

Jack-knife Surgery.

Gov. Porter, the new minister to Italy, is said to have the same disease in his foot that once troubled the late Vice-President Hendricks. We hope so, if it was not serious. All the city physicians gave Hendricks up, when an old country doctor from up about Goshen called to see and was shown the sore toe. The old man looked at it though his specs, took out his jack-knife and lanced it, and then tied it up in a chew of tobacco. When asked what ailed Hendricks, he replied: "A bifle on his big toe." The toe got well. Gov. Porter should send for that old fellow at once.—*San Francisco, Alta.*

A Stingy Old Millionaire.

James Tyson is at once the wealthiest and the stingiest man in Australia. In a voyage along the Australian coast Tyson slept on deck and munched sandwiches the whole of the way, berth and meals from the ship's resources not being in accordance with his ideas of economy. Lady Brassey was the first to call attention to the existence of an emigrant who has become wealthier than either the Duke of Westminster or the Duke of Devonshire, and who owns more land than the two of them together. Lady Brassey localizes him in Queensland, but he has enormous landed interests in Victoria and New South Wales as well. This twenty-five times millionaire is now 70 years of age, unmarried, and goes about like a day laborer, in the commonest clothes.—*San Francisco Argonaut*

The Fashionable Wood.

Oak finished antique will be as much used as ever in the manufacture of furniture next year. It is the most popular of all the woods, and the demand for it is steady, and no signs of a change in popular favor are apparent. Walnut is nowhere in the race with oak for popularity, and furniture of that richest of all materials, especially for the bedroom, boudoir and dining room, remains in the warehouses uncalled for and in no demand. Mahogany is used now, as it always was and will be, for the finest goods, and cherry takes a high rank, but oak stands first in favor and will continue in the front rank for another year at least, and probably much longer, as there is nothing to take its place. For the cheaper grades of furniture, ash, maple, birch and these woods, with various stains and finishes, continue, as they always will, in favor.—*Scientific American.*

A Strange, Eventful History.

Mlle. Roussel, the once celebrated actress, is about to return to the scene of her first triumphs. Her history is a strange one. During the war she nursed the wounded soldiers, like many other actresses, and her familiarity with pain and death gave her a gloomy view of life. She, however, continued her career, and created the role of Cavallet in Emille Augier's play, but in the Lent of 1876 Pere Didon

preached at Notre Dame, and his sermons imbued her afresh with religious mania. She used to lacerate her flesh like Saint Therese, and looked upon herself as a veritable Magdalen. She conceived a violent dislike for her profession; tried literature, but failed; and eventually entered a convent. This secluded place she left some time ago, being thereunto induced by a young mystic and poet. Latterly she appeared on the stage at Cairo.—*European Letter.*

The Diamond Season.

It is predicted that the London season of 1889 will be one of diamonds. If this be the case, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Bradley Martin will do their fair share toward the brilliancy of the show, to say nothing of Mrs. Mackay and several new stars from the Western hemisphere, who have made preparations to shine in London this season. Among these is Mrs. Kennedy of Boston, who has taken the spacious house of Lord Stanley of Preston in Portland place, and who is to be engineered through the shoals and quicksands of English high life by Lady Mandeville. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, after taking possession of their Belgravia residence, have started on a continental trip, from which they will return to Paris in time for the opening of the exposition, and then spend the remainder of their time abroad in London.—*New York Sun.*

Nothing So High.

"I want to ask you a question," said a man who wore spectacles and looked as though he might be a college professor, "approaching two policemen who were standing on one of the walks of the Battery, with their backs towards the bay, just as it was growing dark.

"Can you tell me if that is the light on the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which I see?" and he gazed away through the naked boughs of the Park trees.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied one of the officers, without looking around.

"Indeed, I could hardly have believed it. This is my first visit to New York, and I have been looking around all day, but that is the most remarkable thing I have seen. It must be a mile from here, is it not?"

"About two miles, sir."

"Is it possible? Two miles, and still appears at such a remarkable height! I had forgotten it was so extremely high—it must be several thousand feet. We certainly have nothing of the kind in Philadelphia."

"It's very high, that's sure," said the policeman, without committing himself to figures.

"Very, very," said the Philadelphian, as he moved away.

A moment later the policeman turned and looked toward the harbor himself.

"Mike," said he, "by the saints, if the hayseed wa'n't lookin' at the star up there, that wa'n't be down these three hours yet! I'll run the granehorn in for a crazy man if I

see him again!" The officer was right; the Philadelphia man had been looking at Venus.—*Texas Siftings.*

Through Three Tongues.

Wednesday in the city court occurred one of the most remarkable linguistic performances ever witnessed in an Atlanta court of justice. It was in the case of Dutto Tumasso, who is suing the Atlanta & West End Street Railway for damages. There was a witness put upon the stand who spoke only French. There was only one interpreter who spoke French, and he spoke only French and Italian. There was only one Italian interpreter, who spoke Italian and English. So the testimony of the witness delivered in French was translated into Italian by the first interpreter, then from Italian into English by the second interpreter, and thus through three tongues reached the judge. Judge Van Epps now sleeps with a lexicon under his pillow.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Shade as an Enricher.

Bill Arp, writing from the *Century Gentleman*, says peavines make a quick and a dense shade, and shade is Dame Nature's great restorer. Just as soon as the wheat or the oats are removed, nature sends up the grass or the weeds right away to shade the exposed ground—to shield it from the burning sun. Peas are better than either, both as shade and food. Shade produces nitrogen, the great food of plants. A canebreak would seem to exhaust the land from the dense, luxuriant growth, but it enriches it. The shade of the canebreak is impenetrable. Brier patches are a dense and luxuriant growth, and they make the land rich. Just so with the growth that always comes in the corners of the old rail fences. Remove the fences and you have rich, fertile soil. Take down an old house or barn, and the soil underneath is equal to a canebreak. Plant a grapevine by the veranda, and the roots will run under the house and feast upon the nitrogen that the shade has made. Put down some old planks between your strawberry rows, and see how soon the roots will take refuge there and make more vigorous plants. Even the old stones make shade that gives nourishment to plants. Of course there is no plant-food in a stone or rock, but see how vines and trees grow near to stone walls and piles of rock. The falling leaves that cover the ground do more for their shade to preserve it than from the plant-food that is in a dead leaf. See how quickly potatoes will sprout in a dark cellar. Night, dark night, is the universal restorer of all vegetation—the generator of plant-food.—*Ex.*

A Whisky-drinking Snake.

Mr. Owen Hatch, who keeps a small grocery store in this neighborhood, can vouch for the truth of this: Mr. Hatch sells liquor as well as family groceries. Keeping only a small stock of liquor on hand, he