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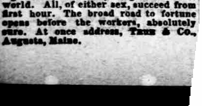

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVI.--NO. 48. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1886. WHOLE NO. 828.

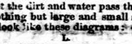
BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

Primitive Methods by Which They Are Gathered from the Beds of Streams.

Mr. H. N. Collier, who has visited the diamond fields of Brazil and made a study of the dazzling gems, gave a reporter some interesting facts. Mr. Collier first visited the diamond fields of Brazil in 1871. He landed at Rio Janeiro and obtained a permit from the Emperor Dom Pedro to go into the interior. The fields were six hundred miles from Rio, and could be reached partly by wagon routes. At that time the fields were worked by slaves in the most primitive way. The total cost of all the machinery used in surface work at the fields was not more than one hundred dollars.

"When a sufficient quantity of dirt has been gathered from the beds of shallow streams the washing begins. The washers that catch the diamonds and let the dirt and water pass through are nothing but large and small sieves. They look like these diagrams:

L.



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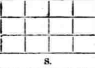

"L catches the large and S the small gems. I saw a diamond embedded in the sand when I first arrived and pushed it out with my cane. In the rough it weighed 3 9-32 carats, and polished a carat and a half. Of course I had to pay well for it to the owner of the field. There is no doubt in my mind that that country is still rich in undiscovered diamond fields. Why, in the Province of Goaz there are fields that I was told had not been worked for sixty years. The natives outside of the cities absolutely know nothing about the rich diamonds that can be found in certain localities. The circle of their lives is very small, and they have no enterprise or push. How is the diamond trade conducted? Why, it is done just like any other business, pretty much; the bankers and merchants paying so much for diamonds in the rough or polished. At the mines diamonds are always quoted in the rough. They do not say so many carats, but so many actavios, which is about 17½ carats, less a thirty-second of a carat. The export duty on them is one per cent., and the officials are vigilant and always collect it. But that export duty is small compared to our import tax of ten per cent. Every thing in Rio Janeiro is done by a system of red-tapeism circumlocution. A foreigner immediately upon his arrival, has to report himself to the chief of police and get a passport to go about. In leaving, another passport has to be obtained. I met the Emperor several times at his palace and participated in a jubilee demonstration at the time he departed for Europe. Of course, like all autocratic governments, there is a great deal of buncombe and flashy military shows. In buying a ticket to leave the country, it is necessary to give the Government thirty days' notice of your intention to purchase passage and sail."

"What is the difference between a Brazilian and an African diamond?"

"The specific gravity of a Brazilian diamond is greater than that of an African diamond, and hence the former will weigh more. The Brazilian is also much more brittle and difficult to cut. They have more brilliancy and more specks in them than African gems, and as brilliancy is one of the requisites to create value, the Brazilians are generally the best. The shades of most of the Brazilian stones are blue and steel color. The Africans are generally white and yellow. More than one-half of the diamonds sold come from Africa. In 1869 diamonds reached the highwater mark in prices, and have declined in value from fifty to one hundred per cent. This fact is due, of course, to the extensive fields discovered in the Transvaal country. Europe of course, receives by far the greater number of diamonds."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

AT THE POST-OFFICE.

Some of the Trials and Tribulations of the Retail Stamp Clerk.

"The average ingenuity of the human family," said a retail stamp clerk at the post-office, "must be very small. Why, there is not one person in five hundred who has gumption enough to put a stamp on a letter. I see the process gone through with about a thousand times a day, and I ought to know. All the people at my window begin by putting the stamps into their mouths, closing their mouths, rolling their eyes like a man trying to swallow a pill and moving the stamps around in their mouths until they are perfectly saturated with saliva. Then they lay them on the corner of their envelopes and bring their clenched fists down on them like a pile-driver. Then comes the profanity. 'See here, clerk,' they say, 'this stamp is no account. Won't you please put a little mucilage on it. So strange that they can't put enough mucilage on the stamps to make them stick.' Now, the trouble is that these people lick and chew all the gum off the stamp before they try to affix it; and if the gum were an inch thick, it would meet with the same fate. The way to put a stamp on is to moisten the gum very slightly, and then lay it on the envelope, and with the end of the forefinger slip it back and forwards once or twice until the saliva and the gum are mixed. I have been licking stamps for forty years, but I have never yet met with one which would not adhere, if it was treated in this way. Another thing people like to kick about is the refusal of the clerks to take torn notes and great piles of nickels and pennies in payment for stamps."

"Are they not bound to take them?"

"Not much. The Government has a treasury for the redemption of mutilated currency, and there is no more sense in expecting the post-office to redeem it than in expecting the paymaster of the navy in doing so. If it was once understood that we would take torn bills, we should have no other money to handle and nothing else to do. We would embark in the banking business, and somebody else would have to be hired to attend to the post-office. Then, as to nickels, three-cent pieces and pennies, the post-office regulations expressly provide that we are not bound to take over twenty-five cents' worth from one person. But they keep bringing them to use in large quantities, sometimes rolled up in paper and sometimes slung in an old hankerchief. It is all in vain, however. Then, how they do kick against telling what is in their package and against directing them before they are weighed."

"What's the use of that?"

"Why, all the use in the world. If we didn't exercise any supervision over what was put into the mails, every bagful of mail that left here would be soiled with nasty ointment or hair oil, even if the post-office were not blown up with some explosive. Now, we do not require people to tell us exactly what they have got in their parcels, but only its general character, such as dry goods, leather, wearing apparel and so on, but they stick like blazes even against that. Then, as to addressing their letters and parcels before they bring them to us to be weighed, that also is indespensable, in order to avoid giving misleading information. We sometimes weigh something in an unsealed envelope, and tell the postage, on the theory that it is unsealed. Then the man goes off, puts that amount of postage on it, and seals it, thereby doubling the rate. The consequence is that his letter is returned to him for want of sufficient postage. Then he goes to the postmaster and howls; and swears that he put exactly the amount of postage on the letter that we told him to put on it. Again, we weigh a parcel of merchandise that is not directed, and sell the man the stamps for it. We ask where it is going, but the man is sullen and makes some answer that we do not catch. We take it for granted it is going to some place in the United States. But he goes off and directs it to Belgium. It gets stopped and returned to him of course, as no merchandise can be sent by mail to any place outside of the United States. Then the man goes to the postmaster and howls, and says that we expressly told him that the parcel could go to Belgium. See?

"Have you seen the Annual Postal Guide for 1886, just out? It announces some rather interesting changes in postal rates."

"What are they?"

"One relates to photographs. You would be surprised if you knew what a large percentage of the mail matter weighed by us is photographs. Heretofore a strange anomaly has existed in the postage on them. We have been charging a cent an ounce for them when sent to any place in this country, and only a cent for every two ounces when sent abroad; that is to say, it cost two cents to send two ounces of photographs, unsealed to the West side of the city, and one cent to send the same package to Turkey, India and Arabia. Now, however, photographs are ruled by the department to be printed matter, and they go, when unsealed, all over the civilized world, nearly, at the rate of two ounces, or a fraction thereof, for two cents."

"What else has been changed?"

"Some changes have been made in the rulings concerning unmailable matter. The rule has been, for a long time, that candy and cake could not be sent by mail unless inclosed in a tin or wooden box. These articles are very troublesome in the mail. If candy can go, any kind of candy can go, and candies are sent that melt and run, and defile and glue together all the other mail matter in the same pouch with it. Cake is worse still, and, strange as it may seem, gives the department more trouble than any other kind of mail matter. It is always wedding-cake, and very rich. It not only breaks up, gets scattered through the pouch and leaves great grease spots on all the other mail-matter, but attracts the rats, so that they eat through the pouches and through the other mail-matter to get to it. Experience has proved, now, that even inclosing cake and candy in tin or wood does not remedy these evils; and consequently a late ruling declares cake, candy and all sorts of confectionery altogether unmailable. This will break the hearts of a great many brides and bridemaids, but it is indispensably necessary."

"Any thing else?"

"One thing more; glass has been almost ruled out, too. Hitherto glass has been admitted when inclosed in tin or wood. This was required, not to save loss by breakage, but to prevent the broken glass from giving the lock-jaw to all the mailing clerks. It has now been found that even these precautions are not sufficient, and it has been ordered that glass shall not be mailed unless first inclosed in a cloth bag, and then in a tin or wooden box. This refers even to spectacles and open-faced watches, as well as to china-ware and crockery. Most people would rather give up mailing them than go to this much trouble."—*Chicago Journal.*

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Useful Hints for the Tidy and Careful Housekeeper.

Wash black stockings thoroughly in strong salt and water; wash again in a weaker solution, and finish by a thorough rinsing in clear water. Stockings thus washed will not crack.

To relieve hoarseness and tickling in the throat: Make a gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth, adding a half-glass of sweetened, lukewarm water.

Discolored tea and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood-ashes have been placed, and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soapsuds, and rinse.

Mustard water will cleanse the hands after handling odorous substances.

A mixture of rain water, cologne and glycerine should be kept by those who are troubled with roughness of the skin. Apply to the face and hands after washing. Bean water is also good for rough skin. Put a handful in a bag and dip it in warm water and wash with it.

To remove the dust from carpets, pin a wet cloth over the broom. Also to make the broom wear as long as two, draw a stocking leg over the brush, and with a needle and twine sew through, and dampen the broom every day.

Lime powder well sprinkled where cockroaches abound will drive them away.—*Philadelphia Press.*

◆

—A countryman was standing on one of the wharfs the other day watching the process of hoisting an anchor of a ship which was getting under weigh, and, as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo, heave, oh!" of the sailors, he remarked: "You may heave high and heave low, but you will never get that great crooked thing through that little hole; I know better."—*Philadelphia Press.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-At least four incorporated towns in Colorado are at an altitude of over nine thousand feet above the sea.

—Prof. Landmark, Chief Director of the Norwegian Fisheries, asserts that salmon sometimes jump perpendicularly sixteen feet.

—Scorpions, spiders and various insects have been observed to remain motionless if any person blows strongly upon them in a vertical direction.

—Canon Farrar came to this country for a rest and took away twenty-five thousand dollars. He will take the rest on his next visit.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A burglar in Weld, Me., was detected by a snowball from the heel of his boot, which corresponded precisely with a similar snowball found in the store after the robbery.

—The New Orleans creoles make a sleeping draught of lettuce leaves boiled to form a tea. The lettuce-leaf tea is administered in large quantities before going to bed to cure sleeplessness.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A New York negro pleaded not guilty to a charge of highway robbery with such fervor that he might have escaped had he not pulled out the complainant's handkerchief to mop his perspiring brow.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To stop a runaway horse the Russians have a light cord with a slip-noose in it about the horse's throat, with the cord running through the saddle ring and over the dasher, at hand for the driver to pull upon at the horse's first attempt to run. A little choking stops him.

—A miner on the head waters of the Columbia River, in British Columbia, has found, so he alleges, a deserted mining town, where the billiard tables still stand in the saloons and letters are lying in the post-office bearing date of 1856, Not a soul has been near the place for years.—*Chicago Times.*

—Some twenty colonies have been established in the Santa Fe district of the Argentine Republic. Their territory occupies ninety-five square leagues, and the settlers nnmber 1,359 families. During the last thirty years the district has grown through colonization until it has a population of 110,000 souls.

—At Trieste, on the Adriatic, they say the wind is so stable and enduring that you might accept a bill on it, and George Augustus Sala says the breezes of Wellington, New South Wales, have such steady habits and are so strong that he frequently uses them as a desk on which to draw a draft on London.

—Massachusetts registered over six thousand insane persons in her asylums and hospitals during 1885—an increase of two hundred over the previous year. The annual cost to the State of this form of relief exceeds $1,000,000, not reckoning the $350,000 of interest on the value of buildings, etc.—*Boston Herald.*

—The telegraph system of the British Islands, under control of the post-office, now amounts to one hundred and fifty-six thousand miles, and employs seventeen thousand instruments. The standard rate is twelve words for a sixpence, address included. Press messages alone now average one million words a day.

—"Sir," said the wanderer, as he entered the sanctum, "I come to ask your assistance. I have lost my right leg." "Advertise for it," said the busy editor, without looking up from the paper. "Special rates in lost and wanted column, and half money refunded if article advertised for is not recovered.—*N. Y. Star.*

—The blind Mr. Fawcett, late Post-master-General of Great Britain, was an enthusiastic angler. "He performed if anything better than the seeing," says his biographer, "whether because he waited more patiently to strike until he felt his fish, or because he was more docile in following the directions of his skilled companions. He had great success in catching salmon and trout, and in trolling for pike in the winter." One of his trophies was a twenty-pound salmon.

—A great deal is being said about hydrophobia that would be better unsaid, and the dog will be charged with the killing much oftener than he should be. The work of old rusty nails, whose wounds have healed months ago, and the many other producers of tetanus will all be laid at the kennel door of innocent "old dog Tray." In all the United States, with its fifty-two millions of people, there have not been in the entire year over twenty-five deaths from hydrophobia by the agency of three million dogs.

—It was only two months ago that Mrs. Sharpe's hired girl left her to get married, and yesterday Mrs. Sharpe was much surprised to receive a call from her former lady of the kitchen. "I want to come back to work for yez agin," said the latter, with an air of resignation. "Why, Bridget, what's the matter? I thought you were going to get married?" "An', please ma'am, so I did. But, you see, John he struck luck in the lottery, and so we hired a cook. An' now, please ma'am, I'd like to come back an' be boss once more."—*Boston Post.*

—He was only a stray waif of a yellow dog with no ancestry to boast of, but as he sat upon the wooden seat in one of our city parks with a little child's tiny arm lovingly entwined about his ugly thick neck, and a sweet, cooing voice saying in his ear, "I love you, little doggie," he was as proud as any prize setter in the land. "Is that your dog, little boy?" asked a policeman, as he passed the happy couple. "No, he doesn't belong to me, only I'm acquainted with him," answered the affectionate friend of the little tramp dog.—*Boston Home Journal.*

—There is an allusion of local interest in a book of verses recently printed in London. The verses are by the late William Maguire, who, whatever may be said of his poetry, was an expert rhymster. One jingle goes:

Why do you cry, my sweet Mrs. Flanagan,
When you will soon have your own dear man again;
Whom the first wind will bring home from the Delaware,
Brimful of sovereigns and such other yellow ware?
He is driven into some port to the west of us
(A thing that might happen, dear, to the best of us),
Where he is sighing, sobbing and chattering
Night and day long of his own dear Catherine,

—Distinctly Philadelphia street cries, collected by a local reporter, contain some melodious calls. Besides the music of the rag man and oyster man, there is heard the negro patriarch singing, "Hominy man, come out to-day, selling sweet hominee! hominee!" And the watermelon vendor says: "Here's your ripe watermelons. Try 'em before you buy 'em! All red." A curious cry is: "Peppery pot, all smoking hot!" and another humorous cry is, "Crabs a-walkin', crabs a-talkin', crabs a-bitin', crabs a-fightin', fresh crabs, cr-r-r-abs!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

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"MEXICAN PETER."

How He Defended Himself When Accused of Turkey Stealing.

"Mexican Peter," is something of a celebrity in his native county. He won his *sobriquet*, if not his laurels, when serving as a body-servant to his young master, "Marse John," during the Mexican war. Now, our hero is not free from some of the failings of his race, and the shrines of pious Mexicans, with their gold and silver ornaments, did prove a most special pitfall and temptation to poor Peter. In vain did "Marse John" instill into the African mind lessons of higher morality, with a wholesome blending of the terrors of the law when coming in the garb of strict military discipline; the fact remained the same: in the time of temptation Peter had to be closely watched. When the war was over "Marse John" went to Washington, and Peter was sent home to "ole marster." For a few short hours after his home coming he stepped a hero, with many tales of the marvelous to tell. Having some suspicion of how matters stood, "ole marster," with a sly twinkle, said: "Now, Peter, what did you bring back from your travels to show us?"

This was touching a tender spot, and Peter's countenance fell as he said: "I 'clare, ole master, Mars John didn't hab no conseiece 'bout dat thing at all. Much as dar wuz to git, all I could fetch home wuz wun lil silber gord—" displaying with a mixture of pride and melancholy a little image of some saint that might or might not have been of the precious metal.

Time rolled on, and the proclamation emancipated Peter from "Mars John's" conscience, and at various sundry times he profited by his liberty of action, and finally found himself in limbo for unlawfully possessing himself of a neighbor's turkey, and was tried in the court where "Marse John" was a practicing attorney, and "Marse Peyton," another member of the family, the grave and dignified Judge. The evidence was overpowering, and to plead "not guilty" impossible, so Peter could only request to be "'lowed to splain how he got in de trouble." Anticipating a treat, the request was granted, and solemnly the court awaited the defense. Not without a certain dignity, the old man arose, and the explanation began: "Gentmun, I won't say I 'aint got into dis trouble, 'cause I sholy is, and hit troubling me 'nough; but in jestice I mus' tell how it all cum upon me. Fust, sum blame lay at de door ob Marse John. He good man, good as gole; but he wun contrackted, not say wun stingy, farmer. He got de ole thrashin-machine he had 'fore de war, what leave mos' ob de wheat in de straw, and dat fack 'tice ole Mis' Simpkins' tuckeys to cum dar, an' scratch in de straw an' eat. Now dey come dar an' do dat so long tell dey jes *shine*, and, gentmun, when a tuckey shine, he fat, an' I look at dem shining tuckeys so long tell I 'gin to feel mor'lly bound to have one, an' I got one. Now dat's de fust reason, but chiefliest dis trouble come to me 'cause ole Mr. Simpkins wa'nt no gentmun. Ef I had been dealing wid a gentmun, things ud 'a bin diffunt; but he wuz pore white folks, an' ez I only knowed de ways of gentmun, I wa'nt no match for him. I *does* know a gentmun. Didn't me an' Marse John here an' Marse Peyton dar all come out de same estate, and who ever fetch de word *dey* wa'nt gentmun? Well, me an' de ole 'oman an' de chillun had jes dun eat dat tuckey, an', to sabe de scand'l ob de thing, I had pit all de feathers an' bones in de Dutch oven—my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me—when I hear somebody knock at de door. I went to de door, an' dar stan' ole Mr. Simpkins! Now some pore white folks is wus dan p'inter dogs, dey so peersome. Mr. Simpkins come in; he look round, an' walk straight to my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me. He peep in; he find de feathers an' bones, pull um all out, an' jes laff most outlandish! Wuz *dat* a gentmun? Now de cote knows all, an' I couldn't set here quiet tell dey did." It is needless to say the ruling of the "cote" was not very severe.—*Harper's Magazine.*

INCESSANT ACTION.

The Dangers to Which Nervous and "Hurried" People Are Subject.

Some men are in incessant action, early and late and all through the day. They have no time for family or friends. As for holidays, the less for them the better. They have inherited a nervous temperament, and are doing just the wrong thing with it—allowing it to hurry them to an untimely end. They wear themselves out. Their brain is ever in a state of morbid activity almost like that of an insane man.

To all such we say: Early learn to use restraint, or, in spite of all later volitions, your momentum will steadily increase, and sooner or later there will be a break-down. The more nervous the temperament, the greater the need of husbanding the nervous energy by intelligent self-control, by appropriate diversions and by frequent seasons of absolute rest. The machinery may be of iron, but it needs to come to a standstill at times.

Many persons, not of a nervous temperament, specially hurry at their meals. They have vigorous appetites, and they eat voraciously. Now, swine can do this safely, but they have a vigorous digestion, and have nothing to do but to digest what they eat. It is otherwise with human beings. That kind monitor "enough" is seldom heard in season by those who eat in a hurry. Rapid eating is generally excessive eating, with, in due time, dyspepsia, "bilious attacks," liver complaints and gout. Besides, not only health, but the good of all concerned, demands that the mealtime should be one of restful leisure, pleasant interchange of thought, and social cheer.

Many persons hurry to catch the departing ferryboat or cars. They barely get aboard by hard running—or perhaps just fail. Such acts may start a heart trouble, or increase one already started, or precipitate it to a fatal termination. The London *Lancet*, giving an account of two recent deaths from hurry and exertion, one a young man of twenty, the other a girl of sixteen, adds: "How often has the hurry to catch a train, or some other sudden exertion, throwing extra work on a dilated, fatty or otherwise diseased heart, resulted in fatal syncope? Remember, people often have heart troubles without knowing it.—*Youth's Companion.*

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—A man named Conly, living in one of our Northwestern Ohio counties, and aged seventy years, won one thousand dollars the other day by walking seven miles in less than seventy minutes. It would seem as if the time were not far distant when there won't be any further use for young men whatever.—*Bellefontaine Examiner.*

ACROSS A CONTINENT.

The Adventures of a German Explorer in Australia.

Dr. Jules Debrincke, one of the few white men, and the only German, who has performed the perilous and as it was at one time regarded the impracticable feat of crossing the Australian continent from the south to the north, is in the city. The expedition, consisting of the doctor and six others, started in the beginning of March, 1875, and took an almost due north course.

"After nine and a half months' travel," said the doctor, "we reached Palmerston without losing a man, except a native who died of a surfeit when our party was about two weeks on its way. The chief object of the expedition was to survey the west of Eyre lake for the Government of South Australia, and to report as to the general character of the land traversed. The only incidents of note that marked the journey occurred once when we were led astray from our proper route by *fata morgana* or mirage, and once when we had to ward off an attack of hostile aborigines. The mirage appeared near Lake Eyre and appeared to every one of the party to be a landscape exactly like what might be expected in that neighborhood, containing a lake, the color of which indicated that it was fresh water. We went ten miles out of our course before finding out our mistake.

"The hostile tribe attacked us near the Ashburton range in North Australia. They were armed with spears and arrows, and I was the only one wounded in the party, having received a spear thrust in my left arm. One volley of our rifles served to disperse our assailants; and we went on our way unmolested thereafter. We found traces of blood on the trail, but we had no particular desire to follow them up to see whether any of the crowd had been killed or not.

"On our second expedition in 1877, one year after Giles had started with his expedition from Perth for Adelaide, which journey he successfully carried out, we started from Adelaide for West Australia, but failed to reach the coast, and after losing one of the members of our expedition, we were compelled to turn south and make for King George's Sound, which we ultimately reached, and from which we returned to Adelaide by steamer.

"Of the more notable exploring expeditions which have attempted to cross the continent may be mentioned that headed by Dr. Leichardt in 1848, and that of Burke and Wills in 1860-61, neither of which three explorers survived to return, and Leichardt was never heard of.

"McDougall Stuart was the first to traverse the continent from Adelaide to the Malayan sea, which he did in 1862, and along the route taken by him the transcontinental telegraph line was laid. Several minor expeditions followed, fitted out by the South Australian Government, and in some cases by private enterprise; but ours was the first expedition after Stuart's, which went in a compact body from the south to the north of the continent. I intend on my return to Australia to form an expedition, to be led by myself in person, to search for Dr. Leichardt's remains, or at least for reliable indications of his fate."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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THE HUMBLE BOB.

Wherein It Surpasses Its Aristocratic Rival, the Toboggan.

Rome had its chariot races and Greece its Olympian and Isthmian games, the glories of which have been sung by poets innumerable. But what were they as inspirers of enthusiasm compared with the Albany bob? The patrician youths of the Eternal City or the ardent competitors on the shores of the Ægean never knew the tingling sensation of sliding down hill with a score or more companions on a lightning bob, with gong sounding, horns blowing, and a steersman in a dazed condition of mind, uncertain whether he will run into a horse car, a policeman or a snowbank. The most frantic struggles of the charioteers in the Flavian circus, or even in Byzantium, when the wars of the greens and blues were at their height, could not be compared, in the estimation of the adolescent Albanians, with the excitement of a race between two well-appointed bobs on an icy slope, with the delightful uncertainty of where they may land.

The toboggan may turn up its nose, or what serves for that nasal organ, at what it considers its plebeian rival, and claim certain fashionable prerogatives. But the bob holds its own in popularity, and goes its shining way down hill in triumph. The dainty toboggan must have a slide especially constructed for itself; the sturdy bob asks for nothing more than a fair sprinkling of snow, and never winces if it encounters a cobble-stone or two on its journey. It does not believe in discreet silence, either, but lustily announces its approach with all the discordance that brass, tin and the lungs of its crew can furnish. It is as tenderly cared for when not on duty as the petted toboggan could wish, and when in its snug quarters it is regaled with stories of its powers narrated by the enthusiastic crew in their adjoining room.

The æsthetically inclined may not be able to discover any quality of the beautiful in the bob, but the small boy does, and is ready to argue on the subject at a moment's notice. Ruskin says: "Any material object which can give us pleasure in the single contemplation of its outward qualities, without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, is beautiful." Now, the bob does not call for any direct or definite exertion of the intellect, but as for its outward qualities any small boy in Albany will tell you they are "immense." It has the appearance of the felicitous fulfillment of functions in many things such as getting to its destination in a hurry, spilling its crew occasionally in the most unexpected manner, and never pausing for a moment to consider what may be in its way. There are occasions in the brief life of a bob when it indulges in a sort of royal progress or triumphant procession. On such occasions it is hauled around the streets with a brass band playing uncertain music before it and a legion of enthusiastic urchins after it. The bosom of the bob, if the carpenter had provided it with such an appendage, would on such occasions swell with pride, and its steel runners would glisten with pleasure.—*Albany Argus.*

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—The stenographer's fees in a prolonged contest over a will in a New York court were nearly eight thousand dollars.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Edwin Booth's full name is Edwin Thomas Booth.

—General Nelson A. Miles is the youngest man of his rank in the United States army, and the only one who has come from civil life.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The new Swedish minister to the United States is named Kjolt. The way to pronounce this name is to begin in the middle and kick the sides off.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—General Wesley Merritt, the commandant at West Point, is a tall man, with a round, red face and a light, silken mustache. He stands as straight as his cadets are instructed to do.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange, London, who recently sailed for London, after a flying trip to the United States, is only thirty-five years old, yet he has crossed the Atlantic just fifty times.

—Merced County, Cal., can boast of the largest man in the State in the person of McKean Archibald, a native of Nova Scotia. He is over seven feet high and built in proportion. He wears a No. 15 boot and carries his own last.

—Joseph Cook refers to the Americans in a recent lecture as "the most drunken race on the planet;" but Canon Farrar says that "the temperance cause in the United States is far in advance of the temperance cause in England." —*St. Louis Globe.*

—Mrs. James K. Polk has found it necessary to deny the report that she is a Catholic. While she has the highest respect for that church, she is and always has been a Presbyterian, and was once called a blue Presbyterian because opposed to dancing.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, several years ago gave his wife the choice between a block lot in Minneapolis and a nice new bonnet. Disregarding the traditions of her sex she took the lot and recently sold it for ninety thousand dollars. The present value of the hat she had in mind at the time is not known.—*Chicago Mail.*

—Of Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, author of America's nearest approach to a national hymn, who is living in Newton Center, Mass., at the age of seventy-seven, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his poem, "The Boys," wrote:

And there's a nice fellow of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee."

—"Diamond Joe" Reynolds is one of the millionaire curiosities of Chicago. He invariably wears a plain gray suit without an overcoat, a hat several seasons behind, prunello gaiters that have been out of style for years, and always has in his shirt-front a first-water diamond as large as a filbert and as bright as a dewdrop. He owns more grain elevators than any man in the country and ships more grain than any two men on the Chicago Board of Trade.—*Chicago News.*

—West Brookfield, Mass., has six couples who have experienced more than fifty years of wedded bliss, and one of the marriages was fifty-seven years ago. One of the marriage certificates recently issued by Town Clerk Bush was to Rev. W. B. Stone, aged seventy-five years, and brother of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell. The veteran groom's bride was Miss Martha Robinson, aged seventy-one years, the sister of Mr. Stone's first and second wives, and also of ex-Governor Robinson, of Kansas.—*Boston Journal.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A Boston barber says: "A perfect temper in a razor is a happy accident." How like women razors must be!—*Lowell Courier.*

—A knight of the grip married the girl who dusted his room and furniture because he said he understood dusters were very useful traveling companions. —*Merchant Traveler.*

—Little Johnny, on being asked by his school teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied that "ma was always at pa when he came home late."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Fogg—Phew! open the window, the room is full of gas. Fenderson—That can not be, for I took the precaution to blow it out before I lay down.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Pasteur was so succcessful with the Newark children that it is said he will next tackle a Jersey mosquito. But if the mosquito sees him first he won't.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A man came into a cigar store, bought a cigar and threw a bad five-cent piece on the counter. He was hurriedly departing when the dealer called after him, "Hold on, hold on, it's bad!" "Never mind," answered the purchaser as he quickly passed out, "I'll smoke it anyhow."—*N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.*

—Adelaide Chapman, an American girl nurtured on Boston beans and other intellectual comestibles, is creating a sensation in operatic circles in Italy. But she does not do it in her own name. She calls herself Mme. Adda Adini. Will Mlle. Addi Adini please explain why Adelaide aside her proper name?—*Norwich Bulletin.*

—Brown—I never could endure that Jones, he is so infernally lazy. Smith—Is he lazy? Brown—Too lazy to wink. And the worst of it is he sets such a wretched example that every one about him gets to be just as shiftless as he is himself. Smith—Is that so? Brown—Yes. They do say that even yeast won't work in his house.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A Yankee who had never paid more than a shilling to see an exhibition, went to a New York theater one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket seller charged him three shillings for a ticket. Passing the paste-board back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Japanese etiquette requires that the lady shall give the signal for the termination of a visit from a gentleman. Japanese customs are singularly like our own. In this country the lady gives the signal for the termination of a visit, and the signal is: "George, I think I hear papa out in the backyard untying the dog." The signal never fails.—*Boston Courier.*

At Sing Sing.

Visitor—Don't you find your quarters here rather close and uncomfortable?

Convict—Oh, no, I'm used to this sort of thing.

Visitor—Ah, I see. You have been confined for a long time?

Convict—No, sir; only a month. But before I came here I lived a number of years in a New York flat.—*Life.*