THE JOURNAL.

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FELIS SANCTORUM.

Who, in the office lone and still,
Bowls round and round as his sweet will,
Andwaps the paste and things like that?
Oh, silent boy it is the cat.

Who is it, lank and lean and thin,
That eats the poems you send in?
Who loves an echo, but loathes a rat?
It is the dreadful office cat.

Who hath no fear of knight or clown?
Who sets the type in upside down?
Whatmakes your little joke so flat?
The misanthropic office cat.

Whose fur is soft, whose purr is light?
Who never howls in the night?
And yet she is for all of that,
The veriest fiend? The office cat.

—*E. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

GOING HOME RICH.

A Laborer With $600 a Baron in Hungary.

It is estimated that within the past three years over six hundred thousand dollars have been sent to Hungary from the Shenandoah (Pa.) region by the foreigners who came there to struggle for a few years by roughing it, and then return home rich men.

These foreigners come to America, live like animals, send home their savings, work for next to nothing, live cheaply, and in a few years save enough to go back to Hungary and live on the fat of the land ever afterward. A sample story will fit into hundreds of communities.

A reporter met an intelligent Hun on his way to New York. He was bound for Hungary. He could understand English only fairly, but sufficiently well to take part in a conversation. The following conversation took place:

"You go back to Hungary?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in America?"

"Four years."

"Your age."

"Thirty-five."

"How much did you pay to come here?"

"Sixteen dollars. I come under contract. I work for my passage. Pay to ze agent so much a week until it is all paid."

"Do many come to America in that way?"

"Nearly all. A law is against it, but foreign labor comes in nearly every day under contract with some agent."

"Why do you return to Hungary?"

"I have saved enough money; worked very hard; lived like a hog; now I go back to live like a man in my native country."

"How much have you saved in four years?"

"Six hundred dollars. I sent all my savings home by the month."

"How do you send money home?"

"With the postmasters. They do all our business. We trust them."

"How much can a laborer earn in Hungary by working hard?"

"Six guldens a month, or about two dollars and forty cents. In America I average eighteen dollars a month."

"Quite a difference."

"Yes."

"How much could you save out of your eighteen dollars?"

"About thirteen dollars a month. It costs five dollars a month for board, wash, tobacco, rum and boots."

"Nothing for clothes?"

"I bought one suit in four years."

"Then you saved $156 a year, or $624 in four years?"

"I sent home $600, and $24 I have to go back home with."

"How much does it cost you to live in Hungary a year?"

"About $30; but then I live very good."

"How will you invest your savings?"

"Buy land or loan it out on first mortgage."

"How much interest can you get in Hungary for your $600 savings?"

"One hundred guldens bring sixteen guldens interest a year; that is, $30 American money bring $6.40 interest a year, or $600 bring $96 a year interest to me; three times more than it will cost me to live."

"You have closely calculated it."

"Long days and nights I calculated. I do not overstate it. It is true. Interest is high in Hungary. It keeps all the people poor."

"Then you will be a little nabob when you get back home?"

"If I get back safely I will be all right. It is a great risk to come to America. Like a big lottery. Come three thousand miles over the sea; work hard here four years; live in a shanty all together like pigs; eat rough black bread, cheap potatoes; drink bad rum; smoke strong tobacco; live with rough, bad men, all men and no women; very cold in winter; nothing clean: sleep on straw on the floor; risk in sending money home, might get lost at sea; I might get sick, might get killed; now I go back; must cross the sea once more; do I get back? See what a big risk—big lottery!"

"Where is your baggage?"

"I have none when I come; I have none when I go. I am baggage. No more."

"Did you never become a citizen of the United States?"

"No, sir. Out of about two thousand Hungarians I know in America only one is a citizen."

"What is the highest wages you ever got in America?"

"Ninety cents a day."

"The lowest?"

"Fifty cents."

"How much did it average you for board?"

"Five dollars a month. One man do the cooking for twenty Huns. We pay in so much apiece to pay for all."

"Do all Hungarians live in that way here?"

"Nine-tenths of all who come to America to stay only a few years join together, and live cheap in that way."

"Then you work cheap and cut down the average rate of wages for labor in America?"

"Oh, yes. Some foreigners are brought to America under contract to work three years. They get sixty-five cents a day, and their boss or agent gets seventy-five cents. He makes ten cents a head. It is white slavery. See?"

"Were you under contract?"

"Only to pay my passage money."

"Do many Huns go back with money?"

"I know about seventy-five. More will go back next year if they live."

"Where do they work?"

"In the mines, on new railroads, in the coke regions and on farms. Many get killed in the mines. Their money sent home goes to their relatives. Not many have wives or children at home. Strong young men come to America, make their fortunes if they have good luck in a few years, and then go back home and get married. But it is a great lottery."

"What is your native language?"

"Magyar."

"What is the population of Hungary?"

"About 16,000,000."

"Can you read or write?"

"Oh, no. Few can who come to America to work hard."

"What is the principal occupation of your people at home?"

"Farming, making rum, flour, sugar and some mining."

"You know considerable about Hungary?"

"I listen good to my boss who read much in a Hungarian paper. I got good ears. One is a little deaf, bad. What I hear don't go in one ear and out the other."

"How do Hungarians compare with Poles?"

"Poles come to America to stay generally. They come to America to escape army service. Huns do not. Poles are smart. Nearly all are young men who come to America. Nearly all can read and write something. Some old Poles can't read. They never learn. They first live like pigs, but soon get on better and improve. They settle in America, build churches and become good citizens, miners, laborers, clothiers, grocers, shoemakers and saloon keepers. Four to one come from Lithuania, a grand duchy of Poland. Many women and children come to America. They settle in small places?"

"Do they save money?"

"Much. Here in Shenandoah they own $150,000 worth of property. So it is all over the coal regions."

"What were the Poles able to earn in Poland at farming?"

"Half a rouble a day, they say—about 26 cents in American money. But that 26 cents could buy as much in Poland as $1 can here. They come to America to escape military duty, to get into a free country."

"What do expert laborers earn in Poland?"

"A good workman earns one rouble a day; buy as much as $2.25 will in America."

"What can you say of Italians?"

"Very many come to America under contract, like slaves. There is one woman to a hundred men, same as Hungarian; Poles, one woman to thirty men. Italians are lazy; come mostly from Naples. Work very cheap and spend all they earn. Have no object in life. Don't do America any good; only cut down wages of American workingmen, like we all do."

"Do you know any reforms that the foreigners in America should begin?"

"Yes. Stop drinking, stop stealing and stop going to law."

"Then the best class of foreigners are Polanders?"

"Certainly. They come to stay. They make good citizens. They soon learn to strike for higher wages, just as much as Americans get."

"With all your knowledge, couldn't you do better with $600 in the saloon business here?"

"No, no, no! I go back to Hungary a rich man. There I live like a Baron. I get married and enjoy myself for all my trials here."—*N. Y. Sun.*

SILVERSMITHS.

An English Journal's Admission of the Superiority of American Work.

The reason for the beauty of the finish of American articles is that the great makers adopt the latest and most improved systems of manufacture. They can not afford to have anything but the very best. Where manual labor is so dear, and often so difficult to obtain, it does not pay to have stampings come out of the die, castings out of the sand, so rough and burred as to require hand-work upon them afterwards. Hence it is that their castings on leaving the mould are frequently sharper, cleaner and more perfect than the finished article in England, and the spoon or fork that goes into stamp a mere blank scarcely requires touching before it goes to the plating bath. It is not that their sand, as is often alleged, is one whit better than our own, but that they make and face the mould with three times our skill and care. By the excellence of their preliminary work they save themselves a great part of the labor bestowed upon an article in Sheffield or Birmingham; and thus the makers can afford to pay for good design and yet sell their goods at a cheaper rate than we. Does a labor-saving machine apear, even though it be but a slight improvement on what they already possess, that machine replaces their old one. They know that they can not be behind the time with their appliances and yet keep in the front with their productions.

How different is this in England. Smith & Co., "established 1815," or Jones & Brown, "the oldest silversmiths in England," go on employing the same appliances and working much in the same method as their grandfathers did before them; they use the old time-honored stamps and dies and presses, or, at least, endeavor to convert some effete and worn-out model to newer shape or service. So many blanks out of every gross are "wasters;" so many castings "porus;" so many pennyweights in every ounce are "burr" and "waste," and, consequently, so much time, the most expensive of all items in a manufacturing business, is wasted and irretrievably lost. Laboring under these self-imposed, or rather self-retained, disadvantages, is it surprising that our manufacturers are distanced by their American rivals? What is true of the masters is also true of the men. It is undeniable that not more than one out of ten English mechanics who emigrate to America knows how to use the tools placed in his hands. Any intelligent workman who has emigrated to the United States and gone into one of the best workshops there will acknowledge the fact. He thinks he knows his trade till he gets there, when he discovers that in most things he has to begin all over again.—*Magazine of Art.*

GENERAL GRANT.

His Course at the Crisis of the Battle of Fort Donelson.

I saw the men standing in knots, talking in the most excited manner. No officer seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their muskets, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think this indicated a determination on his part to stay out and fight just as long as the provisions held out. I turned to Colonel J. D. Webster, of my staff, who was with me, and said: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoralized, but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me." I determined to make the assault at once on our left. It was clear to my mind that the enemy had started to march out with his entire force, except a few pickets, and if our attack could be made on the left before the enemy could redistribute his forces along the line, we would find but little opposition except from the intervening abatis. I directed Colonel Webster to ride with me and call out to the men as we passed: "Fill your cartridge boxes, quick, and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape, and he must not be permitted to do so." This acted like a charm. The men wanted some one to give them a command.—*General Grant's Memoirs.*

—Said a Halifax young lady to a telegraph operator the other day: "You must be terribly exposed, receiving so many dispatches from the places where they have smallpox. Of course you are vaccinated!"—*Montreal Witness.*

ALUMINUM.

The Metal Destined to Revolutionize the Industrial Arts.

"The metal of the future," said a prominent mechanical engineer to me, "is aluminum. In a few years it will displace iron and steel, and simply revolutionize industrial arts everywhere. The millennium will be the age of aluminum." "But," said I, "iron is the commonest of all metals, and aluminum is comparatively rare. Is there enough aluminum in the world to take the place of iron?" "Yes," said he, "and your former assumption is an error. Aluminum is the most plentiful of all metals. The world contains ten times as much of it as of iron. It is everywhere. Every clay-bed is an aluminum mine." "What is the reason," I asked, "that it has not already come into general use?" "The great cost of producing it," he replied. "The metal called sodium is used in the production of aluminum, and it is very expensive. Numberless methods have been tried, and hundreds of chemists all over the world are devoting their lives to the task of finding a cheap way of producing aluminum. The man who succeeds will be more fortunate than though he had found the philosopher's stone. Whoever can produce aluminum at one dollar a pound will make a fortune, while a man who can make it for twenty-five cents a pound can buy out the Rothschilds in a day." "What is the cost of aluminum now?" "The raw materials for making it are not worth twenty dollars a ton—that is, twenty dollars for enough to produce a ton of the metal; but a ton of aluminum, perfectly manufactured, is worth twenty thousand dollars."

"What are the valuable properties of aluminum?" I asked, "and to what use can it be applied?" "It can take the place of almost every other metal in the world," said he, "and very largely that of wood also. In the first place it is very strong. Its tensile strength is more than three tons to the square inch greater than that of the best Bessemer steel. In fact, it is by far the strongest metal known. A cannon made of it would be three times as strong as one made of steel or gun metal. It is very stiff or rigid too; three times as rigid as the best of bronze. Another important thing is that it will not tarnish. Neither air, nor water, nor salt, nor acids, nor corrosive gases have the slightest effect upon it. Neither does intense heat change its color. It is the best conductor of heat known in the world; also of electricity. It would make the best telegraph wires in the world, having twice the conducting power of copper with only a third of its weight, and lasting practically forever. It is very ductile and can be drawn into wire more easily than almost any other metal. Moreover, it is easily worked cold or hot. It is suitable for anything that iron or steel or copper or brass or bronze or gold or silver is used for, from the wheels of a watch to a monster steam engine."

"How does it compare in weight with other metals?" "It is by far the lightest; lighter, indeed, than many hard woods. It is little more than one-third the weight of cast-iron. To be exact, a cubic foot of aluminum weighs only 166 pounds. The same sized block of cast-iron weighs about 451 pounds; of wrought-iron, 487 pounds; of copper, 554½ pounds; of lead, 709 pounds; of brass, 528 pounds; and of gold, about 1,200 pounds. In brief, it is the lightest, easiest worked, strongest, most durable, and generally the most valuable of all metals, and the man who invents and patents a method of making it cheaply will revolutionize industry, and become the richest man in the world."—*Trenton Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

NEW WORK FOR WOMEN.

The Sphere of the "Drummer" Invaded by the Fair Sex.

There is a new field opened by one of the most prominent firms in the city for the employment of female labor. The scheme is certainly unique. To a reporter the manager of the firm unfolded the plan.

"The idea," he said, "that I have been following since the first of last July is the employment of young ladies as saleswomen, to introduce our goods on the market by creating a demand on the dealers from the consumers. When they first enter my employ I have them solicit trade from house to house in the city, find out from what grocer their customers are in the habit of purchasing a similar article, and, when they have secured a sufficient number of orders, they turn them over to the different grocers, who, for the sake of getting them, will give an order for double the amount of goods required, at the wholesale price, thus receiving an insured profit on half the order without any work.

"As soon as any one shows herself proficient I put her on the road. No, not alone. Eight young ladies go together under the charge of an elderly lady in whom we have confidence who has authority over all of them. This party of nine go to a town, put up at a hotel, and canvas every house in town and turn the orders over to one of our salesmen, who keeps track of several parties, arranges for hotel accommodation, transportation, etc. In short, each company is run just like a theatrical troupe, and the young ladies have no bother at all outside of the canvassing."

"How do you find them as compared with men?"

"They compare favorably. They are steadier, as a rule, and more dependence can be placed in them. They don't fool away their time in saloons playing billiards. It is not their nature, and, even if it were, the fact of some one being over them and who travels with them always, would put a stop to any foolishness of that kind. Thus far I have been quite successful with them, and next year the firm intends to cover every State in the Union in this way; so, you see, we will have employment for a good many. I have now Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois covered, and part of Iowa. This takes about three hundred young ladies, and you can figure yourself how many it will require to cover the whole country."

"Do you have many applicants?"

"Yes, a good number. Probably we only employ fifty per cent. of those who apply. Some we don't want, and some don't want the situation. Their salary on the road is from seven to eighteen dollars per week and expenses paid (that is, hotel and traveling expenses), which is, indeed, much more than the majority of girls in this city make. Besides, they have the advantages of travel, which is of benefit to any one, especially as they are going over new ground all the while."—*Chicago News.*

—The muffs in the newest French fashion-plates are eccentricity itself. Some are gathered at the ends so that they look like musk-melons; some appear to be drawn together in the center and flare open so as to seem like two fans fastened together under a ribbon; some are hooped like a barrel, and one, otherwise simple, is ornamented by a bow of ribbon from which depends a shield with armorial bearings.—*Troy Times.*

—The semi-centennial of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne will occur June 20, 1887, and it is understood to be the Queen's pleasure that the event shall be celebrated by a general jubile throughout her dominions.

THIBETAN MONKS.

Description of a Lamassery and the Life of Its Inmates.

The young apprentices or novices, passing through their novitiate, are generally called Peng Giong, and sometimes La Tchru (small Lamas). These are generally recruited as follows: Should there be a son too many in a family, as the third would prove in a poor one, or the fourth in a richer one, he is generally packed off to the Lamassery of the district. Not only to disembarrass the family of a surplus son is this done, but also to gain the favor of the Lamassery, as although these have no civil power by right, still they are strong enough to usurp and exert a great deal of power. Again, if a boy has shown particular sharpness or boldness—in fact, that he is worth having—a Lama or some lower "ecclesiastic" walks into the parent's house unasked, as is quite permitted to any Thibetan to do in any Thibetan house, and in the course of conversation this "ecclesiastic" casually tells the "fortune" of the family. For the son he wants he predicts all sorts of ills and sickness, which can only be averted by his entering a Lamassery. This has the desired effect, and he is handed over to save him from the unhappy alternative. This result has often been led up to by preparatory predictions given from time to time concerning the son. Thanks to the above systematic fraud, there is now about one-twelfth of the total population of Thibet in Lamasseries. Deduct for the women and children, and it will be evident what a ruinous proportion of the male adult population is wasted in Lamasseries, perfectly unproductive and living in a great measure on the toil of the remainder!

As regards the interior "monastic" life and regulations, the members of a Lamassery (miscalled "Lamas") roam whither they will, and as a rule with no proper or moral purpose. They are practically subject to no discipline whatever, nor can there be said to be any real rules followed, except perhaps at three times of the year. These periods are the fifth and ninth moon, during each of which three days must be spent in the Lamassery, ostensibly in prayer, though the latter it not de rigueur; the other period is at the new year, when when they must pass fifteen days in the Lamassery, also ostensibly in prayer. The members have no communism, some being very poor—these often acting as the servants of richer members; others being rich, and all living exactly as suits each individual's tastes and means. A few of the elders remain pretty constantly in the Lamasseries, when, having outgrown the pleasures and passions of youth, their vices have left them, and they have in consequence elected to abandon their vicious courses. The great majority, however, rove about at will, with no moral intent, as we have said.

As far as the so-called Lamas themselves are concerned, their religion is a farce they do not believe, save in so far as it brings them in the good things of this world. For that purpose they thoroughly appreciate its value. The people, too, already realize and make common talk of the immorality of the "Lamas" as a body, and only except from slander a few, chiefly the very old "living Buddhas." Nearly all large Lamasseries have one or more of these "living Buddhas."—*Nineteenth Century.*

RELICS OF IRVING.

How Spaniards Honor the Memory of the Great American Author.

There is a hotel in Granada that bears the honored name of Washington Irving. From its windows the guest, in the morning, when the sunlight is sifted down through the Wellington elms, sees one of the blank walls of the Alhambra. Its proprietor is a Spaniard, not literary and not too familiar with the name he has taken in vain. Two volumes, fragments of two separate works of the author, one of them in French, are all that the hotel possesses, though a copy of Sale's Koran is sometimes brought to the traveler under the impression that it also emanated from Irving's pen. There is a portrait from a photograph in the reading room not unlike the original, but no other mementoes are discoverable. It is so very long since Irving spent his three and a half months of spring and summer within the Alhambra's walls—more than fifty years—that few persons are now alive who ever even saw him, though scarcely a person who comes here does not talk of him and of his books; he it was that made Granada famous. The faithful Mateo, his body servant, died many years ago, and his son, who now acts as guide, is an old man of nearly sixty. His wife died of the cholera, and he is in temporary retirement at the house of a son-in-law in the old quarter. I made a diligent search for him as one of the relics. I was shown into a little room beside the entrance, filled with ancient furniture, and he soon came in. He is thin and gray-haired, and looks at least seventy. He spoke no English, and it was necessary to converse with him in French. He was only three years old when Irving was here, but remembers or thinks he remembers the round-faced, good-natured gentleman, dressed in black, with black cravat, standing collar and broad expanse of shirt front, who used every day to give him a copper. Whether this is partly copied from the portrait and partly from family reminiscence, no one can tell. He expressed great regret that he could not have acted as my guide. Then he looked up for me a small photograph of his father, and I left him, slipping into his hand a peseta in the dark passage as I passed out. American literature is young, and yet here is an old man of sixty who, when a child of three, knew Irving, who had already passed middle age.—*Granada (Spain) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

"THE MONK."

An Ocean Cliff Which Has Fallen a Prey to the Wash of the Sea.

An official notification from the Danish Ministry of Marine announces that Denmark is poorer by the loss of an island and of an interesting natural object. South of the island of Sudaroe, one of the Faroe group, a mighty cliff rose sheer out of the sea to a height of from eighty to one hundred feet. Looked at sidewise from a distance at sea, it resembled a great ship in full sail; but seen from Suderoe it presented the appearance of a monk, whence it received from the Faroese the name of Munken. The Monk was not merely a picturesque object; it was also a valuable land mark for sailors, warning them against a dangerous whirlpool which swept around its base, but it is now only a thing of the past. Last year a portion of the cliff fell down, and this year all that remained was broken off just below the water line, leaving in its place a dangerous reef, which is covered even at low water. Fortunately it was uninhabited, so no lives were lost. The occurrence is noteworthy as proving that the continuous wash of the sea, aided probably in the winter by the action of driving ice blocks, is able to saw through immense masses of rock consisting of hard basalt, cutting them clean across at the water's edge.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A German professor finds that coffee is an absolute antidote to alcohol, if it be taken in sufficient quantity.

HARD TIMES.

An Honest Sailor's Futile Attempts to Secure Winter Quarters.

Soon after eight o'clock the other morning a man about forty years old rang the office bell at the Workhouse, and to the door-keeper who answered it, he asked: "Can I come in?"

"Why, yes, of course. Whom did you wish to see?"

"Oh, nobody in particular. You may put me down for about ninety days."

It was soon discovered that he was a sailor who wanted to be locked up for the winter, and the door-keeper was obliged to inform him that he couldn't be taken in after that fashion.

"So I've got to be arrested and taken before the police judge, eh?" he enquired.

"Yes, have you any money?"

"About twenty dollars, which I want to save until spring."

"Then you can't be arrested as a vagrant. You will have to commit some offense. You'd better get drunk."

"But I am strictly temperate."

"Well, get up a row with somebody, smash a window, or run off with somebody's horse. It ought to be an easy matter to get arrested."

The man walked down to the haymarket and looked around for somebody to get up a row with. He selected a farmer who seemed to be a good-hearted man, and walked up to him and said:

"Say! I want a row with you. I want to be arrested."

"Look a-here, young man," replied the farmer, "don't you come fooling around me! I'm mild and mad, and if you give me any provocation, I'll make dog-meat of you."

The sailor turned away and picked up a rock and walked down to a saloon, determined to hurl it through the window. The old man who keeps the place saw him coming, and he went out and said:

"You keep avhay! If you throw dot shtone in my window I'll shoot you so help me gracious!"

"But I want to do something to be arrested."

"I can't help dot! you keep avhay or I put some bullets into you!"

The man passed on about a square to where a horse was hitched, and he was untying the animal when the owner came out and said:

"Say, you get up and skip or I'll break your back for you!"

He drove off, looking back and uttering threats, and a policeman came along and asked what had happened.

"Why, I want to be arrested, and I was going off with his horse. Will you arrest me if I abuse you?"

"Try it on!"

"Well, you are a bow-backed sheep thief, an infernal liar and the biggest coward on the force! I wouldn't have your face on me for ten thous——!"

The officer seized him and flung him over a yard fence into a lilac bush, and then looked after him and said:

"If you don't leave town before night I'll hunt you down and hammer you until your own mother can't identify the mangled remains!"

"I'll be hanged if I don't! you haven't got enterprise enough to keep the moss off my back, and I'll get out if I have to go on my hands and knees!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE WORLD'S WAY.

The New Boy Asserts Himself and Runs the Roost.

The new boy had moved in—that is, the family which owned the new boy had moved in. It was quite likely the new boy would show up in the back yard during the afternoon, and so after school seven boys headed that way. The new boy had only been seen from a distance. Was he sassy? No one could answer! Would he fight? No one could tell. He must be tried! It was the solemn duty of every boy in that neighborhood to make this important discovery at the earliest possible moment. If he could be licked, well and good; if he was a fighter——! They breathed hard over the thought.

In half an hour seven heads appeared above the alley fence behind the boy's house. He seemed to be expecting them, and had heaped up a peck of green tomatoes at the foot of a plum tree.

The seven glared down at him. He glared up and back.

"What cher want?"

It was the new boy, and there was "sass" in his tones.

"None o' yer bizness!"

It was one of the seven who answered.

"Git off'n that fence!"

"We won't!"

"I say git off!"

"Shan't do it!"

The new boy stooped for his tomatoes, but when he raised up the seven heads were gone. It was settled he was sassy. Would he fight?

"You there?" from the alley.

"Who?" from the yard.

"You dasn't fight?"

"Yes I dast!"

"Dasn't come over!"

"You see!"

He came over. It had been settled that Johnny Flynn should tackle him, and Johnny was ready. He grabbed for the new boy's hat, and the new boy grabbled for his coat, and they tugged and twisted.

"Sick him, Johnny!"

"Clean him out!"

"Pull his hair."

But the new boy had the best of it. He came down on top of Johnny and goured his eye and bit his finger, and offered to lick any one else in the crowd. His father came out just then and the seven ran away, but the evidence was all in. The new boy would not only sass and fight, but he was boss. Before sundown that night he had been presented with two big bites from an apple, three marbles, a ball of kite string and half a pound of brown sugar in an old straw hat, and other boys were waiting to shower honors and presents upon him at sunrise.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Lady Beetles.

The Lady Beetles, or "Lady bugs," are well known to every farmer's boy and girl, and are among the most beautiful as well as most useful of the great order to which they belong. They may easily be distinguished by the oval shape of their bodies, their hard shell-like covering, which is usually brightly colored, with a common ground tint, or ornamented with spots of another color. The Lady beetles in both the larval and perfect stages live upon other insects, and hence are of great benefit to the farmer. They are especially fond of the little "green flies" or plant lice to be found in the summer upon almost every tree, shrub and herb. These little beetles form a very distinct family, which contains about one thousand species, and which naturalists call coccinellidæ.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The Status Quo Ante.—

Topalovich and Djukinitch,
Mickiovich and Tchakawitch,
And all the rest that end in 'Itch—
Benecky and Adljeh
To Zaribrod will take their way,
Via Krajeva and Kalafat,
Kraljuevatz and Balderlat
And some that are not quite so fat,
To capture Akrsiakaftutvickiopaschnitsa.

—*Boston Record.*

—Prof. J. N. Langston (colored), formerly United States Minister to Hayti, has been appointed President of the Colored Normal Collegiate Institute, near Petersburg, Va.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The total amount of press telegrams sent over the Western Union lines reaches a thousand million words a year.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A dog belonging to a Cincinnati shoe dealer chews tobacco, using up about a quarter of a ten-cent plug every day.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A New York paper gravely declares that "it is now the aim and ambition of the girl of the period to make herself as conspicuous as possible."

—A Southington (Conn.) farmer unable to sell a load of apples at the cider mill dumped them into the mill stream "to float away to Long Island Sound."

—A Philadelphia "doctor" is doing a lively business among the colored people of that city by selling a liquid for the hair that takes the curl and the kink out.

—A Boston man has written an elaborate article to prove that before the close of the next century all of North America, including the British possessions, Mexico and Central America will belong to the United States.

—An alleged doctor in Georgia, to relieve the earache, inserted a bunch of cotton saturated with hot glue in a young man's ear. The glue got cold, and it became necessary to call in a real physician to extract the cotton.

—The spectacle of a little man under a hat too big for him is only ludicrous, but the sight of a young country like Canada laboring under a debt of nearly $300,000,000 is too serious to be amusing.—*Toronto Truth.*

—Nova Scotia has a known coal area of nearly seven hundred square miles, or nearly twice the area of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, and some of the Nova Scotia fields have a greater thickness of workable coal than probable exists anywhere else in the world.

—The doctors have found that bicycle riding and tennis playing, when carried to excess, produce peculiar muscular diseases. It is to be hoped their discoveries will not tend to lessen the popularity of these sports. There is no kind of athletic exercise which is not injurious when indulged in immoderately. Breathing can be carried to any unhealthy extreme.—*Chicago Current.*

—Bread is a luxury among the peasantry in parts of Southern Austria, Italy and in Roumania. In a village not far from Vienna the staple food of the people is sterz, a kind of porridge made of ground beech nuts. A porridge made of boiled maize, called polenta, forms the chief article of food in Northern Italy. The same thing, somewhat differently prepared, under the name of mamaliga, is the common article of food in Roumania.

—The Shut-in Society is the title of a new organization in New York for the mutual benefit of the suffering. It already numbers fifteen hundred members. To be "shut in" from the outer world by suffering is the only condition of membership. It is not a charitable organization in the ordinary sense, but aims at the inter-communion and friendship of invalids who become known to each other by letter. Concerts of prayer in which invalids pray for each others' consolation and faith are a feature of it. It publishes monthly the *Open Window.*

—Miss Anna Ripley, of Buxton, Me., has, unaided, secured the necessary papers and a pension for George W. Edgerly, an old broken down soldier of her town. While engaged in this work she took the affidavit of every man in his company, from Maine to California, every physician who had treated him, and personally supplied his wants as long as she was able rather than allow him to go to the poor farm. When the pension was granted, one thousand and seventy dollars was allowed as arrearage. She asked and received no compensation for her efforts.—*Boston Journal.*

—Smith—"I never was more surprised in my life than I was last night." Jones—"Indeed! What was the cause?" S.—"As I was passing along the street two ladies came to the door of a house—one evidently the hostess, as she had only a shawl wrapped around her head—the other a visitor. As they reached the bottom of the steps the visitor said: 'Well, I've had a very pleasant time. Good-night, Mary,' and the other said, 'Good-night, Mehitable,' and they parted." J.—"What, without another word?" S.—"Without another word." J.—"H'm! I guess they were men in women's clothes."—*Boston Courier.*

—In the first generation a man reckons only two ancestors, his father and mother. In the second generation the two are changed into four, since he had two grandfathers and two grandmothers. Each of these four had two parents, and thus in the third generation there are found to be eight ancestors, that is, eight great grand parents. In the fourth generation the number of ancestors is sixteen, in the fifth thirty-two, in the sixth sixty-four, in the seventh one hundred and twenty-eight, in the tenth one thousand and twenty-four, in the twentieth, one million, forty-eight thousand, five hundred and seventy-six, in the thirtieth one billion, seventy-three million, seven hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-four. This may prove that all the world's akin.—*Chicago Living Church.*

—The water-boy who goes through the passenger trains in Connecticut, with his pail of water and tray of tumblers, offering free drinks to all the passengers, is a survival of the war period. During the rebellion thousands of sick and wounded soldiers passed through the State on their way home to be nursed, and many of them, their canteens being empty, longed in vain for a draught of cool water. The late John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, who was in the Legislature at the time, having ridden on a train in which were home-returning soldiers, and noticing their distress on account of their inability to get water, at once pushed a law through the Legislature providing that all railroads in the State must carry water-boys on their passenger trains. The statute still remains in force.—*Hartford Courant.*

FREEING THE SLAVES.

An Institution Which Is Passing Away from All Civilized Nations.

The Brazilian proclamation abolishing slavery has not excited the attention that it should; and it is especially noteworthy from the fact that while in Spain and Portugal every form of slavery is being abolished, Brazil's method is the most gradual and the time the longest extended. The new emancipation act of Brasil is a sequence to that of 1871, which freed slave children born after that date upon reaching the age of twenty-one years. It also provides a redemption fund for the purchase of the freedom of all slaves. The new act just passed determines the price at which masters may value their slaves, and sets aside five per cent of all the revenues of the empire, except the export taxes, as an emancipation fund. All slaves are made free at the age of sixty, although required to render three years of subsequent service when sufficiently strong to do so. The act is a wise and benefficent one. At the close of the century slavery will have passed away from all civilized nations. It may still linger in the Soudan and other parts of Africa, and Mexican peonage itself gives little signs of passing away. The work of universal emancipation is slow, but it is sure. It is but a question of time when the globe will be a world of freemen.—*Christian at Work.*

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for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

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with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

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