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COMPENSATION.

The Lord is good unto the dude,
For see how nice he looks;
We realize these splendors now
We've read about in books.

He gave him that delightful bang,
That collar, stiff and high,
That single-barreled eye-glass, too,
That fits his English eye.

He gave him those expansive cuffs,
He gave that elbow crook—
A cross between a dog's hind-leg
And some old ragman's hook.

He gave those clothes of latest cut,
The patent leather shoe,
The heavy cane, the zebra gloves,
The socks of gold and blue.

From crown to sole a perfect fit,
A something bound to please
The lilies of the field are not
Arrayed so nice as these.

The Lord is good unto the dude,
He equalizes pains,
By giving all these lovely things
To take the place of brains.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

MODERN SIRENS.

Female Canvassers and the Bright Weapons of Their Success.

The female canvasser lost her grip on a place in mythology by being born so recently. Had she been around when the wily Ulysses was going about with those impressionable Greeks on yacht cruises, she would have commanded a good salary in any chorus of sirens. Coming into existence in the Anno Domini period, she is perforce compelled to change her tactics. She does not try to catch a tar, although a Tartar every now and then falls in her way, but sets about luring the business man into financial ruin. The female canvasser is one of the few things of contemporaneous interest that were not created to fill a long-felt want. No one has ever been known to yearn for her coming or to feel that her absence manufactured a vacuum in his existence. The result is that she has become an interesting waif hunting for an opening, who diffuses herself over the fair face of nature wherever the shekels are ripest.

The female canvasser is generally in the book or advertising line. She somehow contrives to find something in both with which she can make appeal to the sluggish charitable instincts of humanity. She never seems to be working for business, but only for the love of the cause in which she is enlisted, and there is always some ulterior person or purpose to be benefitted by a sale or subscription. Upon the deserving character of this person or purpose she always brings her eloquence to bear. It is not the mere money she seems to want. Her object appears to be only the stimulation of interest in the scheme she represents. When she does take the money or its equivalent—and that happens pretty often—she does it as though she were only performing a subordinate part of the donor's duty for which he ought to be grateful to her.

The man who contributes to a charity or buys a bill of goods from a drummer has a vague notion that he has done a service for the solicitor. But the female canvasser never permits him to harbor any such idea about her. He is given to understand that he has done only what he should have done long ago, and it was highly improper for him to wait till she reminded him of it. That is the reason every one feels himself humble and abashed when a female canvasser looms up in the horizon, and feels humbler and more abashed when she leaves.

There are two kinds of female canvassers—the old and the young varieties. Their methods are diametrically opposite. The one says everything she can; the other as little as she can. The former is a born exhorter. She can get in more vocal work in a given space than any male agitator of the organ of speech extant. The young variety of canvasser does not run the campaign that way. Her strong points are her eyes. Once her tongue has set forth her business it suspends and her eyes begin to issue dividends. Thereafter all operations are carried on from that quarter.

She finds this the most effective way. A whole park of artillery would not hold its own as an instrument of destruction against the eyes of a well-organized canvasser. If she is coldly received she throws a little warmth and feeling into her glances. If she is rebuffed the eyes fill. If she is turned away she suffuses them with a look of pleading that would reduce adamant at a hundred paces. She begs with them, prays with them, urges with them and exhorts with them, and as there is no force known to science that will overcome this mute insistence, humanity has to yield and the reluctant purse-strings have to loosen.

Cunning business people know this. They know that a female canvasser is more fatal than any other engine of war that can be brought to bear upon the works with which mankind has trenched itself against booksellers and advertisers. So nowadays they reserve her for the forlorn hope work and launch her against the stoutest pointed resistance, confident of the result.

A reporter yesterday had a talk with one of these long headed people. He found her in an office which exhaled more aroma than a Sixth avenue pharmacy, and contained more feet of feminine artfulness than any known institution outside of a charity fair. The ladies in it were all canvassers. One could tell in a twinkling from the fluency of the utterances of the more elderly and the limpid catch-on-fulness of the eyes of the younger ones. After they had each poured a few gallons of melody into the boss's ears and varied it every now and then with little mirthful refrains descriptive of how certain positions were carried and the "loot" taken, they all got up and went out.

The reporter quailed as they filed past him. He thought of Amazons going to war and trembled for the store-keepers and office clerks upon whom all those resources of rhetoric and optics would soon be brought to bear. Then he accosted the gentleman who owned and operated the line of female canvassers and asked where he got most of his recruits.

"From the very best kind of people," said the manager of this aggregation of tongues and eyes. "No one else would do. You will find that all those ladies are people of culture. Many of them are highly educated. Some have been brought up in affluence. How do they come to canvass, you ask? That is easily told. There is no country in the world that witnesses so many vicissitudes of fortune as this, and none where a woman has so many ways of earning an independence. Your woman of spirit does not sit down and snivel when she finds herself without means, or look to her relatives for a precarious living, which is often yielded pretty reluctantly. She buckles on the armor and starts out to fight her own battles. Thank goodness, our American women are not hedged in by the restraints that are somewhere imposed on the sex. They can do business with business people without detriment to their womanhood.

"They can go about with nearly all the freedom of a man without suffering social outlawry. They know this and they act upon it. There are hundreds of women who could not earn their salt at sewing, embroidering, teaching or music. They have brains and tact, though, and they use them. They become canvassers, and often great deal better ones than the men. There certainly is nothing reprehensible in their calling at a purely business place on a matter of business. It does not derogate from their ladylike qualities an iota. In fact, the more womanly they are the better they succeed. There is as much buncombe about woman sticking to her 'sphere' as there is about her getting into the other sex's, and there is not a sensible man on the top of the earth but sympathizes with a woman who is boldly making her way in the avenues of legitimate business, and admires her, too, for it."

"But all your canvassers are not endowed with these advantages?"

"Certainly not. There are different kinds of qualities needed for success in this business as in any other. Perhaps there is a field for a greater variety, because there is so many different kinds of people to appeal to. There are opportunities for energetic women who are not gifted mentally to get along if they make the most of their advantages. Any business man who engages them should have tact enough to discriminate and assign each to a class of people to which she is adapted."

"Do most of the ladies make their livings in this way?"

"Why, there are numbers who have no need to go into the business at all. They are quite comfortably situated. Some of them, indeed, belong to families that are quite well to do. What makes them canvass, then, you ask? Because they are like all women; they want some luxuries that are costly, and they have the courage to start out and earn them rather than encumber their husbands, or brothers or fathers. It is only a little while ago a lady came here who was very well connected and took a canvassing route. She had seen some costly jewelry that took her eye and she made up her mind to possess it. She succeeded, too, I can tell you. She worked like a beaver and turned in a list of patrons that fairly dazzled me. In less than no time she had her coveted ornament. Then she stopped, and I was sorry for it, I can tell you. I hope the next thing she takes a fancy to may be a bit more valuable. There is money in such a woman."

"Do not sensitive women fear rebuff?"

"That's where they have the best of the men. No one but a brute will be harsh to an honest woman. They need never fear insult from gentlemen, and very soon they come to know that. If they meet with a refusal it is generally a courteous one. The men do not sometimes fare so well."

"But is there no trouble found in getting at many people they wish to solicit?"

"Oh, of course. Some men when they see a woman coming in guess her business and say they are out. That is an old trick, and funny complications often arise from it. One of our ladies, who twice failed to find a down-town merchant, left a note for him stating her business, but not giving her name. He read the note, and, not knowing the sex of the writer, thought he would kill off one canvasser. So he wrote a letter. I've got it here."

A sheet of paper was laid before the reporter. Upon it was:

"Look here, old Shanghigh, if you come monkeying around here any more there will be business for the Coroner. I won't have any thing to do with your old prospectus. And don't fail to recollect it. If you inflict your bald-headed presence and rum-sodden countenance on these premises any more we will fire you. Remember that. There is no appropriation for crackers and rum in this establishment for old croakers of your kind. So long!"

"The office-boy handed it to the canvasser when she called," the gentleman continued. "She is a pretty girl, with a face like a summer day and eyes that do damage at long range. She never wilted, but thanked the boy and called again on the proprietor. He received her with effusion when he saw her, and then she laid his missive before him and said she had notified the Coroner and was ready for him to fire her. He didn't do it, you can bet. He was clean floored. When he read the letter over it somehow seemed to him a trifle strained and inappropriate. He stammered an apology and surrendered right off. We keep that paper, and she brings it with her when she goes after him nowadays. It always fetches. For he doesn't want the joke to get out, and a subscription is the price of her silence."

"Do male canvassers object to female competitors?"

"Oh, that is their own lookout. Whoever does the best work commands the best salary. And I can tell you the ladies do not get left. They are no slouches at this business."—*N. Y. Herald.*

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

"MEXICAN PETER."

How He Defended Himself When Accused of Turkey Stealing.

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

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

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

INEXPLICABLE.

The Question Which Puzzles a Hebrew Dealer in Cheap Clothing.

"Now, Shakey, mine sohn," said a dealer in cheap clothing to his eldest born, "I must righd away by Buffalo go, and I leaves der sdore and der beezness in you handts. Dot vos a fine shance for you, mine sohn."

Jake promised to endeavor to make a good use of the chance.

"Und, Shake, my sohn, vile I was away you might do a good sdroke of beezness—hey? Cold vedder is comin' on, und you must mark up all der goots in der sdore. Den sdart a big bankrupt sale, und make believe you sells does goots feefty per cent oonder cost—hey? Tell dose peoples dot der old man was runned away to shwindle his greditors und does greditors stepped in und vant to gif dose goots avay almost—hey?"

When the old man returned from Buffalo he was surprised to find the store locked up, and was yet more surprised when he learned that his hopeful son had sold off everything and cleared out with the entire assets of the establishment.

"How dot poy efer learnt to be so dishonest," sadly observed the old man, "is more as vot I can't never make out."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

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

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

MINT EMPLOYES.

A Mute Girl Who Made Persons Faint by Suddenly Speaking.

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

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

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

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

ANGLO-SAXON GROWTH.

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

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

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

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—In Malta persons are forbidden to come to the opera "in short sleeves or with naked feet." We can understand why there should be an objection to short sleeves, but why should bare feet be excluded? Some of these notions of etiquette are too absurd for anything. A society young man don't want to stay away from the opera simply because his only pair of boots are at the shoemaker's getting half-soled.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A "Good Excuse." Said Judge Noonan, of San Antonio, to a convicted malefactor: "It has been proven that you burglarized a house, stole a ham, and forged another man's name to a note." "May be so." "You have also been sailing under the false names of Smith, McMullen, Goodrich and Perkins while you were committing your crime." "Well, Judge, you didn't expect me to allow my own honest name to be mentioned in connection with such villainies and dragged through the mire."—*Texas Siftings.*

DAIRY.

—Mr. G. W. Hoffman, in New York *Tribune*, is confident that with a herd of thirty cows it would pay to have a man devote his entire time in winter to preparing food, currying and looking out for their welfare in various ways.

—Lack of uniform quality in butter results from churning at improper temperatures, "salving" by trying to work out the buttermilk instead of washing it out with weak brine, and churning cream so sour that the acids have destroyed part of the finer butter-oils.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—The question was asked by the *Southern Live Stock Journal* what the relative values were of hay and bran. The Elmira Farmer's Club seem to rate them about equal when both cost fifteen dollars per ton. This is a good standard to figure from, and is probably correct.

—An analysis of butter and milk recently made in the District of Columbia, disclosed the fact that of the twenty-five samples of the former examined, twenty were adulterated. The milk was found, it is said, to be composed of sheep's brains, chalk and water.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—The *United States Dairyman* says that it is a provision of nature that the cow looks out for herself before she does for her stupid owner, and so will not give rich milk until after she has recuperated from the effects of semi-starvation. She wants some meat on her bones before she will put much into the pail. The farmer had better take the fat out of his granary than keep it out of the pail.

—The *American Dairyman* does not think much of Guenon's theory of judging cows, saying, if you want to get a good, profitable animal, you had better first see that she gives a large mess of rich milk, and then, having first secured this point, indulge your fancy for soft hair, dandruff, quirls and yellow grease in the skin, long horns, slim tails, smooth hoofs, big belly veins and all the other fancies that fashion loves to revel in.

—Speaking of the rude forms of butter-making practiced in some countries, Dr. Davenport states that in Brazil they fill a hide with milk, and it is tightly closed and then lustily shaken by an athletic native at either end, or it is dragged about upon the ground after a galloping horse until the butter comes. In Chili, the filled hide is placed upon a donkey's back, and he is trotted about until the butter comes. In Morocco, a filled goatskin is rolled about and kneaded by women until the same effect is produced.—*Indiana Sentinel.*

—For the feeding of flaxseed to cows the *National Live Stock Journal* recommends the grinding of one bushel of flaxseed with fifteen bushels of oats or oats and corn. If the flaxseed is boiled, one pint of seed boiled will be enough to mix in the feed for two cows. We have often noted the excellent effects especially during winter, of an occasional feed to cows of a small quantity of ground flaxseed. Care must be taken, however, not to create too great laxity of the bowels.

COST OF BUTTER.

What It Costs to Produce One Pound of Good Butter.

The question is often asked—what does it cost to keep to make a pound of butter? It is very difficult to answer the query clearly, for so many things are to be considered. Of course it costs less per pound with a cow that makes three pounds a day than with one that only makes one pound. To support the bodies of three one-pound cows costs, in an average way, three times as much as it would to support the body of a three-pound cow. So that the butter from the three cows cost three times as much as that produced from the one cow. There is this encouragement always ahead of the intelligent and progressive dairyman. By virtue of his intelligence in improving his cows, his management and his methods of manufacture, he makes butter cheaper than the ignorant dairyman, and then by virtue of his intelligence he sells it for more money. Yet in face of all these advantages thousands of farmers prefer the hardest and most costly way.

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experimental Station, states that when cows are fed on clover ensilage at $3.00 a ton and meal, butter costs 11½c. per lb. from the 15th of May to the 15th of June, not counting the value of the buttermilk and skim milk, which, at present prices of pork, is worth 20c. per 100 pounds. This would bring the real cost of butter to 7c. per lb. In making this statement we wish the professor would give us the number of pounds per day the cow made whose butter is figured at the above cost. All sorts of opinions are held by farmers as to the cost of butter and but very few know accurately what the real cost is.—*Hoard's Dairyman.*

No Pressing of Butter.

Many suppose that when it comes to salting the butter, it should be pressed into a compact form, spread out in a thin sheet, and have the salt sprinkled over it. Then they rolled the sheet into a cylinder, then flattened out into a thin sheet again, more salt sprinkled on, and again rolled into a solid cylinder. After the salt is all rolled in, by this process, the lever is brought to bear and the butter worked until the salt is supposed to be evenly incorporated. Then many set the butter aside, for twelve to twenty-four hours, when it is again worked, to get out any white steaks that may appear. It is better to *stir* the salt into the butter, while the latter is still in the granular form. Most leading dairymen of the West omit the "second working," and pack their butter directly into the tub, thus saving labor, avoiding injury to what is called the "grain" of the butter, and saving salt by retaining in the butter all that is put in. With either a first or second working, it is possible to work out a large amount of the brine, thus leaving the butter too fresh, unless an extra amount of salt is put in.—*Prairie Farmer.*