

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

NONE OF MY BUSINESS.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," said the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," said he, "is none of your business."

A YOUNG REPRESENTATIVE.—The youngest man in the United States House of Representatives is Lynch, the colored member from Mississippi. He was a slave at Natchez until the Union army entered that town, and had no education then. He is but twenty-six years old.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.—The most novel and ingenious plan of giving children castor-oil is, we think, that practised by the physicians of a children's hospital in Paris, to which 300 tiny loaves of bread are daily sent, each containing a meddum of the oil, which in this form is perfectly palatable and thoroughly disguised.

BECAUSE MY FATHER WAS.— "I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" asked a witty Aberdeen man, quizzing another. "Conservative; my father was Conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant; my father was a Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—O, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—The wedding anniversary celebrations occur as follows: Three days, Sugar; sixty days, Vinegar; 1st anniversary, Iron; 5th anniversary, Wooden; 10th anniversary, Tin; 15th anniversary, Crystal; 20th anniversary, China; 25th anniversary, Silver; 30th anniversary, Cotton; 35th anniversary, Linen; 40th anniversary, Woolen; 45th anniversary, Silk; 50th anniversary, Golden; 75th anniversary, Diamond.

A SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.—The sixteenth amendment is now in order. The New Hampshire convention of Republicans recently resolved that the time has come for looking the woman question square in the face, and the committee of the present Ohio constitutional convention have just reported an article to confer the right of suffrage upon women, the article to be submitted to a separate vote of the people. If the existing ballot holders object, we suppose it will be in order for Congress to dragoon them into submission.

TELEGRAPHY IN SCHOOLS.—To the Rev. W. D. Parish, vicar of Selmeiston, Sussex, belongs the credit of first successfully introducing and teaching telegraphy in a country school. The children have been examined by Sir James Carmichael and by officials from the Post Office, who speak of it as successful. The Telegraphic Department have lent them a printer and one needle instruments, and the children learn very quickly. The new Postmaster-General has expressed his approval.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The President met Susan B. Anthony by accident on the Avenue the other day, in company with another member of her suffrage convention, and quite a conversation took place. At length the President asked Miss Anthony if there was anything he could do for her. Miss A. replied she thought his request came pretty late. She had stumped New York State for the President in the last election, and then in trying to vote for him some of his officers had arrested and put her in jail. She was now at large without help, and she did not know what there was left to do; but if the President was really in earnest in desiring to do something for her, he might please nominate Mrs. Cady Stanton for Chief Justice. The President laughed and said he would think the matter over, and continued his walk.

A HISTORICAL HALL.—A Washington correspondent says: "The old Hall of Representatives is gradually becoming the property of small-fry merchants. There you can purchase cigars, chewing tobacco, stereoscopic views, rattle-boxes, necklaces, rubber rings for teething babies, fans, paper weights, and curiosities from Niagara transformed into souvenirs of Washington. One day Mr. Moses Levi was seen lost in silent contemplation in the centre of the hall. His sharp rat-looking eyes stared out eagerly from either side of his beak nose, as if resting upon some object dearer than a note bearing twenty per cent. What pleased him so? Was it the almost speaking model of the 11-mented Lincoln, or the statue of the father of our country? Not at all, for suddenly he exclaimed, 'Oh vot a splendid blouse, my tear, for an auction of cheap clothing.'"

AN OLD DISEASE.—We have had many examples of fasting girls. There is an older disease however, than voluntary fasting—a malady called hunger, which may be seen at work in many of our great cities. There is an old woman in a hospital in Italy, who is suffering from a very acute form of this disease. She every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, seventy eggs, fourteen loaves, a quantity of fish and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet she raves like a mad woman. An eminent professor has recently undertaken to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired. Supposing her appetite increases? The prices of "loaves and fishes" must certainly go up in Italy.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE PERUVIAN TABLE.—"The Peruvians, in eating," writes a correspondent, "use a knife quite as often as a fork, and the fingers more than either. One of their peculiar customs at the table deserves especial

mention. If there be any little delicacy on their plates—a bit of the breast of a fowl, a tender morsel of turkey, any little dainty that is inviting—it is a very delicate compliment to a person sitting next to you at the table to take up this "morceau" in your thumb and finger, and place it in that person's mouth from your own fingers. I have often seen a young Peruvian gallant pick up a bit of chicken or a small piece of game, and convey it with his fingers into the mouth of the leading belle, although the fingers may drip with gravy, or (if it be preserved fruit) the juice may run down his wrist. It is the most delicate compliment; and any one refusing the donor the eating of these finger-bits would commit an unpardonable insult."

BEECHER ON NOVELS.—Beecher in a recent lecture said, "If any young people want to know my opinion about novels and stories, my opinion is this—use fiction as you would spices in your diet. No man takes a quart of cloves, nor exhausts the cruet, at a single meal. These things may be used with moderation to season one's food with, but they are not to be used alone; and so fictitious, while they are not to be resorted to exclusively, may be used with discretion to season life with. If you find that using them brings you back to duty with more alacrity, with more cheer, and with more aptitude; if you find that it makes you better in your relations to your fellow men, then it does not hurt you, and you are at liberty to use them; but if you find that using them makes you morose; if you find that it inclines you to run into a hole that you may get away from your fellow men; if you find that it makes you unkind, disobliging, and selfish—then you may be sure that whether it injures any body else or not, it injures you."

THE ITALIAN CHILD TRAFFIC.—Correspondents of English journals write from Rome concerning the attempts of the Italian government to put a stop to the infamous traffic in poor children, who are stolen, or bought for small sums of money, and employed in various parts of the globe as organ-grinders, beggars, etc. A bill has been brought before the Italian Parliament—we trust by this time it has become a law—providing that whoever delivers up to native Italians or to aliens minors of less than eighteen years of age, even if they be their own children, or wards under their guardianship, for the purpose of employing them in "strolling trades," shall be liable to a fine of from 50 to 250 francs, and from one to three months' imprisonment. The employers of such children in any of certain "professions" mentioned shall pay a fine of from 100 to 500 francs, and be sent to prison for a period of from three to six months. The punishments may be extended to greater severity, according to the circumstances of the offence. The bill also orders the immediate release and restitution of the children who are in the employment of any persons at home or abroad in any of the forbidden capacities, giving the detailed directions of the methods in which this result shall be accomplished. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Italian government in this matter, combined with the efforts which are being made in this country by many prominent persons, will result in the abolition of the cruel traffic in children between Italy and America.

AN ASHANTEE RECEPTION.—George W. Towle, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, says: "If the Ashantee King is well disposed to the stranger—especially the European stranger—whom he learns to be approaching the confines of his dominions, he confers upon him the distinction of a public and ceremonious welcome. On one occasion an English visitor was thus honored in a notable manner. He was conducted by two Ashantee nobles in an open space, a common in the centre of Coomasse. There, upon an artificial mound fantastically shaped, sat King Koffee Kalkall, surrounded by the principal personages of his court. Over his sable majesty was a very wide umbrella, fifteen feet in circumference, made of vari-colored cloths, of which the most conspicuous was very fine silk velvet. Each noble was provided with a similar umbrella, with a gold handle. From some of the umbrellas hung pieces of cloth, to which some mirrors turned towards the faces of the nobles, were attached. On the tops of the umbrellas were roughly carved and gilded figures of animals and other objects, designed as the armorial bearings of the chiefs. Two jet-black slaves fanned each noble as he sat. The visitor advanced into the aristocratic semicircle, put out his right hand, and when he came opposite the king, took off his hat and made a low obeisance. Then he passed round to the extremity of the assemblage, and took his place upon a seat which had been set for him. King Koffee thereon ordered the guest to be served with palm-wine; then the chiefs rose, passed the guest in turn and saluted him, while one, stopping directly in front of him, pulled a gold-handled sword from his belt and began to execute a war-dance. Last of all the king passed, bowing and smiling, and then the stranger rose and followed the procession. This was really an imposing pageant. Nobles bore upon their shoulders the gold and silver mounted thrones of the former kings; slaves carried richly inlaid boxes, vases of silver, and banners. The King and each of his nobles were surrounded by a body-guard armed with muskets and spears, while a band with gongs, cymbals, and drums awoke the echoes with a rude, clashing, martial music. In this way the visitor was escorted through the principal streets of the city until the royal palace was reached. Here Koffee bid him good-by, the procession broke up, and he was permitted to go wheresoever he listed."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF APPLES.—It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work their brains rather than their muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and indeed of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy and troublesome diseases of the skin.

A NEW DESTROYER FOR THE HAIR.—Under above title Dr. Boettger says that we possess a new material for destruction of hair, of most suitable description, in a mixture of one part of crystallized sulphate of sodium, with three parts of fine carbonate of lime mixed and reduced to a fine powder. This mixture may be kept any length of time without alteration in well closed bottles. When moistened with a drop of water and laid by means of the back of a knife on the part of the skin covered with hair, we see in a few minutes and find the thickest hair turned into a soft mass, easily removed by means of water. If it remain on the part long, it will cause a slight irritation of the skin.

COLORED STARCH.—To impart a temporary color to light tissues a German chemist proposes mixing a coloring matter with the starch in "doing them up." If a red shade is desired, take three parts of magenta and twenty of glycerine. The magenta is rubbed down in a mortar with a little water, and the glycerine added by degrees. Well pulverized starch is then thoroughly incorporated with the color in greater or smaller quantity, according as a pale or deep shade is desired, and the mass is allowed to dry in the air upon a piece of unsized paper. It is then applied to the tissues precisely in the same way as common starch. If a blue, violet, or green shade is desired, suitable colors are substituted for the magenta. Great care should be taken never to use any arsenical green colors in this way, as the dust of the highly poisonous material, becoming detached, may occasion serious mischief.

A NEEDED REFORM.—Dr. Hamilton, of Buffalo, New York, tersely says in regard to ventilation, diet, labor, disease, etc.: "We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more outdoor exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic, and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can ever furnish, purer milk than our distilleries can manufacture; our children need more romping and less study. Our old men need more quiet and earlier relaxation from the labor of life. Men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel. Our cities need cleansing, paving, and draining. The Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, the plague, and many other fearful epidemics, are called the opprobria of our age, and our fellow-citizens upbraid us with feebleness and inefficiency in our resources. When will they learn that, although we do not fail to cure these maladies, the more precious secret of prevention is in our possession, and has been for these many years."

POLISHING WOOD WITH CHARCOAL. We extract from the *Cabinet-Maker* the following description of the method of polishing wood with charcoal, no much employed by French cabinet-makers: All the world knows of those articles of furniture of a beautiful dead black color, with sharp, clear cut edges, and a smooth surface, the wood of which seems to have the density of ebony; viewing them side by side with furniture rendered black by paint and varnish, the difference is so sensible that the considerable margin of price separating the two kinds explains itself without need of any commentary. The operations are much longer and much more minute in this mode of charcoal polishing, which respects every detail of the carving, while paint and varnish would clog up the holes and widen the ridges. In the first process they employ only carefully selected woods of a close and compact grain; they cover them with a coat of camphor dissolved in water, and almost immediately afterward with another coat composed chiefly of sulphate of iron and nut-gall. The two compositions in blending penetrate the wood and give it an indelible tinge, and at the same time render it impervious to the attacks of insects. When these two coats are sufficiently dry, they rub the surface of the wood at first with a very hard brush of couch-grass (*chiendent*), and then with charcoal of substances as light and friable as possible, because if a single hard grain remained in the charcoal this alone would scratch the surface, which they wish, on the contrary, to render perfectly smooth. The flat parts are rubbed with natural stick charcoal, the indented portions and crevices with charcoal powder. At once, almost simultaneously, and alternately with the charcoal, the workman also rubs his piece of furniture with flannel soaked in linseed oil and the essence of turpentine. These pouncings, repeated several times, cause the charcoal powder and the oil to penetrate into the wood, giving the article of furniture a beautiful color and perfect polish, which has none of the flaws of ordinary varnish. Black-wood, polished with charcoal, is coming day by day to be in greater demand; it is most serviceable; it does not tarnish like gilding, nor grow yellow like white wood, and in furnishing a drawing-room it agrees very happily with gilt bronzes and rich

stuffs. In the dining room, too, it is thoroughly in its place to show off the plate to the greatest advantage, and in the library it supplies a capital framework for handsomely bound books.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

In Decatur, Ill., when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, he asks permission to sit on the fence and see her go by.

"HAVE you 'Blasted Hopes?'" asked a young lady of a librarian with his handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," says he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

SCENE IN A LONDON RESTAURANT.—"You don't mean to tell me, waiter, that you can't give me a toothpick?" "Well, sir, we used to keep 'em, but the gents almost invariably took 'em away when they'd done with 'em."

A COUNTRY paper tells of a cat which is bringing up two rats with her own kittens, and thinks she has risen above the prejudices of race. The cat is no fool, and when those rats get plump and fat, she and those kittens will make a most sumptuous dinner of them.

A CLERK in a city bookstore, thinking to annoy a Quaker customer who looked as though he was fresh from the country, handed him a volume, saying: "Here is an excellent essay on the rearing of calves."

"These had better present it to thy mother, young man," was the retort of the Quaker.

A BOY, with post office pants and ventilated hat, rushed into a drug store in Bellows Falls, the other day, with a dipper in his hand, and exclaimed: "Doctor, mother sent me down to the shotecary pop quickerin' blazes, cos bub's sick as the dickens with the pipen chox, and she wants a thimbleful of polygolic in this dipper, cos we ain't got a bottle handy, and the kin pupts got the bine winters in it. Got any?"

THE following is a copy of a painter's bill for work done in a Scotch church. It is needless to remark that the building must have been sadly out of repair. Here is the receipted claim as we found it, no matter where:

"To filling up a chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.

"To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness.

"To repairing Nabuchadnezzar's beard.

"To cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

"To a new skirt for Joseph's garment.

"To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat for Noah's ark.

"To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.

"To painting a new city in the land of Nod.

"To clearing the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.

"To making a bride for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.

"To putting a new handle to Moses', basket and fitting burushes.

"To adding more fuel to the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

"Rec'd payment.

WE are not obliged to tell how the following funny letter fell into our hands. All the reader has to do is to read it and laugh at it. We congratulate the new-made parent, and hope he will get over his confusion of ideas shortly, so as to be able to tell his baby from his horse:

"DEAR SISTER EMMA,—
"I now take my seat, and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am a 'daddy' at last—this is, I suppose I am, for Addie has got a nice fat baby as ever made up faces. We hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Addie has got a nice baby. Nextly, I have swopped away old John, and think I have got a pretty nice horse. It is a girl, and weighs nine pounds—I mean the baby. It is just as fat as butter, and has a good strong pair of lungs. She is red, and has a bobtail—the horse I mean—and a white stripe in her face, and is a good driver. She has got blue eyes and a dimple in her chin—I mean the baby—and just the prettiest mouth that ever opened to receive pap. Judging from her teeth, I should think she was about six years old—I mean the horse now. She is sound, smooth, and kind—I mean the horse or baby either now—and the doctor says she is the fairest he ever saw, without any exception—he meant the baby. I got twenty-five dollars to boot—not on the baby, though, for in its case the boot is on the other foot, and two or three sizes larger, as near as I can find. I am going to harness the horse now and go after mother. She was born last night at twenty minutes past nine I hope you don't think I mean mother or the horse, but the baby. She is as hearty as a pig; ate an egg, a biscuit, and drank three cups of tea—I mean Addie. She is getting along nicely, and if she don't have any bad luck she will get along first-rate. She is subject to disorders of the stomach, and they say that is a sign of colic—I mean the baby. I hope it is, for the nurse says colicky babies never die. She talks about her horse as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse. I am going to name her Edlema—I mean the baby. There, I've been reading this over, and I see plain'y that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am frustrated. I am a happy daddy and that accounts for it, so you must excuse me, for this time."