Genteel System of Blackmail.

Almost from the first era of which history gives any record the beautiful custom of gift-making has been in vogue. Even the ancients, whose customs are explained in the Bible, observed the custom, carrying pieces of gold and silver, cloths, pots of honey and wine and spices to contemporaneous people when making visits of friendship or when going on missions of peace or errands connected with governmental affairs. Kings gave to Kings, Princes to Princes, peasants to peasants, and members of the same family living at a distance always carried some token of esteem when paying visits to each other. From time immemorial it has been the custom for lovers to exchange presents upon any and all occasions, whether or not an excuse could be found for it outside of their desire to mutually please; the people have lavished costly gifts upon rulers without compulsion and with; friend has given to friend, and employes to employers. This system of expressing love and esteem has always been a popular one, and if it had been preserved, as it should have been, without the taint of "paying tribute," would be to-day as beautiful and ennobling as it was in the days when the widow gave her mite, without coercion and without expectation of benefits therefrom in the hereafter.

Time, it is said, changes all things. It certainly has changed the custom under discussion. Like many others, it has degenerated until it has now become almost as hateful as it once was beautiful. The why and wherefore must be answered by those whose conscience readily announced their guilt; the innocent must look to the knowing ones for information. How this deplorable state of affairs has been brought about can be explained by almost any one.

In olden times people who made gifts did so of their own accord. This at least was the case up to the time of the Cæsars. When the Roman ruler Claudius came into power he became disgusted by the manner in which his predecessors had imposed on the people by levying tributes, and issued a decree limiting the practice. This edict referred to the gifts made on New Year's Day and other fete days, but it was sufficient to break up, to a large extent, the pernicious habit into which those in power had fallen.

In modern times every conceivable occasion is grasped by some for gift-making. Holidays, birthdays, wedding anniversaries, promotions, election to office, departures and almost everything else must be celebrated in this way, and it is this which has made the custom an odious one.

A gentleman was talking on the subject a few days ago.

"Do you know," said he, "that many a man in this city has been compelled at times to rob his family of some needed comfort in order to keep up with his fellow employes in gift-making? Well, it is a fact, and to say the least of it, a shameful one. A dozen men are employed in a store, and some event in the life of their employer makes recognition and remembrance on their part essential—not justly so, but still they must not appear picayunish, and a present is decided upon, and each fellow assessed enough to make in the aggregate the sum required to purchase it. Some of these men have families which they find it a hard matter, on small salaries, to provide for. These two, or three, or five dollars taken from their purses are needed at home, doubtless, but still they have to give it up to pamper to a foolish, nay, criminal custom, or be called niggardly, and, may be, if their 'stinginess' becomes known to their employer, incur his displeasure and lose their places."

"Do you think any man would be mean enough to discharge an employe because he refused to rob his children for such a purpose?"

"Do I? Well, I should think so. I know of instances where men have been given to understand that they were expected to contribute, and, failing, would have to look for work elsewhere. It is this system of robbery which has made gift-making so pernicious. The worst feature is that it is growing steadily, until now some men can scarce turn around without expecting some one to give them something."

"Are not the people who give presents in a measure responsible for this state of affairs?"

"Some of them, doubless. There are always people who seek to curry favor with their superiors through the instrumentality of presents; there are still others who have no better sense than to think that is the only way to spend their money for which they have no other use. The latter are as bad as the former. They do not stop to think when they go around among their fellow-workmen, subscription paper in hand, expecting everyone to contribute something, that the natural pride of many who have nothing to spare will force them to give up for foolishness what maybe is needed at home for barefooted or bareheaded youngsters."

"And this habit is spreading?"

"Like wild-fire. Nowadays everybody has the craze. School children give to teachers, employes to employers, and holders of appointive offices under city, county, State and national governments to the heads of departments, sometimes, though very seldom, as a unanimously free-hearted token of friendship; often through coercion. It is a shame."

"Is there no remedy?"

"The only one I know of is through the making and enforcement of laws prohibiting such things. It should be made a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for an official in any government, municipal, State or national, to receive or ask presents. The same law should be made to apply to school teachers, and it should be the leading rule in every factory, railroad and business house in the land. Some States have such a law as the one I speak of, and I believe the National Government prohibits the solicitation of money for such purposes."

"You would not stop gift-making altogether?"

"No, but I would make it so that poor men could keep their earnings without the fear, if they refused to give up to present-beggars, that they would lose their situations. Let one and all give all they choose, and when they choose, of their own free will, but stop everything that looks like the squeezing of the under man by the man on top."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WALL STREET GHOSTS.

Jim Keene Drops Out of Sight—How Speculators Retrieve Their Fortunes—A Wiser Plan.

The enforced sale of James R. Keene's last horse, and his disposal of his final remaining share in a large apartment house, mark the failure of his latest attempts to recoup. This has reminded busy Wall Street that Keene still existed, but needed something of the sort to recall him to memory, for he has dropped entirely out of the financial world, and is no more a factor in the making of prices than is any broker's office boy. Yet Keene had a brilliant career while it lasted. He came on here with $3,000,000 or thereabouts in his pockets and struck the boom of '79-80, and at one time was worth not far from $15,000,000. The riff-raff and the hangers-on and the adventurers of the street fastened on to him, flattered him, told him his mission in life and his duty toward mankind was to break Jay Gould, and offered their advice and influence. Keene made money fast as long as prices advanced. He bought with great freedom and courage, and his name was in every one's mouth. But when the tide turned Keene was loaded. He did not have the sagacity and celerity of Gould, who has a knack of turning even misfortunes to good account, but kept on getting in deeper and deeper until the inevitable rapped at his door, and he found he had lost all. Keene's error seems to have been the error common to beginners in Wall Street. He wanted to trade all the time. The cool-headed operator waits until the market suits him. Three or four times every year all hands in the street agree that stocks are very low. There has been a flurry, and prices have gone down ten or twenty per cent.; they are sure to react within a comparatively short time. Then it is that the prudent man comes to the front with his cash. But the man who goes down into the street every day and buys or sells for a short turn feels as though he must do something every day, and that kind of trading never fails to wreck the longest purse. Keene was always in the market, and he was always buying. The sharp set of fellows who manipulated Denver and Rio Grande up to 110 or thereabouts sold a great lot of stock to Keene, and he was compelled to take more to hold the price against their raids when they had sold it short. He never was cunning enough to conceal his operations, and the sharks of the street marked him from the first. He was indiscreet enough to quarrel with Jay Gould and to threaten him, and Gould thereafter did not count him as a friend. It is very much better for a young Wall Street man to have Gould's friendship than his enmity. And so Keene floundered until his money was gone. He bids fair to become what the boys call a ghost of Wall Street.

That thoroughfare is full of ghosts—of men who have been rich and who now are penniless. They march down to the street every morning regularly as do the millionaires, and wander from one broker's office to another, bending over the tape and talking all day long about the market and predicting its course. Once in a while they put up a five-dollar bill in a bucket-shop and strut around like fighting cocks if they increase it to ten dollars; but that is the end, for they immediately stake the ten dollars and lose it. There are ex-railroad Presidents and ex-bank Presidents and ex-everybodys. It is sad to see them and sadder to hear them talk; but it is the old story of fortunes thrown away in gambling—for Wall Street operating as usually conducted on margin is gambling simon pure, and you can not make anything else of it. Nineteen out of twenty of the men who engage in it leave money. They always have some good explanation of why they fail, but the fact remains that they do fail. And that should be convincing and should serve as a warning. Three-quarters of the Wall Street operators of to-day are striving not to increase their fortunes, but to get back what they have lost. There is a fascination about winning a few hundred dollars that overbalances the regret of losing a few thousand. A man will lose four times running and yet go in the fifth time with an assurance within him that he can win back all he has lost. If he chances to win $1,000 after he has lost $4,000 he instantly believes that he can make his fortune. He never loses that belief while he has a hundred dollars remaining, and when the hundred is broken he repairs to a bucket shop—having become a ghost of Wall Street—firm in the belief that on a cash capital of $10 or $20 he will recuperate enough to take him back into a regular broker's office, where he will pile up the money until he is rich again. And so he gambles every cent on which he can put hands.

The Wall Street game as played at present is a losing game, and the sooner a man who is behind the game severs all connection with it, the better off he will find himself in the immediate hereafter. Jay Gould did not make his money trading in the fluctuations of stocks. He did it by buying entire railroads, reorganizing them, watering their stock, consolidating them, and putting them on the public at an enormous advance from first cost or cost to himself. His gigantic schemes have been originated by him. The theory has been to get possession of bankrupt roads and consolidate them and give them the appearance of prosperity. The Wabash system is made up of some twenty different roads, not more than three of which were paying running expenses when Gould bought them. Yet he threw them together and ran the price of preferred stock up to 90, and the common stock up to 60, at which prices the public relieved him of them and he moved on to fresher pastures and put up fresher jobs. His amalgamations and his consolidations have been on a most stupendous scale, and have demanded the out-put of millions; but they have brought him back tens of millions. The same is true, but to a lesser extent, of Vanderbilt. He has increased the fortune that his father left him, not by speculating in stocks, but by solid investment and by the increase in values of the properties that came into his possession. The men who have made fortunes through stock speculations are indeed few. The men who have lost fortunes in the same manner are numbered by thousands.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

LOVE.

The Symptoms of the Grand Passion as Explained by Two Colored People.

Pete Jackson is a colored man working for Tiff Johnson on Onion Creek. Swayback Lucy is also employed by Tiff as a house servant. They are very confidential with Tiff, and tell him all about their private affairs. A few days ago Pete winked mysteriously at Tiff, and taking him off to one side, said to him:

"Mister Johnsing, I wants ter confide a great secret to yer."

"What is it, Pete?"

"I'se got a great notion ter ask Swayback Lucy ter marry me."

"Do you think she reciprocates your affection?"

"What did yer say she did?"

"Do you think she loves you as much as you do her?"

"Dat's what I 'spicions."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No, but she mout jess as well hab tole me so. When she was goin' fru' de yard I punched her wid a pitchfork, and she said: 'G'way, yer black nigger. I doan want ter hab yer about me.' I tells yer, Mister Johnsing, dat when a woman tells yer ter go 'way, she wants yer ter stay right dar. Dey am de contrairiest critters in de world."

"So you think that is a symptom of love, do you?"

"I does, sah, for a fac'."

Shortly afterward another negro woman heard Swayback Lucy singing away for dear life in the yard, as happy as a bird.

"What's de matter wid you?"

"I tells yer, Aunt Sukey, I believes Pete Jackson wants ter marry me."

"Has he done tole yer so?"

"No, but he mout jess as well hab tole me so. He punched me wid de pitched fork. I tells yer dat means sumfin'."—*Texas Siftings.*

—An Indiana man has patented a model for a straw house. The walls are to be made of bales of straw or hay, and then plastered and bolted down. It is said to be preferable to brick and as endurable.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"OLD HORSE."

The Technical Term by Which Express Companies Designate Unclaimed Goods.

"Did you ever attend a sale of 'old horse?'" was a question propounded to a reporter in the Russell House yesterday by a gentleman formerly connected with one of the express companies.

A negative answer being returned, the gentleman continued:

"Then you have missed one of the greatest opportunities of your life. Perhaps you don't know what 'old horse' means. If not, I might say that the term is used by express companies in lieu of 'unclaimed goods.' Every year the unclaimed express matter which has accumulated at the several offices of the company throughout the State is shipped to Detroit or to the principal office in the State in which the sale is held, and the names and addresses of the owners advertised in the newspapers. If not claimed by a certain date the stuff is sold at auction for what it will bring, the amount realized being retained by the express companies to defray the cost of transportation, and the incidental expenses of the sale.

"The packages are not opened before being sold, and whoever purchases anything 'buys a pig in a bag.' The auctioneer asks for bid on an article, whether it be box, package or bale, and it is knocked down to the highest bidder. There is generally a large attendance, and consequently the strife between bidders is spirited. Dealers in second-hand goods of all kinds turn out in large numbers and buy nearly all the stuff. It is very laughable to watch the expression on the countenances of those who make purchases when they open up the packages. A particularly fat-looking valise may contain nothing but an accumulation of bricks or worthless trash, and the buyer is loser to the amount of what he paid for the article. On the other hand, a common-looking parcel may yield a handsome profit on the amount invested. It is the uncertainty of the thing that attracts the buyers, of whom nine out of ten are disappointed.

"Some time ago I attended an annual sale in Baltimore which was far ahead of anything in that line I ever saw, and I made some money on a couple of purchases I made. The auctioneer put up a small, black valise, very much the worse for wear, and I bought it for something like two dollars. I took it to a locksmith, who opened it for me, and I found inside about three dozen silver spoons and some other tableware, worth probably thirty or forty dollars. The articles are now in daily use at my house. I was much elated over my good fortune and concluded to try it again. I went back and bought a package which I opened on the premises. What do you think it contained? A diminutive skeleton, beautifully mounted and apparently the property of some well-to-do physician. I didn't bother taking that home, however; it wasn't much of a household necessity or ornament, so I turned it over to a friend of mine who was trying to squirm through college. I have seen people buy at these sales dry goods, food, clothing, in fact everything you can mention; and some of them secured bargains, although for the most part the bids were extravagantly out of proportion to the apparent value of the goods.

"How is it that such a quantity of express matter is left unclaimed by the owners?" inquired the reporter.

"There are a great many reasons for it," replied the ex-expressman, "but the principal cause is undoubtedly the c. o. d. plan adopted by many merchants and others when selling goods to persons residing away from the trade centers. Take, for example, the case of a dealer who permits a customer to examine goods at the express office before paying for them. The dealer may require his patron to send along a small deposit with the order, as a guarantee of good faith, but it is the exception not the rule. He sends the goods, and perhaps on examination the customer finds they are not what he ordered, and refuses to take the package from the office of the express company. The dealer is notified that the goods will be returned to him on payment of express charges both ways. If the charges are less than the value of the goods they are usually returned, but if they amount to more than the goods will bring at retail, the dealer is wise in permitting the company to hold them. He doesn't care to throw good money after bad, and this is how lots of 'old horse' comes into possession of the company.

"The valises and trunks are mostly owned by people who jump from one city to another in search of employment, but some of them belong to unscrupulous parties who seek to make money out of the company. The latter are genuine tramps, and the means they adopt to swindle express companies are of a peculiar character. A tramp will saunter into the office of an express company and request the agent to send his valise to some point or other, saying he has obtained a situation at the point named, and will pay the charges as soon as he has earned the money. He takes a receipt for his property, the value of which he states to be much greater than it really is, but never keeps his promise. Along about the close of the year he will turn up in some out of the way place, receipt in hand, and ask to have it looked up. If it has been lost he demands a large sum of money from the company to repay him for his loss. Unless the property is found he generally gets what he asks for.

"I don't know whether this is a common occurrence in Michigan or not, but in the East the plan has been made to work. Personal property and clothing are allowed to remain unclaimed for many reasons, the most of which are best known to the owners themselves. Perishable articles, such as fruit, meats, etc., will not be received by express companies unless the charges are prepaid, and then they are at owner's risk. If they spoil, no one is to blame, and the owners, not the companies, have to bear the loss.

"The quantity of 'old horse' disposed of at these annual sales depends largely on the section of country. West of the Rocky Mountains, where one express company does nearly all the business, the number of articles is much less than here in the East, where competition is lively. Wells, Fargo & Co. invariably demand the prepayment of charges, because they have the field to themselves, and when charges are prepaid the goods are usually claimed as soon as they arrive at their destination.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The *American Cultivator* tells of a dairyman who undertook to churn his cream sweet, instead of allowing it to ripen before churning; the result was that the "choice, aromatic, nutty flavored product," which had previously distinguished his dairy, was replaced with butter "devoid of flavor or fragrance, having a dead, neutral taste," and the week's product sold at thirty-five cents per pound, instead of at seventy cents, the usual price for previous consignments.

—A good sauce to go with plain fruit puddings is made by mixing one cup of brown sugar, one cup of best molasses, half a cup of butter, one large teaspoonful of flour; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon. When these are all stirred together, add a teacup of boiling water; stir it constantly, put it into a saucepan and let it boil until clear.—*N. Y. Post.*

KINDLING WOOD.

A Great Industry in New York City That is Little Thought About.

With winter comes kindling wood. And what an immense amount of it, too! The fires in furnaces, stoves and grates are constantly going out, and as constantly require relighting. The rattle of the sticks dumped from the cart down the coal hole is a sound almost as familiar as a campaign cheer, while in front of every grocery are tall columns of the more aristocratic kindling that is tied up in round bunches and piled one on top of the other.

By the uninitiated kindling wood is considered a mere bagatelle in household arrangements—a convenient domestic economy that utilizes all the odds and ends of wood that will accumulate and otherwise would prove a nuisance. But the odds and ends don't supply the demand, or begin to. The manufacture of this insignificant article is a great and growing industry that employs hundreds of men and consumes as many cords of wood in this city every day.

Where is it all made?

A *Herald* reporter went to see. Most of the yards are on the West side, in the vicinity of Gansevoort Market, yet there are others, and no inconsiderable number either, scattered along both water fronts from the Battery to Harlem River.

The reporter, searching for a yard, threaded his way through those narrow, dirty and obstructed streets that branch out of the old Greenwich village, and are cut short in their bewildering course by the North River. The peculiar odor of pine and fresh cut wood greeted him as he went along. Within a couple of blocks of the river was a long row of straggling sheds, with a tall brick chimney rising from their midst. The buildings, chimney and everything connected with the establishment was painted lead color. Sawdust floated everywhere, and the hum of buzz saws drowned all other sounds. Under the eaves of a one-story building were eight little roofs projecting over eight apertures, from which fitful streams of kindling wood were tumbling into eight carts drawn up underneath. In less than ten minutes a cart was filled, and its place quickly taken by others that were constantly arriving, the streams never stopping meanwhile. Through an archway further down an intermittent procession of one-horse carts was filing up from the docks loaded with straight grained and sound looking cord wood. The reporter followed a cart into the enclosure.

"Is this all going to be kindling wood?" is the first thought that strikes a beholder. The place was only typical of dozens of others. A description of one will answer for all. A large yard, nearly filled with tiers of cord wood, that rise in steps from the height of a man to over a score of feet. On the steps are laborers, with blue blouses and overalls, passing up the sticks to other laborers above. Under the sheds are rows of sawing machines, from which the chunks, as they come out, are dropped into a slide that places them into an upright position under a "splitter," an arrangement of crossed knives that descend with trip hammer force on the end of the stick. From each cutter is a revolving belt, with brackets attached, that carries the split wood away and dumps it in the carts outside.

In another building are the bundlers, the men who make up the little bundles of short sticks. Each bundler has a reservoir in front of him with an opening in the bottom, from which he takes the pieces to fill the gauge by which they are measured. The deftness displayed by the bundlers in picking out sticks that fit the required crevice, and the rapidity with which they fill the gauges, are remarkable. When full, a lever power is applied by the foot, and the bunch squeezed down to dimensions of about a foot in diameter. By an ingenious arrangement a cord is in constant readiness to be knotted around the bunch.

"It is a rather odd economy that kindling is made out of one of the most expensive timbers—Virginia pine," said an old dealer.

"What does it cost?"

"Never less than six dollars a cord. It is all brought up here from Virginia in sloops. But it is getting higher and less plentiful each year, and it is only a question of a short time when the supply will give out altogether."

"What will you do then?"

"Oh, get it from some remote point. The center of wood supply has gradually been moving away from New York and the consumption of wood done away with as much as possible."

"The time was," he continued, "when every New York family used to have an open wood fire, and cheerful embers glowed on many hearths—the center of everything homelike. Now we are a city without hearths, and with much less of a home feeling about our abodes than of old. In those days the fuel was brought down from the banks of the Hudson, and it was possible to burn it prodigally and still not be extravagant."

"How much wood is used now in kindlings?"

"I can only give you an idea of what the factories use—and that will surprise you."

"There are about fifty factories in the city. They each use on an average about twenty cords a day at this season. That is, one thousand cords of first-class pine timber are used every day to light the fires in this city. The poor have to stand the brunt of it, too. They have not the room to store a load and so buy it by the bunch at an enormous profit to the dealers. The bunches, which are made from the waste, are sold at from one to two cents each, about four times their actual value. The poor use the most expensive wood to light their fires and pay more for it than the rich. And they will have to pay still more soon, when we are compelled to bring the wood from Manitoba or some other out of the way place."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Landlord Sized Him Up.

A brilliant swell, in much elaborate toggery and the other evidences of unpaid bills, applied at a fashionable hotel for accommodations.

"Aw—ah—landlawd," he drawled, "have you an elevatah?"

"Of course," replied the proprietor.

"Aw—ah—awnd do you have dinnaw at five o'clock."

"If it is so desired sir."

"Aw — ah — awnd breakfast at eleven."

"Yes sir."

"Aw—ah—awnd a bawth adjoining my apartments?"

"Certainly."

"Aw—ah—landlawd, now what will you boawd me faw?"

"Well," replied the proprietor, sizing him up all around, "I'll board you for about fifteen minutes, and I want the pay in advance."

The porter carried him out on a truck.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—There were 35,044 deaths in this city (about one every fifteen minutes), which is 1,062 more than occurred in 1883. There were 11,805 marriages, and the births were only 5,000 less than the deaths. Among contagious diseases diphtheria was the most fatal, and claimed 1,009 victims—only about fifty per cent. of those stricken down recovering.—*N. Y. Christian at Work.*

THE IMAGINATION.

Some of the Parts It Plays in Matters Involving Life and Death.

"Doctor, don't a good many people procure medical treatment who are not sick?"

"Of course they do. There's nothing the matter with half the so-called invalids. I always kept a big batch of bread pills made up for that class of patients. Many a one I've got out of bed with that sham medicine, and they thought me a man of profound learning and skill."

"They just imagined they were sick?"

"Certainly! A woman is the contrariest of God's creatures. If she makes up her mind she's sick, you can't talk her out of it. You must administer something. I had one call me years ago that lay in bed for nine months, and she was as well as I am. On a certain day there was one of these circus and animal show combinations passing. I had an inspiration that beat any compound my skill could produce. I hired the manager to let a tame bear out of the cage and we all set up a hue and cry, the children went for the woods, and that woman took after them without even stopping to make a toilet. There was nothing under the heavens the matter with her, and when her husband came to settle I thought for a while he'd boot her all over the farm."

"Ever have any other case of the imagination?"

"Lots of them. A big hulking fellow about ten miles from the town I was practicing in got the idea that he was going to die at just eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a certain day. About nine o'clock a messenger came for me. I hurried out. When I got there the crank had fifteen minutes to live according to his calculations. He did look like a man on the verge of eternity. His eyes were dim and sunken, his face had that peculiar pallor which heralds the near approach of death, and his breathing was very labored. The family were gathered around and weeping as they took a final leave. Something had to be done quick. There was a smart looking woman there and I called her aside. Pointing to the clock on the mantelpiece which the patient was watching, I said: 'When I have his attention turn that ahead.' Then I crowded into the family group, hustled them into the next room, sat down on the edge of the bed and began telling that fellow one of the most horrible murder stories you ever heard. I located it right in the town where he knew everybody, named the woman killed, went into blood-curdling details and so completely interested the man that he forgot about his eleven o'clock appointment. When I gave him a chance to look again it was twenty minutes to twelve, and he was actually mad for a time, claiming that he had been tricked. He finally got to laughing and we all took dinner together. The next day he whipped two men at a barn raising for twitting him about the programme of death that miscarried."

"Wasn't there anything the matter with him?"

"Not a thing except what he imagined. He was sound as a bullet, but if I had not adopted that ruse he would have gone over to the majority at eleven o'clock."

"Doesn't imagination sometimes cure people who are really ill?"

"To be sure it does. Imagination has a strange and unaccountable power. I had a funny incident that answers your inquiry. There was a giddy young widow called at my office one day. She was a hite-tity creature. Talked all the time she was awake, you know, and had as much laugh as she had talk. She wasn't very clipper when she came, however. She was on crutches and accompanied by a solicitous companion who was brim full of sympathy. The invalid had a knee badly swollen from rheumatism and wanted to know if I could administer electricity, which always helped her. I soon had a battery in shape. The sympathetic friend placed one connection at the invalid's knee, which appeared angrily inflamed. I held the other connection in my left hand so as to complete the circuit by touching the patient with my right. I drew my fingers across the back of her neck and of course she indulged in a few little screams and some hysterical conversation. 'Doctor, that's a strange sensation. Ouch! haven't I got about enough? My knee feels a great deal better. Don't fill me up with that electricity. There now you must just quit. I've got a whole streak o' lightning in me now and I knew it was all I needed.' The pretty widow walked out to her carriage without a limp, and had no trouble in being the belle of all balls for the balance of the season. I had noticed a waggish student of mine in the next room stuffing handkerchiefs in his mouth, writhing with suppressed laughter, winking at me on the sly and indulging in a can-can whenever visible to me alone.

"'What in the thunder are you making such a fool of yourself about,' I enquired when the ladies had departed. He roared away and pointing to the battery said: 'You might have killed that handsome creature by an overcharge of electricity.' I looked and joined in the hilarity. I had neglected to hitch on to the battery and the widow's vivid imagination had supplied the currents which wrought so sudden a cure."—*Detroit Post.*

Made Himself Felt.

When a well-known member of this community, now dead, was State Senator from this city, he was engaged in some very radical measures which sorely cut into many people whom he thought were in need of reform. They abused him very thoroughly, but in his honesty he maintained the fight strongly. A friend of his from the city visited him in Sacramento while the measures were pending.

"Well, what do they say of me in San Francisco?"

"They don't speak very well of you."

"What do they say about me? That's what I want to know."

"Well, they say very rough things about you. I don't care to——"

"Speak it out. Tell me how they talk."

"They call you a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, an ignoramus, an idiot—everything they can think of that is bad."

"Ah," said the Senator, rubbing his hands in glee and chuckling in perfect enjoyment, "they feel me, my boy, they feel me!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Stock-Brokers in London.

By an old law of Queen Anne's time, and an addition thereto during George III's reign, all London stock-brokers are required to register at Guildhall and pass a satisfactory inspection as to character. Lately complaint has been made that persons not registered were practicing as brokers, and the Board of Aldermen has had the list of registered brokers published and offers a reward of $250 for information concerning any unregistered ones. The number of stock-brokers in London as shown by the published list is 2,102.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The man mean enough to steal a red-hot stove has been caught in the act. He is a young negro, his name is Henry Johnson, and Bowling Green, Ky., claims him as her own.

—A grandfather, son and grandson were rounded up by the authorities in their descent upon a Cherokee gambling dive.—*Denver Tribune.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The immigration of 1884 was considerably short of that of the previous year.

—Three children in a Denver asylum which practiced faith cure died within a few days of each other.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The deficit of the last World's Exposition, held at Paris, was upward of $6,000,000, and that of Vienna, in 1873, was over $9,000,000.

—The production of pig iron last year was in excess of what it was in 1880, which was the last year of the great boom.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—To Don Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico, the honor seems to belong of establishing the first printing office in America. The first printer was Juan Pablos, a Spaniard.

—Fully nine-tenths of the sardines consumed in the United States come from Maine. They are nothing but small herrings packed in cotton seed oil in tin boxes with French labels.—*Boston Globe.*

—The late Baron Rothschild would not employ a cook who could not make three hundred and sixty-five kinds of soup. In American restaurants they serve that many kinds of soup out of one kettle.

—Prof. Collier, vouched for as high authority, predicts that by the new process of manufacturing sorghum sugar it will be sold for one cent a pound in a few years, and it will be impossible to distinguish it from cane sugar.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—In the Lynn (Mass.) Institution for Savings is a deposit made the year the bank was organized, 1826. The deposit was ten dollars made for a little boy by his father, and the accumulation for interest is now over two hundred dollars.—*Boston Journal.*

—Two hundred thousand Americans have wintered in Europe, and one of them writes to know if they have not been missed. Hardly. Most of them fill so small a place here that they are not missed. The public here could not name ten of them off-hand.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Nashua *Telegraph* says that within two years the shoe industry has taken a rapid and remarkable development in New Hampshire. Ten factories have been established and over $1,000,000 invested. Several of these firms have migrated from Lynn, Mass., in order to get away from the trades union complications.

—Lord Coleridge says that when in this country he was struck by the absence of childhood. We defer to our children, ask their opinions, allow them to engross the general attention, force social obligations on them, and cut them off from "all the sweet dependence of their years," making grown persons of them before English children have left the nursery.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"When Dr. Kane returned from the Arctic regions," as the Boston *Globe* tells, "Boston experienced a very cold winter. One extremely frigid day one gentleman on Tremont street remarked to another: 'Phew! isn't this cold?' 'Cold?' was the reply, 'not in the least. Why, I just saw Dr. Kane up the street and he had on a linen duster, a Panama hat, slippers, and was fanning himself.'"

—It has been said that at Yuma, Cal., it seldom or never rained, and that it was the hottest place on the American Continent. These fallacies have received a rude shock by the records of the United States Signal Service, which show that the winter temperature in Yuma is much lower than it is in Los Angeles, while in regard to rain that locality has frequent showers, and not very small showers either.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Just starting on the wedding trip: Young Wife—"I am afraid, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive." Young Husband—"It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have!" Just ending the wedding trip: Young Wife—"What a delightful time we have had, dear!" Young Husband—"Yes, we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an awful expense it has been!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Chinese Consul in New York states that, despite the apparent neglect by the Chinese of most laws that to our way of thinking are absolutely essential to the preservation of health, it is rare that one of the race dies of a zymotic disease. He says his people have been studying the laws of health for the last thousand years, and that his people have, to this extent, mastered those laws is proved, to his mind, by the circumstance that contagious disease is seldom found among them.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A New Yorker was quietly shaving himself the other afternoon when a bullet crashed through the looking-glass in front of him. He thought it was a barber's joke, when a second bullet whistled past his ear and entirely destroyed the reflective power of the glass. This put the gentleman on his guard and he dodged the third bullet, and then went out to investigate. The shooter was found to be a neighbor who was celebrating; he made an apology, and remarked that he was not aware that his revolver would carry so far.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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"Any more novelties?"

"Yes, we make what we call 'a return corn-ball,' with elastic attached, which retails for a penny. And we are putting corn of assorted flavors into lace bags of many colors. These retail at five cents per bag. In the last four years we have gotten up no less than eight different styles of penny popcorn prize-packages. For Christmas we get up plain white and red and white sugared corn, of assorted flavors, for stringing. These strings of corn, as you know, are largely used for decorating Christmas trees. We have also what are called coarse corn cakes, made with pure Porto Rico molasses, and put up in glass-front cans, and a ground or fine corn cake, also made with molasses, and put up in tin boxes. The latter are especially for the Southern and Western trade, but there is also a large demand for them in New England."

"Do you sell many goods in the West?"

"We have been in the habit of sending goods to the wholesale grocers and confectioners of St. Louis and Chicago, but owing to the high price of corn for the past year or two, have had to sell them direct to the jobbers of middlemen nearer at home. We bought over seventy tons of corn from one seedhouse in Chicago last year, and used altogether perhaps eighty tons. We employ about ten hands all the year round."—*Boston Globe.*

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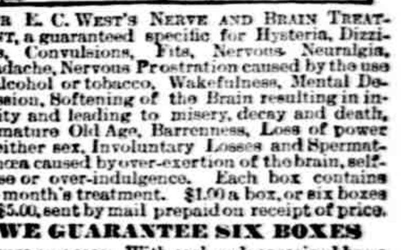

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