

HOW TRUNKS ARE SMASHED.

Saratogas Which Contain Whisky, Powder, Cartridges, and Eggs.

"Why is it that so many more trunks are smashed on railroads in the United States than in any other country?" asked a reporter of a baggage master as the latter was trying to explain to an irate passenger, who was gazing sadly at the ragged condition of his trunk.

"It's partly on account of quick transfers," he said, "but chiefly the fault lies with the owner of the trunk. It is true we sometimes handle baggage roughly, but we have to do so in order to make all connections. Sometimes we have only a few minutes to transfer a large amount of baggage from a through express train to half a dozen others."

"Well, but that ought not to wreck a trunk unless you fire it down several feet or jump on it," put in the irate passenger, looking daggers at the baggage master.

"Oh, you give us a rest," replied the man of baggage. "Half the trunks are not fastened properly, and very often the hinges are loose and will give way entirely to the slightest jar. Then the locks and catches are made of cast iron and break off easily. But the greatest fault with people is that they pack their trunks too full. This is especially the case with ladies. This morning one of them opened her trunk to put in a package, and it took four men, two sitting on the trunk and two to force the lid down to lock it. Again, the trunks are often very poorly made. Zinc-covered trunks are the worse. Sole leather trunks are the best, as they are pliable and not likely to give way if roughly handled."

"Did you ever see anything curious among the contents of a broken trunk?"

"Yes. It would surprise you to know of the things that travelers will insist on piling into their trunks. The other day an insufferable odor pervaded the in-bound baggage room. An investigation showed that it came from a trunk which had been lying in the room for several days. It was broken open and the odor was found to come from eggs which had been broken. It was a woman's trunk, and she had been on a visit to the country."

"Don't they ever make a fuss when you break open their trunks?"

"They usually kick up a row, but we are used to that; but they hardly ever sue for damages."

Baron Humboldt gives the following description of this tree:

"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dried and dead; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children and you might fancy, as the father returned home with the milk, you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk obtained by incision made in the trunk is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, of an agreeable and balsamic smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash. We drank the milk in the evening before we went to bed, and early in the morning, without experiencing a single effect."

"I'm coming to the best of all if you will only give me time. Men going on a hunting excursion will carry powder and cartridges in their trunks. Last winter we were unloading a car of baggage from the west and a number of cartridges fell out. A moment afterward a package fell on them and they exploded. At the same time a stick fell from the top of the baggage car and hit one of the 'baggagers' on the head. He yelled: 'I'm shot,' and would not believe otherwise until we showed him where the bullet had lodged in the top of the car."

"American trunks, as a rule, are the poorest and most easily wrecked, I suppose?"

"That's where you're wrong. The American trunks are the strongest and best that we handle. The poorest are those of immigrants, who will insist on having a huge padlock attached, which catches against everything, and causes these foreigners to have more broken baggage than any other class of travelers."

"Did you ever know of a 'bagger' to smash his own trunk?"

"But here an express train arrived and the conversation came to an end.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

The Suburbs of Mexico.

The attractions of Tacubaya and San Angel are their pure air and lovely gardens filled with magnificent trees. With a little care the trees and plants of all climes grow here side by side. The houses have windows with iron bars and sashes with glass (opening in French fashion) on the street, but the large gardens are in the rear on one side of them. A few gardens have large iron gates. Those of Mier, Barron, and Escandon families are handsome, and that of Mier, at the entrance to the "Calle Real," is really monumental.

Pines, elms, poplar, and willow, apple, and peach trees grow in fraternal neighborhood with the palm, the banana, and the cactus. Fuchsias, lilies, violets, heliotropes, pansies, honeysuckles, and geraniums flower all the year round. The geraniums grow to an immense height (I have seen walls covered with them to the height of twelve and sixteen feet) on espaliers, like apricots and grapes. Their flowers are of many varieties and shades, from pure white and light pink to the richest crimson, purple, and lilac, and some are variegated with these tints; their shapes vary from the "rose" to the "cinq-feuilles." The calla-lily flowers exuberantly in the shade of the trees, above which the aromatic eucalyptus rears its head far beyond the pines, and then throws out immense branches.

Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Arnold is especially an author who should be read, and the disparity between his easy mastery in his natural position as an essayist and the inadequacy of his public address explains much of the kind of disappointment which, with all the admiration and even affection with which he was regarded, he produced upon this side of the water. The image of a cultivated scholar, who, with incomparably felicity of expression and an unsurpassed lightness of exact touch, poises and points and shades and exquisitely colors his thought, so that the whole effect is that of smiling supremacy and unchallenged command, was quite lost in the public speaker, although the substance of the discourse, as in the opening of the paper upon Emerson, and in the motive and upon treatment of that upon numbers, was very

characteristic. Mr. Arnold, indeed, is purely a man of letters, versed in the great works of literature, a sagacious observer of the currents of cultivated thought in his own time, a critic of large and generous sympathies, with complete intellectual independence in moral discussion, judging literary and mental achievement by well-defined canons. He is master of the art of arts in literary and moral criticism, the art of "putting things," which is simply the gift of saying what he has to say in a manner which commands attention.—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine*.

The Sandi, or Cow Tree.

Coasting along the banks of the Ucayali the sight of a sandi tree inspired me with a sudden desire to tap its trunk and draw some of its curious sap. Taking a hatchet and gourd in hand, I pushed the pirogue to the shore and struck for the stoutest of the milk-bearers. I dealt a blow with all my strength; in a moment the milk appeared at the lips of the wound, and, after beginning to drop slowly, soon flowed in a snowy stream, contrasting as it fell with the velvety green of the moss and the reddish-brown of the soil. I admired the picture for a moment, then held my gourd to receive it, and as it filled, tasted the milky sap.

This thick, white, and creamy milk, soon turns yellowish on exposure to the air, and hardens in a few hours. Although at first very sweet to the taste, it leaves in the mouth a bitter and disagreeable taste; but the intoxicating and narcotic effects ascribed to it exists only in the imagination of wonder-lovers. We tried it several times simply to test its effects, but beyond its unpalatable after-taste, the bitterness of repentance after the allurement of sin, we perceived no inconvenience except that of a tendency to glue our mouth firmly, a tendency which induced us to rinse the mouth with water at once. As a milk for scolds, we could recommend it. It would insure silence and time for repentance.

As to the nutritious qualities, I have my grave doubts; in the interior, at all events, I saw it applied to no use except that of forming with lamp-black a kind of pitch for their canoes, although it is used successfully as an astringent in cases of dysentery.

On the whole, however, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of Humboldt's description.

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MASON & HAMLIN commenced as melodeon makers in 1854. They soon introduced the improved instrument now known as the organ, or American organ, as it is termed in Europe. The new instrument proved so superior that it soon took the place of every organ in the country, being adopted and manufactured by all who had previously made melodeons, and many others were induced to commence the business by the rapidly growing demand. Now about 80,000 American organs are made and sold yearly. Those by the Mason & Hamlin Company have always stood at the head, being acknowledged the best. The same makers are now producing upright pianofortes, which, they believe, are destined to rank as high as their organs have done.—*Boston Traveller*.

She Caught On Quite Readily.

"Why this sadness, Henry?" she asked across the cosy tea table the other evening.

"Nellie, prepare yourself to hear bad news."

"W—what is it?"

"Oh! Henry!"

"I have failed!"

"No!"

"Yes, indeed."

"For how much?"

"For \$50,000."

"Oh! I'm so glad, glad, glad! I am, of course, a preferred creditor for at least \$40,000 of it, and now we'll have a home of our own, and we'll furnish it in the cosiest manner, and we shall come to live with us, and—and—oh! what a dear good husband you are!"—*Wall Street News*.

Cultivate Flowers.

Our climate and soil are well adapted to the production of the choicest varieties of flowers, yet we Americans are shamefully deficient in this respect compared with England and France. Everywhere in England—in the farm-houses, in the cottages, in towns and city—flowers abound at all times. You see them in the doorways, in the windows, running and blooming vines, from the basement to the fourth story of houses. We hardly ever see anything of the kind in this country. It should be one of the objects of society to promote a greater love for flowers, and the more extensive cultivation of them.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for three dollars. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THINGS have come to such a pass, remarks the *Philadelphia Call*, that even the milk of human kindness is badly adulterated.

THE FREQUENTLY RECOMMENDED.—Mr. H. C. Mooney, of Astoria, Ill., writes us that Allen's Lung Balsam, which he has sold for fifteen years, sells better than any other cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. "Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here.

FAITHFULNESS is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary in getting a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balsam, and take it faithfully according to direction, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists.

The Boy-Soldier.

It was charged upon Napoleon, during his last campaign, that he had rifled the cradles of France to fill up his army. Yet these French infants fought at Waterloo with the courage of veterans.

During our own civil war, boys served in the ranks of both armies, and showed themselves heroes. The cool, unflinching courage of the "Drummer Boy of Chattanooga" has become historical, and the following anecdote, taken from "Blue and Gray," displays the grit of a Confederate lad of 16:

During the battle of Chancellorsville, Confederate major met a lad returning from the front. His arm, held by shreds of flesh, was dangling from the elbow.

"Mister," said the boy to the officer, "can't you cut this thing off?" It keeps knocking against the trees, and is mighty in my way."

The major dismounted, cut off the useless limb, and tied a strip of his blouse around the stump to stop the bleeding. "What regiment do you belong to?" he asked his thankful patient.

"I belong to that North Carolina Regiment in there," answered the lad, pointing to where the battle was raging. "I'm just 16, and this is my first fight. Don't you think it is hard that I should get hit the first time? I ever was in a battle? We drove them out of one line of breastworks, and I was on the top of the second, when I got hit. But, oh, how we did make 'em git!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Facts Relating to the Draft Horses of France.

While some people in America call all horses imported from France Normans, it is a fact that there is no breed in France called by that name by the French people; the name Norman, therefore, is purely American. The principal breeds of France are known as Percherons and Boulonnais. The Percherons are the most highly prized of all French races, and all departments of France go to the Perche for stallions to improve their local breeds. The Percheron Stud Book of France is published under the authority of the French Government, and admits only animals of pure Percheron origin and birth, established by their pedigrees and the pedigrees of their ancestors for generations. The fact that no recorded pedigrees can be furnished with any of the more common breeds of France, explains the eagerness of many importers in insisting that all horses imported from France are alike, and that pedigrees are useless.

It is a well-known fact that what a man gives for a horse over from \$500 to \$800—the price of a good grade—is paid for purity of blood; and where the seller is not able to give the recorded pedigree of the animal sold as evidence of additional value, he has no right to ask it.

With these facts before him, no intelligent man will buy a horse imported from France unless he is recorded with his pedigree in full in the stud book in France, and the importer furnishes with his bill of sale the French certificate of registration, as this is his only guarantee of safety, a large number of horses of unknown blood being imported to this country and sold as pure bred.

Advice to Young Writers.

I do not generally advise young men to monkey with literature, but you seem to have been moderately successful so far, and it might be well to give it a thorough trial.

You should use great care, however, in selecting the field of literature which you intend to pursue in.

Do not be a humorist! If you are a humorist everybody else will have more fun out of it than you will.

You will make some money out of it if you get the genuine affluvia, but you won't have any fun. It is all a misfortune. I am acquainted with one, and he says he has not smiled since he lost his twins. Once I heard of a humorist who had laughed twice in one summer, and I hunted him out.

He was not a humorist, but had some other trouble, the name of which has escaped my mind.—*Bill Nye*.

Outward Bound

Voyagers, intending emigrants to the far West, mariners, and commercial travelers, should, as a preliminary to a tour or business journey, provide themselves with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the traveler's surest safeguard against peril to health incurred in transitu. Traveling under the most favorable circumstances is always fatiguing, and fatigue is prejudicial to health when correspondent rest is unattainable.

The Bitters counteract bodily fatigue and mental worry, neutralize the effects of bad food, easily swallowed; when mixed with water or douches, purifies it, and its purifying effects, meets the system for assimilation, and is of especial benefit to invalid travelers, who often suffer severely during and after even short journeys. Persons who use it for sea sickness find that it promptly terminates the retching incident to that complaint, and speedily puts them on what sailors call their "sea legs."

A Very Happy Man.

"In your opinion, my dear," said a wife to her husband, "who was the happiest man that ever lived?"

"Adam, undoubtedly," he replied.

"You mean, of course, that he must have been very happy until he was turned out of the garden."

"No; I mean that he must have been very happy until Eve came."

THE Studio makes the following suggestion to those who wish to buy pictures: "Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated,' or 'educated,' or how great an 'authority' he or she may be." This is somewhat startling, coming from a studio devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reasons therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then "try it by living with it," if it be really good "it will help the purchaser to get something as good or, if it may be, better the next time." The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense.—*The Current*.

HEADACHE is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

"Buchu-Paiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases, \$1.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Piso's Remedy will give you a night's rest.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, festers, salt rheum, frosty feet, chilblains, &c.

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world.

"Rough on Rats"—Clears out rats, mice, fleas, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks, &c.

BIG PAY TO sell our rubber hand stamps. Terms fine. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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A my man or woman making \$250 weekly, send me for circulars, \$10 monthly, good workers. Kingston & Co., 26 LaSalle St., Chicago.

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A GENTLEMAN WANTED for the best and most popular Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 20 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

DR. SMITH'S GERMAN WORM REMEDY.

Never failing. Pleasant and safe. J. A. KING & CO., Chicago, wholesale agents.

FAITHFULNESS is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary in getting a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balsam, and take it faithfully according to direction, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists.

"Delays Are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, splitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—till you are past cure; for, taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

THE most appropriate pastry for a free-lunch counter—sponge cake.—Philadelphia Call.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like a dog; and mouthfuls of mucus come out the way he hums and snorts is disgusting."

"Don