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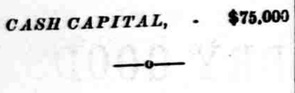

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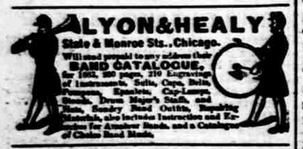

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LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.

His Last Visit to the Country for Which He Did So Much.

Congress, learning that General Lafayette had expressed an anxious desire to visit this country, the independence of which his valor, blood and treasure were so instrumental in achieving, requested the President of the United States to ascertain the time when it would be most agreeable for him to perform this visit, and that he offer to the general a conveyance to this country in one of our national ships.

General Lafayette declined this offer of a public ship. He sailed from Havre n the packet-ship Cadmus, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and arrived at New York on the 15th of August, 1824. His reception in the city was all that his heart could desire. He soon proceeded on a tour through the United States. Everywhere he was received and honored as "the National guest." For more than a year his journey was a complete ovation. As he passed through the country, every city, village and hamlet poured out its inhabitants en masse to meet him. He visited all the States then composing the Union.

When the time of his departure drew near, a new frigate, the Brandywine, named in honor of the gallant exploits of General Lafayette at the battle of Brandywine, was provided by Congress to convey him to France. It was deemed appropriate that he should take final leave of the Nation at the seat of Government in Washington. President Adams invited him to pass a few weeks in the Presidential mansion. During his sojourn at the capital he visited ex-Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe at their several places of residence.

Having paid his respects to the venerated sages, the "Nation's guest" prepared to take his final departure from the midst of a grateful people. The 7th of September, 1825, was the day appointed for taking leave. At twelve o'clock the officers of the general Government, civil, military and naval, together with the authorities of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, with multitudes of citizens and strangers, assembled in the President's house. Mr. Adams then addressed him in an appropriate speech. I copy a single paragraph:

"You have traversed the twenty-four States of the great Confederacy; you have been received with raptures by the survivors of your earliest companions in arms; you have been hailed, as a long-absent parent, by their children—the men and women of the present age; and a rising generation, the hope of future time, in numbers surpassing the whole population of that day when you fought at the head and by the side of their forefathers, have vied with the scanty remnants of that hour of trial in acclamations of joy at beholding the face of him whom they feel to be the common benefactor of all. You have heard the mingled voices of the past, the present and the future age joining in the universal chorus of delight at your approach; and the shouts of unbidden thousands, which greeted your landing on the soil of freedom, have followed every step of your way, and still resound like the rushing of many waters from every corner of our land."

General Lafayette's happy reply closed with these words:

"God bless you, sir, and all who surround us. God bless the American people, each of their States and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart. Such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat."

The moment of departure at length arrived, and having once more pressed the hand of Mr. Adams, he entered the barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury and of the Navy, and passed from the capital. An immense procession accompanied him to the banks of the Potomac, where the steamboat Mount Vernon awaited to carry him down the river to the frigate Brandywine. The next morning this boat anchored in safety near the Brandywine. Here Lafayette took leave of the Secretaries of State, the Treasury and Navy and the guests who accompanied him from Washington, together with many military and naval officers, and eminent citizens who had assembled in various crafts near the frigate to bid him farewell.—*Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FESTIVAL OF MOULOUD.

The Strange Sights to Be Seen in a Morocco Town.

Saffi is perhaps the least known, but withal, on account of its picturesque situation and traditions, the most interesting of the seaport towns of Morocco. Here is to be found the ancient palace, still in a good state of preservation, of a "sultanogre" named Moulay Yezzid, who was in the habit of decapitating his domestics to play at bowls with their heads. This monster, surnamed "Redbeard," a characteristic derived from his mother's race, was the son of Moulay Mohamed ben Abdullah, who married an Irishwoman, the widow of an English sergeant of the line, who died here some time in the year 1730. Saffi is also one of the holy cities of the Moorish Empire, and in consequence is thronged with ragged but saintly individuals, who thrive on the charity of the devout. During the Mohammedan holiday of Mouloud, which was celebrated on the 19th and 20th of December, and which embraces a fair held yearly in honor of that saint, so dear to all Mussulmans, "Moulay Abd el-Kedar-Gillely-el-Bagdady," the Europeans resident here were the shuddering spectators of the religious frenzy exhibited by the "Aissowa" and "Hamadsha," or "Hamdoushy," on the occasion of their public processions, which are also conducted in this holiday. The "Aissowa" are of the brotherhood of "Moulay Hamed ben Aissa," a saint of great favor among the Moors. It is pretended that their manifestations, which include snake-charming and juggling, ridicule the miracles of Jesus Christ, and this preposterous statement is accepted by the Moors as sufficient explanation of their vagaries. The "Hamadsha" are the disciplinants of one Sidi Ali ben Hamdoush, whose zowia is situated on Mount Zehrouan, near the city of Mequinez. It is their practice on the occasion of religious festivities to throw cannon balls into the air, which they receive on their bare heads, and to inflict gashes upon their persons with a small axe. The holiday of Mouloud is accompanied by the displays of religious enthusiasts throughout his Sheerefian Majesty the Sultan of Morocco's dominions; but at no other point do these fanatics amuse themselves with such ferocity as at Saffi, where the rapaciousness of their behaviour renders it extremely dangerous for a Christian or Jew to cross their path during certain hours of the day. Even the Musselman spectators stand with naked feet, fearing the "Aissowa," for lack of prey, should seize and devour their shoes. None but an eye witness can conceive the degrading scenes which occur during these processions; and none, even the enactors, can derive enjoyment therefrom. The "Aissowa" are naked to the waist, and wear their hair so that when necessary it covers the face. The "Hamadsha," on the contrary, are shaven, as is the custom of Mohammedans. The principal performers assemble at their respective zowias or chapels in town, and sally forth attended by the "gernowa" (blacks), who are usually the musicians of the party. They beat tam-tams and play an instrument whose tones it is impossible to describe on paper. Suffice it to say, the student of this instrument is not allowed to pursue his practice in town, but has to play in a solitary and distant spot until proficient. This will convey some impression of the music imparted to listeners by this barbarous flageolet. As the processionists warm with excitement, then commences the fun of the fair. The Aissowa seize any live animal in sight, be it cat, dog, goat or sheep. Goats are usually provided for these occasions by admirers. They tear them to pieces, and vie one with another to devour the bleeding morsels of flesh. They struggle, rolling over and over upon the ground, shouting, leaping and gesticulating. They wave the entrails and skins of their victims in the faces of their comrades, who try to seize the prey with their teeth or rut their faces in the reeking mass. Just behind and around are the "Hamadsha," covered with blood and mire, singing their quaint and not ungraceful hymn, and chopping themselves to the cadence of the music. Such is the strange behavior of these fraternities on high days and holidays. After parading the town by day, in the evening these zealots return to their sanctuary, where a supper is provided for their edification. It is worthy of note that their most exciting beverage is green tea, taken with a large quantity of sugar, and flavored with mint. The supper is followed by a pipe of "keefe" (the leaves of the hemp plant), which forms an agreeable sedative after the excitements of the afternoon.—*Cor Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE SUMPITAU.

A Peculiar Blow-Gun and Poisoned Arrows Used by the Dyaks.

A peculiar weapon, and one whose like we have not yet seen, is the "sumpitau" or blow-gun of the Dyaks. This weapon is a long, straight and polished tube of heavy wood, about eight feet long and an inch or two in diameter, bored out with the utmost care, customarily ornamented with tweed patterns, and often surrounded at the end with metal. At the end, lashed to the side in such a way as not to interfere with the main use of the weapon, is often found a spear-head, giving the sumpitau a two-fold use, and showing us that it was after all no Caucasian who invented the bayonet.

The sumpitau shoots a poisoned arrow. This is only about six or eight inches long, and as thick as a heavy darning needle, being frequently only a large thorn. At its base—secret of the force with which it can be blown—it has a little wad or ball of pith, which just fits the caliber throughout.

The top of this tiny arrow is poisoned, Rev. Mr. Wood thinks, with the juice of the deadly native upas tree; but in this he is not necessarily right. Mr. Carl Bock, who is perhaps the only traveler of note who ever saw the process of preparing the arrows, thus describes what he observed among the Poonians of the interior:

"They had a bundle of arrows by their side, and as soon as the poisonous matter was hot, they took a small quantity and smeared it over a wooden plate, by means of a wooden instrument resembling a pestle, till the plate was covered with a thick layer. Then taking an arrow, they rolled the head across the plate, so that it became coated with the pasty matter. Next they made a spiral incision in the arrow head, and again rolled it over the plate. What this arrow poison is made of, I never could ascertain, notwithstanding all my inquiries on the spot. It certainly contained nicotine, which the Dyaks collect from their pipes, when they get foul, after smoking."

Many scientific men of Europe have attempted the discovery of the nature of this poison, but have failed; nor has an antidote been discovered which is more certain than the common treatment for a snake bite—copious draughts of spirits and abundant exercise with cauterization of the wound. It is probable that different poisons are used.

The wound of this tiny arrow is usually within a few minutes fatal to animal or man. The bravest troops dread to march against an enemy so armed; for the hidden foe, using a weapon perfectly silent (even more so than the bow and spear) can creep undiscovered to easy distance, and slay a dozen men before his location can be determined. It is strange, too, at what range this weapon is fatal. At forty or fifty yards the native can use it with perfect accuracy and can even do execution at seventy-five to one hundred yards; a distance almost incredible. English sailors soon learned to dread the canoe attacks of these fierce pirates, who came on with their "pea-shooters," and blew a perfect cloud of death darts through every cranny of the ship's defenses.

The Dyak uses the sumpitau as a hunting weapon, for which its perfect silence renders it the more serviceable. Most of his game is killed with it. He cuts out an inch or so of the flesh from about the tiny wound, and then eats the animal with perfect impunity. The poison seems not to affect the remainder of the body at all. The effect of this poison is supposed to be a stoppage of the action of the heart.—*Cor. American Field.*

—Bothering a rich man by boasting of a set of malachite studs he had just bought, a fop asked if he did not admire them. "Oh, yes," replied the man of wealth, "very much indeed; I've got a mantlepiece like them at home."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Smythekins is trying to arouse the courage of his better half, who has recently lost her pet parrot and is overcome with grief. "Come, come! What the deuce. Be a man, my dear! Suppose you had lost me!"—*N. Y. Mail.*

MINT EMPLOYES.

A Mute Girl Who Made Persons Faint by Suddenly Speaking.

"Anna Dickinson was the greatest talker ever employed in the mint of late years," said an old employe of that institution to a reporter. "But," he continued, "there was a dumb girl here before the war who could out-talk with the fingers any woman's tongue on the face of the earth."

The old employe was in a reminiscent mood. He said: "The name of the dumb girl was Rebecca Davis. She was a really beautiful woman and was conscious of it, as most pretty women are. She was employed in the mint in 1854, '55, '56. 'Becky,' as everybody spoke of her, was liked by all. Her sister, a Mrs. Tompkins, kept a well known confectionery in those days on Chestnut street, between Eleventh and Twelfth, where Birch's store is now located. 'Becky,' while entirely dumb, was not deaf. You could talk to her and she talked back with her beautifully expressive eyes, her head or her fingers. She was about twenty-five years of age when she was first employed, of fine figure, graceful in every movement, full of life and always good natured. She was at work in the adjusting room. One day in the winter of 1856 she created a consternation in the mint that almost amounted to a panic. While at work at her seat engaged in manipulating the bright gold eagles, she turned her pretty face around to the girl next to her and exclaimed loudly: 'Oh, I believe I can speak!' Her companion to whom she spoke fainted outright, and so did the young lady on her left. The other women in the room left their places and ran to the assistance of the two prostrate girls. 'Becky' began to chatter like a magpie and almost fainted herself. Her speech had come to her so sudden that she could not realize it any more than her astounded roommates, to whom she had been making signs for years. She remained in the mint some years after that, and her case attracted the attention of the greatest medical scientists of the day. Rebecca was a Roman Catholic in religion, and in 1858 she entered a convent near this city. I do not know whether she is living yet or not, but she certainly scared the girls on that day.

"Anna Dickinson was employed here during the war. She could talk on any subject and gossip with anybody. Her political discussions with the other employes, male and female, were numerous and led to frequent reports against her. Somebody went to Director Pollock about her denunciations. He expostulated with her and finally dismissed her. Some years afterward, when she became famous as a lecturer, she came here and spoke to a large audience at the Academy of Music. Her friend, Judge Kelley, was to introduce her to the audience, but he had not arrived, and the audience was growing impatient. There were several distinguished gentlemen on the stage, one of whom was ex-Governor Pollock. He was finally prevailed upon to introduce his former employe in the mint, which he did in an eloquent manner. When he had finished Miss Anna looked daggers at him and did not stir from her seat. Judge Kelley came in a few minutes afterward, and she was again presented to the audience. So you see she got even with Mr. Pollock for dismissing her by publicly rebuking him. She was a great girl and smart as a whip.

"There goes a person who has been here longer than I have," said the veteran, as he pointed toward a lady of about 52 years of age, around whose face lingered traces of former beauty, and whose figure was still shapely and erect. "She came here a young miss of ten years, thirty-two years ago, and is now the chief adjuster. During the time of her employment she was married to a gentleman a few moments before he died, who had courted her for some years. She is really 'the Mint,' and knows more about the business than all the rest of us put together."—*Philadelphia Times.*

ANGLO-SAXON GROWTH.

Rapid Increse of the Germanic, and Decrease of the Latin, Races.

The Latin rsces, that is, France, Italy and Spain, have ceased to be whatever any one of them may be destined yet to become again, the mighty factors in the world's progress which of old they were. They minister exquisitely to the comfort, the luxury, the culture and the picturesqueness of life; but the aptitude for foreign commerce which they show is comparatively slight, and in the colonizing business of humanity they only play a subordinate part. Moreover, their population, when compared with the population of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic races, is diminishing. Thus, in a period a little than 100 years, from 1788 to 1885, the aggregate populations of France, Spain and Italy have only increased from 51,000,000 to 82,500,000. On the other hand, the populations of Germany and England during this period have each trebled. Germany in 1788 had a population of about 15,000,000; in 1885 it had increased to 45,000,000. Great Britain in the same way had in 1788 a population of 12,000,000; in 1885 the figure was 36,000,000. Another country largely, but not exclusively, populated by the Anglo-Saxon race—America—has in less than a hundred years increased nearly thirteen times—that is, from less than 4,000,000 in 1790 to nearly 60,000,000 in 1885. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as other British dependencies, collectively, contain a population of some 10,000,000, chiefly of Anglo-Saxons, and there is every reason to believe that the development and increase of this population will be rapid.—*Fortnightly Review.*

—On the occasion of a recent performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin, at Paris, Mo., the manager of the troupe borrowed a pistol to use on the stage. Finding the weapon loaded, he drew out the cartridges and substituted blank ones. When the play was over he replaced the cartridges. A boy, twelve years old, was sent for the pistol, and in crossing the hall he raised it to a level with the head of a playmate, fourteen years of age, named Wesley Mills, and pulled the trigger. Mills fell to the floor dead, shot between the eyes.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—The growing fashion of using the monosyllabic ejaculation of "Thanks!" in place of the good, hearty, old-fashioned "I thank you," is economizing with the mouth at the expense of the heart. There is no more heart in the simple expression, "Thanks!" than there is comeliness in a horse with its mane and tail cut off.—*Chicago Journal.*

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THE EAST SIDE.

The Most Remarkable Part of the American Metropolis.

A seedy-looking chap went through the smaller hamlets of New England a few years ago lecturing on "New York City." He told his hearers that the part of the city lying west of Broadway was called the West side and the part east of Broadway the East side, and that all who dwelt on the West side were social aristocrats, while all who lived on the East side were of no account socially. If he had been somewhat acquainted with the subject he could have stated an actual difference between the East and West sides of the town which would have been as marked as the one he imagined and considerably more interesting. For a little more than two miles from the Battery Broadway separates the East and West sides. From Washington square to the Harlem river, some seven miles, Fifth avenue is the dividing street. In respect to the population the West side is like most American cities—containing a preponderance of native-born residents with a fairly even sprinkling of people of other nationalities. The exceptions to this statement are the regions in the vicinity of Thompson street and of Twenty-seventh street, favored by the colored element, and the French quarter, which lies close to the break in the dividing line near Washington square. But the great East side has a distinctive feature, a feature that is found probably in no other city of the globe standing out so conspicuously—its quarters where the people are almost without exception immigrants, or the children of immigrants from another land. The Germans of the East side make New York the third largest German city of the world. They are found pretty nearly all over the East side, but there are regions in which there is little that is not German. The Irish element also is numerous, but is so well diffused that there is no Irish "quarter." But most of the other nationalties represented are confined chiefly to some district of which they have taken possession, but there is hardly any national custom or observance, social or religious, which is not kept up in these colonies. The Czar is killed, and there is a memorial service in the little Russian church in lower Second avenue. Garibaldi dies, and there is a gathering to do honor to his name, at which every thing is purely Italian. An anniversary of the Bohemians comes around, and the Bohemians flock from the tenements over beyond avenue A and below Sixth street to keep the day according to the custom of their people. The Franco-Chinese war-cloud looms up in the East, and the Chinese of Mott street hold a meeting, and you might as well be in Canton as in this meeting. The New Yorker who has not gone up to Jones' Wood to attend the Volksfest has missed a great national anniversary. He who has not strolled through the Jew market-place down at Norfolk and Hester streets—I think it is—has missed an opportunity of seeing those who might have been the originals of Cruikshanks' drawing of Fagin. And now recently a son of Mme. Modjeska is married, and a noteworthy company gathers in the little Polish church at Stanton and Forsyth streets, right in the thickest of the jammed-up tenement district. Truly, the Great East side is a wonderful part of a wonderful town.—*N. Y. Cor. Albany Journal.*

AN OCTOPUS.

An Allegory Whose Fitness Will Be Apparent to Every Reader.

An American traveling in Europe about ten years ago observed in the gayest assemblies of Paris and Vienna, and in the gambling halls of Monaco, Mr. C——, one of his fellow-countrymen, a scholarly, grave man, whose tastes and pursuits in life, as also his work, lay wholly in study and research.

"What can bring him night after night to such places? He looks unutterably wretched." the stranger asked of an American official

"He is the victim of an octopus," was the jesting reply. "His wife is one of those soft, clinging, absolutely selfish creatures, who wrap themselves about a man's life, and bend it to their will, stifling it and drawing all the strength out of his soul, precisely as the devil-fish would out of his body. Mrs. C—— chooses to live a fast, dissipated life, and she forces her husband to indulge her in it by her incessant caresses and protestations of affection."

A year later Mr. C—— became a bankrupt, and soon after lost his reason, and after a few months he died. American correspondents writing home stated that the cause was unknown, as his domestic relations were most happy. But those who knew him best, said that he had been "stifled by an octopus."

Lavater declared that each human face bore a likeness to some animal, and also indexed the character; thus that we found in some men the features and qualities of the lion, the mastiff or the wolf; and in some women those of the rabbit, the dove, the cow or the serpent. If we follow out this whimsical fancy, we may class many human beings with the clammy, bloodless octopus. They are usually men or, more often, women of weak intellects and indomitable will, who invariably consider their own comfort or wishes first in life, and who have found wheedling by gentle manners and caresses the surest way to success. Such women should remember that not soft words and fond sentiments are love, but action—work, hearty and helpful; in a word, the fulfilling of the law which bids us sacrifice self, strength, life itself, to others. The *Companion* holds up the mirror before them, that they may have a glimpse of their real selves. The cure is in their own hands. Even in the old Greek fables, human beings who had degenerated into the likeness of animals could regain their first nature and shape by watchfulness and prayer. So far the Greek fables are true.—*Youth's Companion.*

DAMARALAND.

A Country Whose Antiseptic Climate Heals Serious Wounds.

One of the most curious results of my observations is that the climate of Damaraland possesses what we might call an antiseptic character for several months of every year. The quality is an attendant of the long annual drought. Every living thing suffers during that period of the excessive heat, and much comfort is impossible, even in the shade, while, in places exposed to the warm winds, the thermometer has risen to one hundred and twenty-nine degrees; and the sand, unmoistened for six months, becomes so hot that I have seen eggs hardened in it. This arid heat is opposed to the propagation of ferment, for it dries up every thing that is exposed to the wind before it has time to sour. No manifestations of tuberculosis are known. Wounds of every kind heal remarkably quickly and well, without enough suppuration taking place to make the bandages stick. The manner in which large, neglected wounds heal of themselves would form an interesting study for a professional surgeon. I observed a case of a Herero whose right lower arm had been shattered in battle by a musket-ball. The healing process had worked itself out in such a way that the whole lower arm with all its muscles had become withered and useless, while the upper-arm bone was whole and covered at its lower end only with brown skin. All the muscles and ligaments of the elbow-joint had vanished, while the shoulder-muscles remained, so that the unpleasant spectacle was presented of the man appearing to gesticulate with his bones. A woman lived at our station whose feet had been barbarously cut off in some war several years before, so that her captors might more easily get off the iron ornament which the Herero women wear on their ankles. Although the woman had to lie helpless for a long time, her wounds eventually healed up, and now she has been hopping around on her knees for thirty years.—*C. G. Buttner, in Popular Science Monthly.*

HISTORIC DOGS.

Showing How These Faithful Animals Figure in Annals.

At a time when dogs, especially metropolitan dogs, are somewhat under a cloud, it may be well to recall some of the claims of our old friend to respect and esteem. Every one remembers the dog of Ulysses, who died in greeting his master just returned from his long wanderings, and the story shows the consideration in which the dog was held in the heroic ages of Greece. The old Persians, too, held the dog in high esteem; to the Magians he was a sacred animal, the representative and friend of Ormuzd the Beneficent, and the great satraps were distinguished by their trains of hunting dogs, as was the King himself, and Xerxes set out for the conquest of Greece surrounded by a great body-guard of faithful dogs. Those most highly prized by the Persians came from India, so called, probably from the Bactrian regions, where the dog is still held in high repute. Captain Woods tells us that the old-fashioned Uzbeg would think it no insult to be asked to sell his wife, but would resent an offer for his dog as an unpardonable affront; while among the border tribes of Turkestan the epithet of the dog seller is one of the profoundest contempt. Indeed, the birthplace of nations is probably the original home of the dog, and when our Aryan ancestors began to migrate westward from their ancient seats with their flocks and herds they brought with them, no doubt, their fierce and faithful dogs, who have left their descendants ofto-day—the English mastiff, the Pyrenean sheep-dog, the Albanian wolf-hound. Ancient laws too record the estimation in which the dog was held. "A herd-dog that goes for the sheep in the morning and follows them home at night is worth the best ox," say the ancient laws of Wales.

The best herd-dogs of the present day perhaps are the Breton sheep-dogs—rough, shaggy, uncouth—with an aspect as if they had a little of the blood of bruin in their veins, but highly valued by their possessors, who are not to be tempted into parting with them by anything under the price of the best ox; and the Breton dog is one of the most sagacious of his kind, watching and tending his flocks with an almost incredible zeal and devotion.—*All the Year Round.*

CASTS FROM POMPEII.

How an Ingenious Italian Reproduced Ancient Roman Forms.

A museum has been erected in Pompeii, in which are preserved plaster casts of some of the people who perished in the eruption. These people were covered up by the fine ashes just where they fell, and in the positions in which they died. These ashes hardened, and although the bodies, with the exception of a few bones, entirely disappeared in the course of ages, the hollow places left in the ashes were exactly the shape of the forms and features of the persons who had been there. An ingenious Italian conceived the idea of boring into these hollow molds and filling them up with liquid plaster of Paris. When this became dry and hard the ashes were removed, and there were the plaster images of the persons who had been overtaken and destroyed before they could escape from that terrible storm of hot ashes, which came down in quantities sufficient to cover a whole city from sight. In some of these figures the features are very distinct, and we can even distinguish the texture of their clothes and the rings upon their fingers. There are eight of these figures—men, women and girls—besides the cast of a large dog. To stand and look upon the exact representation of these poor creatures who perished here, seems still more to shorten the time between the present and the days when Pompeii was a lively, bustling city.—*Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas.*

HEADS AND TAILS.

How Tom Scott Came to Choose Railroading as a Profession.

A friend of Tom Scott, the noted president of the Pennsylvania railroad, told me last night how Scott's choosing of railroading as a profession hung on the flipping of a penny. Said he: "Tom Scott told me the story himself. He was the toll-collector on the Pennsylvania canal at Columbia, when the railroad authorities, hearing that he was a bright young man, offered him the position of station agent at Altoona. Scott was very popular, and when he told his friends of his offer they urged him to refuse it and stay on the canal. He resisted their importunities, but finally, taking a big red copper in his fingers, said: 'Boys, I will let the fates decide. Heads is Altoona and tails Columbia.' He then threw the copper into the air with a twist which sent it into a dozen somersaults, but it fell and the head was uppermost. The boys then said that one trial was not enough. It must be the best two out of three. Scott consented to this and threw twice more. His next throw was heads, and so the railroad won. Had the copper fallen on the other side who can tell what his future would have been?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Of Jay Gould's partners, Connor is said to be worth two million and Morosini three million dollars.

—Senators Blair and Frye are said to be the only members of the Upper House of Congress who are teetotalers.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Pennsylvania has only four living ex-Governors: James Pollock, Andrew G. Curtin, John F. Hartranft and Henry M. Hoyt.

—A real live Polish Prince, Ponitowski by name, is keeping bachelor's hall on a farm of thoroughbred horses near Athens, Ga.

—Mrs. Deborah Powers, of Troy, N. Y., is ninety-five years old and at the head of the banking firm of D. Powers & Sons.—*Troy Times.*

—Chang, the Chinese giant, recently lost twenty-five thousand dollars by an unfortunate investment in an Australian gold mine.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A Chinese laundryman in St. Louis named Jue Jun was recently received into the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Five of his countrymen witnessed the ceremony.

—Miss Mary Dickens, a granddaughter of the great Charles Dickens, is playing on the provincial stage in England, and her playing is spoken of by the press in terms of praise.

—Adirondack Murray says that while a Yale student he lived four months on a diet which cost him fifty-six cents a week—Indian meal and water, not enough meal and too much water.

—Sol Abrams, who is reported to be one of the richest men in Oregon, used to lead a horse, packed with notions, which he sold to people between Oregon City and Silverton at an early day.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Pope Leo is said to have an income of one million five hundred thousand dollars annually, and it is stated on the authority of Monsignor Capel that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to two dollars and fifty cents a day.

—Prince Paul Esterhazy, according to a European journal, with his boundless estates, Transylvanian forests and other sources of wealth, would probably go beyond the late Mr. Mr. Vanderbilt by a trifle of twenty or thirty million dollars or so.

—A soldier, W. P. Moore, was robbed of eighteen dollars and fifty cents many years ago while stationed at Liberty, Mo. He was, a week or so ago, the recipient of over sixty-one dollars, sent him anonymously, to pay the principal and interest.—*St. Louis Post.*

—The na ive who carried from the field the body of the Napoleonic Prince Imperial when he lost his life fighting in South Africa was presented with a diamond ring and pensioned by the Empress Eugenie. He came to Massachusetts and was lost sight of, but the ring was found last week in a Boston pawn-shop.

—Leopold von Ranke, now more than ninety, presents the anomaly of a man who has never taken any exercise and yet is in perfect physical health. The German historian has almost lived in his library, working for fifteen hours a day, and he has laid out more work which he hopes to complete before his one hundredth birthday.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Which is the stronger, an apple or a pear? An apple; it drew a pair out of the garden of Eden.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Dishonest railway managers profit by watering their stock. But every honest farmer waters his stock.—*Chicago Mail.*

—Very Sad: "Aw, Algernon, sick?" "Co'd." "How'd y' catch 'i?" "Lifted my hat rawthah suddenly t' one o' the girls, y' know."—*Chicago News.*

—"Got anything new this beastly weather?" asked one citizen of another. "Yes, said the interrogated, with a fresh frown on his corrugated visage. "Neuralgia."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Farmer: That is a voracious pig; I gave him a pailful of slop which he drank all up, and I picked him up and put him in the bucket, and the blamed thing didn't fill it half full!—*Albany Journal.*

—The scholarly people give a philosophical reason for speaking of steamboats, fire engines, etc., as she. The Lowell *Citizen* says the fire engine is called she because all the men turn and look at it when it passes along the street.

—"I didn't see you at church Christmas Day." "I was there, though. I have a new pew away back under the gallery." "You are unfortunate." "Not at all. I consider myself very lucky. I can't hear the choir at all."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—At a party a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come, ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screamed out, then stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried out an auctioneer present.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A Captain commanding one of the British ironclads, being at a grand ball that had been given to the officers of the fleet, was accepted by a beautiful partner, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh," was the elegant reply, "never mind me, ma'am. I shall wash my hands when I have done dancing."—*Exchange