

The S. uthern cotton mills have increased in number in six years from 161 to 310, and in production from \$16,387,698 to \$30,726,250, or 88 per cent. They have weathered several storms, resulting from a too rapid growth, have secured new markets, and are now exporting goods.

Think of a counterfeit buzzing in the head to cure a cold! A sensation has been produced in the London drug market by the accidental discovery of a substitute for quinine. The substitute is alleged to have like medical properties, though the cost of production is not over six cents an ounce.

Colorado has 890 miles of first-class irrigating canals, 3500 miles of secondary canals, and 40,000 miles of smaller ditches, which have cost in the aggregate about \$11,000,000, and will irrigate 3,200,000 acres. The operation of this great water system has developed conflicting claims of various ditch companies in regard to the use of water, which it is very difficult to settle.

The famous shell heaps at Damariscottis, Me., are to be ground up into hen food and fertilizers by a Boston company. The largest heap is 341 feet long by 126 feet wide, and is from four to twenty feet deep. The origin of these shell heaps has been a subject of much discussion among archaeologists. The Peabody Museum is to have all the relics and curiosities that may be found in the heaps.

It has been deemed impossible that carrier-pigeons could rival the telephone, but a wholesale baker of Brussels, having fifteen branch establishments, sends to each, with the first morning delivery, a pigeon, which during the day returns with any unusual order. At the bakery its alighting closes a circuit through a vibrating bell, and announces its arrival. The entire expense of purchase and installation not having exceeded the cost of two months' rental of the telephone, the happy baker felicitates himself on his happy evasion of the hello business.

Our consul at Chemnitz, Germany, writes the Department of State: "Horse meat is extensively consumed by the laboring classes, the prices ranging from four to five cents per pound. I can also vouch for the fact that a large number of dogs are annually killed for consumption. Dog meat is publicly exposed for sale in the markets, and I am informed that many well-to-do people frequently eat it in preference to mutton; and the fact that it is sold from one to three cents per pound more than horse meat, would seem to bear out this assertion. 'Roast dog and dumplings,' is frequently advertised in the papers by keepers of restaurants, and the Chemnitz papers contain a weekly statistical account of all the horses and dogs killed for consumption in that city. Dog meat is supposed to possess a curative power in cases of pulmonary complaint, and to judge by the number annually killed in this neighborhood, the disease must be widespread."

Electric power has been applied in a very novel manner of late on the estate of the marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield, England, where it has been in operation for some time past in various ways and works; but the last is perhaps the most peculiar of all. On one of the farms engaged has been stored in large quantities, a farm building being turned into a silo for this purpose; and, it being decided that the green food shall be "chaffed" before placing it in the silo, a chaff cutter has been erected about twenty feet above the ground. This machine is not only driven by the electric power, but the same motor is employed to elevate the grass to the level of the chaff-cutter. This is done so effectually that about four tons of rough grass are raised and cut per hour. A sixteen light "Brush" machine is the generator, driven by a huge water-wheel, and both are on the banks of the river Lea, a mile and a half distant. Nor is this all, for the same electric power is ingeniously applied to work the "lifts" in use at the many haystacks on the estate.

A problem which is attracting to its study astronomers, relates to the earth as a timekeeper. We measure time by dividing either the period during which the earth revolves around the sun, or that in which it turns on its axis. By the first method we measure a year; by the second a day. The earth, according to some astronomers, is losing time. Through two causes, the sun's attraction and the friction, so to speak, of the tides, the earth each year revolves more slowly on its axis. The speculative question which these astronomers are discussing is whether in the end the earth will stop its revolution upon its axis and will present always the same face to the sun. When that event occurs there will be perpetual day in one part of the earth and perpetual night in another. But there is no occasion for immediate alarm. The rate at which the earth is supposed to lose time only shortens the year by half a second in a century. There are more than 81,000,000 seconds in a year. Therefore, if the earth ever does cease to revolve on its axis it will be more than six thousand million years before it will stop.

Nature's provisions are indeed wonderful. The juxtaposition of coal and iron ore has often been marked, as well as the fact that most large streams flow past large cities. And now the Philadelphia Telegraph points out another of these kind providences by noticing that most of the great pie bakeries and the pill manufactories of the land are centered within convenient reach of one another in New England!

Reports of two cases of recent outrages on Americans in China have been forwarded to the Secretary of State. The Presbyterian mission house at Kw' Ping was looted and destroyed, and the Rev. A. A. Fulton and wife and Miss Mary A. Fulton were forced to flee for their lives. A lady missionary at the Methodist hospital at Chung King was stoned by a mob and quite seriously injured. In neither of these two cases could the authorities be induced to punish the offenders or give protection to the missionaries or their property.

According to the *Oerland China Mail* a method of suicide of an original character has been invented and carried into successful effect in Hong Kong by a Chinese servant of the name of Yeung-Yan-Hing. In the first place he attempted to pass out of life by the common place method of a dose of opium. He was, however, brought round by prompt measures taken by a Chinese doctor, who resided in the same house. But he was not to be balked in his intention, and two days later he procured a heavy hammer and a long nail, and with the former he drove the latter so deeply into his skull that, although every effort was made at the government civil hospital to save his life, he expired the next day. A man must, indeed, be bent upon self-destruction who will hammer a nail into his head. It would be difficult to imagine any form of suicide demanding greater nerve and resolution.

Wiggins, who knows all about it, says that earthquakes are caused by the shifting of the planet's center of gravity. Wiggins is the Canadian weather prophet—or, to speak with precision, he is one of the Canadian weather prophets. He discovered, a year ago last March, that the planet was about to shift its center of gravity. Forthwith, he set his prophetic faculty to determine what the consequences of the performance would be. Starting upon the self-evident fact that a movement of the center of gravity one mile from the normal center of volume would cause "the parts of the surface at the end of the longer axis to be heavier, and the parts at the end of the shorter axis to be lighter, than normally," he discerned at once that "these disks would grind upon each other," generating heat and lava that would produce an earthquake in South Carolina when Jupiter should be near his inferior conjunction, at the end of August, 1886. Which settles the question of the South Carolina earthquake, without any help of the disagreeing seismologists, to the satisfaction of everybody.

A Spanish Plow.
The latest novelty in plows is at present being used in Spain. It works the land to a depth of 30 inches, and turns a furrow 2 feet wide. It is drawn by two 16-horse-power engines. The instrument is constructed on the patent balance-plow principle, but of very strong proportions. It is a one furrow plow, but fitted with two skives, the first turning a furrow 16 inches wide and 14 inches deep, the second following to a depth of 30 inches and turning over a furrow 24 inches wide, leaving the land completely loosened to a depth of 2 feet 6 inches. Drawn by the steam engines, the account in a foreign exchange says it is possible with this plow to turn over four acres per day. In cases where it is not necessary to turn up the land to this great depth, but simply to stir up the under-soil, all that is required is to take off the last skive and in its place fix a subsoil tyre, which will go to the depth of 24 or 30 inches.

Mockery.
Pompous Hanker—William, I'm going to the Exchange. From there I go to the Directors' meeting of the Gilde Insurance Company, after which I shall lock on my associates in the Bull Beef Syndicate, and then go home. If anybody calls you will know where to find me. Good-day!
Cashier—All right, sir; good-day. (Aside) I am going to Delmonico's. From there I go to the office again, after which I shall look in on the ticket office of some reliable scalper, and then go to Canada. If anybody calls you won't know where to find me.—*Tid-Bits.*

Adding Insult to Injury.
Never was true delicacy of consideration better illustrated than by a thief in the French capital a week or two ago. A ruffian was struggling with M. Autel for his watch. M. Autel was proving too much for the scoundrel, when another Gallic Bill Sikes came up, and the honest man was laid on the pavement. The conquerors disputed over their prey, without much chance of immediate settlement, when a happy thought came to rascal number one. "Sir," said he to the groaning and bruised Autel, "we beg you to arbitrate in this matter."—*New York Commercial.*

Chimes.
Far from the fern and moss,
Fluttering birch and wee fir cross,
And the pine's low murmuring,
Where the frightened lichens cling
To the overhanging edge
Of the precipice and ledge,
Fearless in their dainty glee,
Wave the harebell's merry.
From the dusky waters hung,
N'er in Belgian belfry swung
Bells more exquisitely wrought
By the mountain breezes caught—
Tossing, swaying to and fro—
While beside them, bending low,
Breathless I wait to hear
Echo of their chiming clear.
But the airy harmony
Is too wonderful for me,
And I cannot catch a strain
Of that rare and sweet refrain,
Yet the tiny bells still ring,
And they shall my greeting bring
Till, though near so softly stirred,
Every trembling note is heard.
—*Marion B. Allen in the Cottages Hearth.*

A CASE OF BRIBERY.

BY LUKE SHARP.

In the centre companion way of most Atlantic steamers there is framed a public notice which attracts a good deal of attention from the passengers on the way over. It is published by the British Government, and is to the effect that any person offering a bribe to one of Her Majesty's customs officials will be heavily fined. The amount of this fine is mentioned, either £40 or £100 or something of that sort. The contemplation of this notice for nine or ten days every time a person goes up the centre companionway is calculated to give that person a very great respect for the unbrilliantly of the Liverpool customs officers. The American Government has no such notice posted up anywhere that I ever saw. Whether it is because it is so well known that the American customs officer never under any circumstance accepts a bribe, or whether the government fears that the public would regard the posting of a notice as a joke, I have not been able to ascertain.

I have never met anyone yet who would bribe a Liverpool customs officer. The penalty which has stared him in the face during the voyage is apt to discourage all such attempts. However, there are few things which a person could take into England on which duty is exacted. I believe the customs officers have a prejudice against dynamite, against pirated reprints of English books, against tobacco and some things of that sort, but, as a general thing, the American traveler carries nothing with him on which duty could be charged.

Our big steamship reached Liverpool late one evening last summer. The customs authorities pounced us all up in the several rooms of a building on the landing. Here there was a good deal of fuss and shoving through a passage way that was very narrow, and the hand baggage was examined as we passed out. This was a very slow and tedious arrangement, and it was nearly 11 o'clock at night before we were through with it, and even at that time the trunks had not been looked at. We were then passed up into a room which we reached by a long incline. On climbing up this incline we entered a large building, seemingly containing only one immense room. It was well lighted, and the scene was one which once looked upon a person would not forget in a hurry. On the right hand side were piled trunks, bags, valises, hand satchels and baggage of every description. On the left ran a long, low counter on which trunks were being examined by the uniformed custom house officers, while, bending over their open baggage were the owners, generally talking rapidly to the imperturbable officer. All over the room were some 100 excited passengers running wildly hither and thither trying to collect their luggage. Trunks that were marked with names were arranged in alphabetical order. The sections of the building were lettered with the alphabet painted large and conspicuous along the right hand side, but, as the great majority of the trunks had no names, the owners had to run about in quest of them. Porters were there with their short jackets and numbered caps, dragging the trunks about under the owner's directions, and as soon as one trunk had been examined it was taken away by a stalwart porter who called a cab, and its place was filled by another trunk slammed down by another stalwart porter. It was a scene of bewildering confusion. As I always travel as light as possible, endeavoring to compress my belongings into a satchel that can be carried by hand if necessary, my troubles were over, and so I strolled along with comparative indifference, enjoying the strange and bustling appearance of the place. I was able to give some assistance here and there to companions of the voyage, and rather put on airs as being an old traveler with some experience of that sort of thing, don't you know, and plumed myself on having my baggage examined long ago.

At the further end of the room were a couple of ladies who were travelling alone. One of them had a large trunk, and the trunk had a new-fangled lock, the latest of American patent. A customs officer was vainly trying to unlock this trunk, and the owner was looking

on with much concern at his ineffectual attempts. She had tried herself, it seemed, and had been unable to open it.

"You are not doing it rightly," said the second young lady. "You have to push this clasp that way, then turn the key half way around, push the clasp back and give the key another turn and then it will unlock."

The officer looked up, smiled and shook his jarred finger, and I said:

"Let me try the unlocking."

I followed the directions as well as I could and nearly broke my fingers, but the key wouldn't turn. I am afraid the magic words I said were not the "open sesame" that was required.

"I am very sorry, ladies," said the officer, "but I shall have to break the lock."

The ladies were very sorry too, but they made no objection and the officer departed and returned with a hatchet. This he placed under the obnoxious catch and tried to pry it open. But the lock was built very strongly and it wouldn't give way. The hatchet slipped and the officer cut his finger.

"Can't you stretch the law a little," said I, "and let that trunk pass. The ladies are not going to stay in England, but are going directly to France. I am sure you would find nothing dutiable in the trunk or they would have made some objection to your breaking the lock."

It was now after 12 o'clock. Most of the people had claimed their baggage, had it examined and departed for their hotels.

"Well," said the officer, "I ought not to do it, you know, but I will chance it," and with that he put on the requisite mark that would enable it to pass out. The owner was very grateful indeed, and while he was stamping the trunk she said to me:

"I would like very much to give him something. How much do you think I should offer him?"

"Well," I replied, "as a general thing in England it's safe enough to give a tip where a service is done, but the penalty here seems to be very high. I don't think I would risk it. Yet I don't suppose he would object to a shilling if it could be given him so that no one could see it."

"I will give him half a crown," she said, "if he will take it."

"All right," I cautioned, "but don't do it very publicly."

The lady approached and said in her kindest voice:

"I am very sorry you have hurt your finger."

"Oh," said the officer, "it don't matter in the least, I assure you; a mere scratch."

"Well, I am very much obliged, indeed," she whispered, "I hope you will let me give you this, not as a compensation, you know."

"A! miss," he returned, smiling and bowing very low to her, "glad to have been of any service to you, but really, we are not allowed to take anything; it is against the rules," and he waved his hands up and down as he said this.

"But," persisted the lady, "it is only a very little, and don't at all come under the head of a bribe."

"I assure you, miss," he said, "you are not indebted to me for anything, and as I said before, I am only too happy to have been of any service. You see, miss," he said, as we walked away after the porter who had shouldered the trunk, "officers of the customs are never allowed to take anything, no matter how small, under any circumstances; whatever." And with that he again bowed very low to us, and I walked with the ladies out to their carriage.

"Well," said I, "it is refreshing to see a customs officer that will not take a bribe!"

The young lady laughed merrily. "I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "for I know now we did it very cleverly."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you gave him the money?"

She held up her hands. They were empty.

"I slipped half a crown into his hand the first time I spoke to him, and he concealed it with a deftness that convinced me he had done the like before."

"Then you urged him to take it after he had it in his hand, and he refused it with such a Chesterfieldian air while he was really in possession of it!"

"Exactly," she said. "Wasn't it neatly done on both sides?"

"Neatly done? Well, I should say so. But what a pair of hypocrites both of you are!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Wise Eel.

In the summer of 1868 Peter Kern of Washington township, Pennsylvania, caught a small eel and put it in a well in his yard, where it still is. It is four feet long and about five inches in diameter. It keeps itself concealed at the bottom, except at irregular intervals, when it comes to the top, and these appearances are always followed by rain within a day or two. During haying and harvest and other critical periods of farm work the farmers for miles around send every day to Kern's for intelligence of the eel. It will have no other kind of fish in the well, and kills all that are put in.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It was not until the early part of the present century that whipping posts and stocks were abolished in Massachusetts.

Fies have been employed as sanitary inspectors and used for detecting the location of causes of disease from decomposed substances.

There are two families of the name of Dodd in Barton county, Georgia. They are not related, and interest in them arises from the fact that one of the families is composed of nine girls, while the other is made up of eight boys.

In the reign of William III. of England those who received parish relief had to wear a badge. It was the letter P, with the initial of the parish to which they belonged, in red or blue cloth on the shoulder of the right sleeve.

J. M. Means of Liberty, Mo., has a forty-year-old clock that is a perfect barometer. Just before a rain the bell, usually of a clear and distinct tone, tells the hours in a tone so dull and muffled as to be hardly audible. It never makes a mistake.

The Rev. Robert Cushman preached the first sermon in New England. It was delivered at New Plymouth, Dec. 12, 1621, and was "On the Sin and Danger of Self Love." It was printed in London, and is believed to be the oldest sermon extant preached in America.

An English writer remarks that the recent successful attempts at balloon steerage in France have led many thoughtful persons to believe the day not to be far distant when we shall see balloons plying in well-paying passenger traffic between England and the continent.

In an Indian mound near Oakland, Ind., was unearthed recently a stone wall ten feet square. Within were five or six skeletons, three copper vessels filled with fifty pounds of rich silver ore, a copper axe weighing eighteen pounds attached to a stone handle, and a number of stone hatchets.

Chas. Leroux, an athlete of this city, earned \$300 on Monday by jumping from the roof of a Philadelphia museum, 100 feet above the pavement, with a parachute. He went down fast, just missed a lamp post, struck a spectator on the head, and cut his own forehead slightly but was otherwise unhurt.

St. Augustine, Fla., is the oldest town in the United States, a fort having been built by the Spaniards there under Mendez in 1565. By some it has been contended that Santa Fe is the oldest. It was first visited by the Spaniards about 1542, when it was an Indian pueblo. It is not known exactly when it was settled by the Spaniards.

Gallantry.

Old Mr. Snooks is an inveterate wag. He lives at a large boarding house on West 14th street. In the same house live a couple of young dry goods clerks. They are both of the genus dude, and affect an air of extreme and feminine languor which Mr. Snooks declares makes him sick at his stomach.

The other morning, just after Mr. Snooks had taken his seat at the breakfast table, the two young exquisites lolled into the room and sank into their chairs.

"Geawge," drawled one of them to the waiter, "wait on us immediately."

"But," said the waiter, "Mr. Snooks was in ahead of you, sir; I'm waiting on him."

"Weah in a huhwy, Geawge, and must be waited on!"

In despair, George turned to Mr. Snooks. "What shall I do, sir?"

"George!" said Snooks severely and audibly, "always wait on the ladies first!"

The dudes now express the opinion that Mr. Snooks is a coarse, brutal man—"sells potatoes on Chambers street, y'know."—*Life.*

Information for His Father.

"Father," he said, as he sat on his parent's knee; "have we got lots of money?"

"A pretty fair sum, my boy."

"Did we make it in Canada?"

"In Canada? How could we make it in Canada?"

"That's what I told the Smith boy; but he stuck to it that it was the same as making it in Canada. He said you compromised with the bank for half, and was allowed to return. Father, I—"

"You go to bed, sir," exclaimed the indignant father; "and if I ever hear of your playing with that Smith boy again, I'll have your hide on the fence."—*Wall Street News.*

Onion Tears.

Crocodile tears are things of ancient history, and tears produced with the aid of onions are equally well known, but it has remained for modern science to find a way to produce onion tears without betraying the presence of the aggressive onion itself. In fact, the aggressive onion need not be present at all. An essential oil is extracted from it which has all the tear-compelling qualities of the solid vegetable itself. One drop of this oil on a handkerchief is good for one flood of tears, two drops produce a persistent fit of sobbing and three drops an appearance of uncontrollable grief.

A QUEER SOCIETY.

The Work of a Cigar.—Tip-Saving Association.

Collecting and Disposing of Cigar Ends in the Interests of Charity.

Not long ago the average American citizen bit off or cut off the small end of his cigar, before lighting, and threw it away. Since an internal stamp duty was placed on cigars, and their price has advanced as a consequence, he does not generally dispose of the ends in this way. On the counter of nearly every place where cigars are sold is a little machine for cutting off the end before the smoker places the cigar in his mouth. The tips fall into a receptacle, from which they are collected at the close of each day. In some cases they are disposed of to persons who smoke pipes, and in others they are sold to manufacturers of fine-cut or granulated smoking tobacco.

Stockholm is the headquarters of a benevolent cigar-tip-saving association, of which the King of Sweden is president. All members of this society provide themselves with an apparatus for cutting off the ends of cigars, with which is combined a box for holding the fragments. This is carried in the pocket and can, if desired, be attached to or made a part of a cigar case. At convenient times the contents of the little box are emptied into a suitable receptacle, kept at home, and toward the end of the year the entire collection of cigar-tips is forwarded to Stockholm. There they are sold at auction and the proceeds employed in providing a sumptuous banquet for poor children. At this banquet, which usually occurs at Christmas or New Years, there is an illuminated tree on which presents for the poor children are placed. Branches of this association have been established in Germany and Great Britain during the past few years, and the revenues of the society are now very large. It is now proposed to form a similar association in the United States.

In several European countries charred cigar "stumps" have a commercial value. They are bought by shepherds for making a decoction for killing insects on sheep. Florists also buy them for the purpose of burning in green-houses or for steeping in water that is used for syringing plants infested by ants or other insects. Some gardeners employ them for making nicotine water, which is said to hasten the growth of certain flowering plants and to cause them to put out very large blossoms.

In Paris, according to *Le Temps*, collecting the "stumps" of cigars and cigarettes is an industry in which several hundred persons of both sexes are regularly engaged. To be successful in this business it is necessary to be up early and late. Late at night, discarded rolls of tobacco can be seen by the fire on them. The collectors accordingly through theatres, opera-houses, concert saloons, restaurants and wine shops, ready to pick up the fragments of cigars and cigarettes that the patrons of these places throw into the street. The boulevards and parks are visited early every morning long before the sweepers make their rounds. The remnants collected are sorted during the day and spread out on paper to dry. Some of the fine tobacco is made over into cigarettes. A portion of it is converted into snuff. The leaves in cigars, deprived of the ashes and burned portions, are sold for smoking in pipes. The waiters in restaurants save the cigar and cigarette ends left on plates and sell them to dealers or manufacturers. Thus hundreds of people provide themselves with the necessities of life in saving the remains of the luxuries of the rich.—*Chicago Times.*

Productive Roughness.

If we seek for the places where men have gained least from nature, and are most degraded, intellectually, morally and spiritually, we shall generally find them to be the places where nature has been most profuse in her gifts, most luxuriant in her productiveness. In these favored regions the savage eats and drinks and sleeps his life away in lazy sensualism, while in less kindly lands where a substance has to be forced from the barren soil, and where the forces of nature war continually on human kind, man arises as a king over nature, makes her forces subject to his own purposes, and wins from her her most jealously guarded treasures. So true it is that the most promising fields of human effort are not those which are externally the most attractive.—*Sunday School Times.*

He Left Hastily.

Suitor—Mr. Boggs, I have come to ask for your daughter.

Boggs—Very well! When do you want her?

Suitor—At once. I do not want to wait at all.

Boggs—Well, I suppose you want all that belongs to her, too?

Suitor—Of course. Everything that pertains to her is sacred in my eyes.

Boggs—All right! Here are her bills for the past month. Milliner, \$97; dressmaker, \$220—

—But the suitor had melted away.—*Rambler.*