The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Two Ages.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the golden age
And come to the age of gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the golden age
With a hook in the age of gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the golden age
Brings mirth to the age of gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the golden age
Would seem in the age of gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the golden age
For a year of the age of gold.

—*Henry S. Leigh*

IN A POCKET.

"Well, well," said good Adonijah Courtney, raising his eyes heavenward. "Providence has indeed afflicted us; but should we mourn as those without hope? Nay, surely not, since all flesh is weak and unable to meet and withstand temptation in its own strength; and our dear boy, Lionel, still gives us hope of his repentance. All is not lost, sister Keziah," and he pressed his spinster companion's withered and trembling hand reassuringly, as he bade his pretty, tearful niece (the culprit's sister), to re-read the letter of confession that had that evening burst like a bombshell in their midst and caused the good and simple-minded people great sorrow and anxiety of mind.

Lily Courtney held her brother's singularly jerky and illegibly-written epistle open before her. Indeed she had never closed it since it came, but continued to pour over its shaky characters in the vague hope of gleaming a ray of light to illumine the murky record. At her uncle's request, she tried hard to swallow the painful lump that had been apparently growing in her throat ever since her startled mind took in the wretched tidings. She was a gentle, shy-mannered girl, of great personal beauty and equal modesty; but her strong, and as yet untried trait of character was unselfish devotion. She loved the dear old pair who had received her brother and herself in their early orphanage, and who had given every energy and thought to the education and moral training of the otherwise friendless children. Without ever having being outside of Greenville—since she came there a little girl ten years before—Lily knew quite well that her aunt and uncle were singularly innocent and unwordly people, and, though she could not help but fail into many of their primitive ways and illogical views, she was quite sure that neither of them was fitted to start out in winter and travel to the great city where her poor dear brother was in trouble. She had quite resolved from the first that she would go to him herself, and when her voice trembled and the choking sensation oppressed her most as she read on, it was when the conflict between her native timidity and courageous sense of duty occurred.

The note was dated a day or two before Christmas and written in pencil so badly that it was difficult to read. Its style, too, was unlike Lionel's; in fact, there was no way to account for its abrupt and uneven character except the true one. The dreadful snares and temptations of that frightful city, against which the elder pair, who had never passed a night in its polluted air, who had so faithfully warned him—had seized him in their illusive grasp. He had succumbed; he had strayed and fallen from grace; some evil being had robbed him, and now, contrite and helpless, he called homeward for relief His scrawling epistle ran thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT—I don't want Lily to be alarmed (it was she who had opened the note), so I do not include her. I have had a misfortune—I trusted to myself in these slippery ways. I was a fool not to listen to counsel—but I thought I knew it all; the result is, I became lost, grew confused and fell. Do not alarm yourself, dear aunt and uncle; I might have been much worse. As it is, in the confusion, I lost my pocketbook. The people among whom, on coming to myself, I proved to be, are not of the class for me to remain dependent on for a single day. Please send or come. I inclose address. Regret to alarm you. With love.

LIONEL."

In a different hand was a complicated direction, which Lily carefully detached and put it in her pocketbook.

That was the first step taken—the rest followed quickly:

"Uncle and aunt, I am going to the city. My mind is made up, and please do not say No. You, dear uncle, are suffering with one of your worst attacks of rheumatism, and aunt's head is threatened with her regular January neuralgia. Martha is needed to look after you both, and Simon can't leave the barn, poor old man. As for me, I was nine years old when I was there last, but I remember the streets perfectly. I could even go to this place"—she pointed to the direction in the pocketbook—"after a little studying of the localities."

She spoke so confident, looked so brave, and withal so hopeful, that the good couple could only accept her strength of purpose as providential, and "sent" for the trying occasion.

* * * * *

It was over. On Christmas day she sat in the center of the middle car—safest place in case of accidents. The cold air had frozen the tears on her cheeks; she looked through the blurred window at the dark outline of the old family carriage which Simon was driving up the lane homeward, and sent the venerable occupants a silent kiss pressed against the unsympathetic glass.

The train was a full one; at every station new people came in, and at the second place from Greenville, a gentleman of excellent appearance and pleasing manner came in and found no vacant place except the one beside Lily.

He wore a handsome sable collar round his overcoat; in Lily's startled eye it seemed like a partial mask to his face, and when, pointing to the seat, he bowed his request to be allowed to share it, she assented with a start and immediately placed her hand protectingly over her coat-pocket where her money was. She had merely turned her face once toward the newcomer; that once, however, was quite sufficient to show him a pure, oval outline, eyes soft as velvet and lovely brown in color, a straight nose and a mobile, red-lipped mouth—a little compressed and formal in its set—but sweet as an opening bud in June.

Apparently the stranger was susceptible to female loveliness; he threw off his fur wrapping, adjusted his coat-collar and gave a becoming touch to his hat. He was young and good-looking, and seemed decidedly drawn toward the face that had been quickly averted from his view.

Lily looked steadily out of the window and tried to think of her dear, but unfortunate brother, who had left home to enjoy a brief holiday before choosing a profession and so soon fallen into life's "slippery ways."

"What a pity it is that evil lurks under the most pleasing exteriors," she said to herself, with a sigh, and then she took a furtive peep out of the corner of her eye at her handsome companion, which caused her to sigh again.

Yes, he was very prepossessing, but it was of just such as he that she had always been told to beware. Evil delighted to put on an alluring guise; but it was to entrap the unwary, and a charming, smiling exterior was too frequently the mask of the tempter.

These solemn warnings all recurred to her mind faithfully, but somehow they gave her no great pleasure.

"It is a pity!" she said, and looked out on the wintry prospect, with a fine sharp snow sifting through the gray air and the bare tree-boughs shivering in the wind.

The shawl that Aunt Keziah's thoughtfulness had added to her niece's wrappings slipped off her knee upon the floor; the observant stranger quickly stooped to lift it. Lily bent down also; their faces nearly met and both were forced to smile.

"I beg your pardon?" said Lily, mechanically. Oh, how her face flushed the minute after! She had been the first to speak, and had actually addressed herself to a stranger?

"I am the one to apologize! I am very awkward, I am sure!" cried the young man, elaborately replacing the wrapping.

Lily recovered her self-possession, bowed coldly, and again took refuge in peering into the gloomy outer world.

Suddenly, without a note of preparation, they shot into a huge dark tunnel. The transition from day to night was so swift that Lily almost screamed, and, do what she would to recover from the shock, her heart kept beating so that she could scarcely breathe.

Here was a situation totally unlooked for. Neither her aunt nor her uncle had prepared her mind for this—alone in the darkness, at the mercy of this deceptive and wily stranger, who had, no doubts many subtle mechanical contrivances at command for extracting pocket books from the possession of country victims!

Her breath came shorter; she fancied she already felt something touch her pocket. She was no coward—no, she would defend herself—she would not submit to lose her treasure—those crisp green notes of large denomination that were to save Lionel, and put him straight in the paths of rectitude once more. The thought gave her courage; she slipped her hand softly along the thick beaver cloth, plunged it quickly into the pocket and caught a man's hand firmly in her own! Ah! well, it was done, and she had it in a strong tight grip, from which, strange to say, it made no effort to free itself; but, though triumphant, no one could ever tell what that act of justice, that defense of right, had cost her!

As she held the guilty member prisoner, her tender woman's heart softened and plead for the offender against her sterner judgment. It was a struggle and a hard one—he might be young in crime, the victim of temptation, of untoward circumstances; she would not give him over to punishment; she would rather shield him from retribution; but she must protect her money.

A pale, grayish atmosphere about them lasts an instant, then out they flash into the clear, bright day, upon which the laggard, wintry sun has just poured a welcome flood of light, showing clearly to her own horrified vision, and the deeply meditative gaze of her companion her little right hand thrust deep into his coat-pocket, which closely adjoined her own, and clinched with all the force of its pretty pinkish fingers around his quietly imprisoned digits.

There are some things that happen in everybody's life of which the one most nearly concerned knows nothing. Lily Courtney never could tell till her dying day how her hand got out of her neighbor's pocket. She somehow came to herself by-and-bye in a dazed way, her forehead resting against the window-glass, and a succession of crimson blushes chasing each other over her burning cheeks. Covertly and by slow degrees she looked around. The seat was empty, the suspected pickpocket—of whom she would never think without heartfelt shame—had left her to her ruminations.

They were not very agreeable ones. She had been taught that we could not be too suspicious—she was ready henceforth to deny the assertion entirely.

"I wish I had been robbed rather than have put my hand——" she could go no further even in thought. A hot blush always interrupted her. "I hope I may never, never see that gentleman again!" she declared, energetically; yet even as she said so, she knew she did not quite mean it. There was time for no further mental conflict—thank goodness, there was the city! It was two in the afternoon.

Lily was just in that mood when one ceases to be confidential even with oneself. She would not acknowledge that she saw the stranger as she crossed the depot; she would not admit that she was dubious about the direction she should take to reach her brother; in fine, she was vexed and chagrined, uncertain and excited, and could not recognize herself as the resolute young heroine who had left Greenville that morning, relying on a store of good counsel, backed by her own sagacity.

At a little distance from the station she hailed a car, after hastily reading its lettered sides. When she consulted the conductor, she learned she was being carried out of her way, and with a shouted line or two of directions ringing after her she descended and took another with a varied but unsatisfactory result. She wished that she had not imbibed a prejudice against hacks and their drivers as being the accessories of mysterious disappearances she had read of in those awful city papers; but, tired and distracted as she was, after two hours' aimless car-changing and mistaking of points of the compass, she still could not trust herself, with night approaching to one of those conveyances. She resolved rather to go on foot, asking her way block by block, and she swallowed back her tears and set out sturdily despite the cold. She forgot to be hungry, and was at last fairly on her way.

Then she saw—she could not tell just with what feeling—directly in advance of her the gentleman with the sable collar going the same way. After a time she ceased to ask and followed him blindly. She was half-benumbed now, and she murmured to herself: "I began by suspecting him—now I am trusting him in the dark!" True enough, night was coming on; they were turning into mean little streets, having come back in the neighborhood of the depot. A handsome carriage—whose driver seemed to have waited for the stranger—stood at the corner and received a gesture of direction from him. All three—he, Lily and the carriage, paused at a narrow door. It bore the number, and was in the street Lionel had sent to Greenville. The gentleman knocked then stood back for his companion to enter; the door opened into a close, dirty little room, where poor Lionel lay, on an untidy settee, in the act of being made ready for removal by a kind and genial old gentleman, a little hasty in temper, it seemed, for he called out at sight of the young man whose pocket Lily had explored: "Well, you've got here at last, have you, Frank Bentley! I've waited long enough, I should say, and this poor boy suffering from a fracture and fever in a place like this. The people who picked him up insensible off the ice out beyond in the next street, have been very kind," he added, to the German shoemaker and his wife who stood by. "You found him with his head cut by his fall, his pocketbook lost or stolen, and carried him here where he wrote home—and this morning got his senses sufficiently about him to send for me, which was what he should have done at first." The doctor—for he was the doctor with whom Lionel had it in mind to study by-and-bye—talked on in this strain to relieve an evident embarrassment.

Young Dr. Bently, his son, explained (while the sister and brother indulged in a singularly fervent embrace, considering that they had been but two days separated) that he had received his father's message per family servant on his arrival at the depot at two o'clock, but that he was detained by a pressing and most imperative engagement—(he did not explain that said engagement was his own resolution to follow respectfully and unseen to her destination the pretty timid little Lily, of Greenville, who had, by the odd process of entering his pocket, stolen his heart: Such things will do to keep, as will also Lily's pleased amazement at the family misinterpretation of poor Lionel's letter, written in pain and fever. He, too, proud of his early recollections of the city ways, tarted on foot over its icy pavements and met with a physical, and a moral fall. That little mistake was explained and laughed over, but Lily did not want hers to share the same fate—to keep it secret she even bribed Frank Benely.

Once he threatened—"Oh, do not tell about my hand!" she whispered, entreatingly.

"I won't if you will give it to me," was the answer, in the same key.

Well—Aunt Keziah liked him, Uncle Adonijah found him suitable, and they were married on Christmas eve—a year after her adventure "in a pocket!"

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

A New York pictorial published an illustration of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and blunders into what we presume is the popular misconception of the ditty, giving a laddie and a lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The lines—

It a laddie meet a lassie
Comin' thro' the rye,

and especially the other couplet:

A' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Seem to imply that traversing the rye was a habitual or common thing, but what in the name of the Royal Agricultural society could be the object in tramping down a crop of grain in that style. The song, perhaps, suggests a harvest scene, where both sexes, as is the custom in Great Britain, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the fields indeed, but not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it. The truth is, the rye in this case is no more grain than Rye Beach is, it being the name of a small, shallow stream near Ayr in Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by the people going to and from the market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he might meet in the mid stream. Our contemporary will see that this is the true explanation, if he will refer to Burn's original ballad, in which the first verse refers to the lass wetting her clothes in the stream.

Jenny is a' wat puir boddie;
Jenney's seldom dry;
She drag'it a'-her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye.

—*Albany Argus.*

Almanacs.

Almanack is the Arabic for "dairy," and hence it may be inferred that some notion of this kind obtained among the Arabs. Manuscript almanacs of a rude character and dated a century before the invention of printing are still in existence. The earliest printed almanac was issued in 1460, being next to the Bible in early date. Fifteen years afterward almanacs sold for ten crowns in gold, and hence were only in the hands of the richest class. How strange this seems at the present time when one gets an almanac shoved on to him gratis at every drug store. Nostradamus, the astrologer, who flourished three centuries ago, was the first that introduced predictions concerning the weather, which still continues to be one of the almanac's amusing features. For a century and a half almanac making was a government monopoly in Great Britain, and its abolition was a matter of such difficulty that it required the eloquence of Erkskine. It was accomplished about the time of the declaration of independence. The most popular of such publications in America was Poor Richard's almanac, which was issued by Franklin for twenty-six years. Its sale was enormous, each edition being about 10,000, and yet it soon became very scarce. A century afterward copies were sold at $12 apiece. The longest series of almanacs in this country was issued by Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., and his successors. It was continued for forty-five years, and was highly prized for its apothegms and sententious wit.—*Troy Times.*

A Fatal Snow Slide.

One Monday a short time ago four men left Georgetown, Col., for Tyner, in the North Park. They traveled over the snow without mishap until Wednesday morning, which found them climbing up a very steep and rugged mountain a few miles from Tyner. The snow covering on the mountain was about six feet thick. As the men were toiling up the height the great carpet of snow suddenly began to move down. The slide was comparatively slow at first, but within thirty seconds it had become a thundering avalanche, and the four men were hurled at lightning speed to the foot of the mountain. James Nelson one of the party, fastened his boots into an icy crust, and clinging with all his strength was not hurt seriously, though his body was bruised and his flesh torn in various places. When the slide stopped he was within a few inches of the surface of the mass and was able to thrust his arm through to the surface, thus securing air. Ten minutes later William Sandels, who had escaped unhurt, dug Nelson out and they together searched for their companions. They found Charles Eaton several feet beneath the snow and not far off was Thomas Gray, both black in the face from suffocation and both dead. Searching further they found John Fraser, who had been buried twenty feet. He was purple in the face and blood flowed from his mouth, but he soon regained consciousness. His left leg was broken in two places.

As to Household Expenses.

A New York paper says: Household expenses have increased here greatly during the last ten to fifteen years, mainly from increase of luxury rather than from any advance in prices. Persons are not satisfied with the kind of houses they had then. These are called old-fashioned; they sell at reduced rates and are rented with difficulty. They have not the improvements and conveniences required to-day; they are often regarded as untenantable until they have undergone expensive alterations. Furniture is of a very different and much costlier pattern than it used to be, and there is much more of it. To build and furnish a dwelling genteelly demands nearly twice as large a sum as it did from 1865 to 1870. We are now in the artistic and decorative period, and art and decoration are very dear. Men and women, particularly women, wear more and finer clothes than formerly; have more desires and pleasures to gratify, more expensive tastes to consult. Householders were wont to estimate their rent as nearly one-third of their annual disbursements. Now it is barely one-fifth or one-sixth thereof. What was superfluous has become essential. Hundreds of things are needed to-day which could not be had, which did not exist, twelve or fourteen years ago. National prosperity has scarcely kept pace with national extravagance, and most of us tend to reckless improvidence.

Ninety Miles an Hour.

There has just been turned out from the Grant Locomotive Works in Paterson, N. J., a new locomotive of peculiar construction, intended for the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. Eugene Fontaine, the inventor, claims that this locomotive can be made to go ninety miles an hour, while the machinery is run no faster than that of an ordinary locomotive traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The machinery is all on top of the boiler, instead of under it. The driving wheel rests on another wheel, which in turn rests on the track. This lower wheel has two rims, one a foot smaller than the other. The outer rim touches the track, and the inner or smaller rim supports the driving wheel. The motion of the driving wheel thus communicated is magnified by this arrangement so that the lower wheel turns one-third faster than the driving wheel, and so the speed is increased. The smaller rim of the lower wheel bears to the larger rim a relation similar to that of a very large hub of any wheel. Of course any rate of motion communicated to such a hub is greatly magnified at the periphery of the wheel. In the same way the motion of the driving wheel in this case is magnified by the peculiar arrangement of the wheel it rests upon. Mr. Fontaine believes that his locomotive, if it were not for the increased resistance of the air, could be run at the rate of 107 miles an hour. He expects it to make 90 miles an hour easily.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Romance or Fiction?

The Chicago *Tribune* tells the following: John B. Martin arrived in Atlanta, Ill., from Pittsburg, Pa., and was quietly married to a lady who arrived in that place about three weeks ago, and had been introduced as Miss Green, from Baltimore, Md. It seems that she was divorced from Martin, who is a manufacturer in Pittsburg, about five months ago, afterward coming to Atlanta, where she has relatives and friends residing. It is also said that the lives of Martin and his wife are somewhat tinged with the romantic; that they have been already married five different times. Mrs. Martin is a lovely and accomplished woman, the eldest daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman of Baltimore.

She Didn't Want to Wake the Baby.

A little five years old girl in the city asked her father one day last week if it would do any good if she should pray to God to let it rain. She was told perhaps it might, and nothing more was thought of it by her parents till after Sunday evening's shower. When she waked Monday morning she asked her father if he knew what made it rain. He said no, and she replied that it was because she had prayed "last night and the night before." Her mother remarked that she did not pray hard enough, for it rained only a little, when the child answered, "Well, I didn't want to wake up the baby."—*Springfield Republican.*

Court Plaster.

The *Scientific American* gives the following directions for making this useful article: Soak isinglass in a little warm water for seventy-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little dilute alcohol; and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cold. Now stretch a piece of silk or sarsenet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack-thread. Melt the jelly and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of the balsam of Peru Plaster thus made is very pliable, and never breaks.

Pawnbrokers may be a hard-hearted set, but it must be admitted that there is one redeeming feature in their business.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Origin of the Merino Sheep.

As the ancient Greeks had no cotton nor silk, and very little linen, and as sheep's wool was the principle texture from which their clothes were made, they took peculiar care to cultivate with especial care such breeds of sheep as produced very fine wool. Such breeds were those of the Greek city of Tarentum, situated on the Tarentine gulf. In order to improve the fine quality of the wool still more, the sheep were covered with clothes in cold weather, as it was found by experience that exposure to cold made the wool coarser. Thus clothing these sheep from generation to generation resulted in a very delicate breed with exceedingly fine wool, according to the law established by Darwin in regard to selection and adaption to exterior conditions.

This product of Greek industry was transmitted by them to the Romans, whose great agricultural author, Columella, states that his uncle in Spain crossed the fine Tarentine sheep with rams imported from Africa, and obtained a stronger breed, combining the whiteness of fleece of the father with the fineness of the fleece of the mother, and having obtained such results the race was perpetuated. The absence of other fine textures made these Spanish sheep so valuable that in the beginning of our era they were sold in Rome for $1,000 in gold a head, an enormous price for those times, when money had much more value than now.

When the barbarians invaded Italy these sheep were all exterminated, while the greater portion of the Roman possessions were laid waste. But in the less accessible mountains of Spain the Moors preserved the breed, and it is to them that modern Spain owes the merino sheep, which are the direct descendants of this cross breed of the Greek and African ancestors referred to. It is a valuable inheritance, too, which that country owes to the combined Greek, Roman and Moorish civilization, and of which our California wool-growers also earn the advantages, by the prosperity of this breed of sheep, which was there a few years ago

Words of Wisdom.

Report is a quick traveler but an unsafe guide.

A good book supplies the place of a companion.

Youth looks at the possible; age at the probable.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

He who thinks his place below him will be below his place.

A man cannot give a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

The moment man begins to rise above his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles.

Letters from friends are sunbeams on life's horizon that cheer our way and lighten labor.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.

Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

Don't get soured with the world; it does not mend matter for you, but it makes you very disagreeable to others.

A few more rapidly rolling years, flowing past like a river, vanishing like a dream, youth will be gone, and the world will look elsewhere, and reject those who have not already learned to reject it. Let us, then, love that eternal beauty which never grows old, and which endows its lovers with perpetual youth.

A Curious Calculation.

A New England railroad superintendent, having directed that in painting and lettering the cars of the company the letters "R. R." should be left off, leaving only the name of the road—as for instance the "New York and New England"—the Hartford *Courant* thinks if a man cannot tell a railroad car by looking at it he cannot infer it from the mystic double R. And it thereupon proceeds to make this somewhat curious calculation:

It may be estimated that lettering cars costs a cent a letter. Now there were, a year ago, 423,013 freight cars in this country. Some have been smashed since then, but many more have been built. There are probably 450,000 today. If so, the cost of the unnecessary four R's on them has been $18,000. This is a small sum of money, but there are plenty of people who would be willing to save it, especially if at the same time they avoided a foolish performance. The example of the New York and New England is a commendable one. Either follow it or else label cars in large letters: This is a railroad car.

Two men fired simultaneously at each other in a Salt Lake barroom, and the bullets came into collision. There could be no doubt of this, for one bullet dropped to the floor midway between the antagonists, who were ten feet apart, and the other was turned upward to the ceiling, while both were flattened.

In the last agricultural returns of Great Britain the growth of woods and forests is shown to be going on very fast and in the last five years has increased by half a million acres.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The annual sugar production of the world is about 5,500,000 tons.

The *Graphic* wants to know why the same man will say in one breath to the commercial tourist, "I have more goods than I know what to do with," and in the next breath tell an advertising solicitor, "I am so busy now that I can't get goods fast enough to keep up with my orders.

Mount Baker, Washington Territory, has now joined the array of volcanoes, headed by Mauna and Mount Vesuvius, in active operation in various parts of the earth's surface. Whether there is anything more than an accidental concurrence in their apparently concerted outbreak the scientific people must be left to tell.

The little city of Weimar, where Goethe resided, is ordinarily as quiet as a country village. Pianoforte playing, however, is universal, and the noise of persons practicing on that instrument is something intolerable. The authorities have therefore passed an ordinance that no piano shall be played in a room, the windows of which are open, under penalty of a fine.

A "drop" is a variable quantity, although many people never think about this fact. The *Journal of Chemistry* says that the largest drop is formed by syrup of gum-arabic, forty-four to the dram, and the smallest by chloroform, 250 to the dram. As a general rule, tinctures, fluid extracts and essential oils yield a drop less than one-half the size of water, and acids and solutions give a drop but slightly smaller than water.

A sample of Chinese tea has been raised by Mr. S. P. Odom, of Dooly county, Ga., from plants furnished by the national agricultural department. He says the plants are now three years old, in a very healthy condition and bearing profusely. Mr. Odom is satisfied that tea raising could be made a success in this country, and of great profit, if the proper attention were given it.

Mr. Silver, a well-known inventor of Lewiston, Me., for several months has eaten but one meal a day, and that about ten o'clock in the evening, immediately before retiring. He works ten hours a day as a machinist without eating or drinking anything. Instead of pining away, Mr. Silver has gained thirty-five pounds in flesh. He is not hungry until bedtime. All the fluids his stomach receives are from the fruit and vegetables which makes up most of his food. He eats no meat, as he believes that animal food is "animalizing," living mainly on oatmeal and Graham bread, without salt, but eating apples, grapes and other fruits liberally.

Cabanel, the well-known French painter, is between fifty and sixty years of age, and his profuse white locks and beard, brilliant dark eyes and fresh complexion, his finely poised head and well proportioned form, make of him a very attractive central figure for his superb studio. He is as coquettish as a pretty girl, and can paint all day without getting a spot on his white well-kept hands or on the coat of black velvet (silk velvet, be it understood, and no vulgar velveteen) which is his habitual studio dress, and which is marvelously becoming to his well-shaped figure and his handsome head, with its picturesque masses of silvery hair. Cabanel is the most accomplished man of the world of all the brilliant fraternity of Parisian artists.

Huffy People.

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the faculty some people have of taking offense when no offense is meant—taking "huff," as the phrase goes, with reason or without—making themselves and every one else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with of all ages and in every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessarily wisdom or insuspiciousness; but we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be generally found among women, and chiefly among those of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. Huffiness, which seems to be self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof classify as a high spirit of sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is in reality the product of self distrust. The person who has self-respect and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status, and happy private condition, is never apt to take offense. Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people, and sure you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the soliest esplanade. The dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good-humoredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing, you will soon be made to find out your mistake, and not unfrequently the whole harmony of an evening has been set wrong, because a thin-skinned, huffy person has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed sullenly, according to his or her individual disposition and the direction of the wind at the time.—*Household.*