THE RICHMOND ROCKET.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor. TO DEMOCRACY WE PIN OUR FAITH. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

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A Chinaman's Pigtail.

It is curious that what at first was the joke of Chinese subjugation at the hands of the Tartars, the pigtail, has now become the pride and glory of the race. Cut off the queue of a Celestial and suicide is the only honorable course open to him. If he is especially tenacious of life, however, he may don a false article until his hair has grown again. While at work the coolies wear their pigtails wound up on the back of their heads; but when they have occasion to present themselves before you, it is invariably unwound. For a Chinaman to appear in your presence with his pigtail in a knot would be equivalent to your entering a drawing-room in America with a hat on, and your pants in your boots.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

THE CHANCE.—According to the *Medical Record* insurance tables show that a man who abstains from alcohol has, at 20 years of age, a chance of living 44, 30 years, 36.50, 36.5 years; at 40, 28.8 years. An intemperate man's chance at 20 is 15.6 years; at 30, 1.38; and at 40, 11.6.

The Elephant Business.

The controversy about Mr. Barnum's sacred white elephant—if it is sacred and white—promises at least to serve as an object lesson in natural history, if the controversy is ever decided. A London newspaper correspondent calls the brute pink, and says it is no more white than an alligator. A gentleman who has just returned from Siam declares that it is the color of Jersey mud. The Siamese Minister at the Court of St. James's says there is no such thing as a white elephant, and the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts told his congregation Sunday evening, that Mr. Barnum was trying to palm off a leprous elephant on an outraged community for a white one.

PLENTY OF MONEY.—The offer of eight hundred thousand dollars of 3 per cent. bonds of the city of New York, running from five to thirty years, drew out bids which were opened Wednesday and were found to amount to over $5,000,000. The lowest bid was par and the highest $103.34 for the thirty-year bonds. This shows that there is an abundance of money seeking investment.

GILBERT'S LATEST.

[In Gilbert's new comic opera, "The Princess Ida," the following song is sung by Gama, the Professor, who has a crooked leg, a crooked foot and a crooked back.]

SONG.

"Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour I've seen my fellow-creatures specially act on the principle that (with due deference be it spoken) what I am not I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow creatures I endeavor to correct;
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes,
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;
I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!
To compliments inflated I've a withering reply,
And vanity I always do my best to mortify
A charitable action I can skillfully dissect,
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect—
I know everybody's income, and what every body earns,
And I carefully compare it with the income tax returns;
But to dancing community, however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!
I'm sure I'm no ascetic, I'm as pleasant as can be;
You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee;
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer;
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer;
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do.
But, although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

Small Debts.

Mr. Herriot was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon; it isn't just convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now Mr. Herriot had a five-dollar bill in his pocket, but he felt as if he couldn't part with it—he didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still further.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money, not mine; and, what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left the office.

* * * * * * *

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad,

"Didn't get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"O dear! I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant; "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot came in and, after a few words of apology, paid his bill.

"Run and get this bill changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee and three to Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

* * * * * * *

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden, but I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money, to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I have not a cent to bless myself with, and I owe so much at the grocer's where I deal that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he'll carry to-morrow the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after, and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, but a dollar was paid to an old, and nearly blind, woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening and morning's meal for herself and children. The other half-dollar was paid to the baker when he called toward evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge three debts, and at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed by her little family.

* * *

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said:

"I'm very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half-choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Haven't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an exclamation of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars, Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.—T. S. ARTHUR.

Going For Oleomargarine.

A bill from Senator Coggeshall, in the New York State Senate, in relation to oleomargarine provides that whoever is engaged in the manufacture or sale of this article must keep on the outside of the building in which it is manufactured, a sign, painted black, upon which there shall be in white letters, the words "Oleomargarine Factory," in the case of the manufacture of oleomargarine; "Butterine Factory," in the case of the manufactory of butterine, and "Swine Factory" in the case of the manufactory of swine, and the name of any article or substance having the semblance of butter, followed by the word "factory" in case of the manufacture of any such article. Dealers in these substances must keep outside a like sign in like manner painted "Oleomargarine for sale," etc, to be painted in Roman letters three inches long and not less than a quarter of an inch in width; a like sign to be kept in a conspicuous place within the store or room where the substance is manufactured or offered for sale. Whoever manufactures the article or offers it for sale, shall cause to be burned on the top, bottom and side of every tub, firkin, box, package or vessel—if of wood, the name of the article, and if of tin, metal, stone or earthenware, to be stamped, cast or moulded in raised letters. Every violation of the law will be visited with a penalty of $1,000.

A PREDICTION.—Mr. Kinsella, the late editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was born in Ireland in 1831, and after receiving a common school education he came to this country, where he learned the trade of a printer. He obtained employment as a compositor on the *Eagle*. It is a tradition in the *Eagle* office that he predicted to his fellow workers at the case that he would at some day become editor-in-chief of the paper.

A BROOKLYN boy died of eating candy, and several other boys are ill from the same cause.

AN OYSTER STUDY.

What It Is, and How It Is Worked.

[From the Baltimore Gazette.]

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, cunningly devised intestines and other necessary organs, just as all living, moving, intelligent creatures have. And all these things are covered from man's rudely inquisitive gaze by a mantle of pearly gauze, whose woof and warp put to shame the frost lace on your windows in winter. The mouth is at the smaller end of the oyster, adjoining the hinge. It is of oval shape, and, though not readily seen by an inexperienced eye, its location and size can be easily discovered by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the surface mentioned. When the spot is found, your bodkin can be thrust between the delicate lips and a considerable distance down toward the stomach without causing the oyster to yell with pain. From this mouth is, of course, a sort of canal to convey the food to the stomach, whence it passes into the intestines. With an exceedingly delicate and sharp knife you can take off the "mantle" of the oyster, when there will be disclosed to you a half-moon-shaped space just above the muscle, or so-called "heart." This space is the oyster's pericardium, and within it is the real heart, the pulsations of which are readily seen. The heart is made up of two parts, just as the human heart is, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of blood-vessels, and the other drives the blood out through arteries. In this important matter the oyster differs in no respect from other warm or cold-blooded animals. And no one need laugh incredulously at the assertion that oysters have blood. It is not ruddy, according to the accepted notion about blood, but it is nevertheless blood to all oyster intents and purposes. In the same vicinity, and in marvelously proper positions, will be found all the other organs named. But it is very proper to be incredulous about that mouth and organs. At first glance it would seem that they are utterly useless, for the mouth cannot snap around for food, and the oyster has no arms wherewith to grab its dinner or lunch. True, apparently, but only apparently, for each oyster has more than a thousand arms—tiny, delicate, almost invisible. And each one of them is incessantly at work gathering up food and gently pushing it into the lazy mouth of the indolent, comfortable creature. The gills are the thin flaps so notably perceptible around the front-face part of the undressed oyster, below the muscle. Each of these gills is covered with minute, hair-like arms, very close together, and perpetually in motion, to and fro, in the same direction. They catch food from the water, strain it carefully of improper substances, and waft it upward over the mantle's smooth surface to the gaping mouth, which placidly gobbles it up until hunger is appeased and then the body goes to sleep without turning over. Any one can observe this singular process of feeding by placing a minute quantity of some harmless coloring matter on the gills. If it will not offend the oyster's delicate palate the coloring matter will be seen at once propelled by invisible hands toward the mouth and thence slowly down into the stomach. And this is all I know about oyster anatomy, except that the liver almost entirely surrounds the stomach, and is of a dark green color. It may be new to many to know that oysters are born precisely the same way the shad and other fish come into the world. A well-educated lady oyster will lay about 125,000,000 eggs—so it is said; I have not counted enough of them to strike such a large average—and every one of these eggs will ultimately become fit for a stew or fry if they escape the multitude of perils that do environ the infant oyster.

Misplaced Charity.

A lady living in the northern part of this city had her attention directed to a case of charity the other day which made her heartstrings vibrate. There was a sick woman and two ragged and hungry children in the house, while the husband was out tramping the streets in search of any sort of work which would earn them bread. The charitable lady made a trip among her neighbors and collected food and clothing, and after spending an hour or two with the sick lady she left a dollar in cash to buy medicines. When she had done this she went home with a glad heart, but later in the day as she was obliged to pass the house again she saw the discouraged husband on the steps. He had just returned from a long tramp and as usual had found no work. The lady was about to accost him when he called to a boy on the opposite side and asked:

"Say, sonny, how much to clean the snow off my walk?"

"Oh, about thirty cents."

"I'll give you a quarter."

"Well, I guess I'll do it."

The man entered the house and took twenty-five cents of the very money left with his wife to pay for the work, and the lady walked on without any remarks. The remarks were made after she got home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TEARS.—The *Archives d'Ophthalmologie* states that observation leaves no room for doubt that the shedding of tears of blood really occurs, though such cases are rare. Referring to a recent case in point, the writer says that the phenomenon is not caused by any special local disease, though it generally coincides with other hemorrhages in the skin or mucous membranes. The blood lost varies from a few drops to a wineglassful; the flow lasts but a few minutes, and is intermittent.

A "CORNER."

What It Is, and How It Is Worked.

The "bear element" in the market are all those who think that prices of securities are higher than they ought to be, higher than they can permanently remain. In order to take advantage of the unwarranted "inflation of values," as they understand it, they borrow stocks and sell them at the high prices prevailing, expecting to be able to buy them in at lower prices before it becomes necessary to return the borrowed securities. For instance, A borrows from B 1,000 shares of Hannibal and St. Joseph, which is selling at 60. A pays B $60,000 cash and agrees to return the stock on demand, when, of course, the money will be refunded to him. It is for B's interest to lend the stock, because he gets the interest on the $60,000 during the interval, or, at all events, more interest than he would otherwise have to pay for the use of the money. Under ordinary conditions, B, the lender of the stock, will pay A, the borrower, something for the use of the money, but if the particular stock wanted by the bears is scarce it will be lent "flat;" that is, the borrower will receive nothing for the use of the money while the loan continues. In extreme cases the lender may even get a commission for the use of the stock in addition to the interest on the money which it represents. If the market fluctuates while the loan continues, the borrower and lender settle with each other at the close of each day, so that the amount of money shall at all times be exactly equivalent to the value of the stock.

When the bears, or any portion of them, have discovered a weak spot in the market—that is, a security selling for more than it is worth in their opinion—they borrow and sell it liberally. Their selling has the same effect in putting down the price as though the stock were absolutely their own, and their expectation is that other holders, observing a decline in price, will become alarmed and sell also, thus putting down the price still more and frightening still other holders. They intend, of course, to buy enough at the lower scale of quotations to deliver back what they have borrowed, pocketing the difference. It sometimes happens, though rarely, that a few persons, discovering what the bears are about, and believing that they (the bears) are strong enough to stand a heavy loss without breaking, quietly buy up all of a particular stock that exists. In order that the price may not be forced up while they are themselves buying, they lend stock freely to the bears, and thus encourage the latter to sell. When they have secured all, or nearly all, of the particular stock that exists they call in their loans. The bears are then compelled to buy, and since no stock, or very little, is for sale, the price can be forced up to any figure at which the cornering party choose to put it. The "shorts" must come up and settle on such terms as may be dictated to them. The last resort is to leave the cornering party saddled with the whole issue of the stock in question. Whether they make or lose by the operation will depend upon whether they can extort from the bears more than enough to compensate them for the loss they may incur in reselling the stock to the general public. Most commonly the cornering party, as well as the cornered, lose money, which has been gained meanwhile by the multitude, who have taken advantage of the high prices to sell out. For this reason corners have latterly been of rare occurrence.

Cured of Nostalgia.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* tells this one: "Do you know how many soldiers died of homesickness during the late war?" said an ex-Federal colonel. "Yes, sir; they call it nostalgia—that's the medical term for homesickness. Men died apparently without a cause—not from fright; homesickness was the cause in nine cases out of ten. I remember at one time I was in charge of a depot at Louisville, Ky., where 16,000 convalescents were waiting for strength to go to the front. I noticed that many of them grew worse, instead of better. It puzzled the surgeons. It was not due to a relapse; it was not the old disease at all. It did not seem to be a new disease. I looked into it a little, and then I told the surgeon that I thought it was nothing but nostalgia. I had a chance to prove that I was right. One of these sick well men came to me the next day. 'Colonel,' he said, 'I want leave of absence for a day or two.' 'I want to go home and see my folks. I am pining away for a sight of my old home. I believe I shall die if I don't go.'

"On inquiring I found that his home was right across in Indiana, and that he had an idea that he could see the smoke rising from its chimney. He had not been home for several years, and he was fretting away in sight of that smoke. I was not supposed to let any of my convalescents go anywhere except to the front, but I determined to try an experiment with this sallow, pale-faced young man. 'Well, sir,' I said, 'how long will you be gone?' 'This is Friday,' he replied; 'I will be back on Monday.' 'No,' I said, 'you can stay until Friday of next week.' 'All right,' he said look[illegible] ter already. On the next F[illegible] turned a new man. 'I'm al[illegible] colonel,' he hall shouted me; 'I'm ready to go to the [illegible] I went home, saw my mothe[illegible] and sisters and brothers, had some good home food and some good home sleep, and fought all my battles over again down at the village store. That was all wanted. It was a fact. He had [illegible] med of nostalgia."

THE hog is rapidly taking t[illegible] the eagle as the American bird.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER.

ROUGH ON RATS.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, doctor!" cried a woman, who rushed breathlessly into Dr. Greenawalt's office the other day, "my boy, Johnnie, has swallowed a mouse!"

"H'm; swallowed a mouse, has he? Well, go home now and have him swallow a cat."—*The Hoosier.*

AN HONEST OPINION.

Jones—"You were at Mrs. Blank's party last night?"

Smith—"Yes."

Jones—"Heard me sing, didn't you?"

Smith—"Yes."

Jones—"How did my singing strike you?"

Smith—"It did not strike at all. It just kind o' grated like filing a saw."

WHY THEY MADE TIME.

"You folks don't seem to be troubling us much yet," remarked the superintendent of an old railroad to the superintendent of a new rival line.

"I would have you know," was the reply, "that we make better time than you every day, and on long trips can beat you by a full hour."

"Possibly," answered the first; "but you see, as there is no one to get on or off, you don't lose any time at stations."—*Evening Call.*

A GOOD LOCATION.

Resident—"You don't intend to open a shop in this barren waste, do you?"

Plumber—"Yes, I have just bought the property."

Resident—"But you are half a mile away from the nearest house, and fully a mile from the center of the town."

Plumber—"Yes; I know it. That is where my profit comes in."

Resident—"How so?"

Plumber—"It will take me half a day to come back after my tools."—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

WESTERN DUDES.

Eastern Man—"Have you any dudes in your town?"

Western Man—"Well, I should say so; the worst dudes you ever saw."

Eastern Man—"I did not suppose the species had got so far West."

Western Man—"You just bet the East ain't got much that the West hasn't. Why, sir, some of the dudes out West would just make you laugh yourself sick; they're so queer."

Eastern Man—"Indeed!"

Western Man—"Yes, sir-ee. Why, I know one what's so partic'lar he changes his shirt every week."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Skiddoo!" cried a little boy running into the [illegible] has bit me on the leg."

"What!" exclaimed the frightened young lady. "Beauty has bitten you on the leg? Let me see."

She hastily pulled down his stocking, and, sure enough, there was the impression of his teeth.

"You naughty boy," said his sister, shaking him violently. "Don't you know better than to tease Beauty? Some day he will bite a big lump out of your leg, and it might make him deathly sick."

WHERE THEY WENT.

A farmer boarded a Central train at Syracuse the other day and took his great beside a [illegible] many other on his way [illegible] Governor's Island.

"Well, sir [illegible] keen for a li[illegible] bugs this year [illegible]

The old man [illegible] shook his head [illegible]

"Ain't no more [illegible]

"Can't find an in[illegible] nowhere. Ever[illegible] gone."

"Have, eh?"

a grin. "What [illegible]

"I don't know," s[illegible]

"Leastway I don't know [illegible] hearn that a good many o[illegible] been jugged for duplicating the accounts!"

QUALITY SUPERIOR TO QUANTITY.

"My dear," said a Brooklyn man to his wife, after perusing the evening paper, "are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs three and a half pounds?"

"You've just read that, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, doesn't the article say that a woman's is somewhat lighter?"

"It certainly does."

"And it also informs you that a woman's brain is of much finer quality?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, just concentrate your three-and-a-half-pound intellect on that scuttle, and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it up full of coal from the cellar."

The man with a great head departed for the lower regions in search of information.

Will not Drive Together.

"Well," sa[illegible] man, as he wiped [illegible] and coff[illegible] of [illegible]