

MISSING LINKS.

A Frenchman has invented a telephone which costs but 62 1/2 cents.

Policemen in Constantinople receive only \$6 per month for their services.

A one thousand-foot artesian well is being sunk at Tacoma, Washington Ty.

Sadie Moyer, of Landsford, Pa., although but 10 years old, weighs 195 pounds.

A mitrailleur is being tried in the Austrian army which will fire 1,000 bullets in ninety seconds.

Jay Gould is the owner of ten thousand acres of land in Arkansas, located in three different counties.

In New York the real estate sales for the first four months of the present year foot up \$50,000,000.

It is said that the present to ex-Secretary Manning from the treasury employees will be a punch-bowl.

M. Pasteur says he has treated five hundred hydrophobia cases with his cure this year and has lost only one.

Mrs. Langtry has had her hair cut short, and her friends say she has lost one-half of her beauty in consequence.

Over 180 natural-gas and oil companies have been organized in the State of Ohio during the past sixteen months.

It is estimated that between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000 will be expended in railroad construction in the United States during the current year.

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's eldest daughter is a very beautiful young woman, and is said to have the purest and best soprano voice in New York.

Jacob Welch, of Ritchie county, West Virginia, found twenty-seven lively little squirrels in the hollow of a tree he recently cut down in his yard.

The latest estimates place Belgium at the head of the beer-drinking countries of Europe. The consumption per capita is six-tenths in excess of that of Germany.

A Kingston lady lost a bobolink recently from whooping cough. The bird was infected with the disease from the lady's children, four of them having it at one time.

J. Arroy Knox, of Texas Siftings, is the successor of John T. Raymond in the coin-matching business. He has a lucky quarter with which he has won over \$500 this month.

Nate Salisbury, who is Buffalo Bill's partner, proposes to introduce popcorn in London this summer. He has ordered one hundred bushels of the unpopped vegetable from a New York dealer.

A Boston disciple of Esculapius says cotton stockings are the bane of New England women, and advises the ladies to cast them off and go barefooted rather than wear an article that destroys them with rheumatism and neuralgia.

It is whispered that a watch-factory girl asked a member of the Boston city council who was accompanying the queen on an excursion, how long he had been in this country, and whether his home in the Sandwich isles resembled Boston.

Joseph K. Shultz, a well-known farmer of Lancaster county, Pa., has just completed sales of his tobacco crop, showing a total yield of \$360 per acre for last year. The census makes Lancaster the richest agricultural county in the Union.

Mrs. Grant has just received from Charles L. Webster a check for \$33,384.53 as additional profits on the sale of "General Grant's Memoirs." She has thus received to date a total of \$394,459.53. The financial success of Grant's book is unprecedented in the history of literature.

The telephone wire between Brussels and Paris was put to a fraternal use recently by the advantage of a microphone. The Parisian people, being invited to listen to a band of music in Brussels, heard over the wire a French melody, and heard it so distinctly that not a note was missed.

A New Lisbon (O.) girl, while disrobing recently, was pulling off her stocking with considerable exertion, as her foot was damp. It came off unexpectedly, and her hand was released with such sudden force that it struck her under the chin and caused her to bite her tongue nearly in two.

They have found a bottomless pit on the line of the Carthage and Adirondack railway, New York, into which they have dumped three hundred carloads of stone and gravel. No sooner do they get the hole filled up and the roadbed apparently safe than the whole thing disappears under water.

Near Oakville, W. T., is the burnt stump of a cedar tree, probably the largest on record. It is a hollow shell, 50 feet high, 87 feet in circumference one foot from the ground; 73 feet 2 1/2 feet from the ground, and 54 feet 8 inches six feet from the ground. The cavity is 23 feet at its largest diameter.

Diplomatic circles in Washington are gossiping about what is said to be a slight to Prince Leopold of Germany by the United States Government. The Prince did not go to Washington as he had intended, and it is said that the cause of his change of plan lay in the fact that the Government took no notice of his presence in this country.

Every new acquaintance is worth a dollar to a newspaper reporter. He

may not be able to find anyone who would give him a dollar for some of the men he meets, but some day something happens, and then the reporter realizes that it is worth a good deal more than a dollar to him to have some acquaintance with the man who knows all about it.

A very remarkable operation has just been performed by Mr. Keetley, at the West London hospital. A child was brought in having a large mole covering nearly the whole of its cheek. He transplanted the mole by exchange. That is, he removed the mole from the cheek to the arm and planted flesh from the arm on the cheek. Everything succeeded perfectly.

Several years ago a few deer were let loose on the mountains east of Bennington, and since that an effort has been made to enforce the law forbidding anyone to kill deer in Vermont. The result is that here and there throughout the State deer are seen, and as the law has three years yet to run it is quite likely that the Green mountains may in time be well stocked.

A young man who had been hanging around Washington trying to get a \$1,200 clerkship till his money was all gone, recently received an offer of \$40 a month to go to Birmingham, Ala., as tally clerk. A friend loaned him \$100 to pay his board bill and get out of town with, and he went. In a few days his "boss" at Birmingham loaned him money to buy a lot of land with, and a week later he sold it for upward of \$1,000 advance.

According to an observing New York reporter the red-seared craze among the chorus girls in burlesque and comic operas is over. Taking the idea from Bernhardt, the small ones of the stage painted their ears a bright pink. Their new affectation is the baby stare. It takes the place of the rougish glance and the shy droop. The operator of a pair of eyes opens them to their widest, fixes them directly upon a man in the front row, and calmly keeps them there as long as circumstances will permit. Neither ogle or wink is recognized by the cool orbs thus employed in the infantile act. They seem aware of nothing beyond the ocular manifestation.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad School.

Prior to the establishment of school-work at Mount Clare, the Baltimore and Ohio apprentices had neither incentive nor opportunity to develop into intelligent workmen, so that on starting the classes it was with great difficulty and only by absolute compulsion that the attendance of about forty shop-boys was secured. They were, with few exceptions, rude and almost unmanageable in the classroom, uninterested in the instruction, and scarcely able to await the hour of dismissal, when they would vacate the schoolroom rudely and in haste. Then the class instruction was confined to the most elementary subjects, and the boys were unable or unwilling to read technical or scientific books with any show of profit. Now there are under school instruction seventy as orderly and polite boys as are to be found in any high-school of the country, and among the very best of them are boys who a few months ago were conspicuous for rudeness and insubordination. There have been classes of apprentices in geometry, algebra, physics, locomotive-engine, mechanics, mechanical drawing, free-hand drawing, geometrical drawing, English and history, and a valuable method of instruction by special reading, selected and recommended by the teachers to the pupil, with special reference to his talents and the state of his education.

Last year, as a rule, boys had to be compelled to take up algebra and geometry; at this time many are promising promptness, regularity, and other inducements to secure admission to those classes, and a number have become very urgent for the higher science and mechanical studies. Many of these boys regularly spend their noons studying works in science and mechanics, going from shop to shop and machine to machine studying the principles involved in their construction and operation. Every examination for apprentices brings in a better class of applicants; as the result of which the standard upon which admission to the service is predicted is being gradually raised.—Popular Science Monthly.

"Sweet Twenty-seven."

The present age will be curiously marked in history as a period when dress and beauty came prominently to the front. The literature of dress during the last ten years, if collected, would form an imposing collection. The beauty craze has revolutionized society. Among its consequences may be noted the fact that girls have gone out of fashion. Twenty-seven is the correct age just now. "Sweet seventeen" is hopelessly demodee. The result is a vast increase in the amount of hypocrisy practiced in society. No girl ever wanted to stop at 17, even when it was most in favor. But every woman now remains 27 until even her own familiar looking-glass begins to speak in the odious language of perfect candor. Mrs. Haweis, in her book on dress, recommends women always carefully to choose their background.

This would be good advice, were it practicable. But one cannot carry about one's background with one. It would be costly to one's self and inconvenient to one's friends. A better plan for keeping on good terms with one's self, so long as one remains at 27, is to fit up a looking-glass in a seductively flattering manner. A pink silk blind should always subdue still further the mellowness of the daylight,

Wax candles with pink shades should be the only means of illumination when daylight dies; and if there are only enough of these a satisfactory toilet may be made and one's pet delusions remain undisturbed. Other mirrors, less pleasantly placed, should be carefully avoided.

Fir Pillows.

Now that pillows made of the "spills" or foliage of the balsam fir tree, (abies balsamea) are considered not only fashionable, but highly beneficial in the treatment of many ailments, such as insomnia, nervousness, headache, catarrh, and lung diseases, etc., it may be well to know how best to prepare the green spills. The balsam fir or balsam-of-gilead fir, from which is obtained the Canada balsam, should not be confounded with other species of the coniferae of like appearance—a mistake that is easily made, as the resinous perfume of the different spruce trees is almost as deliciously fragrant, if not so lasting, or of so much value medicinally, as that of the balsam fir. It is also rather difficult to distinguish the difference, as to foliage, between the balsam fir and the other spruce trees; the leaves of the former are in two rows on either side of the branchlets; those of the latter are scattered irregularly around the stems. The spills may be collected at any season.

In mid-summer, at ultra-fashionable Bar Harbor, and other Maine resorts, the modern belle, with an armful of fir branches is no unusual sight, while the fastidious beau may be seen, on a rainy, or foggy afternoon, on the hotel, or cottage piazza, smudging his delicate fingers with turpentine, as he helps some fair lady to "pull" fir balsam—"pulling parties" they are called "way down in Maine. Again, in the autumn or winter, the "native" lad and lassie may be seen "lugging" home an evening's pulling of balsam twigs, which, when nicely dried, will be sent to the city shops, or sold next summer to the "rusticator." The spills, and the entire tender green shoots at the ends of the twigs are plucked while fresh and crisp, from the stems; if they are allowed to dry on the branches, much of their delicious fragrance is lost. They are spread to dry in a perfectly dry place. Care must be taken that no moisture collects on the balsam, as it would ruin the delicate perfume. When the spills are thoroughly dried, they are ready for the pillow, which should be made of thin, stout material. The outside slip may be plain, or ornamented, according to individual taste. Pongee, silk, linen, madras cloth, or any of the pretty stuffs now obtainable may be used. A suitable decoration for a fir pillow is an emblematic motto, as: "Thy breath sweet balsam hath power to soothe the fevered brow." "I breathe the perfume of the pines." "The fragrance of the woods I bring," etc.

These mottoes may be embroidered in any suitable stitch. A very effective design for a pillow, is a branch of fir with several cones done in a dark green and brown chenille, on a lighter green or brown ground.—S. E. Boggs, in Good Housekeeping.

Solomon's Judgment in Chinese.

Two women came before a Mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the Mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke:

"Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought me here alive."

This was done.

"Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the Mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes put on the fish.

"Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrapping in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

"Without a doubt she is the true mother," she declared; and the Mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her.

"Without a doubt she is the true mother," she declared. And the Mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meantime the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the Mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.—London Academy.

"Papa," observed little Johnny Gray, "what does this mean in the paper?" "What is it, my son?" "Why, what do 'puts' and 'calls' mean?" "They mean," said the old man, who had taken several flyers, "they mean that a man goes down to Wall street and puts some money into the hands of a broker." "Well, but what do 'calls' mean?" "Oh, they mean, my son, that when he calls for it he don't get it."—Financial Reporter.

A JAPANESE FAMILY.

In this home an ex-daimio and family dwelled, with whom I exchanged frequent hospitalities during my sojourn in Japan. As I was one of the family in which the daimio's youngest brother and eldest son had found a home while pursuing their education in America I was cordially received by the ex-prince in turn. The family then consisted of his wife, two little girls, two grown daughters, and three sons—one a baby—and the grandmother of these children—a charming old lady—three nurses, and a large retinue of servants.

The father was a noble specimen of devotion to his country, yet, withal, an apostle of progress. He was one of the many who had consented to the destruction of the old government, and had voluntarily yielded his revenues and title without a murmur for the public good. The lady mother and eldest daughter were the peers of the ladies of any land in their love of beauty, ornament, elegant dress, and nearness, and in their skill in household management, as well as in those social amenities and tactics of polite circles that etiquette prescribes.

This mother was as strong in tenderness, patience and long-suffering for and with her children as her European or American sisters; and equally faithful and assiduous in their training and education, according to her knowledge. She taught her daughters, as her mother had taught her, that the three fundamental duties of woman are obedience to her parents when a child, obedience to her husband when married, and obedience to her eldest son if she becomes a widow.

She also instructed them from the Japanese Ladies' library, which is a compendium of the moral and physical duties of woman. It includes the subjects of household and social management, rules for the strictest etiquette, a guide to letter-writing, proverbs, poems from a hundred authors, memoirs of noble women, and ordering for the whole conduct of life. They were likewise taught to read the standard histories of Japan in Chinese characters, and both boys and girls were thoroughly drilled in the traditional heroic and mythological lore of their own land.

The sons were trained to manly sports and exploits, and their ambition fired by historic tales of heroes. They were urged to overcome obstacles by the symbol over the massive door, where swung the huge paper carp suspended from a bamboo pole, ever reminding the youth of Japan how the carp leaps the waterfall. These lads were also taught natural sciences and military tactics from English and Dutch authors. Often in their half-holidays I have seen them constructing miniature earthworks by the aid of book, diagram, and trowel.

Then came the tutor with lessons in fencing and wrestling and the use of cross-spears and swords, in the handling of which they became marvelously expert. The father instructed the sons in the Chinese classics himself, and stimulated their young souls by tales of classic lore.

One of the interesting customs I thus learned of in the life of this house was that of the many festivals—the Feast of the Dolls for the daughters of the house, when year after year the great nursery was decked with blooming bows and the many toys in which Japan abounds, while a pretty mimic life of motherhood and housekeeping prevailed for one whole day; of the Feast of the Banners, when the boys were marched out in triumph to the streets, with emblazoned banners, to enact a mimic war; of the New Year's day, when prince and retainers, master and servants, pledged anew their devotion to each other, and received gifts of good things; of the religious festivals, when the master's household, like a great heart, beat for the birth and death, the joy and sorrow, of his tenantry.

Here, for two centuries, the daughters of the house had been given in marriage, without spoken vow or priestly rite, but by gift and song, dance and cheer, began their new career. From thence had gone out the father to Yeddo or Fukui on public or private business—the sons for education and culture, the daughters for travel or religious duty. These walls had echoed with songs and laughter, with cries and sobs. Here, in time of bereavement, in the oratory of the house, where the sacred lights and incense burn, one after another black tablet was set, gilt-lettered, to be honored by later generations.

In the path by the old shrine, made sacred by the reverent beliefs of generations, I took my final leave of this interesting family. I asked for a memento from its hallowed contents, and the ex-prince gave me a case of light wood, containing an amulet written in Sanskrit and Chinese, for the protection of this ancient house; and as I passed out of the great gate I stood under a pile of charms a foot in thickness, which had been added year by year, to ward off sickness and harm.—Helen S. H. Thompson, in Overland Monthly.

A Street-Car Incident.

A broker-looking man who was riding in a Sixth avenue elevated train was so annoyed by a pretty baby's crying, narrates the New York Times, that he pulled out a big gold watch to pacify her. The bright metal had the desired effect, and soon he had the infant on his knees. At Park place he was obliged to leave, and taking a kiss started for the door. Two young ladies decked out in the latest spring finery, who sat opposite, had been interested spectators. Next to them

sat a grouty, gray-haired gentleman who was absorbed in his paper. Just as the broker reached the door one of the young ladies arose and said to him: "I beg your pardon, sir, but we have just made a little wager. Will you tell us if you are a married man or a bachelor?" The broker looked at his fair questioner for an instant, and, raising his shining hat, said: "I am a bachelor, but not eligible." The titter which followed the answer broke into a loud laugh when the old grouty gentleman blurted out. "He is a liar! He has three children at home and I know them."

Dickens and His Friends.

A curious bit of fun took place after one of our night rehearsals of "Henry the Fifth," which I must speak of here. Charles Dickens asked me to sup with him at Clunn's Hotel, Covent Garden, together with Maclise and John Forster. We all got very jolly, and about 2 in the morning we adjourned to some vile slums in what was at that time called the "Rookery," a trysting place where the low thieves of London "most did congregate." Charles Dickens had made an appointment with a friendly detective, in order to see some character he had heard of and wished to sketch for a work he had on hand.

The place was crowded with a lot of the most hideous-looking roughs I ever set eyes on. Dickens stood gin and fire-water all round; but, instead of harmony and good nature, it produced nothing but discord and anger. The roughs began to chaff the swells, and when they got the worst of it began to show fight. One herculean ruffian got hold of Dickens by the throat and raised his dirty fist to plant it in his face. I was just in time to catch him by the back of the neck and waist of the trousers and hurl him into the midst of his pals. His coat was off in an instant and he came at me like a wild beast; but I was a smart boy with my hands in those days, and had learned a thing or two from Mat Robinson and Bendigo. As the bully was about to deliver his blow, I made a terrific counter right between the eyes and grassed my man on the sanded floor.

Before one could say "Jack Robinson" the lights were out and bottles and glasses flying in all directions. The shouts and oaths, smashing of chairs and benches, and the noise in the dark made it impossible to tell friend from foe, and I could not tell what had happened to Dickens and the others till I found myself under a gas-lamp by St. Giles church, where I found Forster and Dickens together. They told me Maclise was all right; had escaped without a scratch and gone home in a cab. The detective had been our guardian angel. He it was who opened the door, dragged us into the street and bade us run for our lives, while he held on at the portal and kept the roughs at bay inside the pub. We soon found cabs and each of us made tracks for our individual roost, after having arranged to breakfast at Dulwich at 2 o'clock the same day. We were all there and in good time. Dickens and Forster had called for Maclise, and they all came in Charles' brougham. The day was fine, and the landlord of the hotel near the Actor's college gave us a splendid breakfast, which we enjoyed heartily. Not a man of us was anything the worse for the over-night spree. That was a day of life and jollity. *Hic huc fugas!* Frail mortality! Alas, the day! Three who took part in that lively quartette are unusual no more; for this world their strings are cracked, their notes are dumb, the mutes are on; though they take music now, I hope, in the celestial sphere.—James R. Anderson's Memoirs.

A Cute Bostonian.

A wealthy Boston gentleman had moved out of town and located in a little village community where the ways of life had always been rather primitive and the expenditure small. One day the assessors of the town came to him, rather fearfully. They didn't want to tax him out of the town, and yet they proposed to have him bear his share of the taxation. "Ah, gentlemen," said he, after they had timidly pumped him a little as to the amount of his property, "what is the amount of money you have to raise here by taxation?" "Twelve thousand dollars, this year, sir." "Twelve thousand dollars, eh? Well, send the bill to me, and I'll pay the whole of it." Not a single rustic in the place paid any taxes that year, and the Boston man got off a good deal cheaper than he had for some years.—Boston Transcript.

Military Discipline.

Probably in no other army do we find such curious offenses against discipline as in our own. We note a recent court-martial case where a soldier when at drill having been corrected by his commanding officer for a mistake did not speak out in ranks and say, "I was right," and after the company had been brought to a "place rest" approached the commanding officer and said, "Lieutenant, I was right and you were wrong" and, having been ordered to stop his talk and return to his place in the ranks, said: "I won't shut up and I won't allow myself to be bulldozed by you or any one else." The unfortunate exercise of the freedom of debate results in the withdrawal of party of the second part from the active lists for a period of one year and a forfeiture of the sum of \$120.—Army and Navy Record.