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HEADQUARTERS

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THE LETTER HOME.

Merrily o'er the tossing sea
The gallant vessel flies,
Her hope is in the fickle waves,
The laughing wind and skies;
Her silver track, it stretches back
With purple weeds and foam,
And echoes of her flapping sails
Breathe in the letter home!

The sailor, brown with sun and brine,
The hardy, bold and free,
He trolls a song in every port,
A jest for all has he;
Nor here nor there is now his care,
His heart forsakes the main,
And with a fond familiar speech
Turns to its own again!

Once more before his dreamy gaze
The low green hills appear,
The pond where sailed his painted fleet,
The friendly roof and dear;
The walks are gay with rose and bay,
With pinks and pansies dim,
And there the wrinkled mother waits
Whose thoughts are all for him.

Merrily o'er the bounding sea
The gallant vessel flies,
But wars and perils range the deep,
And clouds and tempests rise,
And many a wrack and whirlwind black
Is sent to those who roam,
Then blessings on the joyful day
That bears a letter home.

—Dora Read Goodale.

GREAT CARE OF GUACHARO.

A Subterranean Recess in South America That Has Not Been Fully Explored.

Among the many subterranean recesses which are met with in different parts of the world few are more remarkable, and few less known generally, than the cave of Guacharo, in the republic of Venezuela, in South America. Indeed, until Humboldt published his masterly delineation of this quarter of the globe Europeans were ignorant of its existence, although it had been long known to the Spanish missionaries, and was for generations a place of awe and terror to the natives. It is situated near the picturesque and delightful valley of Caripe, which lies to the west of the Gulf of Paria, in about 10 degs. of north latitude.

In a country where a love of the marvelous is a prominent feature of the mental character a cavern whose unexplored recesses give birth to a river, and which is inhabited by myriads of nocturnal birds, whose terrible cries awaken all the echoes of the dreary subterranean, is, of course, a never failing subject of conversation, and the attention of Humboldt was very soon drawn to it.

The cavern continues to wind in the same direction, to be of the same breadth and to retain its original height of about 70 feet for a distance of 1,450 feet, beyond which it begins to contract in its dimensions. Throughout its length flows a stream of water, in some places 30 feet in breadth and 2 feet in depth, but from what source this subterranean river comes no one as yet has been able to tell, as the roughness of the cavern and various impediments prevent the progress of explorers beyond a certain point. On issuing from the mouth of the cave, and running a few leagues, the stream joins the River Santa Maria, whose waters ultimately fall into the Gulf of Paria.

Humboldt was astonished to find the cavern abounding in vegetation considerably beyond the distance which the sun's light penetrated. It appears that seeds which are carried into the cave by the old birds to feed their young spring up wherever they can fix themselves in the mold that covers the calcareous incrustations. Blanched stalks, with some half formed leaves, were found to have attained the height of two feet.

It is well known that when light is excluded from plants they become pale and disfigured, of which an instance on a grand scale was here afforded. In advancing, the vault gradually began to contract in height, and, in proportion as it became lower, the cries of the guacharoes sounded more shrill and piercing. The Indians at last refused to proceed any further, and Humboldt was compelled to retrace his steps to the free air and the light of day. He found that a bishop had penetrated much further than he, having measured nearly 2,500 feet from the mouth to the spot where he stopped, although the cavern, to all appearance, extended a great deal deeper.—New York Ledger.

Stage Fright.

Talking of stage fright and of a young orator's nervousness while addressing his first works to a public audience, a popular speaker said: "There is no moral or medical method that I know of for overcoming that awful thumping of the heart which comes suddenly upon an untried and even many a practiced speaker. It ruins the dinner—until the ordeal is over—of many a great man down on the bills for a speech, and at times is so violent that only a strong physical effort will enable a man to retain even an appearance of calmness. It is said there is a preparation which, if sniffed before speaking time comes, will retard the action of the heart. But I know of nothing effectual."—Interview in Chicago Herald.

The Danish Bismarck.

Herr I. P. S. Estrupp, the prime minister of Denmark, whom King Christian persists in maintaining in office in defiance of the protests of an overwhelming majority of the national legislature, is a consumptive, weary looking little man of unprepossessing appearance. His small frame is, however, filled with an immense amount of energy. During the fifteen years that he has held the premiership he has ruled the country with an iron hand, and fearless to the anger which he excites. He is often described as the Danish Bismarck.—New York Telegram.

Bells Were Invented in 400.

The invention of bells is attributed to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, about 400. They were first used in churches as a defense against thunder and lightning. They were first hung in England, at Croyland abbey, in 945. In the Eleventh century and later it was the custom to baptize them in churches before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1068 and discontinued in 1100. Bell-men were appointed in London in 1556 to ring the bells at night and cry, "Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor and pray for the dead."

Difference Between Yarn and Thread.

When thread is spun for weaving it is termed yarn; when two or more of these are twisted together it is called sewing thread. The latter may be divided into the following: Spool cotton and spool silk, machine twist, linen or flax thread, etc.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

JAPANESE COSMETICS.

Lips and Teeth of Women Painted—Requirements of Married Ladies.

To one at all familiar with the cosmetics of America and Europe, and with the modes of using them, some interest attaches to those employed by Japanese ladies. The most striking feature to a foreigner in this direction is to see the teeth of the women black. Japanese fashion commands that every woman when married, or who has passed the age in which she is likely to be married, stain her teeth black.

This is done with much trouble and with repeated renewals. The "kit" of utensils is made of brass and consists of a bowl of peculiar form, which will hold about half a gallon of water. Across this rests a shelf of decorated brass 3 inches wide by 12 inches long. On this stands a small kettle, in which the staining liquid is kept hot, and a small cup into which to pour some of the staining liquid to cool it, and from which it is used on the teeth. A box of lacquered wood contains powdered nutgalls and a small feather brush, and the whole set, when not in use, is kept in a large lacquered box.

The materials consist of a solution of iron nails in a vinegar made of sour sake, forming what would be known chemically as acetate of iron. This solution is vigorously brushed over the teeth, followed by a rubbing of them with powdered nutgalls. This forms black tannate of iron on the teeth, in fact, it is our common black writing ink. The process renewed weekly keeps the teeth of shiny blackness comparable almost to freshly blacked shoes. The fashion is said to have originated centuries ago among nobility, and hence prevails with all other classes. To me the practice is simply hideous.

The children and youth of both sexes have often beautiful, regular white teeth, and the contrast of these with their soft, brown skins, black eyes and hair, the blood showing ruddy through the brown skin of the cheeks, makes great beauty in the young Japanese a coming thing. Japanese women fade early, and to add to the ravages of time such a practice is sickening. Among the lower classes there is a tendency in the teeth to project forward, and this results in the habit of keeping the mouth open. The reader can fancy the picture.

I am glad to know that young Japan does not favor this custom, and that the married women of today among the better classes have abandoned it.

Painting the lips seems to be universal with women of all classes and ages. Little girls not 5 years old have their lips a bright red. The material used for this is the coloring matter of safflower, called technically carthamine. This plant (carthamus tinctorius) is largely grown in southern Europe, and used as a dye. It is familiar to us in America for the same purpose, but not grown to any great extent. In the drug stores it is known as American saffron.

The color when diluted is a rosy pink; when very deep it has the metallic bronze green of a beetle's wing, and it is quite common for Japanese women to apply the color so thickly that the lips show a bronzy green instead of a cherry red. While both lips are tinted, the most of the color is put on the center of the lower lip, where the "pout" is. This color is sold in the cosmetic shops (kamamono-ya) as beni and is generally in the form of little shallow saucers of white earthenware, on the inside of which the color has been spread with the brush to show a deep red with a bronzy green reflection. These cost about two sen (one and one-half cents).

White cosmetic consists of finely levigated chalky material, scented and put up in square envelopes, holding perhaps half an ounce. More common sorts are made of dry white lead. The utensils for applying white cosmetic consist of three pairs of brushes made of the hair of the deer or white rabbit. Each handle (four inches long) has a brush at both ends. This gives an assortment of six brushes of varying diameter and length.

A little of this white powder being placed on the hand, a few drops of water are added, and by means of one of the brushes a thin, smooth white paste is formed, which fills the brush and is applied to the skin. Ladies of refinement, while they use white cosmetic to some extent, do not do so excessively, but the "geishas" cover the whole face, neck and bosom with white, and in many instances from its excess they look ghastly.

Little girls out on festival and holiday occasions, dressed in their bright and beautiful fabrics, will be seen covered with cosmetic white, except three narrow points like those of a Vandyke collar, which are left on the back of the neck, points downward, showing the brown skin in those places. The hands are not whitened and gloves are seldom worn.—Detroit Free Press.

The Place for the Napkin.

A party of gentlemen were discussing the proper place for a napkin when at dinner. One of the group, an old traveler and diner out, declared unhesitatingly that the napkin should be tucked beneath the chin so as to protect the scarf of the guest as well as his clothing. He knew it would be asserted that such a thing is vulgar, but in any event there should be as much care taken of the shirt front and scarf of a diner as the rest of his attire. Some people hold that the proper place for a napkin is in the guest's lap; others that it should be tucked between the second and third vest button, but he favored the chin idea because it is sensible and nautical.—Washington Post.

Rust Proof Sheet Iron Chimneys.

Sheet iron chimney stacks, may be prevented from rusting for an indefinite period by the simple device of coating each section as it comes from the shop, with common coal tar, then filling it with light shavings and setting them on fire. A chimney was erected in 1866, after being treated as described, and is today as bright as on the day it was raised, though it has never been painted. The theory is that the coal tar is literally burned into the iron, closing the pores and rendering it rust proof.—Cor. Artisan.

Reading for One's Self.

When Charles Dickens read from his books in his inimitable manner, a girl, to whom his wonderful creations were like daily companions, exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone: "Why, I could read 'Botts at the Holly Tree Inn' better than Mr. Dickens himself does." She was one of those persons who do not enjoy even the best reading of others as they enjoy their own translation of a writer's thought.—Harper's Bazar.

STOPPED HIS TRAIN.

A Well Known Police Officer's Clever Scheme to Get Off an Express Train.

Inspector Williams, of the New York police force, who has clubbed many men in his time, told me the other day of an incident that occurred last summer, in connection with which he acknowledged that he himself should have been the clubbee. The inspector has a summer cottage at a place called Cos Cob, on the New Haven road, where he spends his holidays. He was going up there one afternoon, and at New York, by mistake, got aboard the express instead of the local train that stops at Cos Cob. The express does not stop until it reaches Stamford, which is some distance beyond the inspector's destination. Williams did not know the conductor and could think of no way to get safely off from an express train going at the rate of forty miles an hour, so he made use of his philosophy, a large quantity of which he always carries with him when he travels, and he settled down in his seat intending to take a much needed rest; but the fates were against his getting the bite of sleep that his system craved. An inquisitive countryman, who knew little of railroad traveling, dropped into the seat beside him, and asked him questions about the danger of running off the track, what he reckoned the speed was, whether he had ever seen a cow "mussed up by the engine." Williams gave the man monosyllabic and fretful answers, but Mr Hayseed kept on talking. "Forgot to bring a lunch," he said, "never needed a snack as bad. Wisher had a chunk of pie, or even a ham sandwich. S'pose no chance to get it on this train?"

As the old fellow said this Williams was gazing out of the window at his beloved Cos Cob, which the train was rapidly approaching, and which he knew they would swoop past in about a minute. Suddenly he gave a start. His massive sixty-two ounce brain bumped against the roof his skull and an idea was born.

"Mister," he said, turning to the countryman, "I think you said you wanted something to eat. I can tell you how you can get a good square chicken sandwich. Step right up to the middle of the car and pull that clothes line near the roof—yank it hard a couple of times—and the train boy will bring you the stuff."

The old fellow started for the bell rope, and Williams stepped out on the platform. He said the train stopped with such an extemporaneous jerk that he was fired head first into a pile of sand about a hundred yards from his own gate.

"And how fared it with the old man?" I inquired, "and what did the conductor do?"

"Don't know," said the inspector, "I am like the old nigger who said, 'When I see a mad nigger whettin' he razar on he shoe I ain't gwine to stay aroun' dar to see if he git it sharp 'nough to cut a har.'"—J. Armoy Knox in Philadelphia Press.

"Mooch Frightened."

The experience of the fire marshal with the Polish Jews who have plied their trade in Boston has often been quite amusing. The Boston Courier says that their first refuge when being examined is to feign an ignorance of any language in which they may be addressed, and The Courier illustrates it by telling the following story:

One man brought his wife to the office in answer to the summons of the marshal, but assured the officer that she could not speak English, nor yet Polish nor Hebrew.

Being forced to own that she did speak something, she admitted with reluctance that she knew a little German, and in this tongue the marshal began his examination. Presently, when the woman was off her guard, he had recourse to an old and simple but effective ruse.

"Is that a mouse under your chair?" he asked, suddenly.

The woman jumped from her seat with a shriek, proving that she was still a woman where mice were concerned.

"Then you do understand English?" the marshal said, blandly.

"Sometimes when I am mooch frightened I knows it a veery little," she answered.

Money in Brazil.

The basis of the currency is an imaginary unit, the reis, 1,000 of which make a milreis, worth, apart from exchange, about 50 cents. The lowest nickel coin is 100 reis, worth 5 cents. Below these are copper coins, 20 reis being the lowest I have seen—equivalent to a cent. If one dines with a friend at a restaurant the score will amount to 7,500 reis—a result startling to the uninitiated. When real estate transactions are conducted the figures rise into the millions, and when trade statistics are computed billions and trillions are brought in. Reversing the process one pays 2,000 reis to a boatman to go ashore from a steamer, 1,000 reis, or a milreis, for a bottle of beer and some cheese, 500 reis to a guide for pilotage through a public building, 200 for a ride on a street car, 100 reis for a turn on the lift from the upper to the lower turn, and another 100 reis for having his boots blacked. This financial system must tend to impart elasticity to poverty, for even a beggar must have some consciousness of affluence when a 100 reis nickel is dropped into his cap.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Chemicals for Brick Making.

Dispatches from McKeesport, Pa., announce that the brick manufacturers of that city and Pittsburg are becoming interested in a patent chemical process for making brick without the usual burning which has always proved necessary. The process is that of a western man, and it is claimed that the brick can be made and hardened in two days at a cost of $2 per 1,000, or at one half of the average price per 1,000 that stock brick is made in yards where brick is burned. Another feature is that the process will permit the brick to be made in all colors, and that the hard article for street improvement can also be made. A number of McKeesport capitalists are interested in it, and should it prove what it is expected they will locate a large plant to manufacture by this process.—New York Telegram.

A Musical Bootblack.

Baroness (to man servant who has just come in)—Johann, do not whistle in that abominable manner—and such vulgar tunes besides.

Johann—But surely your ladyship does not expect one of Liszt's rhapsodies when I'm blacking the boots—that'll come later on when I'm cleaning the silver!—Il Caffaro.

THE OLD CLOCK.

By the fireside I am sitting,
And I hear the old clock say;
"Time is ever swiftly flitting,
From thy sight away, away."
Ticking, ticking, slowly ticking
Our life's weary little day,
Ever flying—ever dying
From thy sight, away, away!

And its mystic murmur falling
O'er my soul in fancy seems
Like some warning voice that's calling
But to wake me from my dreams.
Calling, calling, ever calling
Life is brief and fadeth soon;
Grasp its briefness, die not sheafless,
Glean them in thy golden noon.

Garner while the fair sun shineth
Golden sheaves for thy storeroom,
Garner o're the day declineth
Into night's uncertain gloom!
Garner, garner, steady garner,
While the light holds fair and bright,
Soon it fadeth, soon it wadeth
Into death's mysterious night!

And the old clock still is speaking
As I sit beside the fire,
Speaking as if it were seeking
Some strange lessons to inspire!
Speaking, speaking, ever speaking
In its mystic, weird like tone
"Live in beauty, do thy duty—
E're thy golden noontide's gone!"

—J. Ray-Conyinghame.

They All Lost It.

An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face which shaded off to a something like philanthropy about the edges, stood at the junction yesterday gazing abstractedly down the street. Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was awaiting a cable train and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you just drop a twenty dollar gold piece?" at the same time holding out in his hand a coin of the denomination mentioned.

The gentleman questioned looked a moment at the coin, assumed a look of excitement, made a hasty search of his pockets, and said: "Why, so I did, and I hadn't missed it," holding out an eager hand.

The old man slowly drew a note book and said: "I thought so." He then took the name and address of the loser and, dropping the coin in his pocket, turned away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"Oh, I did not find one," said the benevolent old man, "but it struck me that in a large city like this there must be a great deal of money lost and upon inquiry I find you are the thirty-first man who has a $20 gold piece this very morning."—Kansas City Times.

Human Origin of Morality.

It would appear, from the codes of people for whom no divine revelation is claimed by us, that man by his unaided efforts has come to the knowledge of the first principles and practices of morality, has not only made admirable rules of conduct, but has perceived that the essence of goodness lies in the character of the soul. If this be so, it is unnecessary to suppose a supernatural divine revelation to account for the ethical phenomena of society. It might be said, indeed, that all this ethical development proceeds from a primitive divine revelation. But this statement rests on no historical proof, nor would it explain the fact that the ethical progress of a nation goes hand in hand with its growth in civilization. If the ancient Hebrews received their ethical code directly from God, whence comes it that manners were milder in Ezra's time than in the pre-exilian prophetic period, less mild in the days of David, and comparatively rude in the period of the judges? It would be singular if the generations which stood nearest the revelation were least affected by it.—Professor C. H. Toy in Popular Science Monthly.

Hawthorne on Bugs.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Uncle Manning was a horticulturist, and in the spring of 1832 was much troubled by an insect which attacked his trees. Just at this time there appeared in a newspaper a minute description of the insect, its origin, progress and the best method of exterminating it. Mr. Manning was so pleased with the article that he ordered several copies of the paper for distribution among his horticultural friends. At this time Hawthorne was a student at Bowdoin college, and happened to arrive home just when his uncle was receiving the paper, and commenting freely on the article. Hawthorne said to a young friend, "I wrote that article." "But what do you know about bugs?" inquired his friend. "Nothing," was the reply; "I wrote it to pass away an idle hour, and it was entirely made up from my imagination. Now, if Uncle Robert should find it out, he would be very angry; so you must keep my secret."—Lewiston Journal.

Some Uses of Artificial Cold.

It seems very probable that the day is not far distant when brine, cooled below the freezing point of water, will be carried under the streets in pipes, as steam is now, supplying from central stations a very convenient substitute for ice in the domestic household. By freezing in our own houses water which has been previously boiled, it will then be possible for us to avoid contagion from diseased germs contained in ice gathered from impure sources. The maintenance of dwellings at 70 degs. Fahrenheit throughout the summer will then be as much a matter of course as the warming of a modern house now is in winter.—Professor Edward L. Nichols in Chautauquan.

A Pretty Mean Pair.

The champion meanest man and the most heartless justice live in Sturgis, S. D. The meanest man lost his pocketbook, containing $250; and when the finder returned it to him, after a month spent in discovering the owner, he demanded that the finder pay him interest for the use of the money. Naturally the finder refused this unreasonable demand, whereupon the meanest man brought suit for the interest, and the most heartless justice gave the meanest man judgment for $1.45 and costs.—Chicago Herald.

Her Poise.

Mr. Richman—Here comes Miss Stately. I so admire her poise.

Rival Belle (very slender)—How cruel you are! You shouldn't poke fun at the poor girl's poise—you mean, of course, avoirdupois.—New York Weekly.

Foreign Commerce of the South.

The increase of the south's foreign commerce for 1889 over the year before was $66,958,738, nearly half that of the whole country, a showing which the entire nation should be proud of.—Washington Star.

A BOON TO GRUMBLERS.

They Could Drop a Nickel in the Slot and Get Kicked Soundly.

"I have a scheme," said a stock speculator the other day, "for making a heap of money. For years and years I've heard men complain down here and declare that they ought to be kicked. I don't know how many hundreds of times, when I've been standing near a ticker, I've seen a man drop the tape and exclaim, angrily, 'I'm an idiot—I ought to be kicked;' or perhaps he would announce his intention to kick himself full of holes. Unfortunately—or fortunately—his friends don't feel like accommodating him, and as to the other plan nature has prohibited that. My plan is to have built a number of lay figures, with interior mechanical arrangements, which would put a wooden foot into action upon the dropping of a nickel into the slot. They could be placed in convenient localities.

"Thus these grumblers could gratify their wishes to be kicked. The man who bought stocks and lost his money when he knew he ought to have sold—and their number is legion—could go to one of the figures, drop a nickel in the slot, and get kicked. If one kick didn't satisfy him he could invest another nickel and get another kick. The worst grumbler in the street could gratify himself by the outlay of fifty cents. It would be a boon to the man who had a straight tip and didn't take it, and to the man who 'knew Kalamazoo preferred was going up, but didn't buy it.' If all these fellows down here who are continually talking about kicking themselves would put their threats into practical form a company formed for the manufacture of the machines would grow rich in no time."

"Yes," said another speculator, "that is a good idea. It would prevent a repetition, perhaps, of an unfortunate occurrence which I recently witnessed. One of my friends, ordinarily a very peaceable man, lost several thousand dollars by the rapid decline of a certain stock. He declared that he had bought it against his judgment. He was so upset that he flew out of the broker's office in a terrible frame of mind. On the street he looked around for some way to 'get even.' He saw an innocent man having his boots polished. He rushed up to him, kicked the bootblack's box into the middle of the street, and gave the gentleman a sounding smack on the cheek.

"'Confound you,' he said, 'you're always getting your boots blacked.'"—New York Times.

Some Pretty Compliments.

When the great Duke of Wellington said "he always slept well when Stapleton Cotton was on guard," he paid a sterling compliment which must have gratified that officer—if he heard it—as much as a promotion in rank would have done.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: "Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man."

Mrs. Moore, the wife of the poet, was noted for her benevolence to the poor in the vicinity of their country residence. On one occasion a guest remarked: "I take it for granted that no one is dying in our neighborhood, or we should not be favored with Mrs. Moore's company."

Not long ago, when a brief matrimonial engagement was broken off, a near relation of the gentleman, one who fully appreciated the high qualities of her from whom the sometime lover was sundered, said to the young lady: "You have only lost an ideal; he has lost a reality." A sweet compliment this, under the circumstances.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cyclone Snow Plow.

The cyclone is the largest and widest snow plow yet built for any road, making a path four feet ten inches in width. Its capacity is something marvelous. When the fan and organ are running at the rate of 500 revolutions per minute it will throw out 30,000 cubic feet of snow per minute. The car is 48 feet long, the width of the wheel being ten feet four inches. Within the car are three engines of 600 horse power each, or a combined force of 18,000 horse power. Two of these engines drive the fan which expels the snow. The third one connects direct with the auger, which draws the snow into the cylindrical case in which the fans revolve. The discharge pipe is thirty-three inches square, the spout being fourteen feet above the rails. This throws the snow almost perpendicular for thirty feet before it begins to curve in its fall, clearing the telegraph poles with ease. It is provided with the largest Baldwin locomotive boiler for consolidated engines, the whole length of the boiler being 28 feet, having 1,500 feet of heating surface. It has a twelve foot fire box and 185 flues two inches by fourteen feet.—Sacramento Union Record.

Piercing the Ears.

After giving the name, the next important ceremonial in an Indian child's life is that of piercing the ears. This ceremony is a costly one, for it is the custom to give away a pony for each hole made in the child's ears. The baby is removed from its cradle and laid down in all its finery, and an old man in gala dress performs the rite, and pierces the ears with a sharp knife. The earrings are then put in and the ponies delivered up. It is not uncommon to see Indians with several holes punched in their ears, and each hole represents a gift of a pony. At the age of ten or twelve months the first moccasins are put on, an occasion of considerable importance in the life of a child. About this time the hair is cut for the first time. Among the Omahas an old man takes a little lock of hair from the top of the baby's head, which is put away among the tribal archives. The father then cuts the hair in the symbolic manner, which is different with different gens.—Alice C. Fletcher's Address.

Cost of Living in Hong Kong.

In the last ten years the cost of living in Hong Kong has increased 20 per cent. for Europeans and 10 per cent for Chinese, clothing being the only necessary which is cheaper now. Rent has increased from 100 to 150 per cent. for Europeans and 100 per cent. for Chinese houses, servants' wages have increased 10 to 15 per cent., imported articles have risen in proportion to the fall in exchange, the cost of medical attendance has also doubled, while the decreasing purchasing power of the dollar is severely felt by those who have families to maintain or educate at home.—London Times.

KING LEAR ONCE MORE.

How a Man Who Divided His Property Among His Children Managed to Live.

The recent death of a Detroit pioneer came very near being followed by the skinning and flailing of the attorney who had faithfully served him for years.

As a result of early investments and fortuitous circumstances the old man had accumulated a handsome fortune. His wife died and three daughters were left as the widower's solace. In the course of time the young ladies, bright and handsome, were all married off, and did well.

They each liked to entertain "pa," and rather vied with each other in securing his presence at their respective hearthstones. At length one of the girls suggested the propriety of pa's dividing his fortune among his children. They were to receive it anyhow, pa could always have a good home among them, and their husbands might as well have the aid of his money in carrying on business.

Pa acquiesced, had his lawyer split his wealth into three parts, and each child received her just proportion. Then things were different. The old man's welcome was not as warm as formerly; neither were his meals. He overheard one daughter complaining that she had been keeping pa for about three months, and she thought it time one of the others should assume the burden.

The old gentleman hadn't lost his shrewdness and saw what was coming. He called on his lawyer, whose advice was to keep quiet and work a scheme. "If I send any one to you, take up with what he may propose and decline to discuss the affair with your children."

Next day the father was hugging a dismal fire and inwardly suffering from the cold looks about him. There was a caller announced to see him. The man went right to business.

"Mr. ——, I want to borrow some money."

Pa saw the point and asked: "How much?"

"Three thousand."

"What security?"

"First mortgage on city real estate."

"What interest?"

"Seven per cent."

"If my lawyer approves of the security have him fix up the papers and make a check. I'll come down this afternoon and sign it."

Next day another borrower called, went through the same talk, and negotiated a loan for $5,000.

The daughters had learned all by judicious eavesdropping and the clouds which darkened the old man's skies gave way to a burst of sunshine. The best was not good enough for him. Each family was now as anxious to have him as it had been to get rid of him. The best rooms, the best seat by the fireside and the daily caresses of his three girls came to his daily lot. So it was at the time of his death.

After the funeral the lawyer was seen. From him it was learned that pa hadn't left a cent. Then there was a pawing of the air and chain shot denunciations from the daughters, while the sons-in-law talked seriously of mopping the ground with the faithful attorney. But the lawyer had made the old age of his client a pleasant one and was content.—Detroit News.

A Clever Diamond Robbery.

The death of the famous thief, Walter Stewart, alias Sheriden, in a Montreal prison recalls a bold robbery committed in a diamond merchant's store by him and a pal, ten years ago, which for skill and success has never been equaled in Philadelphia. Then Sheriden was the most expert diamond thief in America, and a decoy jewel box in the possession of Joseph K. Davidson, of No. 713 Sansom street, is the only relic of the daring theft and the mute reminder of the skill of the master thief.

Though Sheriden and his pal were arrested for the crime some time later not a shadow of the jewels were ever seen by the victim or the detectives. The box is a tin one about eight inches long, four inches wide and one inch deep. It contains white and blue papers, usually inclosing loose stones, but salt is the substance in them. Toward the end of March, 1880, Sheriden, in company with Dave Cummings, another noted crook, visited Davidson's place and purchased for $80 a diamond ring. They carefully noted the exact shape, size and appearance of the diamond box while selecting the stone from the collection.

Two days later they came back, looked at the box again and departed without purchasing. When Davidson examined his trusty box he found its counterpart in its place filled with the saltpeter. While the salesman was busy they cleverly substituted the false box and were perfectly successful in playing their trick.—Jeweler's Review.

A Metal That Melts Easily.

A metal that will melt at such a low temperature as 150 degs. is certainly a curiosity, but John E. White, of Syracuse, N. Y., has succeeded in producing it. It is an alloy composed of lead, tin, bismuth and cadmium, and in weight, hardness and color resembles type metal. So easily does it melt that if you place it on a comparatively cool part of the stove with a piece of paper under it, it will melt without the paper being scorched. Another peculiarity about it is that it will not retain heat, and becomes cold the moment it melts. It is used in the manufacture of the little automatic fire alarms for hotels. They give an electric alarm when the metal melts owing to the rising of the temperature by fire.—Washington Critic.

Persevering Miners.

While in southern California I found that there were many men working singly in placer mines under most adverse circumstances, and obtaining very small remuneration for their toil. Some of them succeeded in washing out but $2 or $3 worth of gold dust per day, while a few of them occasionally washed out as high as $10 worth per day. Many of them remain a very short time in the diggings, but others work away year after year in the hope of striking it rich some day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Cocaine Habit.

The cocaine habit takes its place beside the morphine habit, with symptoms of marasmus, delusions and hallucinations of frightful appearances and small living things creeping on the skin, together with insomnia and loss of appetite. The symptoms of cocaine poisoning are more obstinate than those of morphine, and may last for months after the cessation of the drug.—Cor. Washington Star.

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