

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Spaniards say: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal; but at thirty to anybody who will have her."

A KEEN observer of human nature and the human countenance says that that woman looks oldest who tries the hardest to conceal her age.

AN ELOPEMENT BAULKED.—Recently a young man named Madden eloped with the daughter of a Mr. Boothe, living near Mount Olivet, Ky., and started for the Gretna Green of that section, Aberdeen. The enraged parent soon discovered the escape and started in pursuit, and, alas for true love! overtook them near Bridgeville, when a running fight ensued in which one of the party, a relative of the would-be-groom, also named Madden, was shot in the forehead, the ball running round the skull, coming out behind the ear. The father of the young lady received a shot in the side, inflicting a slight flesh wound; his horse, however, was wounded in two or three places. The recreant lover fled to the bushes, and the young lady returned home with her father. Young Madden went to Georgetown, had his wounds dressed, and at last accounts was doing well.

BEASTS BATTLING WITH THE SEA.—A correspondent, describing the wreck of the steamer *Agra*, off Galle, bound from Calcutta to London via the Suez canal, says that, after the vessel struck on the rocks the passengers and crew had barely time to escape into the boats, as the seas came tumbling over the sides, sweeping everything before them, carrying away one poor invalid sailor, and bursting open the cages and dens of an extensive menagerie on board, going home for the Zoological Gardens. The escape and striking out amid the waves of a crowd of tigers, elephants, &c., and their roars and screams adding to the terror of the wretched passengers, presented a spectacle that will not soon be forgotten. One elephant managed to swim ashore, as did one of the inhabitants of the adjacent coast, who are said to be living in a state of siege, not daring to venture outside their barricaded doors. The *Agra*, which sank in deep water, belonged to the Red Cross Line of steamers, plying between Calcutta and London, and was to have taken a number of passengers home from Ceylon.

A TRUE BILL.—Some days since a well-dressed couple, in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and, sending for a justice of the peace, informed that functionary that they wished to be married. The justice said, "All right," and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him that he had performed the same service for the lady once before. Upon inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said she had been married previously. "Have you a bill from your former husband?" asked Mr. Justice. "Yes," she replied, "I have a bill." This being satisfactory, the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared "man and wife." As they were about departing, the justice, who had never seen a "bill of divorce," and having a strong desire to behold the document, thought this an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He, therefore, said to the lady: "Have you the bill with you?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Have you any objection to allowing me to see the bill?" said our friend. "None whatever," she replied, stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said: "Here, Bill, come here quick; here is a gentleman that wishes to see you." The gentleman wilted.

SWIMMING FEAT.—An interesting swimming exhibition seems to have taken place at the City of London Baths, Golden Lane, London, recently. The original programme only included some "fancy performances" by "the champion swimmer of London," and some swimming contests, but in the end the visitors present joined in the "fancy performances" by themselves tumbling into the water. While the company were applauding vehemently the graceful feats of some youthful swimmers, a considerable portion of the platform gave way, and about forty of the visitors were submerged in the baths. The scene was at first of the most painful description. Hats and other articles of clothing were seen floating on the surface of the water, but the forty spectators had disappeared, and for one terrible moment apprehensions were entertained that they were gone forever. In a few seconds, however, "with pale faces and leaden bodies, two elderly-looking gentlemen clasping each other round the waist walked slowly from the water," and gradually the rest of their companions emerged from the bath to the great relief of all who witnessed the catastrophe. All's well that ends well, and, doubtless, as matters turned out, everybody present spent a most enjoyable evening; but it might be as well the next time a swimming exhibition takes place at this establishment that the platform should be made secure, for, as the nights get colder and winter draws on, the immersion of the spectators can hardly fail to be followed by colds or rheumatic attacks, which will more than counterbalance the pleasures of their entertainment.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.—A scene in real life, which might serve a Dumas or a Poe with material for a thrilling story were either of these sensational novelists still living, took place one day last week in the insane asylum at Taunton, Mass. An old lady of eighty, from Providence, went with her daughter to see her son, who has for some time been confined there for insanity from the effects of a wound received during the war. On arriving there the mother was shown into the reception room, and one or two patients and the son were brought into the

same room, when the attendant went out and locked the door. There happened to be in the room at the time a lady who had gone there expecting to secure the release of her husband, but for some reason he could not be discharged on that day. This was a great disappointment to the wife, but the effect upon the husband, when she told him, was terrible. He raged and tore round the room in perfect fury, when the son of the old lady from Providence, who had been quiet up to this time, became alarmed and attacked the infuriated husband. A deadly struggle ensued; and the feelings of the ladies, shut up in a room with two infuriated insane persons, and unable to escape, can hardly be imagined. After a severe tussle the husband seized a club, cut the forehead of the son, making a frightful gash, from which the blood flowed copiously, and then catching him by the throat, he choked him till his face turned purple. He would have killed him, but the old lady, seeing her son's danger, went to the rescue, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in making the husband loose his hold. Fortunately the attendant came in, and a stop was put to the proceedings, though it required five men to secure the disappointed and infuriated man.

MARRYING BY LETTER.—It is not generally known that the late George N. Sanders was formerly a resident of Cincinnati, or its immediate vicinity. About the year 1838, and for some few years previous, George N. Sanders was one of the beaux of Cincinnati society. Of commanding presence and fine education, he was destined to shine in any position in life. But of this it is not our purpose to speak. We rather will deal with the tender side of his nature. He sought the hand of a beautiful young lady, now the wife of one of our principal dry goods merchants, and was rejected. He was not, however, to be baffled so easily. He took considerable pride in some fancy stock he was selling on his farm near the city, and as a compliment to the young lady above mentioned, and probably to advance his interests in that quarter, named a fine young Alderney cow for her, and, at considerable expense, had a celebrated artist that day paint a portrait of the bovine creature, and presented it to the object of his affections with his compliments. It did not have the desired effect, though, for the lady returned the picture, and, as a retaliatory measure, named a fine Berkshire boar, raised on her father's place, "George N. Sanders." For a year or two Mr. Sanders was quite inconsolable, and to mention a Berkshire pig in his presence was enough to arouse his ire and cause a suspension of acquaintance with him. He shortly after subscribed to a journal, or magazine, entitled *The Passion Flower*, published in New York, and became so deeply interested in the editorials, which were of a high order of merit, that he opened a correspondence with the editress, Miss Reed, which eventually became a courtship by letter, and ended in their union, although up to the very day they were married they had never laid eyes on each other.

A LOSING GAME.—A party of such gamblers as infest nearly all Western railroad cars went aboard of Conductor Wilsey's train, on the Michigan Southern road recently; and the *Detroit Free Press* gives a characteristic description of how they fared: At the depot they got in with an old man named Fremont, who lives in Pittsburgh and was on his way home. They pretended to live in Pittsburgh also, and soon after getting on board the train they brought out their cards. Fremont is one of those smart old chaps who think themselves posted, and he knew the game and decided to make some money out of them. He lost \$5, then \$10, and between Detroit and the Junction, \$55. This was all he had, but his blood was up, and he hauled out a heavy gold watch to stake on the next bet, when the conductor passed along. Seeing what was going on, Wilsey told the old man to put up his watch. At this one of the gamblers snatched it, saying, "I have won this," and then looked up at the conductor with a face full of brass. The train had been at a standstill, and as it started the conductor pulled the signal to stop and turned to the gamblers and demanded that they give Fremont back his watch and money. "Not by a — sight," they shouted in chorus. Wilsey "shed" his coat for business, and all the ladies in the car got up and ran out. "Ahi ha!" said one of the gamblers, as the conductor's coat came off, "this is better!" and he pulled out a revolver and lined it on Wilsey's eye. "Commence shooting!" replied the conductor, and out came his own shooting-iron, and for twenty seconds two revolvers were held up into two men's faces, hammers up and fingers on the triggers. The two other gamblers began to feel for their hip pockets, when Wilsey quietly said, "If you don't hold up your hands I'll blow the top of your head off!" They quit feeling, and at that moment a Cleveland merchant and a Toledo lake captain came up, each with a cocked revolver, and demanded to be counted "in." At this the gamblers offered to restore the watch, and when they had done so the conductor made them return the full \$55. "Now, then," said he, when he was through with them, "get off this train! I shall remember you, and if I ever catch one of you on my train again I'll have the engineer run her up to sixty miles an hour and my brakemen will pitch you into the first swamp!" The fellows were ready to go, and as each one passed through the door a piece of calfskin and sole leather struck him under the coat-tails with full swing, materially assisting him to reach the platform with the least possible delay. The ladies were then recalled, revolvers put up, and the train went ahead.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PROTECT CHEST AND SHOULDERS.—Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of the chest and back from the cold is too generally practised, especially among the ladies. To cover the chest alone, most carefully, is not enough; there should be a thick covering between the shoulders.

HOW TO AVOID A COLD.—If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism, with the agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the most practical importance, then, in wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold as how to avoid it. Cold always comes from one cause—some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise or work, or from confinement in a warm apartment.

EATING WHEN SICK.—It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now what can you eat?" Every one has heard of the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion when he was engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece." "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away; pa is sick." When a young man has unfelted in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something! People cannot live without food?" Then comes toast and tea, etc. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating or food than a jaded horse needs a whip. What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation, when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread with cold water for drink. If such a policy were generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession. How many physicians would lack for patients.

PROGRESS OF PATENTS.—The following were the number of applications for patents made to the principal governments of the world in the year 1872, as given in the published statistics of the British Patent office:

| | Number of Patents Applied for in 1872. |
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| United States..... | 18,248 |
| France..... | 4,872 |
| Great Britain..... | 3,970 |
| Belgium..... | 1,921 |
| Austria..... | 922 |
| Canada..... | 671 |
| Italy..... | 521 |
| Saxony..... | 259 |
| Sweden and Norway..... | 200 |
| Bavaria..... | 164 |
| Wurtemberg..... | 141 |
| Baden..... | 118 |
| British India..... | 71 |
| Victoria..... | 60 |
| Prussia..... | 56 |
| New South Wales..... | 42 |
| British Guiana (allowed)..... | 28 |
| Cape of Good Hope, from 1860 to 1869..... | 18 |
| New Zealand..... | 18 |
| Mauritius..... | 11 |
| Ceylon..... | 6 |
| Tasmania..... | 6 |
| Jamaica..... | 4 |

THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.—That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The casebook of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A VERMONT girl sent a postal card to her "feller" on which was written: "You nedunt kum enny moar."

MRS. PARINGTON will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when he was a child, and it nearly killed him.

THE Albany girls have inaugurated a new way of paying for the music at their dances. They all kiss the fiddler. Hundreds of young men are all taking lessons on the violin.

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear on the following evening in three pieces."

BARNUM wants to get a nightmare to exhibit at his museum. Let him eat a mincepie, three sausages, a dozen pickles, a plate of salad, and a few pigs' feet at midnight, and go at once to bed. He will get one of the animals in two hours or less.

A STONE-CUTTER received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead, if she had life till nex friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stan, all things is impossible mit God."

ON the 4th April, 1855, a gentleman on horseback, a native of Aberdeen, was passing through that city, with his servant behind him. "John," said the gentleman, "do you like eggs?" "Yes, sir," said John. There the conversation ended. On the same day next year, master and servant were again passing through Aberdeen on their return. "John," said the gentleman, "how?" "Poached," replied John, instantly.

As a professor was passing out of his recitation-room the other day, a freshman dropped stily into his hat a piece of paper, on which was written, "Monkey." Ticked with his joke, he told it to all his student friends. But at his next recitation, the professor addressed his division in his sweetest tones:—"Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday, one of your number did me the very high honor of leaving with me his card."

THE other day, at a concert in the Champs Elysees, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found sure enough where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting upon it. "Madame," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blindest manner, "Oh, I beg pardon. I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A VIRGINIA city (Nevada) man is said to have invented an ingenious plan of keeping his house clear of insurance agents and similar nuisances. On each side of the path leading to his door he has fixed several sections of water pipe filled with small holes, and on the approach of a suspicious character a tap is turned, and instantly numerous jets of water enfilade the path in all directions, and effectually keep the invader at a safe distance.

A MATCH FOR THEM ALL.—A celebrated doctor, celebrated almost as much for love of good living as for his professional skill, called upon a certain eccentric nobleman, whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time the doctor, receiving no invitation to partake of it, said:

"My dear lord, if I were in your lordship's place, I should say, 'Pray, doctor, do as I am doing!'"

"A thousand pardons for the omission," replied his lordship. "Pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing—go home and eat your dinner!"

A HARD RIDE.—The Colonel, it seems had been recommended to take horseback exercise, for the benefit of his health, by his physician, and accordingly applied at a well-known stable for the animal.

"I want a regular trotting-horse, to ride for my health this afternoon."

"Certainly, Colonel," said the polite proprietor, "a horse to ride for health," and, judging from the customer's physique, gave him one of the hardest trotting horses in the establishment, upon which Barnes mounted and bumped off towards the country.

In about three hours he returned, covered with dust and perspiration, and, with the assistance of one of the hostlers, slowly and painfully dismounted from his steed.

Limping into the stable office, and holding on to the lower part of his back with one hand, he looked into the stable-keeper's inquiring face, and ejaculated simply:

"How much?"

"Three dollars, Colonel," was the reply.

He slowly drew his wallet, and laid down the required sum.

"Shall you want the horse again to-morrow, Colonel?"

"No, I shan't want him to-morrow."

"Perhaps the day after to-morrow?"

"No, I shan't want him any more at all."

"Indeed!" said the stable-keeper, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as he noticed Barnes holding on to his lacerated body; "perhaps the horse don't suit you."

"Oh, yes," said Barnes, quickly, "there's nothing the matter with the horse, he's all right. It's the price I object to."

"Price!" said the stable-keeper, "why, I only charged you three dollars, Colonel, which we consider cheap for the services of the horse all the afternoon."

"Well, I don't," squealed Barnes, rubbing his aching body, "for whenever I want anything of this kind again, I know an Irishman who will mick my behind all day for half the money."