

They have great respect for the American flag at Andaman, Society Islands. When a man dies there, his body is painted red, white and blue.

Observant travelers say that every country in Europe has three prices for everything sold there. The first is for natives, the second for Englishmen, and the third for Americans. It is needless to add that the latter receive the full benefit of the highest price.

Some men don't know when they are well off. No ancient fable ever pointed a moral with greater effect than the story of two murderers in Missouri. They had been sentenced to prison for life, but, being dissatisfied, obtained a new trial. They will now be hanged on the 13th of March, unless the governor interferes.

The relative efficiency of labor in the cotton mills throughout the world can be seen by reference to the amount of cotton which different workmen will consume per year. In India the average is 3,451 pounds per operative, in England 2,914 pounds, in Germany 1,200 to 1,500 pounds, and in the United States 4,350 pounds. The cost of gathering and planting the cotton crop is computed to be \$113,450,000, or thirty-six per cent. of its gross value at nine cents per pound.

Our mercantile marine if not quite "swept from the sea" yet, as investigation shows that in the number and quality of our traveling ships we still stand second among the nations of the world. We have 6,284 seagoing sailing vessels of 2,138,850 tons, and 13,862 sailing coasters of 2,100,000 tons; and we have 353 seagoing steamers, and 4,111 inland and coasting steamers. So we are not completely annihilated yet upon the wave, though Britannia is a good way ahead of us.

A representative of the New York Tribune has made public the fact that some of the liquor saloons of that city sell quinine pills to their patrons. A bartender who was interrogated by him on the subject said: "We sell lots of quinine. If we didn't keep it our customers would go to the drugstore for their liquor as well as their quinine. It would do no good to kick, so we set up the pills. Quinine to a certain extent acts on the system like liquor. Men who drink much or go in for any excitement, until the ordinary stimulants fail to operate on their nervous system, often take to quinine, opium or its compounds, chloral, absinthie, and so on."

According to the Hong Kong daily Press, the empress of China has caused a great commotion among her counselors by her liberal ideas and her conduct. She has abated the rigor of court etiquette, has transferred her residence from the winter palace to the castle in Imperial park, takes boxing lessons, and does not conceal her opinion that reform in social and religious matters are needed, and that China no longer can keep her isolation from the rest of the world. The conservatives complain that her conduct is weakening the popular belief in the divine power of the imperial house, and are confirmed in their belief that a woman is unfit to rule a country.

A singular sort of fertilizer for potato fields has been introduced on a Pomeranian model farm. Hitherto herrings and potatoes have been known as a palatable dish in family households. The manager of the farm in question has hit upon the idea of bleaching them from the start, by planting his seed potatoes with a herring placed in every heap, and with so decided a success as to cause him to increase the area thus planted from twenty acres last year to sixty in the present one. The expense he calculates at about nine marks per acre, which is cheaper than the cost of any other kind of manure, and amply repays the outlay. Of course it can only be employed near the sea coast.

The King of Bavaria keeps carefully out of sight, but contrives to provide matter for more stories about his private doings than any of the visible monarchs of Europe. King Ludwig's latest eccentricity is remarkable even for him; he has been photographed. During one of his solitary walks in the Bavarian Alps he encountered an amiable ox, which barred the way and refused to allow his majesty to pass. For a bovine subject to make himself so unpleasantly conspicuous was not to be endured; wherefore the king seized a pink which happened to be at hand, and, placing himself in a position of attack, as with a bayonet, he prepared to charge. Then, of course, the surly ox sheered off and allowed the King to pass, and he was so pleased with his own exploit that he had himself photographed in the attitude of charging.

General Brislin recently visited the Rosebud Indian agency to witness an issue of Uncle Sam's beef to the red children of the prairie. He found that the beef was issued on the hoof, and the braves were armed with repeating rifles and revolvers to do the butchering. First one young warrior would shoot a horn off, then another would break a leg, and so on. The poor animal would be tortured by slow degrees, his death being put off as long as possible so the sport might last longer. "And this was the government of the United States method of issuing beef to its Indians, encouraging them to be barbarous and cruel, making a gala day of its meat issue, and giving the young warriors a chance to learn to shoot well and ride well, so that they can kill my soldiers more readily and kill citizens better if they should go to war."

A correspondent wishes to know the names and natiivities of foreign-born members of Congress. In the Senate they are Beck (Scotland), Fair, Sewell and C. W. Jones (Ireland), and J. P. Jones (England). In the House of Representatives—Davis, Collins, McAdoo, Downey and Lowry (Ireland), Hahn and Romsel (Bavaria), Pulitzer (Hungary), Nelson (Norway), Muller (Germany), West (England), and Farquhar (Scotland).

A City of Mexico letter to the Boston Herald asserts that "the ancient volcano Popocatepetl has got into the courts. Not that it has been bodily transported into the halls of litigation, but it is the subject of a novel suit at law. For many years General Ochoa has been the owner of the volcano, the highest point of land in North America, together with all its appurtenances. The crater contains a fine quality of sulphur, which the general has been extracting, giving employment to Indians who cared to stay down in the vaporous old crater. The property was at one time fairly profitable, but now it appears that the volcano was, some time ago, mortgaged to Mr. Carlos Recamier, who brings suit of foreclosure. The papers have been joking about the matter, some asking what Mr. Recamier intends to do with his volcano when he gets legal possession. He has been solemnly warned that the law forbids the carrying out of the country ancient monuments and objects of historical interest. Probably there are precedents in law for the foreclosing of volcanic property, but you nor I have never heard of them before.

A scheme for turning, or, rather, deflecting, the gulf stream, which for the present, however, is likely to exist on paper only, has been originated by Mr. John C. Goodridge, an inventor and engineer well known in New York. It has for its object changing the temperature of the Atlantic seas, by obtaining more of the benefit of the gulf stream. Mr. Goodridge assumes that the reason that those states do not get the benefit of it now is, that they have between them and it a polar current, coming down along the coast of Labrador, through the straits of Belle Isle, and forming the cold western wall of the gulf stream. The existence of this current is well established, and, in fact, is one of the facts on which official sailing directions both in the United States and England are based. What Mr. Goodridge proposes is that it should be stopped in the straits of Belle Isle by a dam at a point where it is about ten miles wide and 150 feet deep. The dam, he says, could be built with the adjacent rocks, and the cost would not exceed \$30,000,000. The effect of this would be, he calculates, to change the temperature of the coast from Cape Hatteras to Newfoundland. Nova Scotia would have a climate as mild as Cape May, and Block Island and Cape Cod would become winter watering-places. Moreover, the St. Lawrence would be open to navigation throughout the year. Mr. Goodridge also thinks, though not with much positiveness, that the deflection of the Arctic current might turn the gulf stream further southward, and thus cut off enough heat from the British Isles to give them the climate of Labrador; and then, giving the reins to his fancy, he sees the queen abandoning her icy kingdom and taking refuge as Empress of India. But all this, says the paper Iron, is too much to expect for \$40,000,000, and very thankful we ought to be that there are not enough insane men to raise between them even that sum for such a wild scheme as that of Mr. Goodridge.

A Terrible Calamity Recalled. In the county court at Milwaukee, Judge Mason recently made a decision sustaining the demurrer made by the Newhall House Stock company in the damage suit of John Gilbert Donohue, and the case is now thrown out of court and at an end. This action is the last act in the terrible tragedy of the burning of the Newhall house three years ago, when one hundred people lost their lives. A few hours before the fire there was a merry party in one of the rooms on the fifth floor. John Gilbert, the actor, whose real name is Donohue, who was a member of Minnie Palmer's company, then playing in Milwaukee, had been married the day before to a beautiful girl in Chicago named Gertrude Sutton. The actor and his bride hurried back to Milwaukee to join his company. During the performance of the night of the fire the bride sat in a box, and after the curtain had dropped on the last act there was a midnight wedding supper, attended by a host of theatrical friends, at the Newhall house. The party did not break up until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. An hour later Mrs. Gilbert was lying dead, with many others, on the sidewalk, near the hotel. Her husband, maimed and bleeding, was being cared for near by, his life almost extinct. He was taken to a hotel, and for days lingered between life and death, and constantly moaning and asking for his young bride. Mrs. Gilbert was taken with the unidentified dead to the morgue. Her mother came to Milwaukee, and the scene was a heartrending one when she visited the morgue to search for her child. The bodies were so disfigured that it was almost impossible to identify them. Mrs. Sutton could not find her daughter's body until John R. Rodgers, who went to the morgue with Mrs. Sutton, identified the body by the underclothes, which bore the initials of Miss Sutton.

In time John Gilbert recovered. It was weeks before he was told the fate of his bride. A few months after the fire he brought suit for \$20,000 damages against the owners of the house, asserting that they were criminally negligent in the care of their guests. The suit dragged along until a technical point was decided against Gilbert, and the case has been thrown out of court. J. F. Antisiel, the lessee of the hotel, left Milwaukee soon after the fire. He is now keeping a small hotel in Michigan. The site of the hotel remained in ruins until a few months ago, when it was purchased by a life insurance company, and on a grand edifice is now going up that will cost almost \$1,000,000. Gilbert has married again and has played once or twice in this city since that dreadful night.

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS. When spring comes laughing, by vale and hill, By wind flower walking and daffodil— Sing stars of morning, singing morning skies, Sing blue of speedwell, and my love's eyes. When comes the summer, full leaved and strong, And gay birds gossip, the orchard long— Sing bird, sweet honey, that no bee sips; Sing red, red roses, and my love's lips. When autumn scatters the leaves again, And piled sheaves bury the broad wheeled grain— Sing flutes of harvest, where men rejoice; Sing rounds of reapers, and my love's voice. But when comes winter, with hail and storm, And red fire roaring andingle warm— Sing first sad going of friends that part; Then sing glad meeting, and my love's heart.

PINKIE'S REVENGE.

BY HELEN JACKSON. "What a perfect shame that she got here to-day!" "Sh—sh—, she might hear you!" "Nonsense! She is down in the reception room. I don't suppose, if she is from the backwoods, she has got ears that can hear through doors." "Girls, I am ashamed of you. How can you be so unfeeling toward your own cousin?" "I don't care, mamma; she is sure to be awkward and dowdy. How can we have her at the dinner-table to-night? I shall die of mortification to have to introduce her to Mr. Morris as our cousin."

"Oh, mamma, bless you for the thought! You can tell her that she is too tired. You can arrange it, I know." "Well, I'll try." These were the sentences which fell on the ears of Priscilla Bent as she sat alone, waiting to see the aunt and cousins whom she had come all the way from Kansas to New York to visit, of whose welcome she felt as sure as if she had known them all her life. It was by a blunder of the servant that she had been shown directly up stairs into the drawing-room, which communicated by folding doors with the room where were sitting mother and daughters. "Pinkie! What a name!" continued the first speaker. "Who ever heard of such a name, except for a dog?" "Her name is Priscilla," replied the mother, "but Pinkie was given to her by her father, when she was a little girl, on account of her pink cheeks."

"Well, I will call her Priscilla." "And I will call her Pinkie," said Mrs. Bent. "But we must go down." A swift rush of three women down the staircase, three loud exclamations of dismay at the sight of the empty reception room, looks of dismay and a smothered whisper of vexation. "How stupid of Ben! Do you suppose she heard?" These were the opening scenes in the swift little drama which began so inauspiciously under Mr. Silas Bent's roof this morning. And next to these followed one which seemed almost a justification of all that the Misses Bent had said in regard to their cousin. Slowly rising to her feet, grasping her umbrella firmly in her left hand, rose a tall, an exceeding tall young woman, who exclaimed in a nasal voice, "Well, I was just a comin' to look ye up. I didn't know as that fine black gentleman o' yours had condescended to let you know I was here. I'm most tired to death, I tell you; four days and four nights in the cars is enough to kill an ox. But I'll be all right as soon's I get my coffee. I reckon breakfast's all cleared away by this time, but I don't want much, only a cup of coffee, if the cook ain't thro' it out. I'm real glad to see you. I's'pore-uncle got my letter, didn't he?" And pausing in her breathless speech, pretty Priscilla Bent looked sheepishly into the face of her equally shame-facled relative. If they had not been too glibly disturbed in their own minds by fears of having been overheard in their inopportune comments, they might have detected a strange look on their Kansas cousin's face, a mixture of twinkle and terror. But they saw or heard nothing except what so thoroughly corroborated their worst fears. Even Mrs. Bent herself, who had resolved beforehand to be thoroughly kind to the child of her husband's favorite brother, was thrown off her balance, and, in spite of herself, the welcome she gave was curt and cool.

But nothing appeared to daunt the terrible Pinkie. Radiant good humor shone in her face, her tongue ran like a clapper, and when the dinner party was mentioned, Pinkie cried: "Not much I ain't too tired! I'll just bunk down, and by 11 o'clock I'll be as fresh as a rose. We don't often get a chance to a regular dinner party out in Emporia, and I don't mean to miss one this winter. Say—shall I wear my v e y best? I've read about the kind of clothes you New Yorkers wear to dinners. But I've got some A. N. I gowns, I tell you. Now, you just show me my room and I'll go straight to bed an' stay there till dinner-time. You let your black man bring me up a tumbler of milk, will you, along about 11 o'clock, and a doughnut or hard tack. I'm used to eatin' heartily in the middle of 'de day."

When the door was finally shut upon Pinkie her aunt and cousins exchanged looks. "Horrible!" cried the youngest daughter, Carrie. "It's worse than I ever conceived. How could papa send for her?" "He has not seen her since she was ten years old," said Mrs. Bent, dismally. "Of course he could not dream she would be like this. He has always said her mother was a charming woman, and they lived in Europe for several years when she was little. It is horrible, girls!" "Bunk down!" ejaculated the eldest daughter, Sophia. "Mamma, I shall go to bed myself and be too ill to appear to-night. I don't believe Mr. Morris will ever cross our threshold again."

chucked, as she shook out the folds of the white muslin of the most antiquated country fashion. "Now I can go to sleep, and rest easy for an hour. 'Awkward and dowdy,'—that is what I will be," and in five minutes mischievous Pinkie Bent was sound asleep. "Anxiety and vexation had made Carrie ill, and it was with a most unbecoming flush on her harassed face that she appeared in the drawing-room a few moments before the dinner-hour. There sat the cousin from Kansas? Was ever such a figure seen in a New York drawing-room before? A plain white muslin, made in the shepherdess style, very full and very short, scarlet stockings, a broad scarlet sash, and worst of all, on the head a turban of white muslin, with a scarlet poppy flaunting in front! This is what the malicious Pinkie had done with herself, whose trunks were full of exquisite French gowns such as her cousins had never owned and not often seen. She knew at least that the 'opals on her soft white neck would command a certain sort of respect, even from inhospitable relatives.

"Thank heaven she wore them! That will show people she at least has money. That necklace couldn't have cost less than \$1,000." "Yes," said Pinkie, nonchalantly. "Ma likes 'em best of all she's got. They're ma's. I like flowers better. I'm great on artificial flowers; always wear 'em every day." The guests were already arriving. Mr. Bent himself among them, he having, according to the fashion of New York business men, arrived home only in time to dress for dinner. His heart was so full of affectionate welcome for his niece, whom he remembered well as a beautiful child of ten, only half a dozen years ago, that he did not at first note anything but the lovely uplifted eyes and the affectionate voice.

As the dinner progressed, even unobtrusive Mr. Bent became aware that his niece's attire was not what it should be, and that her voice was too loud. "But the women folks can soon straighten that all out, and the child's as pretty as a picture." So also thought the Hon. Mr. Morris, who, to Carrie's vexation, on being told by her that the young lady in white was a cousin, who had arrived most inopportunistly from Kansas, had exclaimed, "From Kansas! How delighted I am. That is the State of all others. I am most interested in seeing. I am going out there in the spring. If all Kansas ladies have so wonderful a complexion as your cousin's, that is another reason for visiting the region. Pray, present me to her, will you? I should like to ask her many questions. Perhaps, ah!"—he stammered with the curious mixture of diffidence and audacity one often sees in Englishmen, "perhaps your mother will be so very good as to let me have the pleasure of sitting by her side at dinner—that is, if it will not disarrange your plans."

"I am quite sure mamma will not relinquish the pleasure of having you chiefly to herself during dinner," quickly responded Carrie, her heart full of anger and mortification. Nevertheless, several times in the course of the dinner, Mr. Morris heard the shrill voice, and thought to himself, "What a pity the American voice is so high-pitched!" When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room Mr. Morris looked eagerly for the Kansas cousin. Not seeing her, he accosted Mrs. Bent with true English bluntness: "I do not see your niece from Kansas; I hope she has not gone; I was counting on talking with her all the rest of the evening."

With mingled resentment and confusion, Mrs. Bent replied: "My niece went up stairs immediately after dinner." In truth, Mrs. Bent was in a state of nervous bewilderment. Without for a moment suspecting the real reason of Pinkie's withdrawal, she had perceived that the girl was greatly moved as she came quickly to her when they were entering the drawing-room. "Aunt, I must ask you to excuse me. I am going up stairs to change my dress; I am not dressed as I should have been."

"Never mind, child, never mind." Pinkie was gone. It did not take her long to finish her transformation touches. The dainty white surah silk, with billowy reaches of white lace from belt to hem, the soft, clinging gloves to the shoulders, the ornate bracelets, the white ostrich feather fan, the white satin slippers—all were in readiness. But at last Pinkie's heart failed her. "It was a shameful trick to play on them. I shall cry, I know I shall; and I'd rather die than cry before that Englishman." At last she stole down slowly, hesitatingly. Black Ben caught sight of her first, and reeled back with excitement. It was an unerring instinct that led Pinkie, on entering the drawing-room, to glide swiftly to her uncle's side, and putting her hands into his, say: "Dear Uncle Silas, won't you make my peace with aunt, and ask your friends here to forgive me for masquerading at your dinner?" Before she had half finished speaking, the company had gathered close around her. "I must say," began Mrs. Bent, in an angry tone. But Pinkie went on resolutely: "I could not resist the temptation to live up to the New Yorker's idea of a Kansas girl, just for an hour or two. You know that I was exactly the sort of person you all expected to see from the West." She gathered courage as she saw smiles. "Yes, you all know it," embracing the group in her appealing glance, "and we out West all know it. Then, forgive me. You ask them to forgive me, dear Uncle Silas, won't you?" "Uncle Silas was laughing too heartily. He bent over and kissed her forehead. "I ask them all to forgive me for kissing you," he said. "A capital joke, Pinkie!" "The best bit of acting I ever saw," cried Hon. Mr. Morris; "quite clever; very neat. I'm n my word, though, I do not think now, really, Miss Bent, I should not have seen through it; I don't think you could have deceived me."

I wanted to run out of the room as soon as I saw you look at me." "You needn't have done so," replied Hon. Mr. Morris, "for I thought as soon as my eyes fell on you that I had never seen so lovely a face before." "Did you, really?" asked Pinkie. "Really," answered the Hon. Mr. Morris.

A Terrible Story of Mutiny. A Dublin correspondent telegraphs the particulars of a mutiny, and some terrible scenes which occurred some weeks ago on a ship belonging to the British mercantile marine, which has been doing duty as a Chinese transport in the Chinese seas. Our correspondent says: "The story is contained in a long letter to a Dublin gentleman which arrived yesterday. The writer is chief steward on the vessel on which the mutiny occurred; but as every effort has been made by the authorities in China to prevent the affair from becoming known, he desires his name and that of the ship not to be given. He, however, is a highly respectable man, and the truth of the remarkable story he tells cannot be doubted. The writer states that his steamer was chartered by the Chinese for \$10,000 to take to Hankow from Amoy, 200 miles, 85,000 Black Flag troops who had been disbanded from the Tonquin war. On their march to Amoy they had committed fearful murders and atrocities, and the government were very anxious to get them from Amoy, where they were a terror. At the embarkation about 1,000 were disembarked, but they crowded on board too fast, and the work of disembarking had to be abandoned. Many of them were drunk, and carried liquor with them, and were fit for any mischief. The ship was crowded to excess, the bridge, poop, forecastle, between decks, and lower holds being packed. After getting under way with great difficulty, the Black Flags commenced gambling, having plenty of money about them, and were all night quarreling, fighting, and murdering each other. Numbers were thrown overboard, and some were strangled, and not one of the ship's crew dared interfere. The writer himself saw three murdered men pitched overboard during the night. When morning came dozens of dead bodies were thrown overboard, some of them having been smothered, squeezed to death, or having died from want of water. A party of the Black Flags seized the water on board and guarded it, refusing any to the crew. A fearful crush followed on the other Black Flags trying to get at the water. The heat was fearful, and many died from thirst. The Black Flags destroyed all the food, threw the rice overboard, with the cooking apparatus, and threatened to kill the cooks. They eventually began to drink sea water. The sailors, who were fearful of being crawled down to the engine-room and got down to the engine-room and drank it, though it was quite hot. Things became still more serious, and the Black Flags threatened to kill the crew, drawing knives across their own throats to convey to the sailors' their meaning. They succeeded in getting hold of the captain by the beard, and held a knife to his throat. Eventually the vessel was put back to Amoy, where a British warship was anchored. The commander of the latter prepared to sweep the vessel's deck with his gatlings, and eventually boarded her. The mutineers were then standing on deck with black flags hoisted on spears. Two Chinese gunboats subsequently arrived and took off the Black Flags, those refusing to leave being thrown overboard and left to get to land as best they could. Six of the mutineers were at once beheaded and one hundred bastinadoed. Five dead mutineers were afterwards found in the lower hold, having been crushed to death."—St. James's Gazette.

Signal Revenge. Thirty-six years ago occurred the battle of Chillianwallah, at which the English ran an appallingly narrow chance of being defeated by the cowardly Sikhs opposed to them. Though England did gain the day, it was only by an enormous expenditure of brave men's lives. A commemorative pillar is erected to their memory in the garden of the Chillianwallah. This battle, however, one of the severest ever fought by the British on the soil of India, is also noteworthy because of the shadow of misfortune and disgrace overshadowing it. The fourteenth regiment of dragoons, in the midst of the engagement, suddenly turned in retreat, and nearly caused a panic in the army. Its commander, Captain King, overcame by shame; afterward committed suicide. Previous to his death he repeatedly declared that he gave no order for retreat, and knew no reason why his troops should have fled. But the order was heard by many officers and men, and the captain's word was not believed. Public opinion gave a verdict of cowardice against him. The circumstances of the battle have, however, been recently wired, and new evidence has been obtained, which, if true, frees both officer and men from the worst charges which can be preferred against soldiers. In the regiment, says this exonerating voice, was a private who, for some reason, bore a grudge against his colonel. Though he had sought for an opportunity of taking revenge, none had presented itself. But the man was a ventriloquist; and at last his chance came. On the day of the battle, at the critical moment, when it was infamy to take one backward step, the ventriloquist threw his voice close to the colonel and called: "Threes about!" It was the signal for retreat. The regiment was a model of discipline, and had always obeyed as one man. It did so now with fatal promptitude, and in the melee of the battlefield, its retreat was soon converted into helter-skelter flight. The soldier had avenged his wrong at the expense of his comrade's honor, and at the risk of defeat to his country's flag.—Youth's Companion.

Milk. Wherever milk is used plentifully, there the children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr. Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained, from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that between thirteen and fourteen years of age they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well-cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptics, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread.—Chambers' Journal.

The Biggest Medical Fee on Record. We complain now-a-days of doctors' fees, but ye who think that doctors charge too much, read this story of a very ancient doctor. The daughters of Prætus, King of Argos, were sick; they fancied they were turned into cows. Melampus, a shepherd, had observed that when his sheep ate hellebore, they were violently purged. It occurred to him to send some of their milk to the daughters of the king, or, as others say, he sent the hellebore itself to them. But whichever way it was, Melampus succeeded in curing the king's daughters of their madness. After waiting a proper time he sent in his bill: To Dr. Melampus, Dr. To curing daughters of Bovins Halucination, one-third the kingdom. Received Payment.

After much and anxious deliberation, the terms were agreed to, but the avareicious doctor then demanded another third for his brother Bias. This was thought a little exorbitant, but was finally paid. History does not inform us whether sickness was common in the king's family.—Dio Læcis's Nygætes. A Curious Phase of City Life. "I fancy ye loose five pounds of tea and coffee every day by people who are passing by dipping their hands into the open boxes at the doors and taking out what they call 'samples,'" said a Vesey street grocer. "Of course, the boxes are put there for that purpose, and we cannot very well complain, and most of the persons who take the goods, no doubt, merely want to test their quality, but you would be surprised to learn how many mothers of families keep their households supplied with tea, coffee and sugar, too, just in that economical way. They take a little out of every box they pass, and so taste it, shake their hands, and slip it into their pockets. Now, watch this old woman. I know her face well. She lays in her stores about twice a week." The old woman in question tested the grocer's tea, and acted afterward exactly as he described. Then she went to another grocery store a little further down the street and repeated the performance. "It is not so easy to take sugar, as only a little can be grasped at once, and more stores are to be visited, but they manage to do it," the grocer added.—New York Sun.

THE HOME DOCTOR. How to Treat Whooping Cough. Whooping cough has three distinct stages, and the treatment indicated varies in each: 1. The preliminary state. 2. The acute stage. 3. The stage of convalescence. At first then, the symptoms will be those of a common cold of more or less severity. This is the time to call in a doctor if there be whooping cough about, and more especially if the child has been exposed to infection. Keep the patient in a quiet, clean, warm, well-ventilated room, and on a lower scale of diet than usual. Do not force food. There is far too much of this food-forcing going on in nurseries, under the impression that the strength must be kept up; but if there be no appetite, there will be no power of digesting what is swallowed, and matters are made worse, and oftentimes the door is thus opened for the most dangerous complication to walk in. See that the child is warmly clothed, and kept warm at night, and the chest covered with a piece of cotton wool, with oiled silk over it. If there be wheezing, a stimulating liniment should be well rubbed in, and frequently, to both back and front of the chest, and front of the neck. A morsel of flannel should also be worn round the neck. The diet should be low and easily digested, and sweating should be encouraged at night. Some easily taken aperient will also do good—salts and senna, castor oil, or syrup of senna; the first is the best. Those who live far away from a medical man should know and remember in all cases of bad cough, when the chest is choked with phlegm, when there is thus much difficulty in breathing, a vomit of mustard in warm water. Bathing the feet in hot water will also do good at this stage. Get an ordinary cough mixture, but be certain to tell the chemist it is for a child, and must contain no opium. Avoid quack medicines and mixtures in every shape and form, and do not give sleeping draughts; they are highly dangerous at all times.

The second stage should be somewhat differently treated. The cough mixture may be continued unless it blunts the appetite; the diet must be more nourishing, but still easily digested. The child should be kept quiet, and perfectly free from annoyance or excitement of any kind, and from everything that tends to irritate. As regards medicine, it would be dangerous to suggest anything for this stage; the best plan is either to leave the disease to nature, or let your family physician prescribe. If anything of the nature of a serious complication should arise, medical aid must be summoned as soon as possible. Whether, when the distinctive whoop is no more heard, danger of infection to other children is over, is a question that medical opinions vary on. It is better to be sure than sorry, however, and I advise that the child who has had whooping cough be kept away from its former companions until it is once again well and strong. We may shorten the stage of convalescence by proper treatment. The class of medicines called antispasmodics do good in this last stage. Belladonna has been recommended in persistent whooping, but it is a dangerous drug, and should only be prescribed by a medical man. A little dose of bromide of potassium, from three to ten grains, according to the age of the patient, will often secure a more quiet night. It should be given under medical advice—about an hour before sleeping time, simply mixed in a little cold water. Tonics do great good at this time. If the child is pale and anemic-looking, iron in some form is good. From three to ten drops of tincture of iron in half a wine glassful of water three times a day is an excellent tonic. But quinine also acts as a charm, and may be given in conjunction with the iron. Or the citrate of iron and quinine may be used instead. Dose: from two to four grains in water. Dose of quinine: from a quarter to half a grain three times a day in a little drop of sherry. A bit of biscuit to be eaten at the same time. Cod liver oil is very valuable in whooping cough. Begin with a teaspoonful of the brown oil three times a day after food, and gradually increase up to a dessert spoonful or more for cod liver oil is more of the nature of food than medicine. But cod liver oil amalgamated with extract of malt is better far than anything else; it is pleasant to take, too, and so the child will not object to it. A change of air, as soon as the little patient is able to bear it, will do much good.—A Family Doctor, in Cassell's.

The Latest Craze. We're not so fond of England, Or her pretty little ways, As once we were, and far behind We've left the British craze. 'Tis not the dainty French we love, Nor yet the dash of Spain, For they we never rave, They're all upon the wane. But now we look for fashions to Celestials, and we clap Our hands with joy whenever we see An I-be-narat Jap. Vegetation on Coins. The microscope has warned us against coins in whose interstices various species of algae flourish. A microscopic examination of bank notes, even the newest and crispest, show that they are hot-beds for the growth of cryptogamic vegetation. One Hungarian professor has discovered on bank notes at least seventeen species of parasitic plants whose names alone really frighten one. Let us hasten to congratulate all who have no bank notes in their pockets.—Dio Læcis.

HOW IT HAPPENED. He held my hand— I knew 'twas wrong, And still I did not chide him; He clasped my waist— He is so strong, And I so weak beside him! He bent his face Down close to mine— His brown eyes were so pleading! And maybe, too, He saw in mine— But eyes are so misleading! His mustache brushed My reddening cheek— Oh, dear! how did it tickle! I had to smile— I couldn't speak— I wonder if he's fickle! He kissed me? Well, If you must know, I'm sure I don't deny it! And I kissed him! Well, maybe so— His actions would imply it! My foolish heart Was throbbing so That I could not prevent it. He said he loved me— I don't know— I wonder if he meant it! —Somerville Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

After dinner—A hungry man. Blinds a leading part in life—The blind man's dog. Pleasant recollections—Collecting a bill the second time. It is officially reported that there are now in England upward of 30,000 blind persons—but to which party they belong is not stated. The Piegan Indians are making trouble out in Wyoming. The first syllable of their names probably the cause of it.—N. Y. Journal. The war articles in the Century are rapidly bringing that esteemed publication down to the level of a Powder Magazine.—Life. The whale is said to be capable of living a thousand years. He doesn't have to read the dizzy old jokes in the funny papers.—Fall River Advance. The title to a dead whale is in dispute in the Monterey, Cal., courts. But the title to a live whale is never in dispute among schoolboys. Take up the fiddle and the bow! And play "The Eagle Screams!" Lay down the shovel and the hoe. Potatoes are dug by steam. —Boston Courier. "One at a time, please," remarked a German saloon keeper to a crowd that was scrambling for a ten-cent piece on the floor.—St. Paul Herald. John Boyle O'Reilly says that if women ruled the world it would be a poem. Perhaps so, but the average man don't want a poem. He wants pie.—New Bedford Mercury. The average housewife will take more pains to keep a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on ice in summer.—Siftings. Supposing a man lost both his arms in the war, what is he going to do in case a mosquito alights on his nose?—Macerick. Call the first man he meets a liar.—Gorham Mountaineer. An exchange says that if clothes are brushed up, that is the wrong way, they will not get shiny. We have tried this rule on a silk hat and can testify that it works like a charm.—Call. English entomologists are excited over the addition of a new butterfly to the British fauna, making a total of sixty-five species. What American belle is over there now?—Boston Post. A remedy for cold feet is announced. Any improvement on the present style of wrapping them in the husband's undershirt and warming them against his spine will find a ready sale.—Germaniston Independent. "You do get your daughters up most beautifully, Mrs. Hebe." "Yes; that is art." "And you get them into society so early." "That is mart." "And you find rich husbands for them." "That is smart."—Burdette. St. Louis Matron: "Now, young man, I tell you, you must not come fooling round my daughter, Jerusha, any longer. I've set my foot down." Young Gilbert said: "All right, madam, that covers the ground."—Ramblers. "Tommy, is your sister Clarinda in?" "Mebby she is, and mebby she ain't. What's your name?" "Why do you ask?" "Waal, ye see, she said if Mr. Tompkins called she'd be in, but if old Crankshank came she'd be out. Which be you?" Mr. Crankshank departed. There is a man in Buffalo, who is provided with a silver wind pipe. Very few persons are so well fixed. Whenever he meets with financial reverses, he can soak his wind pipe, and raise the wind. As a general thing, the more a man soaks his wind pipe the less money he has.—Siftings. About the most startling piece of foreign news that has reached this country since the war is the announcement that more than 3,000 people in one province of Russia are employed in making accordions. What makes this news so depressing is the fact that a great many of the accordions manufactured by these misguided Russians will be played in America.—Norristown Herald. Fannie is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days she went over to a neighbor's. "Well, Fannie," said the lady, "where's your wax doll?" "Oh," she answered, turning up her nose, "I don't have nothin' to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time."—Merchants-Traveler.