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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVI.--NO. 47. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1886. WHOLE NO. 827.

SLEIGHING SONG—NEW STYLE.

In silence and slow-
Ly o'er the cold snow
We go raspingly scraping to-night,
The sleigh bells don't jing-
Le a jing—we don't sing,
And the silver moon doesn't shine bright.

It's cold and it's dark,
Not a single warm spark
Of life seems left in us now.
My left ear is frose-
N, and likewise my nose,
'N' I wish I was back home, I vow!

The old nag is played out,
I'm beginning to doubt
If he'll have enough strength to pull through.
The cutter's too wide,
And the girl at my side
Doesn't snuggle as she ought to do.

She insists I shall drive
With both hands—man alive!
When I tried once to give her a kiss
"I'm astonished!" she said,
With a toss of her head,
And I stuttered: "Oh, p-p-pardon me, Miss!"

She's cold and she's glum,
You would think she was dumb,
If you never had seen her before,
But she isn't, oh, no!
Don't mislead yourself so!
And to-morrow she'll talk all the more.

It's beginning to snow!
We've got ten miles to go,
And I lash old Mazeppa in vain
Now you mark what I say,
You may kick me all day
If ever I go sleighing again.

—*Somerville Journal.*

THE STUBBORN WIFE.

A Folk-Tale From the Russian of Afanasieff.

In old times, in the Government of Novgorod, there lived a wife on such bad terms with her husband that she became a proverb in her neighborhood. No matter what he said, she was sure to take the opposite ground. If he told her to get up early and prepare his breakfast, she would lie in bed without stirring for three days; if he said: "Come, now, my dear, it's time for you to go to sleep," she would stay awake, talking all the while, till daybreak. Once, when the poor man ventured to ask her to make some pancakes, she flew into a rage, and cried:

"Pancakes, you thief! you don't deserve a pancake."

"All right, my love; don't make pancakes, then, if I don't deserve them," he answered, oh! so meekly.

"I'd like to know who is to keep me from cooking what I please in my own house," she screamed at this. "Pancakes I'm going to make, a good two-gallon potful, and you shall eat them every one."

So for once the poor husband got his fill of pancakes, but luck was not always on his side.

Things went on from bad to worse, until at last the man took to wandering in the woods, afraid to set his foot upon the threshold of his home. One day, while picking a few berries to appease his hunger, he pushed aside a bush and there beneath it saw a pit apparently bottomless. An idea came to him. If he were to put his wife into the pit, might not it teach her a good lesson? So, returning home, he plucked up courage to address her in a pleasant tone:

"If I were you, wife, I wouldn't go into the wood to pick berries. It really is not safe there."

"Safe, you bugbear! What is that to you? I can take care of myself, I think. I'll go into the wood this very day."

"Well, go, if you must, my love; but on no account go near the great big currant bush I've marked with a white stone at the root."

"You want to keep all the currants for yourself, you greedy brute," cried the captious wife. "Be sure I'll have my share."

So saying she ran out into the woods like a mad creature, never resting until she had picked and eaten all the fruit from the currant bush marked with a white stone at the root. As she picked the last bunch the greedy creature leaned over to see that none remained on the far side of the bush. Over she went, headlong into the pit, and the last words her husband heard from her were these: "Oh, when I get out, won't I—"

The rest he fortunately could not understand, owing to the rapidity of the lady's disappearance. Returning home joyfully, he made a feast of every good thing to eat he could discover in the cupboard. Climbing up on the stove he stretched out his legs for a comfortable nap, but not until after he had enjoyed a grand smoke, the like of which he had not known since the day his honeymoon set in. After three days of rest that seemed like heaven, the man resolved to go and find out how matters were progressing in the pit. Taking a long cord he let it down into the aperture, and by and by he felt something tugging at the end of it.

"There she is! the poor dear creature—sprightly as ever! I recognize her vicious way of jerking. I thought she could stand three days of it."

In high spirits he began hauling in the line, and soon brought to view, not his spouse, but a little black demon, wriggling tremendously. Frightened out of his wits, the peasant was about to cast the imp back where it came from, but the creature wept bitterly, entreating him not to do so.

"Don't send me home again, peasant; let me out if you have any mercy. Home is no longer home down yonder since *she* made her appearance. Three days ago a scolding woman fell down there, and since then we are all utterly worn out with her. Only let me stay on earth and I'll promise to do you a good turn."

"Then she's no better?" cried the alarmed man.

"Worse, if possible," said the imp. "She does nothing but talk of what she will do when she catches you again."

"Perhaps it is as well not to disturb her," answered the husband, hastening away from the mouth of the pit. The imp, well pleased, trotted at his heels, and as they walked, proposed to his benefactor a business partnership.

"Suppose we go together to the town of Vologda. I'll take to tormenting folks, and you shall cure them. What say you, peasant? Can't you see money in the scheme?"

The peasant, after cogitating awhile, agreed to the proposition. When they reached a fine house belonging to a merchant who had a wife and several daughters, the imp insinuated himself through the key-hole of the door, and fell to playing tricks upon the women, which fairly drove them crazy. The doctor of the village came, and the priest came, and all the old gossips gathered around the house. But nothing could be thought of to relieve the possessed women, till finally our friend the peasant, dressed like a venerable man, presented himself upon the threshold, offering to drive away the live spirit. In despair, the people allowed him to see the patients, when lo! at the first sound of the new-comer's voice the afflicted ones became quiet and submissive. In the end he succeeded in curing them entirely, so effectually putting to flight the fiend that his grateful hosts loaded him with money, and fed him on pies and beer.

This enterprise, repeated from house to house, soon filled the pockets of the partners. They were obliged to hide away the gold that came to them in bagfuls. At last, one day, the imp, who was getting a little uppish, remarked to his friend the peasant:

"It seems to me you've made money enough by this time. I've about made up my mind to leave the firm and give up business altogether. Now I'll agree to let you have all the gold if you'll promise not to drive me away from the next person I take possession of. It's time I was having a little fun upon my own account."

The next thing that was heard of was the illness of the Boyar's daughter, the beauty of the town. She was quite out of her mind, they said, threatening to eat every body who came into her presence.

"So that's what you are up to, my lad," said the peasant, suspecting the absent imp. He went to the Boyar's house, where he was greeted joyfully.

"Can you cure my poor daughter?" asked the unhappy Boyar. Promising to do his best, the pretended physician told the Boyar to assemble all the towns-people, together with the coachmen of the place, in the street outside the house. Moreover, he gave orders that at a given signal from the window of the sick room the coachmen should all crack their whips, and the people should cry out as he directed. This done, he went into a room, where the Boyar's beautiful daughter flew at him, biting and snapping. Opening the window he gave the signal, when instantly arose a tumult of shouts and cries from without, with the cracking of whips and yells of "the cantankerous wife has come!"

On hearing this, the imp rushed out of the Boyar's daughter, and appeared before the peasant, with his hair standing straight upon his head, his eyes staring wide with terror.

"It can't be true, peasant? She hasn't *really* come here?"

Louder and louder arose the cries: "The cantankerous wife has come!"

"Where can I take refuge, peasant?" screamed the imp, now thoroughly overcome with fear.

"Alas, my poor friend, I know not, unless you go back to the pit," said the peasant. "It is certain she won't wish to return there."

"Good-bye," cried the imp, and was off like a flash to the pit, and to the company of the cantankerous wife also, since she never came back to earth."—*Harper's Bazar Translation.*

LONG SHOTS.

Wonderful Feats of Marksmanship Performed by Columbian Hunters.

Perhaps no one disciple of Nimrod can point to a like success in the chase as has been experienced by Mr. James Porter, of Thibert Creek, Casslar, who under all circumstances is credited with being a capital shot. While on a hunting excursion during the winter of 1882-3, in company with Mr. Charles Cameron, both of whom were armed with Winchesters, and the cold being forty to fifty degrees below zero, they came upon a band of thirteen cariboo browsing on the bushes which are to be found on the mountains above the timber line. Cameron took one direction, while Porter took a circle to take advantage of a ridge, so that he might get within shot, which he succeeded in doing, and fired his first shot at one hundred and fifty yards, which counted one bagged. The band then started on the run, and before they had got out of reach he had sped twenty-two bullets among them, killing nine and wounding the tenth severely. Night coming on they had to gather the slain, so that the wounded cariboo could not be followed, but when the carcases were skinned it was discovered that the nine were hit nineteen times out of the twenty-two shots fired.

Last winter Mr. Porter, while out with Mr. B. Sullivan on a sporting trip, came on a band of some fifteen or sixteen cariboo on the mountains at the head of Dease creek, and eclipsed all his former feats of marksmanship. Owing to the nature of the mountain side on which they were feeding, Porter could not possibly get nearer to them than five hundred yards, so he quietly adjusted the sight for that range, dropped on one knee, and at the crack of his rifle there was one cariboo less. At the sound of the first shot they commenced running, and before they got out of range, Mr. Sullivan says, there were seven lying at almost equal distances apart. Mr. Porter told the writer that he did not take time to raise his rifle sight as the distance increased, but that he held at the top of the back of the last two which he shot.—*Victoria Times.*

MADE HIS FORTUNE.

How a French Comedienne Enriched a Silk Manufacturer.

The formal announcement that the latest styles for ladies' costumes are to be chiefly distinguished for the striking colors employed in the stuffs out of which they are made, recalls to mind a little anecdote told of Mlle. Mars, the once famous comedienne—an anecdote which explains how the same fashion was artfully forced upon the world some sixty or seventy years ago. The actress was fulfilling an engagement at Lyons, when one day the chief silk manufacturer of the town was ushered into her presence.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I demand of you to make my fortune."

"Monsieur, nothing would give me greater pleasure, but how am I to do so?"

"Simply by accepting from me this piece of cloth, by having it made into a dress and wearing it in your next representation in Paris." And at the same time he unfolded a package which he held in his hand and spread it before the actress. It was a piece of the most brilliant and screaming yellow, as the blondes would say—intense, barbaric, soul-stirring! At first the actress refused—she could never commit such an act of audacity and hope to live through it; but at last she was prevailed upon to make the trial. The experiment succeeded beyond the crafty merchant's wildest hopes. In less than a week all Paris was frantically pursuing the latest phantasy of its favorite star. The Lyons manufacturer, who alone had a sufficient stock on hand, was soon overflowed with orders. And the fashion for bright colors thus oddly begun endured for several seasons.—*Paris Cor. Boston Record.*

KRAKATOA.

An Elaborate Official Account of the Great Eruption in 1883.

Thanks to the liberality of the Dutch East Indian Government, the world has an elaborate and thorough account of the great eruption at Krakatoa in May, 1883; an account so full, and by hands so competent, moreover, that the full significance of the phenomena is made apparent. Mr. Verbeck was dispatched by the Government in question immediately after the great outburst, to investigate its causes and effects, and with the assistance of Mr. J. Schnurman has now published the second of two volumes covering the ground completely. A resume of the second volume, which deals with the phenomena (the first volume treating the history of the eruption), has appeared in *Nature.* The inquiry has resulted in the conclusion that the disturbance was volcanic and not seismic, though it is ascertained that a seismic movement of the sea bottom occurred in the whole region of the Moluccas. At the same time earthquakes were felt in Australia, and these movements are supposed to result from a connection between the subterranean recesses which lie between Krakatoa and Australia. The theory of the eruption put forward is that of the sudden influx of large bodies of water—probably the ocean—to masses of incandescent matter in the neighborhood of the old volcano.

The whole theory requires a revision of some of the suppositions concerning the thickness of the earth's crust. Mr. Verbeck holds to the doctrine of a central fire, it is certainly necessary to state, and his facts go to show that we are really less removed from it than may seem comfortable. What tends strongly to demonstrate the instability of the crusts is the extent of the disturbance caused by the outbreak of Krakatoa. In some ways it was felt over the whole earth, the explosions were actually heard over an area amounting to one-fourth of the earth's surface, while the air-wave caused traveled all round the globe and back to Krakatoa. The great tidal wave which followed the principal explosions was not caused, it is now held, by earthquake shocks, but sinply by the projection into the sea of enormous masses of matter, including one side of the crater itself, and the profuse discharges from it. Mr. Verbeck has calculated that at least eighteen cubic kilometers of matter must have been ejected, and *Nature* gives this illustration: "Imagine a box of ashes as large as Hyde Park and as high as the dome of St. Paul's, a hundred such boxes will give an idea of the mass of matter thrown out by Krakatoa in 1883."

The elevation reached by the ejected ashes is estimated at fifty kilometers, or nearly six times the height of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Mr. Verbeck attributes the red sunsets to the presence in the air of the finer particles of the dust, together with aqueous vapor. These particles he believes made the circuit of the earth twice, being carried westward by strong east winds. Inasmuch as the same kind of red sunsets have been observed as recently as the fall of 1885, it is, however, difficult to accept the explanation as sufficient. The theory that the volcanic dust has remained in atmospheric suspension for two years and a half is hardly tenable. After the eruption the sea was covered with pumice thickly. Some of this was carried as far as the east coast of Africa; another portion is at present encountered in the Pacific Ocean, between the Caroline and Marshall Islands; and the author calculates that this pumice will reach the American coast at Panama in 1886.

While Mr. Verbeck has made a most important contribution to the literature of a very interesting subject, it is not to be supposed that the volcanic or the seismic problems are solved by him. He has indeed gathered data which supports the theory of a central fire, and the belief that the crust of the globe is thinner than commonly supposed. There are, however, many inexplicable points, and a reasonable probability is the most that can be claimed for the inferences drawn from the phenomena of the great Krakatoa eruption.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

How It Assists Scientists, Engineers and Educators.

The number of people who take photographic pictures is increasing amazingly year by year. Apart from those who make a living by the profession, there are others to whom it is useful in their several occupations. Engineers and architects use it for making pictures of machinery and buildings, physicians find it handy in keeping a record of surgical operations. It is an indispensable to artists in sketching; then newspaper men are enabled to take a photograph, which is desirable, now that all the journals are being illustrated. Then a great number of ladies and gentlemen find it a pleasant amusement to be able to take pictures of their friends and relatives. What repels the gentler sex, however, is the ill-smelling chemicals which are used to bring out the pictures on the negatives. One of the drawbacks to the general use of photography to those who travel has been the necessity of using glass, which is weighty to carry and awkward to use. But this difficulty has been overcome by a new apparatus and process which employes paper instead of glass for negatives. It would take too much of our space to describe this new process, but amateur photographers will have no trouble in finding the new material. Pictures, by the way, are becoming very popular. The art work in our magazines is improving as months roll by. The circulation of our illustrated weekly papers is enormous, and the daily papers are beginning to invade this popular field. Men have many tongues, that is, they speak many dialects, while practically they have but one eye; hence pictures form the true universal language. Educators are beginning to find out that the intelligence of children can best be appealed to through the eyes rather than through the ears.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A great and general scare about hydrophobia would be of great benefit to the United States, for nowhere else on this side of Constantinople are there so many worthless cur dogs in proportion to the population. In the cities they are seldom seen, but no man can walk through a country town at night without being startled almost out of life by dogs which rush yelping from doorways and seem intent on tearing some one to pieces. Dog laws do not greatly decrease the number. Poison seems the antidote, and it can not be administered too persistently.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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AMERICOMANIA.

The Influence of American Institutions Upon English Legislators.

While the term Anglomania signifies in America a craze among people of questionable intellect for all that is absurd, ridiculous and foppish in English manners and social customs, the term Americomania means in England an inclination among the thinking classes to introduce into the home government what has been approved best in American political institutions and principles. The American youth, man or woman, who desires to be thought "quite proper," imagines a greater tone is acquired by imitating, and therefore absurdly exaggerating the peculiarities of dress, speech and mannerisms of that class that does not include the most refined and elegant Englishmen, than by representing the simple dignity, good taste and modest demeanor of the true American gentleman as he really exists in the conservative cities of this country.

The form of Anglomania that has been so much satirized in this country would lead one unacquainted with the truth to think all Englishmen under the age of forty are empty-headed Tomnoddies, with a tedious predilection for the broad a, a constipation of ideas that makes a dismal drawl unavoidable, and a pitiable absence of judgment in the matter of dress. Indeed, our young sapheads see and grasp every thing except the manhood of the Englishman. They learn his trick of adjusting or dropping the eye-glass, but they do not show equal aptitude with him for striking a blow from the shoulder. They ape his indolence, but they do not, like him, rise alertly equal to an emergency where decision and courage are required. In fact there is a painful effeminancy about our Anglomaniacs that makes their imitations of the eccentricities of a hardy, sturdy, independent race contemptible. The English swell holds himself rather above imitating the American snob, and it unhappily does not occur to the snob that he is a very vacuous, worthless, nondescript sort of creature, immeasurably inferior in qualities of brain and muscle to the man he fondly deludes himself into believing he has patterned after.

Americomania is quite another matter. The English people are not bothering themselves to ascertain how we accent or intone a word, nor how we wear our tailor traps, nor whether we have any particular vulgar characteristics that may be adopted as distinguished mannerisms. They are, however, very much interested in getting a comprehensive knowledge of the once despised and ridiculed institutions that have impressed progressive England with the belief that the United States Government is a very good model to follow.

Since 1865 the English estimate of the United States has undergone a radical change. For some years England has been moving away from monarchical conditions, developing theories that had in them all the elements of democracy. Thought instead of tradition began to rule the country, and soon or late politicians follow the thinkers. Educated Englishmen are fast learning that America affords the best example of a democratic government, and as England is rapidly becoming democratic respectable Englishmen, says a thoughtful writer, "are beginning to consider whether the constitution of the United States may not afford means by which, under new democratic forms, may be preserved the political conservatism dear and habitual to the governing classes of England."

A democratic form of government is all but established in England, and it is quite natural there should be a disposition to borrow from this country some measures and methods that will make the triumph lasting. The Conservatives repelled as long as possible the advance of democracy, but when it swept over them with irresistible force they began to look at the situation fairly, and among the first things that became apparent was the necessity for a tangible and definite constitutional basis. They perceived that, while not the most trifling change can be made in the Constitution of the United States without the most lengthy consideration and deliberate assent of the people, within a month or two, and and without any reference to the people, the English Parliament could dissolve the union with Ireland or turn the United Kingdom into a federal monarchy. The look brought them into admiring regard of the authority of the President, the dignity of the Senate, the limited powers of the House, and altogether there sprang up an Americomania that is fast revolutionizing England and promises to result in a form of government to which one prophetic writer has already applied the descriptive term of democratic conservatism. At present the English Constitution is in form democratic, and the majority, nominally at least, rules. It is but a step further to a limited democracy, a government monarchical in theory but republican in fact. England is in a fair way to take this step, and the time is not far away when, half unconsciously perhaps, she will have taken it.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE COOPER'S DANCE.

A Curious Custom Observed by the Coopers of Munich.

A curious custom, known as the "coopers' dance," is observed in Munich from the second week of February until Ash Wednesday periodically. The custom dates from early in the sixteenth century, and originated as follows: During the plague of 1517 Munich gave way to the most abject terror. In order to buoy up the spirits of the inhabitants some followers of the art of coopering adopted the very original course of performing dances in the open spaces and streets of the town. Thus a less melancholy feeling was created, and the courage of the people was revived. Since this time it has been customary to commemorate the dance of coopers every seventh year, and the present year the time-honored observance came round again. A number of journeyman coopers—the most amiable and attractive fellows to be found—are chosen to dance to an old melody in public places and before the dwellings of leading citizens. The dance is a sort of ballet, and the dancers have in their hands hoops with green foliage. As nearly as possible the old costume is imitated, and every thing is done to reproduce the quaint spectacle which the good folks of Munich laughed at in the midst of their terror over three hundred years ago. Two buffoons accompany the dancers, and their duty is to harangue the public.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A BAD HUSBAND.

His Mamma-in-Law Tells All About His Desperate Appearance.

I do not know where he had been "spending the evening" as he calls it, my dear, but I know that the evening had waned into three o'clock in the morning when I heard him fall over the rocking chair I left in the hall for him, and if it should please Heaven to send me grandchildren, I humbly trust they may all be born deaf—no, don't say "oh ma!"—rather than have them ever hear the language that man used, coupled with the name of your own mother. He left the hall door wide open, and in the white moonlight I watched him stand on his hat to reach the shadow of the figure 7 on the transom, blackly outlined on the white wall, upon which he vainly endeavored to hang his overcoat. After several failures he laid the coat carefully on the floor, and after fumbling in every pocket in his clothes he found some matches, and then held up his foot and scratched them against the wall, under the impression, I have no doubt, that he was rubbing them on the sole of his boot. He tried, with match after match, to light one of the brass pegs in the hat-rack, making the most shocking and absurd comments at every failure. I could bear it no longer. I called out: "Henry, if you will cease disfiguring the wall and that hat-rack, and come here, I will find a light for you." That man—he turned in the most idiotic way to the hall door, and, after staring out at the moonlight in a dazed way, said:

"Oh, yez! yez-zi-see; got parlor all lighted up, ain't you? Whaz goin non? S'prise party?"

Then I went down stairs and led him up to bed. No, my dear, I am not going to scold him. No; when he comes down stairs I am not going to say a harsh word to him. I shall not say anything to him. I shall merely look at him. [P. S.—She looked at him.]—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE WRONG TICKETS.

Why a Musical Critic Is Avoided as a Bad Man and Heavy Hitter.

A terrible mistake recently occurred in one of our most critical journals, which illustrates the danger of mixing up reviews of different art subjects, and the manner in which different branches of culture can be confounded. A sparring match and a concert took place on the same evening, and, by mischance, the tickets reached the wrong art critics of the newspaper. The musical critic, thinking it was merely a broadening out of his field of labor, boldly went at his task, and handed in the following review:

Soiree Pugilistique.—Thumper's Hall was well filled with an aristocratic audience last night, who had the pleasure of being present at a delightful programme, which was charmingly carried out. At 8 o'clock the conductor called time, but forgot to specify what *tempo* was desired. Signor J. L. Sullivani and Mr Driscoll appeared in the duet which seemed to be in the character of a knock-turn. Signor Sullivani's touch was a trifle heavy, and he seems much addicted to forearm action. His performance was, nevertheless, a striking one, and had much power. A great many "rounds" were upon the programme, and we are glad to see this old English style of composition coming into favor again.

The art critic of sparring was at first a trifle uneasy when he saw that he had strayed into a musical soiree; but he soon found that his knowledge came readily into play, and gave the paper the following account:

Piano-Slugging Extraordinary.—Apollo-Orpheus Hall was crowded with a lively audience last night, to see Rafe Josephee knock out a piano in four rounds. Betting on the event was very lively, and an offer of two to one on the piano found no takers. Precisely at eight o'clock the master of ceremonies started the proceedings with an orchestral prelude; but they only added to the interest attaching to the main event. Rafe came to the front smiling. He had evidently been sponged off just before the combat, and looked in excellent condition. He at once struck out with his right, and followed it with a terrific left-hander, and managed to get away without return. He now got in some light work with both hands, and for a short time seemed sparring for wind. A short rally followed; but, just as the faint-hearted were beginning to back the piano to the tune of three to one, he caught it a heavy blow on the left side, and in an instant had it in chancery, and was punishing it severely. Such heavy pounding has rarely been seen in any exhibition. The combat was so evidently in Rafe's favor that we did not stay to see the close. The police arrangements were perfect, no disturbances of any kind taking place among the audience.

And now the sporting critic holds himself a musical authority, and the musical critic is avoided as a bad man and a heavy hitter.—*Boston Musical Herald.*

PAPER COLLARS.

The Decline of a Once Prosperous and Important Business.

Twenty-five years ago, when the paper collar made its appearance, it was something of a marvel, for who had ever heard of paper being substituted for textile fabrics? It was a great hit, however, the conditions under which it appeared being exactly suited to it. The progress of the war had carried prices of textiles very high, and linen collars had become almost a luxury. The new article was, of course, much cheaper, even less than the price of washing and ironing the linen one. But it was not merely the cheapness of the former that recommended it. The gloss with which it was finished was a step in advance of any laundring that had been done at that time. It may be that many people hesitated before wearing a paper collar, shrinking from anything in the nature of a sham.

It took some time for the prejudice to be overcome, for the average American hates cheap substitutes. It is not difficult to distinguish at a glance the imitation from the real thing, for the latter was usually without much gloss, if it was not also limp and broken in wrinkles. Yet in time the new collar came to be regarded not so much a sham as a real article of another character. Taking into account these facts it would seem strange that it should almost disappear from view, for even though the linen collar has come to be a comparatively cheap article, it would seem that paper ought to be able to compete with it. But it has not been so. The industry of manufacturing paper collars has entirely disappeared from the city of Troy, where it had its birth, and is confined to New York and Boston, where less than $1,000,000 worth are produced annually.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mother Eve's daughters queen it over the whole world, of course, but South Africa is their own special corner of the earth. The exportations from that region last year were valued at $37,500,000, and of that $25,000,000 were paid for articles for women's adornment—ostrich feathers, diamonds and that sort of thing.

—An Omaha woman showed her good nature by having her picture taken in a group with her three divorced husbands.—*Denver Tribune.*

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A colored woman in this city found one of her tenants to vacate because he ill-treated his mule.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A coonery has been established in Edenville, in Orange County, N. J. The business will consist in breeding and raising coons for the markets of New York City.

—With the exception of the British Museum and the National Library in Paris, the Congressional Library, with its two hundred and fifty thousand volumes is the largest library in the world.

—The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* has got tired of the Eastern young men with waxed mustaches and boiled shirts who go out West to grow up with the country, and says that no one is wanted out there who can't "hustle."

—A writer in *Hygiene Pratique* states that boots and shoes may be rendered waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. The compound forms a fatty acid within the leather and makes it impervious to water.

—Nearly eighty thousand acres of land under water along the Connecticut shore have have been sold by the State to oyster growers, and last year's taxes on this area (one-fifth of which is in use) yielded eight thousand dollars.—*Hartford Post.*

—The public exhibition of insane, idiotic or deformed children in museums is clearly contrary to public policy, and should be forbidden by law. The same is true of the exhibition of insane, idiotic or deformed persons of any age.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The ferries over East River at New York are steadily recovering the traffic that was lost to them when the Brooklyn bridge was opened. The throng passing over the bridge is as great as ever. This state of things is accounted for by the increase of population in Brooklyn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Among the late evidences of the spread of Yankee notions in Japan is the erection of a flouring mill at Hokkado to manufacture flour by the roller process. The machinery was made in Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., and the Yokohama *Daily Mail* says it is the only mill of the kind in the far East.

—One of the reasons for the decline in the price of quinine is that the bark is now removed from the trees in strips and the wounds thus caused are healed with moss, so that the tree does not die but gives a new yield yearly. Formerly every tree was stripped clean and killed at a single gathering.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A Western paper notes a mine accident: "In the Solferino mine, Nevadaville, Col., a loose rock knocked A. Warren out of the bucket. A piece of jawbone was found at the twelve hundred-foot level and a piece of skull and his coat at the thirteen hundred-foot level! These comprised his recoverable effects."

—Contrary to general belief, it is stated that the number of suicides in this country is small in comparison with Europe. Out of the more than twenty-five thousand cases of self-destruction which occur annually in Europe and the United States together only about sixteen hundred can be laid to our score.—*Boston Post.*

—Experiments made during the past two years to introduce a few of the early varieties of American corn into some of the Austrian provinces have proved very successful in Dalmatia. Not only is the yield twice that of the home product, but the harvest of the American corn can be finished early enough to escape the annual inundations, while the Dalmatian corn ripens late and is often totally destroyed by water before the harvest time.—*Boston Globe.*

—A census-taker called at a house on Commonwealth avenue one day when all the members of the family were out except an only son, a boy of about ten, who was required to answer the questions put by this gatherer of facts. This he did satisfactorily until he was asked his mother's birthplace, which he said he did not know. "Not know where your mother was born?" exclaimed the man. "Well, can't you guess?" "Guess yourself," quietly answered the boy.—*Boston Beacon.*

—The delights of music, the enjoyment of painting and sculpture, the charms of oratory are not within the power of the multitude. These in their excellence furnish a never-failing fund of enjoyment, and one which elevates and enlarges. It is a matter of regret that their influence can be felt by so few. A recent writer in urging their importance argues that public funds thus spent would be well spent. We now sanction State and municipal appropriations for public gardens, monuments, halls and libraries. Why not include concerts and lectures?—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

—A San Francisco dispatch says: "An extraordinary case of usury came up in the local courts recenty. A well-known money-lender brought suit to recover $3,000 for $178 loaned on a note four years ago, the interest being five per cent. per month compounded monthly. Although the note was indorsed by a prominent lawyer, the lender made no effort to collect, and waited until within four days of four years, when the note would have been barred by the statute of limitation, before beginning suit. Then he waited sixteen months before serving summons. The Judge dismissed the suit on the ground of lack of evidence in serving summons."

IT WAS COMPULSORY.

A Tramp Tells a Doctor Where He Was Vaccinated.

"Was I ever vaccinated? Well, I should say so! I was vaccinated where no man ever was vaccinated afore, I'll bet," said a tramp in answer to the query of a