The Chatham Record.

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Endurance.

We wend our way along this vale of tears
With trouble's thorns beneath our shrinking feet:
On Time's harsh scroll we notch the phantom years,
While life's long toil is left all incomplete.
We feel the agony of mortal pain,
And writhe beneath the surgeon's probing knife;
We starve, we thirst, we wait for love in vain,
And wrestle with despair in deadly strife.
Above the graves that shrine our treasures lost,
We bare our breasts to Him who dealt the blow,
While round our numbing hearts dissolves the frost,
And grief's full faint finds saving overflow.
And so we climb the mounds of care and pain,
And serve in suffering till the goal we gain.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HOME THRUST.

BY WILLIAM WARTHUN.

Abu Ben Hadar and Muli Ibraham, two camel drivers, were coming from contrary directions the Desert of Shall, on the way to Shiraz, and met at the Oasis of El Ghoum.

The former, who was the younger of the two, had been a slave in the early part of his career, having been captured by pirates; and, after having passed from one master to another, he had at length found himself in Constantinople, where he was held for a time in close servitude by a merchant of that city extensively engaged in commerce; but he had at length contrived to effect his escape, and had made his way after many vicissitudes in a northeasterly direction, where he adopted his present avocation.

Muli, on the other hand, had never since infancy been anything almost but a "child of the desert." He was, nevertheless, brought up strictly in the tenets of the Koran, of which he was a rigid observer, and on the present occasion he was glad to meet a man who had seen so much of the outside world.

While the two drivers smoked their narghilies under the palm trees, their camels resting meanwhile in the shade, Abu entertained his young companion with details of what was to be observed beyond the limits of the trackless waste of sand. He told him of the magnificence of Stambout, which far excelled in all that Shiraz could produce, even as the sun, the monarch of day, outshines the brightness of the pale Queen of night, or as the great star Algor exceeds in dazzling splendor the radiance of the entire cluster of the Pleiades.

"Tell me, O, Father!" said Muli "something about the forbidden cup of the Giaour."

"Son," said the old man, impressively, "if thou wouldst prolong thy days and secure the favor of Allah (whose name be ever blessed), shun that cup. Thou hast never, evidently from thy inquiry, seen it, or its effects. The wild beasts that roam at night through the ruins of Persepolis, are not more dangerous to man than it is. The fascinating gaze of the deadly serpent which lureth its victim to destruction while paralyzing his every effort to escape is not more certainly perilous. The sirocco, whose deadly blast carryeth with it destruction to man and beast, is mild in its effects when compared with the blight that lies concealed in the accursed wine cup. The carcasses that strew the desert, food for its vultures, are mere units to the number of those slain daily by the intoxicating drink. Thou art still young. Let nothing tempt thee—curiosity sometimes may; let nothing induce thee—the invitation of the treacherous Frank often may—to touch, to taste, to handle. I have seen what it can work; therefore, I say be warned!"

The sun had descended some degrees from his meridian altitude when the two camel drivers separated, each to pursue his monotonous journey.

When Muli arrived at his destination he found awaiting him two officials connected with a British Diplomatic mission, the senior of whom took from a parcel which formed part of the baggage carried by his camel, some important dispatches.

"In the nick of time, Brett," observed the officer to his friend. "One day late, and our mission here was useless."

"How lucky! What a good thing to be able to pluck at the whisker of the Russian Bear."

"By Jove! I wouldn't have missed this parcel for a deal. We have the ball at our feet now, and our St. Petersburgh neighbors are completely outwitted. We must at once set to work and give Sir George our views by wire from Toublin. It is not too late to checkmate the Russian intrigue."

"I am at your service, Villiers."

Both officials were versed in the Oriental tongue in which Muli spoke; and, after having commended him for his promptitude, and placed a gold coin in his hand as a gratuity, they directed him to remain until he was rested, and told him they would require him to proceed to Toublin with an important message, which he was to conceal about his person, and which he was not to lose an hour in carrying; and, above all, that secrecy was to be observed.

"I think, Brett," said Villiers, aside, "that the fellow deserves share of a bottle of Giesler for his alacrity."

Major Brett then proceeded to uncork a champagne bottle, and, each gentleman having drank a glass, the Major filled out a bumper for Muli.

"Is it good to take? I have never tasted wine, Effendi."

"Certainly; take it off while it fizzes It will do you good."

"I will drink it, master, on one condition only," said Muli, "and that is, that as you say it is not hurtful, you let me have a bottle or two for my next journey."

"By all means," was the ready response.

Muli took the glass and said he would drink it outside before starting on the intended journey, leaving the apartment as he spoke.

The spirit of inquiry was now excited in him for a purpose he had in view.

"Say, O friend," said he to the aged man who stood at the door of the bazaar, "what effect will the drinking of this wine produce on me?"

"It will make thee merry, and it will make thee sad. Thy tongue will be on thy sleeve, and the thing thou shouldst not say will be spoken before thou art aware that the word is uttered."

This was sufficient for Muli; he simply smeared his face and drenched his clothes with part of the liquor, and spilled what remained on the ground.

When the hour came for loading the camel, Muli found the two English officers ready with their paper. It was written in cipher and was to be carried in the fold of his turban. Few words passed between them. True to their promise as "gentlemen" they handed Muli two bottles of champagne, while he returned them the empty glass with profound thanks, again wiping his lips.

The camel kneeled, and the driver mounted its back while both officers stood by.

"Now Muli make haste, and mind"—said Major Brett putting his finger to his mouth to enjoin secrecy and wariness.

Judge of the consternation of the two diplomats, when Muli, scarcely had the camel started, gave utterance to an unearthly yell and waved his turban in which the dispatch was concealed, high in the air. Both Brett and Villiers looked at each other for a moment in speechless horror, and then shouted after Muli to stop. It was too late, "the ship of the desert" was going at a pace that defied either of them, even if mounted on race horses, to come abreast of him.

"The fellow is as drunk as a fiddle," said Villiers, mournfully.

"Unquestionably, you see, he wasn't used to liquor. What's to be done? Everything is spoiled if he loses the dispatch, or blabs out where it's hidden."

Muli stopped when he got about half a mile on his journey, and leisurely dismounted from his camel. The officers, perceiving this, hurried along till they reached him. They found the camel driver seated, legs crosswise, on the sand, endeavoring to open one of the bottles; but the complex mechanism of the wire and capsule was too much for him.

"You drunken scoundrel," bellowed Villiers, nearly out of puff, as he applied a riding whip, which he carried, to the poor fellow's shoulders. "What do you mean? Show me the paper I gave you."

Muli with a vacant stare, took off his turban, but the dispatch was no where to be found in it.

"I have it in my heart," exclaimed Brett, "to murder you on the spot. Give me back that bottle."

"I thought," stammered Muli, "you told me it would do me good."

He then fumbled about his breast and pulled out the dispatch, which he had transferred from his turban as he was squatted on the ground, while screened by the camel.

"Can we trust him to proceed on the journey?"

"Certainly not; he'll hand the paper over to the first scout he meets, and tell where it came from. And now, unfortunately, every hour is of importance. What a mess to be in!"

Muli did not understand the conversation as it was carried on in English; but, untutored as he was, he read the distrust of him in the countenance of both officers. Getting astride the camel, and looking with his wonted intelligence at the Englishmen, he said, addressing Major Brett.

"Effendi, I am ready and able to do your bidding. I trust not the unhallowed cup, to partake of which would in the case of your humble slave have been a greater evil to him than the loss of that paper to you. You know not what you were doing when you placed the temptation in my way of giving me first the glassful and next these two bottles. Your message would not have been safe, for the Koran says that 'a drunken mouth is as a babbling brook.' Take them back, for Bismillah! I shall never again, as the wise Abu Ben Hadar warned me, touch or handle. Taste I never will.

"We are a nice pair of diplomats truly," said Villiers, reddening at the rebuke, and handing back the document to the camel driver, "to bring drink into business."

"Aye, whether in or out of it," said the Major, laying about him on the two bottles with the butt end of his whip, "and when we get back we ought to smash every bottle we have. I'm a total abstainer, as Chinese Gordon was, for life."

Villiers placed his hand inside the Major's to signify that he was one with him in the resolution.

"Allah be praised!" exclaimed Muli Ibraham, as he watched the breaking of the bottles, and sped on his journey.—*Independent.*

Chinese Gods.

The aristocracy of China, or rather the higher classes, do not always worship the same god as the lower people. San Tsing is worshipped mostly by priests and rulers. While the ordinary class—laundrymen and the like—to introduce a homely simile, have a special god, that among the Taoists is chief among 10,000. He is known by the euphonious title of the "Pearly Emperor Supreme Ruler." It is supposed by the devout believer that he is the maker and producer of everything, and to him the other gods bend and refer all temporal and spiritual things. When anything unusual happens, as the last year's troubles with the white people, the devout Chinamen go to this god and burn incense, taking their other gods with them. In China this God is appealed to to send rain, and is thanked publicly when the rain comes. Besides this god the true Taoist worships many of the works of nature, as rivers, mountains and valleys. The god of thunder is often seen figured on various objects. He is bald or partly so; bears an uplifted tomahawk in his right hand, a bowie-knife or trowel in his left, and has legs and feet like a chicken. He is altogether a weird and striking object. On the other hand, the god of the kitchen looks like the barber's first brother in the Arabian Nights; has a calm and unruffled mien, is arrayed in costly or rich robes, and sits in a comfortable arm-chair, with his feet resting on what might be a gigantic three-leaf clover. He probably looks with complacency upon the earthly cooks, who receive $5,000, while the Christian minister in many places toils and labors at $600. Other deities that are often seen pictured on the various objects in Chinatown are "The Mother of Lightning," "The Spirit of the Sea," "The Lord of the Tide," "The King of the Sea."—*San Francisco Call.*

Oil Well Secrecy.

An oil well is a "mystery" when its yield is kept secret by the owners, for the purpose of making money by affecting the price of oil in the market. If a new well proves to be a gusher, the price of oil is lowered; if but a "small producer" or a dry hole, prices go up. So, by keeping secret the character of a new well, those on the "inside" are able to take advantage of any changes that occur in the price of oil through the rumors which immediately get afloat concerning it, and to make money by buying and selling oil—speculating, as it is called. It sometimes happens, even, that false rumors are circulated by interested persons. Every effort is made, however, to discover what the mystery really is. "Scouts" are sent out for that especial purpose, and they use every device and stratagem to obtain the desired information, sometimes even climbing trees and endeavoring with field-glasses to spy out the secret. On the other hand, every effort is made to prevent them from learning anything; and some amusing and exciting incidents occur in consequence. A guard is on duty at the well, day and night, and outsiders are kept at as great a distance as possible.—*St. Nicholas.*

John Quincy Adams and His Mother.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him, written when he was only ten years old, "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy." Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied: "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman remarks, "I had spoken the dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said: "Yes, sir; all the good that is in me I owe to my mother."

A Model Cook.

A New York gentleman hired a cook because her recommendations were good, and moreover she asserted that she had cooked for a gentleman whose good table is celebrated. Much to the disgust of her employer, her cooking was simply horrible, so he called her into his presence and said:

"Bridget, when I hired you you told me that you were qualified as a cook, and that you had been a cook at the Bondclipper villa on the Hudson."

"And so I was sor; I cooked the turnips for the pigs in a big boiler, sor."—*Texas Siftings.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

By-and-By.

Some little folks are apt to say
When asked their tasks to touch,
"I'll put it off, at least, to-day,
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing;
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks,
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "never done,"
And "By and by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

—*Well Spring.*

An Elephant's Sagacity.

An officer of the Bengal army had a very fine and favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became fully thinner and weaker. When its master returned the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure. The feeding time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practiced, and made the man confess his crime.

What Enoch Did.

"Tell us a story, Aunt Kitty, please," said little Hattie and Nat Sawyer seized Aunt Kitty's skirts, and drew her almost in spite of herself to the rough chair beneath the big pear tree.

"Tell us about when you's a little girl," pleaded Hattie.

"And please begin with 'Once upon a time,'" said Nat. "It sounds so long ago, you know."

Aunt Kitty laughed.

"I think you must have been born a hundred years behind time, Nat, you love the Long-ages so well."

"I s'pect I was, Aunt Kitty. Anyway, I can't help it."

"No, dear. Well, then, once upon a time, that is, when I was a little girl, there was an old man called Sampson, who travelled about the country in a cart drawn by a spotted cow, with a crumpled horn"——

"That tossed the dog, that worried the cat," began Nat.

"O Nat, do hush!" cried Hattie, putting her hand over her brother's mouth.

"Not that one," laughed Aunt Kitty; "but I guess she was a sister to her, for she would toss her head even at children, and was dreadfully cross! And I don't wonder, either, for beside her master, there was a long-nosed and hungry-looking pig, named Enoch, which she had to draw in the cart over the stony hills.

"Sampson sometimes stopped for food at houses along the way, but when he had a little money to buy a meal he would camp by the roadside, let the cow feed the grass, and making a fire, he would hang over it a little sooty kettle and stir up a pudding. Then he would milk the cow and eat his supper. If there were any pudding left, he gave it to Enoch.

"I forgot to say that Sampson carried a fiddle—some people call it a violin, dears, but we'll call it a fiddle.

"One day, at noon, he stopped not far from my father's house, and after eating his dinner the old man was so tired he fell asleep. Just inside the roadside fence was a small bed of beets that my sister Becky and I had planted and taken care of all the long summer, and we were going to sell them in the fall to buy us some ribbons.

"Well, that pig got unhitched and in some way tumbled out of the cart. He had not had half dinner enough. He smelt the green sweet beets, and crawling under the rail fence, he rooted out every one of them with his long nose and devoured them. He was just finishing the last one when Becky and I saw him and drove him out. Then we leaned our heads on the top rail of the fence and cried.

"The old man felt real sorry for us. He whipped the pig with a blackberry briar, making him squeal so loudly that we begged him to stop.

"He said he couldn't put the beets back, but if we wouldn't cry any more, he would play us some tunes. And he did—such lively ones and so many that his elbows must have ached.

"And we both got so merry that we forgot all about the beets, and skipped and danced about in the sandy road to the measure of the tunes."—*Christine Stephens.*

Starvation vs. Surfeit.

"Sir," said the tramp, "I have not tasted food for seven days. Another half hour of fasting and I must die."

"Then," exclaimed the philanthropist, "you shall live! Take this ticket; it will admit you in my stead to a sumptuous banquet, course after course, meats, wines and deserts, a feast three hours long, glorious company, Mr. Efforts, Mr. Toofew, Mr. Jiggold, Mr. Feeble and other eminent men." "Will there be after dinner speeches?" asked the starving one. "Volumes of 'em," said the philanthropist. And the tramp handed back the ticket and crawled wearily away into a silent lumber yard to die.—*Boston.*

AMONG THE APACHES.

The Most Pitiless and Most Cowardly of All Indians.

Hardy and Swift-Footed, But Fighting Only When the Odds Favor Them.

A regular army officer was asked by a Detroit *Free Press* representative: "Why is it hard to capture an Apache?"

"Because," the officer replied, "they can live on cacti or anything, and they can get along for days on little or no food. They are swift of foot and have remarkable lung power. On one time I saw a young Apache run up a mountain some 500 feet and back again just as quickly as he could. The trip was a climb, seemingly quite perpendicular, which you couldn't have accomplished at all, and to go up in a zig-zag course you would require half a day. Before this young Apache started one regimental ranger noted his pulse and respiration, and after he had made the climb and returned he again noted the pulse without discovering the slightest change. It is simply wonderful the lung power and physical endurance they have. They can climb, they can run very swiftly, they carry heavy loads, they make enormous jumps, they will cling to the side of a precipice, they will hang on the under side of a ledge like a bat, they swim like fish and burrow like gophers, in short they are absolute children of nature except in one particular."

"What is that?"

"They are cowards and won't fight fairly. They take no chances in a fight. They will get upon a high point in the mountains where they can see over the plains for twenty-five or thirty miles. Presently they will see perhaps a solitary mail carrier coming with his back-board. They know at once the road he must take. There may be a score of Apaches in the band, enough to cope with five or six mail carriers, but they take no chances. They go down to the road the solitary mail carrier must pass over and they not only secrete themselves, but they train their muskets—fastening them by means of crossed sticks—all to a certain point which that mail carrier's body must pass. Then they lie silently, for hours perhaps, until their prey comes along. The instant the man's body reaches that point and when he sees, hears or suspects nothing, they fire together and he falls dead, riddled with bullets. They always fight with the odds a thousand to one in their favor. Whenever the tide turns in the least against them, they scatter and run, and one might as well chase the wind as attempt to overtake and capture them."

"Did you ever see any such instance?"

"Exactly such a case as I have just described took place within a mile and a half of Fort Bowie. While I was stationed at Fort Bowie the squaws began coming into the reservation. That was conclusive evidence that peace was to be observed, and that soon it was the first time in years that it had been safe for a white man to go out alone. One day Maj. Sumner and myself went out with squads of men to get some timbers and century plant for roots to our quarters. There were fifteen men including a nephew of Cochise—a our party, and we went six miles up a canyon. After getting what we went after we separated in pairs and hunted in different localities for game. Presently we noticed on the mountain above our heads, here and there, an Indian dodging along—I just relate this incident to show how cowardly the Apaches are in their methods of fighting. Well, every now and then we would see an Indian and accordingly we called our party—only fifteen of us, remember—together again. Then Cochise's nephew said the Indians belonged to Geronimo's band, and he gave the tribe's call which was answered. Finally, after considerable coaxing, we got three of the Indians to come down to us. They told us there were 296 Indians following us down the canyon. We kept together and made our way down the canyon until we reached the open plain and then we felt safe. We knew they wouldn't dare attack us there. Then, too, we found the report as to numbers was true, for all over the mouth of the canyon we could see the sneaking rascals as they made contemptuous signals to us."

Drawing the Line.

Magistrate—You say you are a tourist?

Prisoner—Yes, sir. I love nature in all her radiant beauty—

Magistrate (hastily)—Never mind that! How much money have you about your clothes?

Prisoner—Seventy-five cents!

Magistrate (severely)—Then I shall commit you as a tramp. We draw the line between tourists and tramps at $1.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A New Venture.

Minister (in grocery store)—I am pleased to see, Mr. Sugarsand, that motto on the wall, "Honesty is the best policy." It will pay you from a business point of view, to say nothing of anything else.

Mr. Sugarsand (hopefully)—I hope so, sir, but I haven't tried it long enough yet to make a fair test of it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Queer Bird.

Innumerable puffins and birds of their kind swarm upon all the rocky coasts of Great Britain. The puffin is a member of a great bird family which is at home in the arctic circle. Auk is the generic name. The true auk, it is recorded, rarely quits its frigid surroundings. It is a bird of the sea, and only when breeding does it forsake the water. Its wings no not seem to have been intended to fly with, but to serve as paddles or oars to assist the webbed feet of the bird in propelling it through the water. So swift a swimmer is the auk of the arctic seas that it has been known to beat a ship's boat manned by six strong rowers.

The black-billed auk is a variety that is common both in the far North and about the British and neighboring coasts. The Esquimaux look to it for food and clothing, and during the breeding season it swarms in the northern latitudes in such numbers that the Esquimaux are rarely disappointed. On the British and Irish coasts it inhabits the rocks, sitting in interminable rows, one above another, along the ledges, and looking astonishingly stupid. This variety of the auk has wings which it can fly with, but which it uses also as paddles, after the fashion of the true auk of the icy seas. In color it is dark along the back and white beneath. Its beak is perhaps its most striking feature. It is a massive beak, very long and broad, with a hook at the end, and a tooth-like process along its mandibles which enables it to take a firm hold upon the elusive fishes which are its prey. The black-billed auk bears also the name of "razor-bill," which is a name intended to suggest the beak's broad and trenchant shape.

A third variety of this bird is the Labrador auk, which is the puffin. The puffin is a good deal like its brothers: it is dark above and white below, with a black collar about his neck, yellow legs, and a beak that begins by being gray and ends in overwhelming scarlet. It stops in the British isles during the summer, when it breeds, and towards winter it departs with its young for Spain and the south of France. It chases the rabbit out of its burrow, which is used as a depository for the single egg it lays. This egg is of a size out of all proportion to the size of the puffin itself. Nobody seeing a puffin's egg would believe that anything smaller than a swan could result from it, whereas a puffin is only twelve inches long; but it must be remembered that the egg which contains a puffin contains also a puffin's beak. Notwithstanding, however, that the puffin is only one foot in length, it is a very brave and pugnacious bird, and particularly during the breeding season it is not altogether a pleasant business to interfere with it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Lincoln's Childhood.

Of all the years of Abraham Lincoln's early childhood we know almost nothing. He lived a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lonesome little games to his cheerless home. He never asked of those days to his intimate friends. Once, when asked what he remembered about the war with Great Britain he replied: Nothing but this. I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier in the road, and having always been told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish." This is only a faint glimpse, but what it shows is rather present the generous child and the patriotic youth. But there is no question that these first years of hardship had to do in lasting effect upon the temperament of this great natural and democratic man. He had little education. He never mastered his sister Sarah to the only schools that ever existed in their neighborhood, one kept by Zachariah Riney, and another by Caleb Hazel, where he learned his alphabet and a little more. But of all those advantages for the cultivation of a young mind and spirit which every home now offers to its children, the books, toys, ingenious games, and daily devotion of parental love, he knew absolutely nothing.—*Century Magazine.*

Frauds in Coffee.

"I dearly love a good cup of coffee, but until recently found it difficult to obtain one outside of the best hotels," said a Brooklynite to an *Eagle* reporter. "A few weeks ago I made the acquaintance of a gentleman engaged in the coffee trade in New York, who has since supplied me with the best of coffee beans. My friend has given me a few points in buying coffee which may be of use to many readers of the *Eagle*. A man who buys coffee ground is a fool. Why? Because in coffee sold in that manner fraud can be easily practiced. Browned bread crumbs are often sold by unscrupulous dealers as coffee. If you have ever purchased coffee in the many retail stores down town in New York, you would find that all the coffee sold was ground and put up in packages. Such firms seldom, or never, sell coffee in the bean or roasted. By buying it in the bean, one is sure that it is unadulterated, although he may pay more for the coffee than it is worth. But few are able to tell the difference between a 50 cent coffee and a 20 cent coffee. If one buys of a grocer he must rely on that worthy's honesty."

The Old Front Gate.

Oh, the old front gate, the old front gate!
How often I come to mind,
Thro' it has the dude there lingered late,
When the maiden was soft inclined.
How oft has the bulldog wiggled his nose
Through the bars, to get a chance
To do his the dude's statuesque repose
And likewise the fit of his pants.

Oh, the old front gate, the old front gate!
How oft e'en has it tireless squeak
Made pops inquire, when the hour was late,
If that dude meant to stay there a week.
And then, when the gleaming had peacefully glimmed,
When Luna had long graced the night,
Her pa with a club from the back entrance rounded—
But Adolphus had vanished from sight.

Oh, the old front gate, the old front gate!
Devoted was your storm beaten frame.
But night after night you upheld the weight
Of maiden and dude, just the same,
And bulldog and papa and heartless wit
Will vainly combine against fate,
For they'll come each night when the stars are lit
And sport at the old front gate.

—*Merchant Traveller.*

HUMOROUS.

Pale lime—Skewed cat.

Bluebeard's trade evidently was that of a belle hanger.

"The season's over" said Fogg as he capsized the pepper box.

Teacher—"Hans, name three beasts of prey." Hans—"Two lions and a tiger."

Frogs' legs are said to be unusually high this year. They always were on the jump.

A Boston man drinks kerosene as a beverage. This ought to make him tolerably fight-headed.

An exchange says salt is a remarkable remedy that agent. So it is indeed. It has been known to even cure a ham.

"Beside, temper is an awful thing. You ought to get rid of it." "Why, mamma, only yesterday you told me to keep it."

A Parisian dame, who is in the hair growing business and says she has an infallible specific, is sadly that she is obliged to wear a wig.

"What is about now?" asked an acquaintance of a reporter who was running for the office. "Twelve inches still," said the scribe as he shot out of sight.

It is pretty nearly half-past eleven o'clock when he began to sing "How Can I Leave Thee?" to his best girl. Pretty soon her papa came down stairs and found out how easy it was.

You may say what you will about pictures of astonishment, but you just ought to see a frog try to jump into a pool of water that is frozen over. He doesn't say much, but what he does say can be relied upon.

Massage.

To France belongs the credit of giving to modern medicine a scientific system of massage, and yet, in spite of many able works and various discussions at the Academy of Sciences and other learned societies, it remained a sort of secret practice, almost wholly under the domain of empiricism, but with the waning interest of French physicians the Germans and Scandinavians took up the subject, and about ten years ago Dr. Mezger of Amsterdam brought massage to be acknowledged as a highly valuable method. He placed it upon the basis of precise knowledges, thus taking it out of the hands of ignorant charlatans. He did not write much about it, but simply employed the teaching of facts. To physicians who wrote to him for an explanation of his treatment he only said: "Come and see." To Prof. von Mosengeil is owing the present accurate and scientific knowledge of the subject; by his careful and painstaking observations he has brought massage into high estimation so that it is now acknowledged as a special branch of the art of medicine.—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Mongolian's Appetite.

The Chinese are all very hearty eaters, and they are likewise the most abundant producers of food staples of all kinds. No caste prejudice ever stands between a Chinaman's appetite and a good square meal, but, in the lower classes at least, "all's fish that cometh to net." Their principle is to work hard and eat bountifully, and consequently, as a race, they have a look of well fed plumpness which is in striking contrast to the lean and hungry Hindoo and Malay.

Other travellers have said that the lower classes of the Chinese eat domestic animals that in our dining rooms figure under the table rather than upon it; but I must say I saw no evidences of such bad taste on the part of the Canton's. I remember, however, that when at the village of Simujan in Borneo my Celestial servant, Ah Kee, reported to me with every manifestation of unspeakable disgust, that one of the Chinamen in the Chinese kampong had actually eaten a cat.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Cordial Relations.

"Are their relations cordial?" asked one friend of another, respecting a couple of politicians.

"Blamed if I could tell. You see I was over in the corner when they came up to the bar, and I could only see the neck of the bottle, but it looked more like whiskey."—*Washington Critic.*