

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

There are a thousand blossoms to every bushel of apples.

The annual silver product of the world is about 90,000,000 ounces.

Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

The growth of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than that of the left.

The negroes in the United States now pay taxes on \$264,000,000 worth of property.

Recent calculations upon the pace of the sun place it at about forty miles per second.

From 1859 to 1890 Colorado produced \$300,000,000 worth of gold, silver, copper and lead.

In Turkey alcoholic diseases are rare, but diseases from tobacco are extremely plentiful.

There are 20,000,000 dogs in the United States and it costs \$200,000 per annum to keep them.

More than half a million dollars' worth of gold is used every year for the purpose of filling teeth.

Horseflesh is used as human food in Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland and also in several parts of Italy.

Vienna is Wien to its own citizens; while the country of which it is the capital is not Austria, but Oesterreich.

A steam roller in Vienna is worked with perfectly smokeless fuel called massute, composed of the liquid residuum of petroleum refineries.

Etc. and etc. are both abbreviations of the Latin words *et cetera*, meaning "and the rest," "and so forth," "and so on," or "and the like."

The character £ for pounds sterling is merely a capital L with a mark drawn across it, and represents the corresponding Latin word *Libra*—pounds.

The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire, while singing her favorite song, to ward off evil spirits.

The Union Jack consists of three united crosses—that of St. George for England, the saltire of St. Andrew for Scotland, and the cross of St. Patrick for Ireland.

Consumption and the tubercular diseases in general, while not entirely unknown among the Jews, are admitted by all authorities to be extremely rare.

Lobsters often travel in regiments, seeking new feeding grounds. Their migrating armies are always led by the biggest and strongest ones, while the maimed and weakly struggle along behind.

It is not generally known that M. Pasteur is an "unlicensed practitioner," and cannot even put a lancet into a man's arm. He has to keep a surgeon to do this for him, in order to comply with the law.

"Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which the organ is required to perform.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born into the world each year, or about seventy per minute. A line of cradles containing them would extend around the world unbroken.

In ancient times, when all the planets and constellations were regarded as gods, it was customary for the founders of cities to place them under certain tutelary deities, who were really none other than those constellations personified.

The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fourth of the weight of the body.

A French Royalist journal gives the number of the dukes in France as 62. Of these 30 date from the old monarchy, 17 from the first empire, 9 from the restoration, 2 from Louis Philippe and 4 from the second empire. The oldest duke is Duc de Mortemart, who was born in 1794, and the youngest the Duc de Guiche, who was born in 1879.

In 1860 there were published in New York 19 daily papers, besides 42 weeklies, semi-weeklies and monthly periodicals. During the 25 years ending with 1885, 1,491 new papers were started in New York, including 60 dailies and 611 weeklies. Of these papers 1,105 died before the end of the 25 years, leaving a percentage of about 33 per cent. surviving. This is a remarkably heavy mortality. Among the weeklies 460 died, 55 of them in less than a year and 108 in less than two years.

Professor Huxley's food table tells how many grains per day each average man of 154 pound weight should consume of solid food. Of lean beefsteak he should have 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,000 grains. A man of the weight mentioned above will have 68 pounds of muscles and their appendages; his bones will weigh 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood, 7 pounds.

The word "honeymoon" is traceable to Teutonic origin. Among the Teutons was a favorite drink, called "methueglin." It was made of mead and honey, and was like that of the European countries. These honeyed drinks were used more especially

at marriage festivals, which were kept up among the nobility one lunar month, the festive board being well supplied with methueglin. "Honahmoon" signified the moon or moonath of the marriage festival. Alaric, the Goth, celebrated by Southey's poem, died on his wedding night from too free indulgence in the honeyed drink.

## "PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"I have lost my heart," he whispered, gazing in her lovely eyes; "But the maiden coldly answered: 'Why don't you advertise?'"

Why is it said that the doctor pays visits, when every one knows that it is the visits which pay the doctor?—Baltimore American.

Stage manager—"Well, how do you expect to raise the wind?" Hard-up actor—"By puffs in the papers."—New York Journal.

Forgetful.—Guest—"Waiter, you forget yourself." Waiter (grumpily)—"Well, that is because you never remember me."—New York Herald.

He (very tenderly)—"Darling, you are the only girl I ever loved." She (coquettishly)—"Oh, pshaw! You can't imagine how much fun you have missed."—Judge.

Merritt—"I thought the old man would have come down handsomely. Wasn't your wife his favorite daughter?" Penfield—"She was before she married me."—Life.

"Did you see father, Harry?" she asked. "Yes; I told him I had been courting you and—" "Well, what did he do?" "He set aside the decree of the court."—Washington Star.

Scene: A family boarding house. Time: Sunday evening. "You are not eating any chicken, M. Lemachin?" "No, madame, thanks; I never work on Sundays."—Masque de Fer.

Still in the Ring—"Are you still engaged?" asked the old friend, who had not seen the dear girl for some time. "Oh, yes," she answered, "but it's to another man."—Harper's Bazar.

Sly Dog—"I had to jump on Sue with both feet," said Miss Scadds. "That wouldn't hurt her," replied young Hunker. "Your feet are so small." Now she smiles on him.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Stinter (examining some accounts on his desk)—"I think I prefer the courting to the wedded days. Then there was alternate billing and cooing, now it seems about all 'biling'."—Boston Courier.

She—"Who's that swell young man over there?" He—"Oh, that's Malby, and he's a corker." She—"I beg your pardon?" He—"A corker, don't you know? Works in a beer bottling establishment."

Two years after marriage. She what a pleasure it is Henry, to read over our old love letters." He—"Yes, positively amusing." She—"And to think that I once loved this brute!"

Jacques Bonhomme—"I care not for ze honaires of society, though my father was one of ze chevaliers of France." William Reilly—"I agree wid yez, an' me fayther was one of de shovellers of de Sixty Ward."

"Are you the master of this house?" asked a stranger, addressing the young married man. "No," said the young married man, with a deep sigh, "my wife has just taken the master up stairs to nurse him."

Miss Elder—"Now, Mr. Dolley, you are surely not one of those who think that a woman can not keep a secret." Dolley—"Certainly not, Miss Elder. Quite the contrary. I never heard of your giving your age away."

Goslin (quoting)—"All the world loves a lover." Dolley—"I'm not so sure about that. I, for one, hate young Hunker."

"What's the matter with Hunker?" "Well, he's in love with Miss Scadds, and she seems to prefer his attentions to mine."

"Just see how the chickens mind the old hen, Robby?" said Mrs. Norris to her son. "Watch them run to her when she calls them."

"I suppose she sat on them when they were little," remarked the infant phenomenon, reflectively.—Kate Field's Washington.

Young lady—"The musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it?" Janitor—"No, mum; the musical conservatory is about two blocks down street." Young lady (doubtfully)—"I—I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the musical conservatory is not here?" Janitor—"Yes'm. 'Nother here but dentists' offices, mum."—New York Weekly.

Deaf and dumb beggar (unexpectedly receiving a quarter): "Oh, thankee, thankee!" Benevolent passer: "Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk!" Beggar (in confusion): "Yes, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only holdin' this corner for the poor deaf and dumb man what belongs here." Benevolent passer (quickly): "Where is he?" Beggar (in worse confusion): "He's—he's gone to the park t' hear the music."—Good News.

Judge—You are charged with stealing a chicken from Col. Smith's coop. Are you guilty or not guilty? Prisoner—"Not guilty, yo' honor." Judge—"Didn't you steal the colonel's chickens?" Prisoner—"Nebbah, sah." Judge—"Well, what were you doing in his hen-house at midnight?" Prisoner—"Jes a prospectin' for a fat goose I tought wuz dar, sah. But I nebbah tuch hit, sah. It wuzn't dar when I called fer hit, sah, so he'p me goodness, boss."

Bearded stranger—"Madam, you may not recognize me, but years ago, when but a child, I lived next door, and one day in my childish romps I lost a button from my coat. I had no money, as you know, and shall I ever forget, madam, that you took me in and sewed another button on for me. Ah, madam (brushing away a tear), through all these years I have treasured that little button as a sacred relic, and here it is." Kind lady—"Well, my good man, what can I do for you now?" Bearded stranger—"All I need is another coat."—Clothes and Furnisher.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell sends a new wreath to her husband's grave every week.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, is worth \$600,000.

The Prince of Wales has the finest collection of tobacco pipes in the world. It includes every variety of pipe from the humble cornob to elegantly carved silver bowls.

J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston, pays \$200,000 a year in city taxes. As most of his property is in real estate, he can't dodge the collector as so many Bostonians do on one pretext or another.

The wife of Russel Sage is a philanthropist of the practical description. She is in the early sixties, but her years despite a very busy life, sit lightly upon her. She is about the medium height, rather slightly built, and her manners are gracious and charming. Her hair is grey and so are her eyes. She dresses in deep mourning out of respect to the memory of her mother. She wears no jewelry, it is a simple gold pin clasped at the throat is excepted.

A very warm friend and favorite of the little King of Spain is Count Morphi, who was the private secretary of his father, and who now continues to act in the same capacity to the queen regent. Count Morphi, whose name is evidently a Spanish corruption of the familiar Hibernian patronymic of Murphy, is married to an Austrian lady, and is one of the most talented amateur musicians of the present day. He is an elderly man, and is thoroughly devoted to the wife and children of his former master.

General Booth's daughter, "La Marechalaise," who is in command of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland, and is now proselyting in this country, is a tall, slender, and very graceful girl with a fresh English face, to which the blue bonnet of her order lends an additional attractiveness. She possesses an indomitable spirit, as was shown by the influence she exerted over the rough *canaille* of Paris who attended her meetings. Altogether, she is a most picturesque character for the nineteenth century—a Joan of Arc in time of peace.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now 80 years of age, is said to be failing rapidly. She has failed very much of late, and her mind is so clouded that she cannot talk consecutively on any subject. She is not confined to her room and does not require a physician's care, but her friends are apprehensive that the end is not far off. A great many letters still come to her, but these she does not see. She is constantly under surveillance. Her last days are made as pleasant as wealth and kind friends can make them, but she seems to know nothing of what is going on about her, and, indeed, is almost as helpless as a child.

This is how Sir Edwin Arnold entered journalism thirty years ago. He had returned to England from India, where he had held a lucrative office, and was stopping at a south coast resort. One day he read in the *Athenaeum* a criticism of one of his literary efforts, and while reading the periodical he stumbled upon an advertisement: "Wanted—A new leader writer for a new liberal daily newspaper." He sent his application. An offer came, and his wife, who objected to returning to India, where she had lost a son, urged him to accept. He did so. His salary was \$2,500 a year, and before three months had passed it was increased to \$5,000, and so he stayed in journalism.

Miss Ada Rehan, the popular actress, rose from the ranks as a little Irish girl intensely thankful to play in pantomimes and finally to get a line to say, and her name is a theatrical softening of a not uncommon Hibernian patronymic. She talks very frankly and unaffectedly to her friends of the old days of struggle and hardship, and she has been an ideal daughter in filial devotion and care for her parents. Miss Rehan's father died some time ago and an intimate friend told me that never on the stage had the actress done anything so grandly pathetic as the unconscious pose of heart-broken grief in which she fell on her knees beside her father's coffin and buried her head against the outstretched arms with which she clasped it in a passion of tears.

There is one story of Jenny Lind which I always recall with entire confidence in its truth, because it ought to be true, says a writer. After her return from her American triumph she was in Italy and went one day from Florence to the Convent of Vallombrosa, to which the young Milton went on his travels. When she came to the chapel of monks, with courteous and deprecating regret, told her that no woman could enter. She smiled as she said: "Perhaps if you knew who I am you would let me in." "And who might the gracious lady be?" asked the monks. But when she said, "I am Jenny Lind," every head bowed and the doors were flung wide open. Then when she seated herself at the organ and sang where Milton had sat and played, I can imagine the heavenly vision that floated before the minds of the monks and that they crossed themselves reverently as they listened and believed that St. Cecilia had descended.

Commodore Vanderbilt spent the last days of his life in a great big old house that stood in that aristocratic portion of New York City, Washington Square, and he had married for a second wife a sweet young woman of the south. He was anxious to write a will over which there could be no disagreeing when he should have passed away. When the will was completed it was submitted to several brilliant and high-priced legal lights, among whom was William M. Everts, and they all, for fees of \$10,000 or thereabouts, pronounced the document unimpeachable. But the will remained a subject of uneasiness to the commodore, and one day he was told of a young lawyer who had been in the office of the Register of Wills for some years, and who was something of an expert in the matter of wills. "Send him a copy of mine and a small fee!" It was done. And the young man in going over the paper found a flaw, and reported it. The discovery was referred to the legal lights before mentioned, and they all agreed that the point was well taken. The breach was healed, and there was no legal controversy over the Vanderbilt millions.

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