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THE
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Every Saturday,
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In the Interest of the Colored People
of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—leading fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

Address,
W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

It is said that the great glacier of Alaska is moving at the rate of a quarter of a mile per annum toward the sea. The front presents a wall of ice some 500 feet in thickness, its breadth varies from three to ten miles, and it is about one hundred and fifty miles long. Almost every quarter of an hour hundreds of tons of ice in large blocks fall into the sea, which they agitate in the most violent manner, the waves being such as to toss about the largest vessels that approach the glacier as if they were small boats.

Lieutenant Schwatka, in command of the New York *Tomas*'s exploring expedition in Alaska, is over six feet high, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. It was he who discovered in King William's Land, in the arctic seas, evidences that Sir John Franklin and his party had really perished. It was he who, a few years later, sailed twelve hundred miles on a raft on the dangerous Yukon River, in the polar regions, and explored also the remaining eight hundred miles of that previously unknown stream. To-day the Lieutenant is supposed to be climbing Mount St. Elias, the highest peak of North America, its elevation being almost four miles. If he reaches the snowy summit, he will be the first person to have accomplished that feat. The Smithsonian Institution wanted to send him on the same errand, but was out of funds. He expects to bring back many facts and specimens valuable to science and deposit them in the Museum of Natural History at the Central Park, and in the museum of Princeton College, where his assistant, Mr. Libbey, is a professor.

In conversation with a representative of one of the largest New Jersey nurseries a reporter of the *New York Mail and Express* learns that the old Lombardy poplar trees are again coming into fashion. The dwarf maples of Japan are also now in favor. They come one and a half to two feet high, and cost \$2 to \$5 each. The Norway spruce is still popular as an evergreen; also the Nordmann's fir, which is new and taking the place of the old English silver fir. The retinosperma evergreen, from Japan is finer than the arbor vitae. In hedges, the California privet is taking the place of the old American privet. Its foliage resembles the leaf of the camellia. Box-wood hedges are yet out of style. In shade trees maples are in demand, English, Norway and sugar. The elm is out of style, on account of a peculiar insect, of a parasite or carnivorous description. The Carolina and greenleaf poplars are in favor. New Jersey is greatly enlarging its productiveness in small fruits. There is a largely increased sale in black-berry vines. The sweet early harvest, the earliest of all, which grows in clusters, is in demand. The small fruit industry has also increased in New York and Connecticut. The peach still leads in the nurseries, all over the country. Large numbers, both of peaches and apricots, are ordered for California. Delaware and Maryland are buying New Jersey peach-trees. The old trees in those two States are dying of defective sidebars, and Jersey is expected to supply half a million this fall—two years from the seed and one year from the bud. They are planted from the middle of October to the last of November, and bear from two to three years from the time they are set out. The Keiffer and Lamonte pairs, both especially adapted to canning, sell largely. The flesh is solid, but not particularly luscious.

TREASURE.
The flowers I planted in the flush of spring,
Have budded, bloomed and withered long ago;
The grain my lavish fingers used to throw,
Long since was reaped for others' garnering;
Yet I am rich amid my nature's death;
My gold is where the rainbow touches earth.
My wealth is molten of full many an ore,
Dug from the sacred caverns of the Past;
Stored where the Present's quiet light is cast;
Filed in the Promise land that lies before.
All blent together, all of priceless worth,
All hid just where the rainbow touches earth.
And Memory, Faith and Hope its guardians
Are,
As holding Love's strong hand I make my way,
Knowing I near a little ever day
The one sure goal where, passing o'er the bar,
I find, in all the glow of second birth,
My Treasure, where the rainbow touches earth.
—All the Year Round.

FAIR ETHNE'S CHOICE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Stately as a lily, beautiful as a rose, modest as a violet, was Ethne, daughter of Great Florimond, King of the Franks. Sole heiress of her father's domain, she had been taught as befitted a powerful monarch's daughter. No brighter eye flashed responsive to noble deed, no tender heart wept over knight's wounds, no more daring hussars hastened to the chase, no maiden in all her train was as skilled at the embroidery frame as she. But her heart was ice. This beautiful being, who could pity the squire's mishap, had no mercy upon the noble knights whose hearts she had pierced by her glances.

Right well did King Florimond like to keep his daughter to himself, and it was with scarce concealed joy that he saw suitor after suitor depart from his court with dejected mien and downcast head. But it came to pass, as he grew older, his ministers began to consider that there must be some rule capable of holding the turbulent Princes of the provinces in subjection. So they petitioned Florimond to select from the Princes, who every day besought Ethne's favor, one who should become her consort.

Florimond knew that his daughter must wed one whom he should adopt ere she could sit upon his throne; so, with a great sigh, he prepared to give up his darling to another. But when he broached the matter to Ethne she looked at him reproachfully, and asked: "And hast thou tired of me, my father?"

"No, no," answered he, "right sore would it grieve me to find thy heart held me second; yet thou know'st I am waxing to the end, and I fain would see thee happy ere I go."

Then Ethne clung to him, shuddering, as strong young natures will, at thought of death, and bade him not name the ugly word, it wrung her heart; and said did he wish her to marry, she would, not that her heart could be won by prince or duke—no, no; but only to please her dear father.

The King smiled, for he was a shrewd old fellow and knew a woman's heart, or thought he did, and when she asked that she might make her own choice, he laughed in his beard. But he readily promised, and royal couriers were despatched to the east and the west, and the north and the south, to announce that the Princess Ethne had at last agreed to wed. Great was the rejoicing, and for a space all thoughts of war left even the most puissant warrior's head, and in their stead came dreams of love and ambition and the beautiful Ethne. To every Prince had come a most faithful miniature of the King's daughter, and many a man, as he gazed upon the dazling counterfeits, felt that he would gladly barter his soul to possess the real.

Be sure the Princess had gazed upon the portraits of her father's most renowned vassals, but if any among them had stirred her heart none knew it, not even her faithful maid, Grunelle. She hunted, and rode and played her harp, and worked her tapestry with serene mien, and hung over her father with tender ministrations; but Prince after Prince rode away from the palace more than ever the beautiful Ethne's slave, further than ever from Florimond's throne.

Then Florimond began to wax a little angry, as the best of men will when they find themselves thwarted by a woman's obstinacy, and he swore by the bones of his forefathers that he would give a six days' tournament, to which all his neighbors and princely vassals should be bidden, and on the sixth day Ethne must choose one for her husband. Such an obedient child was she that she smiled and kissed his anger away. The tournament came off at length, after vast preparation. Florimond's capital was thronged with strangers, and squires dozed in the saddle in the streets, while their noble masters were content to sleep upon bare floors. All the beauty and chivalry of the world was assembled; all that man and woman could do was done to make the tournament of Ethne the Fair unequalled. And nature, smiling, viewed the gay pageant. The Field of Love was a great plain outside the gates, and thither thousands wended their way from early dawn. At the extremity of the enclosed lists was a raised dais covered with purple velvet, and upon this was placed the golden throne of the Queen of the Tournament, shaded from the June sun by a canopy of silver and azure. Right-glorious was the day. The green earth was bathed in the golden sunlight, and the soft zephyrs played with the ladies' tresses and touched their rounded necks like a trembling lover's kiss. Heralds rode up and down the lists, proclaiming in sonorous voice the knights' deeds of prowess. More

than three hundred of the proudest and bravest Princes and Dukes of Christendom had entered the contest, and as knight after knight paid his obeisance to the queen, many a brave bosom swelled, and many a noble warrior vowed to perform prodigies which should win a look of regard from those matchless orbs. But though the Princess joined in the storms of applause, which greeted each valiant deed, and bestowed upon each victor his meed with words of gracious cheer that sent the blood tingling through the veins of the kneeling knight, there was no tenderness in the tranquil eye, no carmine upon the pale cheek; 'twas if an angel had smiled upon man, and still was angel, and he but man.

Florimond, upon his lofty throne of purest gold, with proud Princes bending their knees before him, was like a sun amid planets; yet as day pressed upon day, and Ethne made no sign, the cloud upon his lofty brow deepened, and upon the eve of the fifth day he sought Ethne, and swore by his troth he would permit no further trifling. "Upon the morrow thou must make thy decision. Is it possible that of the three hundred knights who entered the lists not one has found favor in thy sight?"

Then Ethne turned to him, and said: "Dear father and sovereign lord, be not wroth with thy daughter and humble subject. I live but to obey thee, and what thy subject's duty command that will I do."

Then she put her soft arms about his neck, and to great weeping, and Florimond fell a man, yet also was he a mighty monarch whose word would not be broken, and should he permit the Princes of the east and the north and the west and the south to depart, scorning a dotting father and a spoiled capricious maid?

So he laced the clinging arms, and bent his brow, and stamped his heel.

"Thou hast heard," said that thou hast heeded," and was striding from the chamber when Ethne prostrated herself at his feet.

"Most gracious King," she supplicated, "not the meanness of thy serfs implores a hearing in vain, wilt thou deny thy daughter?"

"Thou hast me there; but think not, Ethne, to cajole. I do not think in fashioning thee; so fair, God hath left out that chiefest joy in woman, a heart. Tell me not thou canst not care for love. By St. John, full many a gallant youth have I seen these days, most comely to look upon. Were I a maiden, I could not say him nay I ween. And yet thou hast met looks of languishing love with glaze so cold it did freeze the marrow in the longer's bones. 'Tis true what they say, thou art Ethne, the icy-hearted. No, thou hast no heart. Yes, thou hast, for I have marked thee weep over a squalling child's mishap, yet thou art rock when thou knowest how much I would joy didst thou love some gallant knight to whom I could say: 'Welcome, my son.'"

"Father," said Ethne, "I have a heart, and not more than other maids am I insensible to manly worth and valor and beauty! but I cannot say to my heart: 'Thou must,' when it cries out in woe; and not until it would tell me would I marry. A noble sight those brave knights have afforded us, and well did I delight therein. And yet, if in three hundred I saw not ten to whom I could give a second glance, am I to blame? Can I force my heart to beat when it fain would be still? But four of the three hundred have remained unapproached victors. It is from these I will make my choice. Perchance some one will speak the word I have never yet heard. Yet my father, King Florimond, need not fear to trust his daughter's word."

Full well pleased were King Florimond, and Robert the Bold, Hugh the Great, Tancred the Wise, and young Bernard of Pasarene, gallant knights all. True, Bernard of Pasarene had little beside his noble name and his trusty sword; but said she not something of a speech? Then it would be Tancred, who should rule his kingdom, and keep up his fame.

Thousands flocked to the Field of Love the next day, for it was announced that the Queen of Love would choose a husband from the four victorious Princes.

The wrestlers failed to attract a single plaudits, the tilting passed by unnoticed. All eyes were riveted upon the Queen of Love. She sat upon her golden throne, garbed in purest white, for so gloriously lovely was this gem it needed not rich setting. In her right hand she held a great crimson-hearted rose.

After the minor awards were made, 'mid breathless silence entered the four knights. First, Robert the Bold, on his coal-black steed, whose proud step showed he knew a conqueror pressed his back. Robert dismounted, and throwing the reins to his squire strode forward with slow and stately step, and bent before the Queen and received his gerdon. Then stepping back, he made a low obeisance and spake:

"Peerless daughter of a noble sire, I know not how to frame my speech. I am a follower of Mars, not a frequenter of courts. If my speech jar thy delicate ear, I crave pardon. Never did Robert the Bold ask favor, or kneel a suppliant, my banners have floated from the Saracens' most guarded towers, my golden right hand has sent many a doughty warrior to bite the dust. Yet didst thou lay thine within it, I pledge my knightly honor thou shouldst not regret it; so help me, God, and St. Martin."

"I do not tell thee my record," said Hugh the Great. "'Tis in every man's mouth. I ask thee, wilt thou have me for thy husband, and be thy answer yea or nay, I will abide by it, nor hold a vengeful thought."

"Fair Ethne," spoke Tancred the Wise, "men call me wise, and I would take much of comfort in the same did my wisdom now show me how to woo thee. I must needs beg thee to have

compassion upon one whose wit has been stolen by thy beauty."

Then slowly advanced Bernard of Pasarene upon his milk-white steed, with trappings of azure and silver. A goodly youth to look upon, with his lissome figure and chestnut curls falling upon his blue doublet, and his brave, sweet lips half shaded by the gold-brown line.

He sprang from his horse and threw himself at Ethne's feet.

"O Princess, maiden so fair, I know not whether thou art mortal; I think it heaven to thus kiss the hem of thy robe, I would not presume to seek to wed thee. I do not ask thee to give back my heart which thou hast possessed since that blissful hour when first I saw thee. I am happy if thou wilt but deign to look upon me, to let me say, 'I love thee, I love thee!' And had I ten thousand tongues each would say, 'I love thee, I love thee!'"

Then upon Ethne and blushed cheek and neck and brow, and she lifted him, and put in his hand the crimson rose.

"Thou art the man," she said. "Thou hast spoken the words which alone can open woman's heart. Thou lovest me, Bernard, and thy love has awakened mine!"—*C. M. Holloway, in Tid-Bits.*

How We Grow.

The rapidity with which this country is growing may be understood from the increase in population. The census of 1880 gave the population of the United States in June of that year as 50,155,783, which was 11,597,412 more than in 1870. The *Cincinnati Price-Current* has made an estimate of what it is now, which seems to be nearly correct. For the ten years from 1870 to 1880 the increase of population was almost exactly equivalent to two per cent. gain annually, with the yearly immigration added. The immigration for the years ending June 30, 1880, and the approximate population on June 30, of those years, on the basis of calculation mentioned, is as follows, according to the *Price-Current*:

Year	Immigration	Population
1881	690,331	51,825,000
1882	788,502	52,613,500
1883	603,222	53,216,700
1884	518,502	53,735,200
1885	395,346	54,130,500
1886	328,917	54,459,400

The *Price-Current* explains that "the above figures of immigration for the past year covers only the six ports, of Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco, at which the immigration for the preceding year was 349,030, or about ninety per cent. of the final report. Current statistics of immigration embrace no calculation for immigrants arriving from Mexico and British North American Provinces. It is likely the final returns of the Treasury Department will show fully 500,000 for the past year—which would imply that the present population is almost exactly 60,000,000, calculated as mentioned."

In six years, therefore, our population has increased from 50,155,783 to 60,000,000, or nearly 10,000,000; and in the ten years preceding 1880 it increased 11,500,000, making a gain in sixteen years of 21,500,000. As our population was only 38,500,000 in 1870, it has gained over sixty per cent. What influence such an increase in population has upon consumption of products, is not easily to be conceived. Take the case of wheat alone. It is estimated that four and a half bushels of flour per annum are consumed by each man, woman and child in the country. An increase in population of 10,000,000 means that the country must produce 45,000,000 more bushels of wheat for home consumption than it did in 1880. An increase of 21,500,000 in population means an increased wheat consumption at home of 96,750,000 bushels. Just that much more wheat is required to supply the home demand than was needed in 1870. In this we take no account of the additional amount required for seeding the increased area put into wheat raising.—*New York Indicator.*

How to Keep a Room Cool.

The composing room of the *Pionyeer* is situated in the upper story of its publication house, just under the roof, and in summer is extremely hot. An inspiration seemed to have come to one of the oppressed occupants, and in accordance with it, a vertical wooden box was constructed in the corner of the room, with openings at the floor and ceiling, and furnished with a pipe for supplying water at the top, and a pan and drain at the bottom for receiving the flow and carrying it away. The supply pipe was bent over the upper end of the shaft, and fitted with a nose like that of a watering pot, so as to deliver a shower of spray instead of a solid stream. On connecting it with the service pipe the movement of the water was found to cause an active circulation of the air in that part of the room, which was drawn in at the upper opening of the shaft and issued again cool and fresh at the floor level. The most surprising thing about the experiment seems to have been the effect of the water in cooling the air to a degree much below its own temperature. With Mississippi water, which when drawn from the service pipe, indicated a temperature of eighty four degrees, the air of the room in which the thermometer at the beginning of the trial stood at ninety-six degrees was cooled in passing through the length of the shaft to seventy-four degrees, or about twenty degrees below the temperature at which it entered, and nineteen degrees below that of the water which was used to cool it. Of course the absorption of heat by the evaporation of a portion of the water accounts for its refrigerating effect, but the result seems to have been so easily and inexpensively attained, that the experiment would be well worth repeating in other cases.—*New Orleans Pionyeer.*

An Amador county (Cal.) man has applied for a patent on a process for making butter by boiling the cream.

A CITY'S SEWING GIRLS

SEAMSTRESSES AND THEIR SMALL WAGES IN NEW YORK.

Working Long Hours for a Pittance—Work They Do, and the Prices They Get.

As a rule seamstresses on men's wear receive the least pay, according to the fineness of the work and the extreme care bestowed upon it, though work on some women's garments is illy enough paid. The large tailor and manufacturing establishments give all their work outside, and it is curiously divided up. Some women receive those parts that require special basting. The cutter cuts out so many coats and with them all the linings, buckram and velvet which are necessary, and these are graded in a methodical manner and each size placed by itself. In some cases men do the stitching of the seams, but generally women do that. Then they are all given to the pressers and then to the basters. From them they go to the liners, after which they are sent to the finishers and the buttonhole makers. They are afterward given to those who sew on the buttons, and then others take out the bastings, after which the pressers again have them, and finally the inspector orders the tickets and little silk patch with the firm's name sewn on. Thus ten persons work on each coat. Each part of work is done on a dozen coats and each dozen as soon as finished is fastened together and returned. When the work is returned it is inspected, and if the least imperfection is discerned the mistake must be rectified. The cutter and inspector are well paid, but those who do the work piecemeal only earn about thirty-five to forty cents a day, working constantly and giving half a day to take the work and get more. In one tenement house lives a woman who supports herself and three small children by finishing gentlemen's fine overcoats. She hems the satin linings and sews in the sleeve linings and the velvet collar and puts in several stays, in all setting from eight to ten thousand stitches on each, and earns at most thirty-five cents a day. Out of this she pays \$5 a month for rent. She works Sundays too. She sends her babies to a kindergarten, where they are fed, but in the summer the school is closed, and how she lives and keeps them in clothes and fire none but those who live in the same way know. Just now another woman with one child is sharing her room and her rent, which relieves her a little. The man she obtains work from has a factory, also a fine tailoring establishment, and the class of work these women do is for overcoats which cost forty and fifty dollars. Allowing each of the ten workers on each coat ten cents for what she does, and the cutter and inspector each fifty cents, the cost of making a man's fine overcoat is about two dollars. Many manufacturers give all their work to contractors after it is cut out, and they in turn give it out in small parcels to the poor women who do it, and to make money themselves grind them down to the very lowest figure. Other contractors take in large quantities of work, and then hire hands in their own work-room and set them to work there. When the work requires machine stitching they allow the girls the use of machines, charging them so much a day for the use of them, and they pay by the piece always. Some of the work is of the cheapest quality and some of it again of the richest and finest, but however it is the girl's pay remains about the same, just enough to keep body and soul together while living in the most squalid manner. There are immense quantities of this work done in the poorer houses in the city by the mothers of families who cannot leave their little children. In cases of contagious diseases the work goes on just the same, and the germs of sickness can be carried in the fine coat of the society man. Where the girls or women can leave and go into stores or factories they have a chance to earn more money, but on tailoring the pay is cruelly small.

There are several places where shrewd men have bought up a number of old sewing machines, and these they either rent or sell to those who have none, and take their pay in work. For an old machine not worth \$10 they will make these unfortunate poor pay from \$30 to \$50 in work at starvation prices. The work they give is usually men's common drawers and overalls and jumpers, as well as the commonest calico shirts. And they earn the gratitude of these unfortunate women by only retaining half the price of the work toward the payment of these machines each week. Sometimes it takes two years to pay for a ramshackle old machine that these men have bought up for a few dollars, and by the time they get it paid for it is good for nothing at all. Men's shirts are sometimes made by giving out lots of a dozen or so to those who can make them complete, but generally they are given out piecemeal. For instance a dozen pair of wristbands and those little flaps which go at the bottom of the bosoms, the yokes, and then the sleeves and bands together, and finally the bosom, then the body and at last the finishing off. The swiftest and neatest sewer on bands and flaps, with the aid of a first class machine, can make at home about fifty cents a day, from early morning to 10 at night. Those who do the fells and bodies, in short the other work, earn on an average about the same with the aid of their machines. The shirts when all done but "finishing" require four gussets, six buttonholes and five buttons, and this work is given out in large quantities to women in tenement houses. They are paid for the common ones seven cents a dozen shirts, and for the finest shirts nine to nine and a half cents a dozen shirts—forty-eight gussets, sixty buttons and seventy-two buttonholes!—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Australian colonies are all legislating against the Chinese.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Thomas Edison is going to experiment with earth currents, which he thinks may revolutionize telegraphy. He says, sooner or later, telegraph wires will be a thing of the past.

Careful experiments by Mr. Joseph Jastrow show that the evidence obtained in favor of a "magnetic sense"—a perception of the mysterious force of magnets—is unreliable. The sense does not exist.

An incandescent lamp which requires no vacuum in the globe has been invented in Germany. The wire used is a mixture of conducting and non-conducting elements, the latter preventing the former from melting.

Aniline oil is reported to be gaining considerable favor as a local anesthetic in simple surgical operations, such as opening a felon. On dipping the finger in the oil for a short time it becomes so insensible that the flesh may be cut to the bone without pain.

A Spanish inventor, Senor Pumariega, proposes applying an electric current to the body by a novel method. Flannel is impregnated with oxides of iron, copper, zinc and tin, which are excited by the perspiration of the body and subject the latter to a weak but constant electric current.

It is not generally known that coal which remains in store perfectly dry is rendered less valuable on that account, yet such is the fact. Most coal mines are saturated with water, and if this is drained off, the coal becomes flinty and valueless. Coal stored through the summer should be sprinkled and kept moist.

J. H. Eullard, of Springfield, Mass., has for several months past been at work on a tricycle for which steam shall furnish the motive power. The experiment has so far succeeded that recently several trial trips have been made with such satisfaction as to already cause two manufacturers to apply for the right of manufacture.

Ebony can be imitated on wood by first painting with a one per cent. solution of sulphate of copper. When perfectly dry the wood is painted over with a liquid consisting of equal weights of aniline, hydro-chloride and spirits of wine. The blue vitriol acts on the aniline and forms nigrosin, a black which can not be affected by acids or alkalis. A luster can be added by coating with simple copal varnish.

It is said that the great glacier of Alaska is moving at the rate of a quarter of a mile per annum toward the sea. The front, according to this account, presents a wall of ice some five hundred feet in thickness, its breadth varies from three to ten miles, and it is about 150 miles long. Almost every quarter of an hour hundreds of tons of ice in large blocks fall into the sea, which they agitate in the most violent manner, the waves being such as to toss about the largest vessels that approach the glacier as if they were small-boats. The ice is extremely pure and dazzling to the eye, and has tints of the lightest blue as well as of the deepest indigo. The top is very rough and broken, forming small hills, and even chains of mountains in miniature.

The Use of Christian Names.

The following table exhibits the popular names of the day. It is based on the first or leading names of 100,000 children—50,000 males and 50,000 females—registered in England in 1882:

Order	Names	Number
1	Mary	6,814
2	William	6,590
3	John	6,226
4	Elizabeth	4,611
5	Thomas	3,876
6	George	3,626
7	Sarah	3,602
8	James	3,066
9	Charles	2,825
10	Henry	2,666
11	Alice	2,066
12	Joseph	1,720
13	Ann	1,719
14	Jane	1,697
15	Ellen	1,621
16	Emily	1,613
17	Frederick	1,604
18	Annie	1,580
19	Margaret	1,546
20	Emma	1,540
21	Eliza	1,507
22	Robert	1,323
23	Arthur	1,307
24	Alfred	1,292
25	Edward	1,180

Total number of children (out of 100,000) registered under the above twenty-five names, 65,905

It will be observed that these twenty-five titles belong to about two-thirds of the 100,000 children. It is also evident, on examination, that, however great the variety of the names divided among the remaining third, there was but one name to every 26.35 persons. There is good reason for supposing that the table affords a fair sample of the proportions in which personal titles are distributed among our own population in general, and we do not wonder at the confusion that often arises in large classes, as in our public schools, on account of so many children bearing the same name.

A Collection of Boot-Heels.

Here is the latest new thing in collections. An old gentleman in Paris, first, I suppose, by the example of the collectors of celebrities' hats and fans, and stocking and snuff-boxes, has been for some time engaged in collecting the boot-heels of famous people of both sexes. He has already more than 1,000 specimens, and declares that the character of their former owners can be read in the state of the boot-heels they have left behind them. But, after all, the old man is not to be laughed at. Boot-heels are quite as interesting as the old corsets which another collector is accumulating. The nucleus of this last collection was formed by one that was formerly the property of the authoress of "Jane Eyre," which was sold at a recent sale of Bronte relics for half a guinea.—*London Figure.*