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Office in Bee Hive Block. Residence,
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R. J. HUGHES & CO.
Keep constantly on hand a full line of

Agricultural Implements,
Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies, Road Carts and
all kinds of Spring and Lumber Wagons
In such grades as can be Fully
Warranted, all at Reason-
able Prices.

NO SHODDY GOODS KEPT IN STOCK.

We have the latest in Corn Tools, Best Machine
Oils and Window Glass. Agents for the

Walter A. Woods
MOWERS and HAY RAKES,
—and the new—

SINGLE APRON HARVESTER
AND BINDER,
And for Threshing Machines and Engines.

We handle the Well Known

Yankee Gang Plow,
The Lightest Draught Plow in the Market. 12

RETURN THEM.
The gentleman who, while taking
a beef to my slaughter house, broke
his double-trees and employed one
of my sons to borrow others for
him, will please deliver the same at
my shop in Wahpeton, it being un-
necessary to mention name.

W. N. NORTHEY.

The Wahpeton Times.

Vol. 11. Wahpeton, Richland Co. North Dakota, Thursday, July 4, 1889. No. 14.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wheat is 85 and 78 cents.
Saturday, Sunday and Monday
were scorcher sure enough.

The splendid rains of the past
week are making the farmers smile.
The finest lot of flags and fire-
works in the city at the Magnet. 1t.

Call at the Magnet and see the
splendid display of flags and fire-
works.

Voves Bros. are nicely fixed and
are making at present five brands of
fine cigars.

Photographs of the Reliance hose
team are now on sale at Jno. Ship-
pam's office.

There is a large stock of black-
smith's coal on hand at Gull River
Lumber Co's.

Conductor Frank Miller of Grand
Forks was visiting friends in Wah-
peton this week.

Clark Comstock is now nicely
settled in his new quarters in the
Durbellay building.

Henry Valke, who has been at
Glencoe, Minn., for the past two
weeks, returned last night.

Work on the new mill goes right
on and it will be a credit to the city
when finished and in operation.

Wright Orcutt was called to his
old home at St. Cloud, Minn., last
week by the death of his brother.

White lime for whitewashing,
ready made window frames and
screen doors at Gull River Lumber
Co's.

The brickwork on Willard's new
meat market is nearing completion,
but is delayed somewhat on account
of the rain.

The Wahpeton base ball team went
to Aberdeen yesterday where they
will play to-day. Eagan and Ross
will be the battery for Wahpeton.

We don't care about continuing
in the paint trade, and will close
out a stock of ready mixed, cheap, at
the Gull River Lumber Co's.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Chambers'
Encyclopedia, complete in eight
handsomely bound volumes, fully
illustrated. Inquire at this office.

Monday's St. Paul Globe said that
the Killen combination would start
for Wahpeton Tuesday morning, but
it has not materialized up to the
present time.

Excursion tickets will be sold on
Milwaukee road to all stations at
one fare for the round trip. Tickets
on sale July 31 and 4th, good to
return July 5th.

R. A. Sheppard of Kingsley &
Sheppard, lawyers of Austin, Min-
nesota, paid The Times a pleasant
call Saturday. Mr. Sheppard was
out here on legal business.

Tickets to all points on the St. P.
M. & M. line within a distance of
300 miles at one fare for round trip.
Tickets on sale July 21, 31 and 4th,
limited to return July 5th.

Dry pine slabs, sawed and split
stove wood, lime, cement, plastering
hair, smithing coal, tamarac
posts, barn and roof paints on hand
at Gull River Lumber Co's.

Mrs. Garret returned home from
Lake City Sunday morning, ac-
companied by Mrs. Charles Wise,
who will visit here a few days and
then go on to Ransom county for a
few days visit.

Rev. Chas. W. Wilcox, foreign
Missionary of Natal, Africa, who is
back in the United States on a short
vacation and business, called upon
his friend Rev. J. M. LaBach, this
week. He is on his way east.

We noticed a wagon load of stur-
geon in front of Willard's meat
market the other day, not one of
which would weigh under fifty
pounds, and some a great deal more.
They were caught in the Red river.

The N. P. will sell round trip
tickets to St. Paul and return for
one and one-third fare on July 8th,
9th, 10th and 11th, good to return
the 13th, on account of the summer
meeting of the St. Paul Driving
Club.

Judge McConnell granted the ap-
plication for a receiver for the Bank
of Wahpeton, and appointed B. L.
Bogart to the position. W. E. Pur-
cell represented the disinterested
ones and S. H. Snyder the persons
who were satisfied with the original
assignee.

Father Schells of Barnesville, in
this city Tuesday, paid The Times
a pleasant call, accompanied by the
Rev. Fr. Albrecht. Father Schells
will attend the McCauleyville sta-
tion in the future instead of Father
Albrecht, latter having all he can do
in other directions.

Mr. Tonn, of the firm of Wagner
& Tonn of this city, was indicted by
the grand jury of Traill county for
running a blind pig at Blanchard,
that county, and this week he was
arrested here but immediately gave
bonds for his appearance in court
in Traill county when wanted.

Call at the McCormick stand on
5th street for McCormick machines,
twine, extras and repairs, lumber,
sash, doors, mouldings, door and
window frames, Marblehead white
lime, hair, brick, cement, plaster
etc. Special low prices on carload
lots. 12tf SCHULER BROS.

Professor Fort, Wahpeton's new
principal, has been in the city this
week, looking over the grounds and
getting acquainted with our people.

The professor's family is still at Ma-
quoketa, Iowa, but he will remove
the same to Wahpeton about school
time, September first.

From June 30th to July 14th, in-
clusive, the Northern Pacific will
sell round trip tickets, Wahpeton
to Nashville, Tenn., for \$32.75 good
returning not later than Sept. 14th.

This is to enable people to attend
meeting of National Educational
Association. Rate open to all.

Our good friend Charles Wise of
Lake City, favors us with a beauti-
fully mounted deer's head, he hav-
ing captured the deer ranger on the
upper Flambeau river, Wisconsin.

For a dozen or fifteen seasons Mr.
Wise and party have gone into the
upper county for deer, and the party
is famous for its success.

The sisters of the Catholic school
departed for St. Joseph, Minnesota,
Tuesday, and we noticed that many
of the little girls of their school ac-
companied them to Breckenridge on
their departure, and were affection-
ately bidden good bye. These esti-
mable teachers and their scholars
enjoyed a picnic on Island Park Mon-
day.

The following excursion rates
will be in effect on the Northern
Pacific for 4th of July, 1889: Be-
tween local points in Wisconsin,
Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho,
Washington and Oregon, one fare
for the round trip for distance of
300 miles or less. Tickets on sale
July 2, 3 and 4, good to return the
fifth.

W. M. D. Mottis, a registered
veterinary surgeon, recently of Min-
neapolis, is now located in Wahpe-
ton, at the Commercial Hotel where
he may always be found ready to
treat and cure all diseases the horse
is subject to. Examination free at
his office at the hotel above named.
Call on the doctor if your horse is
sick.

Last Sunday a farmer named Wm.
Skogel, living near Wolverton, Min-
nesota, committed suicide by drown-
ing himself in a well. It seems he
had been insane for some time. The
well was a bored one, only twenty
inches across with two inch plank
curbing, making a hole only sixteen
inches across, and the man who is
not small by any means, had crowded
himself down head first thirty-two
feet until he struck the water when
he was drowned. It took several
men to pull the body out.

The following officers were in-
stalled at the meeting of the I. O. O.
F. Tuesday evening: S. DeLong, N.
G.; Joseph Harff, V. G.; John Ship-
pam, P. G.; J. H. Kennerson, W.;
Freeman Orcutt, C.; David Purdon,
I. G.; James Purdon, S. H. Snyder,
T. M. H. Morrill, O. G.; Wm.
Minnis, R. S. N. G.; W. C. Hott, L.
S. N. G.; O. H. Perry, R. S. V. G.;
C. K. Farnsworth, R. S. S.; Chas.
Damerel, L. S. S. The installation
was conducted in good shape by
David Purdon, District Deputy.

At the regular monthly meeting
of the Mazepa H. and L. Co., the
champions, the following officers
were elected: John Stanton, fore-
man; John Smith, first assistant;
John Kuschner, second assistant;
H. L. Eastman, secretary; C. J.
Farley, treasurer; Joseph Harff,
Leonard Schott, Frank Farley,
retiring foreman made a neat little
speech to the boys, as did also John
Stanton, his successor. This is a
good set of officers. Mr. Stanton
was the captain of the running team
that carried off the honors at the
Fargo tournament and he will see
that the boys get to the front at the
next tournament at Devils Lake.

AND HE GETS MARRIED.
Of all the weddings that have oc-
curred in the Flour City during the
days when H. O. Morrison and
Judge Atwater were not old citizens
down to the present day, there will
be one next Tuesday that will sur-
pass them all in point of novelty.
It will be a wedding in which is
intermingled a marked degree of
Divine providence and reformed
wed west individuality, along with
the orange blossoms and bridesmaids
and customary ceremonies.

Capt. C. W. Hiltz—"The cowboy
preacher," of Storm Lake, Ia., will
represent that portion of the bridal
party designated in ordinary mar-
riage ceremonies as the groom,
while Miss Alice M. Barrett, of
Minneapolis, will be the "better half"
after the knot is tied, despite the
fact that her affianced is an Evan-
gelist of extraordinary qualities.

Miss Barrett is a Minneapolis young
lady, and the marriage ceremony
will be performed at the home of
her mother, 1626 Sixth street south-
east.—St. Paul Globe.

This is the fellow with the bull-
dog countenance who used to peddle
tracts around Wahpeton when Rev.
B. S. Taylor was pastor of the
Methodist church here. The Globe
takes up a column in giving the
history of the life of this "reformed
cowboy" as he calls himself.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of the Dakota Globe:
The editor of the Dakota Globe in
his issue of June 27, perpetrates the
following item:

"It was an edifying sight, Mon-
day, to see a bus full of city officials
and saloonkeepers driving from sa-
loon to saloon drinking beer. Wah-
peton has run altogether to much
toward whiskey and beer of late, and
a revulsion of feeling is setting in
that will sweep the pests from the
town next fall."

Mr. Editor it is no less an edify-
ing sight to behold an editor, who,
only a few months since, wrote the
famous anti-prohibition editorial to
further saloon interests, as it is said
only to gratify his rage against a
temperance county board who voted
him out of a fat county printing job.

Prior to that time the scrupulous
editor with a great flourish advo-
cated prohibition although the win-
dows of Seely's opera house and the
boys about town at that time gave
evidence of his drunken carousals.

Now, since the saintly editor's in-
terests may be in some other direc-
tion, he seems to be feeling of the
other side by throwing dirt at re-
spectable citizens and heavy tax-
payers of this town at every imagi-
nary opportunity, thereby probably
again expecting to further his own
selfish ends.

Those men in that bus made their
merry round in broad daylight, sub-
ject to the virtuous editor's in-
spection, thereby manifesting no
evil intentions. Not after midnight
hours as it has happened to other
respectable citizens of this town
about which the delicate editor ob-
served absolute silence. Mr. Editor,
every one of those men in that bus
can stand off the butchers of this
town for their beef steak, and when
you talk about sweeping pests from
this town be yourself on your guard.

Such a broom, when once set in
motion might not prove very scrupu-
lous. It would indeed be an edifying
sight to see it sweep the corpulent
editor along with other garbage.

MARTIN SCHOTT,
MEYER BROS.,
W. F. ECKES,
ANTON MIKSCHKE,
MICHAEL SCHMITT,
JACOB SCHROEDER,
J. BAUER,
H. G. ALBRECHT,
ANTON GILLES,
MURPHY BROS.,
FRANK DRAHN,
W. H. WILLARDT.

Will the virtuous editor please
answer.

FOR SALE.
One twelve horse power threshing
engine, cheap. In good repair,
ready for work.
D. F. & L. Co., Dwight, Dak.

FARM HELP WANTED.
Man and wife wanted on a farm.
Man to work and woman to cook
for farm hands. Apply to
J. VOORHEES,
Wolverton, Minn.

JUST RECEIVED.
A large assortment of fancy and
heavy fly nets; also a nice lot of
lap robes, and I have just com-
pleted the largest assortment of
light single and double harness ever
kept in Wahpeton.

H. G. ALBRECHT.

HORSE TAKEN UP.
The undersigned has taken up a
dark brown horse about 15 years
old and of average weight, at his
farm in the town of West End,
township 134, range 51, about nine
miles north and a half mile east of
Wynemere. IVER T. HAUGAN.
Dated June 8th, 1889.

COW STRAYED.
The undersigned has suffered his
cow to stray away from his premises
in Wahpeton, described as follows:
red color with white spots over the
body and white star in forehead,
three years old. Word may be left
at Anton Miksche's.

Wahpeton, June 13th, 1889.
JAMES TRUPKA.

RICHLAND COUNTY HOSPITAL.
The Richland County Hospital,
Wahpeton, Dakota, is well furnished
with necessities for the care of pa-
tients including good medical atten-
dance and nursing. Patients need
not necessarily be county charges, for
those in need of its accommodation are
at liberty to pay for the same. People
in the country can often save ex-
pensive trips by the doctor by com-
ing right to Wahpeton for treat-
ment. Mrs. F. A. ABBOTT,
Manager.

WEATHER AND CROPS.
The rain fall for the last seven
days has been 1 1/2 inches, well dis-
tributed over Northern Dakota, and
has affected the growing crops very
favorably. The temperature has
been above the average. The mean
has been for the last seven days 82
degrees. The highest reading on
Monday, 91 degrees, lowest 52 de-
grees. Reports from northern coun-
ties are more favorable. The re-
cent rain, it is estimated, will in
many localities, increase the harvest
to nearly half a crop.

C. I. CROFT,
Observer U. S. Signal Office.

GO TO

A. MIKSCHKE'S

—FOR YOUR—

Spring and Summer Clothing,

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

New Patterns in white Dress Goods.

His Stock of

Groceries is Fresh and Large.

ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Farm Loans.

TEN PER CENT. STRAIGHT.

When you pay interest you
can make a payment on your
mortgage if you wish.
Interest payable in the Fall.
I do not send your applica-
tion East and keep you wait-
ing for your money.
I loan on City Property.

J. ASPHALL,
Loan Broker.

Frank J. Hohman,

WAGON CARRIAGE MAKER

—Has just opened a—

Complete Blacksmithing Shop

in connection with his wagon shop, having secured a good man and

is prepared to do—HORSE SHOEING—and all repairing

with Neatness and Dispatch. New platform

wagons put up in fine order.

Repairing a Specialty. 2 Give Frank a Call.

A HODEL,

Tinner and Jobber in Tin, Copper

and Sheet Iron Work.

Roofing and Repairing a Specialty.

All Work done in the most Workmanlike Manner.

OPP. MIKSCHKE'S STORE. WAHPETON, DAKOTA.

D. E. RICE,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

COFFINS, CASKETS, SHERDS, ROBES, SUITS, SLIPPERS, BLACK

AND WHITE CLOTHES, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, DISINFECTANT

for Contagious Diseases and Dealer in

Sewing Machines and Organs,

Organ Stools, Organ Instruction Books, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings

Window Shades and Fixtures. PICTURE FRAMES MADE

TO ORDER. Call and leave your order for a trial of the

Davis Sewing Machine.

Mail and Telegraph Orders Filled Immediately.

D. E. RICE

When you have made up your mind let us sell you a Fine all wool light

or dark

Scotch Cheviot Suit,

Which we are now offering at

BIG BARGAINS,

Once get inside our store and we will give you more for your money than you ever did

get or ever can get elsewhere. We propose to prop our

BUSINESS

on two pillars, most and best on the foundation of LOW PRICES, in order to convince

the public of

—THE BIG CUT.

We take pleasure in quoting some of our wonderfully LOW PRICES:

A Fine all wool Scotch Cheviot Suit, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00

Fine custom made all wool Pants \$3.00 and Upwards.

Just arrived a large invoice of

Men's Boys' and Childrens' Straw Hats.

In the very latest styles, which we will sell at such low prices, the same as the balance of our

M. T. Stevens,

Dealer in

GENERAL HARDWARE

STOVES, TINWARE, IRON AND STEEL,
STEAM FITTINGS, PUMPS,
PIPES, ETC.

Wahpeton, - - - DAKOTA.

ADAMS & WESTLAKE MONARCH STOVES.

The Best Gasoline Stove Made.

Call and See Them Before Buying.

FIRE

WORKS

For Everybody at

HENRY MILLER'S

—FOR—

4th of July Goods

—CALL AT—

HENRY MILLER'S

Where these goods are sold at Bed

Rock Prices.

NOTICE.—TIMBER CULTURE.—U. S. LAND

Office at Watertown, D. T. June 12, 1889.

Complaint having been entered in this office

by Albert E. Waterhouse against Seymour H.

Timber Culture Entry No. 428 dated July 1,

1881, upon the southwest quarter of section 30,

township 128, range 49, in Richland county,

D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said

entry, contestant alleging that the said Seymour

H. Knight has wholly failed to plant or cause to

be planted ten acres of said tract to trees, seeds

or cuttings, or any part thereof, and has wholly

abandoned said tract, and that said failure still

exists. The said parties are hereby summoned

to appear before the judge and ex-officio clerk

of the probate court at Wahpeton, D. T., on the

23d day of July, 1889 at 2 o'clock p. m. to re-
spond and furnish testimony concerning said al-
leged failure, and before that office July 30th
1889, at 2 p. m. for final hearing.

M. W. SHEPARD, Register.

(First pub. June 29, 1889.)

FAST MAIL LINE with Vestibuled Trains be-

DANGERS OF THE SEA.

Ariadne had been on the Nereid a whole day, but owing to seasickness, she had not so much as glanced at the passenger list. Having, however, found her way upon deck, the morning of the second day, she felt equal to no greater literary effort, than reading it over, and pondering upon identities.

"Upon my word, Selina," she said, presently, looking up with a gasp. "There's a real, live lord, on board. I wonder how we shall find out which one he is? Lord Kingsbury? It sounds sweetly; the title is always a kind of spell that evokes memories of ancestral estates and a large rent-roll. I see a fine path and noble trees, and statues and fountains, and—oh dear, do you suppose we shall get acquainted with him? Come, Lena, can't you take an interest?"

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp," said Lena, looking up from her novel. "I think your noble lord is that old gentleman in the seakiss overcoat, who limps; lords are always gouty, you know. He doesn't appeal to me."

"How discouraging you are, Lena. Now, I suspect—just then a young man who had been dozing in a deck chair a little way behind them, threw off his rug and began to pace the deck, after the manner of those who would assure themselves and the world of the trustworthiness of their sea legs. He had a fine carriage, and his bright chestnut hair blew across his white brow in heavy rings, while he gave a passing glance at Ariadne and Selina as he walked, from a pair of 'killing' brown eyes, as Ariadne expressed it; a half-indifferent, lordly glance, tempered with a touch of amusement.

"Now, that's my idea of a lord," whispered Ariadne.

"But a lord is not always young."

"No; but if he isn't Lord Kingsbury, his lordship is a myth. Now the question is, how shall we get acquainted with him?"

"I speak on the singular, please. If he wants to know if he will manage it, without your lifting a finger. He looks as if he were laughing at us."

"Let those laugh who win. Where has the bird flown? I hoped he was on a walking-match across the deck?"

"He went into the card-room. I daresay he is a gambler; they're almost always good looking. They've been betting on the ship's speed; she made two hundred and ninety knots yesterday, and that young gentleman in the brown ulster took the pool."

"He doesn't look 'takin'." He must belong to the steeple."

"I don't think so," answered Selina. "He moved my deck chair last evening, when the wind blew too fresh on the other side."

"And you talked with him?"

"Certainly. And what's more, he talked like a—ah—he's just splendid! He had read Ruskin and Huxley and all my favorites. He had the poets at his tongue's end."

"A nice place for them. You oughtn't to accept attention from such people, Selina. I suppose he's some drummer, and he looks as if he ate with his knife. You might not like to know him in New York."

"I should be glad to know him in heaven," confessed Lena. "I don't believe your Lordling can hold a candle to him, conversationally."

"Fudge! I hate men who read Ruskin and talk philosophy and quote poetry—they're almost always poor and peculiar, live on a salary, and have no ideas about flirting."

Just then the young man in question picked up the parasol which the wind had snatched from Ariadne's hand and had sent half across the deck. He brought it to her, with a pleasant bow.

"Thank you, she said, stiffly; but without seeming at all crushed, he took the vacant chair beside her, and resumed the broken thread of last evening's discourse. Ariadne resumed her book, but finding that Lena was bent upon drawing her into the intimacy, she announced her intention of taking a constitutional, and left them to their own devices.

"I don't mean to encourage that hobbledyho," she said to Lena, but "it won't do for you to know him at all, Selina, and I shan't countenance it."

"He asked if you sang," laughed Lena. "They are getting up a concert for the benefit of the Seamen's Society. I told him you sang like a lark, and he wondered if you would practice some duets in the saloon with him."

"Impertinence! I shall do nothing of the kind."

"There he comes now, to invite you high-and-mightiness."

He was a short, blonde man in rough clothes, with a plain face, but good expression, and a smile which changed his whole aspect. He held a roll of music in his hand.

"Did you request your cousin to practice with me?" he asked Selina. "It will be an immense favor," turning an appealing glance upon Ariadne, "it would be in truth a charity."

"Yes," answered Selina, "I asked her—"

"I must decline, thank you," said Ariadne, loftily. "Sickness and music are not friends."

"Pardon," he said, "I was not aware you are so plucky to keep up on deck. But perhaps you sing yourself," turning to Lena.

"Yes, if you wouldn't mind my mistakes."

"That's what we practice for, to correct them," he returned, and he offered his arm, to the saloon, and the dark-eyed hero, she named Lord Kingsbury, took the opportunity to offer her arm, together with sundry opinions concerning the voyage, the passengers, Europe and America; after which he gracefully assisted her to her seat. "This is your chair, is it not?" he asked.

"He knows my chair, already," she thought, with a thrill of satisfaction. "Let me adjust the pillows, he added. "Shall I wrap your rug about you? Will you have the foot-rest elevated? So, do I please you?"

"Entirely," laughed Ariadne.

"May I sit and talk a little," he ventured, "one grows horribly bored talking to one's fellow-men in the card-room. You are not traveling alone?"

"Oh, my young gentleman who has gone below to sing?"

"That hobbledyho? Gracious, no, my cousin Selina and I are traveling together," and then they both laughed. Nothing establishes familiar relations

between strangers, so soon as a mutual laugh.

"Hobbledyho," he repeated. "You haven't much respect for him."

"I don't fancy him; he has rather forced himself upon our acquaintance."

The following day, when Ariadne went upon deck, her lord met her, as if he had been waiting for the event, and begged she would walk with him.

"Do you know many people on board?" he asked. "I've spoken to nobody but yourself and the hobbledyho."

"The hobbledyho—who do you think he is? Some swell, isn't he? It's great fun to speculate about the names on the list. I heard some men betting about it in the card-room."

"But I suppose everybody knows you," said Ariadne.

"How you flatter me; why should they know me more than another?"

"Now, pray, don't be so humble. The Yankee, you know is fond of a lord."

He regarded her with an indulgent half smile of assent.

"Lords are common enough with us," he answered, with becoming humility, and after that they played a game of billiards, and talked about English politics and English parks, and then the gong called them below.

"Have you enjoyed your music?" she asked Lena.

"Oh, so much, he has such a sympathetic voice. How have you been getting on?"

"Famously. Lord Kingsbury has been ever so kind."

"Dear me, you are positive it's he?"

"He is as good as confessed it, but said lords are common enough at home. Wasn't it pretty of him. He has the most gracious way."

"In short, you are rather mashed?"

"Hush, Lena. Don't use such slang; you must have caught it from your hobbledyho."

"What has Lord Kingsbury been doing, all day?" asked Ariadne, one night, having been confined in her berth all day with a headache.

"Oh, he has been glum enough to please you," answered Lena.

"It's just like a novel, isn't it? And have you been going on with that little hobbledyho, as usual?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'going on' with him," she said, "he is very kind, and reads such nice books. I think perhaps he's poor, but I don't care a fig for money and titles. I prefer intellect and heart."

"Sour grapes. If you can't have money and titles it's well to be contented with what you can have—a hobbledyho, you can't do better."

When Ariadne returned to the deck next day, her admirer beamed upon her, wrapped her in his rugs and added his own, brought her champagne, and made her laugh with the relation of the previous day's events and an exaggerated sketch of his own forlorn condition.

"What my lord, don't be so funny," she begged delighted. "It makes my head ache to laugh."

"Don't call me that," he whispered, "it sounds too formal."

"And, pray, what shall I call you?"

"Call me Guy."

"Just the name of all others I would have chosen," thought Ariadne, "So romantic."

"Now tell me something about yourself," he asked, with a half-tender and wholly interested air.

"Oh, there's nothing to tell. I'm an orphan. I've been in Germany studying. I live in Boston with an aunt. Lena lives in New York. We had a chaperone going over, but she eloped with our music teacher, so we are returning alone. Now tell me about your life; it must be much more romantic and interesting than mine; it must be nice to have a park of your own, and ancestral halls hung with tapestries by the oldest masters."

"And the family ghost—you've forgotten the family ghost."

"Oh, how charming; the most aristocratic thing. Tell me about it, please."

"She was a daughter of the house. Her portrait hangs on the walls; they were marrying her to the wrong man; when her maid came to dress her, she persuaded the maid to put on the wedding finery herself, and go down to the assembled company; while she stole out to the river where her lover was to await her, but the bridegroom got wind of the affair, and it was he who met her at the river. But here she eluded him again,—she dropped into the water, and was never seen again though they dragged for her the next day. Now, at midnight, you hear the bells toll; festivities, people rustle up and down the broad staircases; you hear the echo of voices, of music, the tinkle of laughter, the tread of dancing feet—or again you pace the hall, and light footsteps patter before you, but there is no one present, you are alone."

"How perfectly delightful! It makes my flesh creep."

"However, the country people of that time had a legend, that she did not drown—that she simply dived, being a fine swimmer, and while the bridegroom went for help, she came to the surface, met her lover on the opposite bank and emigrated to America."

"How I should like to see her picture. I do think a ghost is perfectly lovely. I wish we had one, but the made land in Boston is too new for them."

"Would you accept mine?"

"Oh you wouldn't part with such a treasure."

"No, but I might show it!"

Ariadne congratulated herself that the Nereid was the slowest boat on the line; and she was not at all disturbed when a storm blew them off their course; she and her lord played euchre in the saloon, together, or he read aloud to her, or repeated lines from his own sonnets—the man who wrote poetry, and he who quoted it, were totally different beings in her esteem, and no doubt the poetry was different, likewise.

"He's perfectly splendid," she confessed to Lena.

"But I'm afraid he's only flirting; he does it so very well, and so easily," returned Lena. "You know when they are in real earnest, and positively in love, they're not so—so voluble and ready."

"Then I suppose the hobbledyho isn't voluble."

"I don't suppose he's in love with me. He likes to walk and talk with somebody; if I weren't here it would be somebody else,—you perhaps," wickedly.

"Never," cried Ariadne.

"Love, you know, is only friendship grown tender—I read that somewhere in a book—and it takes more than ten days for the process. I fancy I only wanted to put you on your guard."

"Very kind of you. Consider yourself thanked. I flatter myself that

I've had experience enough to know when a man's in earnest, or making believe."

When they walked the following morning, the air had grown cold and sharp, although the sky was blue and sunny, Ariadne's lord met her, as usual.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you something you never saw before," and he drew her arm within his own.

"A whale, I suppose."

"Oh, very like a whale. Do you see it, off yonder?" and there against the deep colored sky lay a mountain of ice, the sunshine breaking along its edges, and illuminating fissures in its expanse.

"Oh, an iceberg," cried Ariadne, "I am afraid."

"Afraid—with me?" he asked reproachfully.

"They mean to give us the cold-shoulder," said the hobbledyho, joining the group that leaned anxiously over the taffrail.

"The captain has been up all night, with ten men on the watch."

"Do you hear the echo?" asked Lena as the fog-horn sounded. "Like voices from fairyland. But how ghostly they are; they wrap themselves in mist and come sailing down upon us, silently as death."

"Yes," returned the hobbledyho, as the mist became gradually illuminated and a huge berg swam slowly into view, as if it had taken shape and substance from the fog itself. "They are like enchantment, the fog in their garment of invisibility. I mean to get out, my things and photograph them."

"Splendid idea," cried Lena. "They're not exactly pleasant traveling companions; they keep no watch and sound no fog-horn, but it would be nice to have their photograph for a memento."

The engine had been reversed, and now the ship was just creeping along, amidst the phalanx of bergs that kept appearing and disappearing, and Ariadne had to be supported back to her chair by her devoted lord, who was only too ready to sit down and console her and leave the icebergs to their own devices.

"We have lost several hours by the contempt," she complained, as the last peak of ice was lost in the distance.

"It seems to me," he answered, with tender disapproval, "that we have made so many hours, instead of losing them. I have gained so much more of your society."

"Well, you are ingenious; it never occurred to me to look at the icebergs as an unmixt blessing."

"A blessing in disguise." Shortly after, however, the experienced and older blessing, when the screw stopped, and the calm weather allowed no headway to be made. There was the usual fretting among the passengers, and the constant watching for a passing steamer; but otherwise, life on board went on pretty much as before, meals were served with regularity, ring tones went forward and back, the same persistency, cards were in requisition, people flirted and danced and sang, and read their novels, and tried to appear as if nothing had happened, or was likely to happen. And one morning they signalled an inward bound steamer, which took them in tow, and a few days later their conveyer took a pilot on board and home was close at hand.

"We have had so many experiences together," said Ariadne's lord, "that I feel as if I had always known you."

"If we could only have had a shipwreck," sighed Ariadne, "a perfectly safe shipwreck, you know, but lots of romance."

"To be sure, if we could have been cast away on a desert island—how anxiously I would have risked my neck to find edible birds' nests for you."

"I'm almost sorry it didn't happen."

There was a dance in the saloon that last evening, and Ariadne and her lord had the star-lighted deck pretty much to themselves. They strolled lazily back and forth, or watched the rival dance in the steerage, or they hung over the taffrail and sang snatches of sea songs and spoke softly of the reflections of the stars in the water.

"Diamonds are not so beautiful," she said.

"Do you like diamonds?" he asked.

"Like them! I dote on them. They include the hues and splendor of all other gems."

"Let me show you some, then," and from one of those countless pockets with which the masculine being is always provided, he brought forth a handful of jewels, which lay in his palm as if a whole galaxy of stars had fallen there.

"Oh," cried Ariadne, "what splendour!"

"They are heirlooms," he explained; "they have been in the family for generations."

"A family have been taken from their old-fashioned setting years ago. I have a fancy for having them reset in America."

"I never saw anything so superb. It's as if the skies had fallen. I wish Margaret and Elinor could see them. They rave so over diamonds."

"Would you like to show them to your friends?"

"Wouldn't I?" with emphasis.

"Do me a favor, he said, shutting them into a tiny box. "Keep them for me till one day I will call on you in Boston and claim them,—and perhaps something more precious yet, besides."

"How dare you trust me with such treasures?"

"I have trusted more precious things to you than these," he murmured, and then Lena joined them.

The next day was full of the bustle of arrival, packing and getting ready to leave. Dowdy looking women suddenly sailed upon deck in the latest Paris styles, looking like strangers and foreigners; fussy women were watching the trunks that were being hoisted from the hold, for fear that in Liverpool the custom house officers interviewed the passengers in the saloon, and everybody was excited with the long delayed prospect of dry land and home.

In home, Ariadne only caught a glimpse of her lord, that morning, in the distance, between the exactions of the toilette and packing, and then the tender came along side, and took them off, and steamed up to the custom house. Ariadne was a little chagrined then that her lord did not come and speak to her, and take the vacant seat in her neighborhood on the tender; but he was smoking—no doubt that accounted for it—but why need he smoke just now? The hobbledyho was talking a great deal to Lena, and joking her about the customs and her dutiable fallals. Then while she was wondering about it, they were already ashore, and the custom house officers were already

overhauling baggage, and friends were crowding around and telling the news behind her said, "Lord Kingsbury! You here in America. Glad to see you."

"Yes," replied Kingsbury, in such fashion as froze the marrow in Ariadne's bones, so to speak. "I came over for a few weeks' shooting out west," and looking over her shoulder she saw an elderly gentleman shaking the hobbledyho's hand, and on the nearest trunk. "Did you know of this?" she asked, turning to Lena.

"No," replied Lena, quite as white as herself. "He told me his name was Jerome Effingham, and it was engraved on his watch."

"But there was no such name on the passenger list."

"But I didn't remember all the names then, and never looked at it again."

"The last person!" ejaculated Ariadne. "Give me a fan, somebody. Then where is my—my—Fraud?" and just then a stranger tapped her lightly on the arm.

"Pardon, madame, the Nereid, owing to your intimacy on board with me, has a certain diamond in its belt, and is suspected of complicity, and it is my unpleasant duty to require you to be searched."

Of course she was not searched. The hobbledyho came to her rescue, the diamonds were declared and the affair explained so that even the detective who had traveled with them from Liverpool, was satisfied, and Ariadne was never boast of her discrimination again. As for Lord Kingsbury, he did not go west, hunting. He remained in New York, and some day, when Selina recovers from the shock of finding her lover a lord, she may consent to return to England with him.

Too Much to Believe.

From the Youth's Companion.

An old half-breed hunter named Kert, who acted as guide to the traveler Farini in Africa, one day began dealing out information for the benefit of some native chiefs.

"What sort of a house does the Queen live in?" asked one chief.

"Ah, you should see it! It has thirty-five windows one above the other, like thirty-five houses put one on the top of the other, and there are as many more under the ground!"

"Hel oh!" was the only remark his listeners made; but when he went on to say that there are no oxen in London, but that "horses and wagons are so thick you can hardly cross the road," they gave vent to audible expressions of doubt, and I was appealed to for verification of these statements. Kert then continued: "You can walk for a day without seeing grass; nothing but stone roads and houses."

Here he was pulled up short with a chorus of: "Ha, Kert, we cannot believe that; how can all the horses live if there is no grass?"

This was a poser, and Kert had to appeal to me, though when I explained that the horses had houses to sleep in, and that the grass was gathered a long way off and dried, and brought to them in their houses, the men would hardly believe me.

"Houses for horses to live in, and no grass?" one of them said, inquiringly, to Jan, a second servant.

"Oh yes, it is so," said Jan.

"Have you seen it?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have seen the same at the Diamond Fields and at Cape Town. I have seen cows which live in houses that are cleaned and washed every day."

"The English must be fond of work to do that," was the philosophical reply. "Our way is much better; we can sit and drink coffee and smoke while the cattle feed themselves."

The Judge's Soft Side.

From the Argonaut.

Judge Hunt, of the San Francisco Superior Court, is an enthusiastic fisherman. It is said of him that he will at any time adjourn court to go fishing, but this has not been proved. Recently, a case came up before him, in which an important witness failed to respond when his name was called. "What's that?" said the Judge, "a witness absent? Where is he?" "I think, your honor," replied the attorney whose witness he was, "I think your honor, that he is in the country." "In the country?" said the Judge, with a flash of anger, "I'll see whether the Court can be trifled with in this manner. Let a bench warrant issue."

"But, your honor," said the attorney, in his blandest tones, "he must have missed the train this morning. He went fishing on Saturday, and—"

"Well fishing, eh?" said Judge Hunt, modified, "ah, yes; well, he probably will be here to-morrow. Call the next witness." And the wheels of justice again revolved.

Charley McCarthy and His Gun.

Charley McCarthy, the bantam weight champion of America, is a fighter. As a rule, he fights with a big lump of chewing gum in his mouth, and this practice has caused a good deal of fun to be poked at him by fellows who think they know it all. The other night he told his reason for this habit. He said:

"I generally put a double dose of gum in my mouth when I begin to prepare for the ring, and by the time I am called on to fight I have it pretty well masticated. When in action I keep my eyes fixed on my opponent, and I feel that he is about to land, say on my left jaw, I quickly work the gum between my teeth and that side of my face, and it forms a cushion that serves to gently break the force of the blow. I have got to be so expert in shifting the gum from one jaw to the other that half the blows I get on either side of my face are robbed of most of their percussive force."—Buffalo News.

What nonsense to commend a man by saying "he's got the stuff in him," so has a dummy.

Fighting Women.

In warlike times, when battle was the business of life and victory over the foe the highest honor that could be had, when home in the true sense there was none, and when castles were less houses for peasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their men. If they were not as accurate in their aim as the archer, of whom it was said every English bowman "bore under his girdle twenty-four Scots," they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges as well as their lords themselves.

Womanliness in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the castle—that was the whole duty of those noble women of a rude but manly age, and to their example, their influence, and their shaping powers as mothers England owes much of her greatness and half of her strength. Letting Boadicea pass as an example of the feminine fighting blood, we find in Dame Nicholas de Camville an early specimen of the warlike political woman. She took the royal side in the famous war with the barons, and held Lincoln Castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first for King John and afterward for Henry III., till the battle called Lincoln Fair broke her power. The beautiful countess of Salisbury, who was so ardently beloved by the third Edward, was another instance of feminine daring, in her case coupled with the loveliest and most gracious sweetness. Black Agnes was again a heroine, of the virago type, and Queen Philippa, Queen Margaret and others of the same kind honored their adopted nationality by their courage and devotion. Meander women were as brave. In a skirmish at Naworth (1570) Leonard Dacres had in his army "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives and fought right stoutly." And at the end of the last century and beginning of this about half a dozen women on the whole enlisted as privates in the army and "pulled their pound" as gallantly as the men. Miss Jennie Cameron, Scotch and Jacobite was another example of the fighting women with whom nature had stumbled and spoiled the original design.

Miss Jennie Cameron, she put her belt and hanger on, And away to the young Pretender.

When she rode into the camp of Bonnie Prince Charlie at the head of her 250 claymores she was "on a bay gelding decked out in green trappings trimmed with gold. Her hair was tied behind in loose tresses and covered by a velvet cap with scarlet feathers. In her hand, in lieu of a whip, she carried a drawn sword, and for her help she was dubbed 'Colonel Cameron' by the prince.—Ex.

How They Find Gold in South Africa.

Something like the excitement over alleged discoveries of gold in Lower California is attending similar news from the Transvaal, in South Africa. The diggings there are reported to be enormously rich, and a swarm of prospectors is flocking to the field. As revealing a hitherto unsuspected vein of imagination and lightsome humor on the part of the Boers, the current story of the discovery of the gold field is interesting. It was first published in the Transvaal Advertiser.

A well-known resident of the republic, it is said, while out hunting one morning, saw a koodoo bull, which he tried to stalk. After he had slightly wounded the animal, and while he was riding after it down a stony declivity, his horse stumbled, he was thrown and his rifle was broken. At this the koodoo turned and attacked the man, knocking him down and attempting to kneel on him. By holding the animal's forelegs the man kept the buck upright, but the animal's horns had evidently entered the bank for some distance and its head was held down close upon the man's breast. The animal seemed as anxious as the man to get the horns loose, but was evidently helpless, the horns being held fast in the ground. Held thus, unable to move, man and beast remained in the broiling sun all that day. At nightfall jackals and wolves came prowling about, and even brushed against the man and sprang upon the buck. But the yells of the man and the kicks of the buck kept them at bay until dawn, when they slunk away. Soon after daylight a rifle shot was heard, and a bullet slightly wounded the man in the forehead. By waving his handkerchief and shouting he prevented further firing, and the hunter, who had at first seen only the buck, came up and learned the real situation. Wishing to take the animal alive, he hurried off to the nearest farm, and brought back men with ropes and shovels, who bound the buck and extricated the man. But when the horns were at last freed there was found upon each a mass of metal, which, being removed, proved to be nuggets of gold, weighing respectively eight and six and one-half pounds. This led to the discovery of a rich gold field.

Any one doubting the entire accuracy of this story can make further inquiries at the office of the Transvaal Advertiser.—New York Sun.

Horny-Handed Tollers.

In a New York World interview that horny-handed toiler, Jay Gould says: "I have made what money I possess by hard work." The wages of his fellow-laborers, Andrew Carnegie, are known to be \$5,000 a day, and Gould, who has the reputation of being a first-class workman, can hardly get less pay for his day's work.—Boston Globe.

Penny Postage.

Ex-Postmaster-General James has written an article in the Christian Union on the subject of penny postage in which he expresses the belief that it will soon be possible to send a letter by mail anywhere in the civilized world for a penny.

Ideal Death.

The feeling of the free and high spirits of all times has ever been that the ideal death was the sudden, or, at least, rapid one. All men who have thrown off in any degree the shackles of the material and the commonplace have at some material expressed a wish that their passing over might be in this kind. The verdict of the unthinking when the thread of a life is snapped at the moment of its richest promise of glorification is "the pity of it." Yet "they whom the gods love die early" means this only. Not young necessarily is the matter of years, but young in illusion, in the power of dreams and visions; young in the life of life in the veins is still rich with the flavor of the grape.

Curiously enough it is the epicure, throughout the long passing of the shadowy presences of history, who dies the easy death, not the ascetic. Those who quaffed the living elixir most eagerly seem always to have been those who could lay it down most philosophically; and an intellectual curiosity for what might extend beyond the black veils appears to have upheld them, almost like the hope of a new sensation. A refined sensualist would find the death of Alexander the Great to have been part of an ideal fate. Stricken down at the apex of his glory, in a moment of peace, filled with feasts more than Belshazzarean in their voluptuous magnificence, he lingered but ten days of a low fever amid the hanging garden of Babylon, removed from one dream-like palace to another that he might be eased, and finally breathing his last among worshippers, who scarce dared touch his body after death lest they might defile a holy thing. A singular resemblance of a sort, by the way, suggests itself between the death of Alexander and that of Skobloff, who, likewise a warrior to his fingers' end, and a voluptuary, and one of the most picturesque personalities of modern times, died in the full flush of his fame drinking of such joys as Mohammed promised to his faithful ones, and as awaited the Norse heroes among the Valkyries of the Scandinavian heaven, not wisely, but too well.

To the poet the death of Shelley must ever be a sort of ideal type. Drowned off the shore of Spezia, in the waters of that tideless Mediterranean he had loved so well, his recovered body was reduced to ashes on the spot where he had spent so many months in close communion with nature; burned on a pyre, with Italian skies above it, and the soft Italian wind to fan its

Gems of Thought.

We are not so much to strain ourselves to make those virtues appear in us which really we have not, as to avoid those imperfections which may dishonor us.—Dryden.

Plutarch says very finely that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others.—Addison.

We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but as we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconveniences of their collected passions, prejudices and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and if we may judge by the acts, arrears, and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men are the greatest fools upon earth.—B. Franklin.

God designs that a charitable intercourse should be maintained among men, mutually pleasant and beneficial.—Barrow.

Some men give more light and knowledge by the bare stating of the question with perspicuity and justness, than others by talking of it in gross confusion for whole hours together.—Dr. I. Watts.

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.—Colton.

Pity is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pain and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper and deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.—Dr. S. Johnson.

Washington Wanted Temperance.

Miss Kate Fields tells a story on George Washington. George was not only not a Prohibitionist, but recognized a right in his servants and others to periodical spees. He was, however, opposite, as Miss Fields is, to perpetual tipping.

George had a very valuable gardener named Pete Baker, who was often drunk than sober. Calling him to him one day, the General said:

"Pete, why do you get drunk?"

"I dunno, sir," said Pete.

"If I let you get drunk whenever you want to," said the General, "will you be sober and faithful at all other times?"

Pete answered in the affirmative, and a contract was drawn up between him and the General, by which the former was to have four days at Christmas, two days at Easter, and two at Whitsuntide, together with the money to enable him to get as full as he desired.

Slavery in Ecuador.

A French missionary, who has been traveling through Ecuador, has made inquiries into the condition of the Indians, and reports that, although they are nominally free, they are in reality in a state of slavery. Although, according to the laws, the Indian is a free man, he is, as a matter of fact, bought and sold, bequeathed by will, seized by a creditor in payment of a debt, and is in no way distinguishable from a beast of burden. This state of things is brought about by the law that permits an Indian to sell himself into slavery when he is unable to satisfy his creditors in any other way. Once a slave he is rarely able to extricate himself from his servile condition. His wife and children are also slaves. The family is allowed a miserable hut in which to lodge, and a small patch of ground barely sufficient to supply the food necessary to sustain life. A man who has thus sold himself into slavery is attached to the estate of his owner, and passes with it into the hands of the heir or purchaser, when it is transferred by death or sale. The greater part of the Indians of the interior are reduced to this condition, and live a life of utmost degradation and misery.—London Times.

Quits Work on Time.

Foreman—You might as well look for another job, Jerry.

What for? What have I done?

Your trowelful of mortar struck the owner of the building down on the first floor.

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."—Chicago Herald.

A Counter-Claim.

A Moncton doctor was accosted a few days ago by a citizen, who informed him that his daughter had two teeth he wished to have extracted. As the doctor did not have any instruments with him he was asked to bring them the next time he went on his rounds, which he did. Going into the house, he requested the citizen to stand by his horse while he was extracting the teeth. When he had completed the operation he went out and was asked what his charge would be, and replied 50 cents, which is half the regular charge. The citizen, who it is presumed, had never had much dental work done, turned pale; but quickly recovering himself, put in a counter-claim of 25 cents for holding the horse, and he had it admitted—Moncton (N. B.) Times.

Not a Novelty.

"John, Mr. Jackson has bought a phonograph."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. You ought to see it. It repeats everything that is told to it."

"I don't see how Edison got a patent on it."

"Why not?"

"Because it's no improvement on you women."—Chicago Herald.

DISEASE FROM WORK.

Is That Afflict Farmers, Bakers and Day-Laborers.

Those persons who are engaged in out-of-door occupations, as a rule, breathe a pure air and have plenty of muscular exercise. They are usually robust and brawny, and the average duration of their lives is long; but, being exposed to alternations of heat and cold, to winds, rain and snow, they are liable to acute pulmonary affections and rheumatism. Boat-men and fishermen are quite subject to chronic bronchial catarrh. The latter are said to suffer greatly from panaris of the right index finger due to the rubbing of the line.

Farmers and those occupied in agricultural pursuits, says the Boston Globe, are often attacked with catarrh and pneumonia; among the elderly and aged ones chronic rheumatism prevails. The life of an independent farmer is so free from anxiety and so healthful in its conditions that if it were not for the poorness of food set forth on most farmers' tables, their lives would be much longer and more comfortable than they are. But in most farmhouses the diet is very much restricted, the meat consisting of plenty of salt pork. More pitiful wrecks of women, by reason of hard work and poor food, than some of the farmers' wives of New England it would be hard to find.

Laborers furnish a large number of deaths from Bright's disease and phthisis.

There are occupations in which persons are exposed to extreme artificial heat, where the atmosphere of the work room is necessarily kept at a high temperature, and where the ventilation is always poor; for a rapid change in the air would call for increased consumption of fuel. Whether the high temperature or the bad air be the cause, it is certain that those working under those conditions are generally sickly, and their power of resisting disease is much reduced. Copious perspiration has a great deal to do, no doubt, with the low state of their vitality, and the sudden changes of temperature which they undergo after leaving of work and going out doors, render them liable to catarrhal trouble, both pulmonary and gastric intestinal. They are good subjects for rheumatism and Bright's disease.

Brickmakers are generally robust men. Those who press the clay into molds by hands suffer painful crepitation of the tendons of the wrist. They are exposed to the smoke and heat from the lime kilns, which produce disease.

Bakers and cooks are exposed to extreme heat, and nearly always in badly ventilated and damp places. The former work at night, and their pale, puffy faces are very characteristic. Both are subject to rheumatism and varicose veins. The heat of the fire and the irritating substances in which they work produce eruptions of the skin on the hands and arms and acute inflammation on the face. Of the two trades, that of the baker is the most unhealthy. The hands of bakers are generally large and powerful because of the muscular exertion used in kneading dough.

Charcoal burners are exposed to a temperature varying from 108 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit, but do not suffer much, as their work is done in the open air.

Blacksmiths are strong and healthy men, partly because only robust men could endure the hard work of this trade, and partly because constant muscular exercise tends to increase the natural vigor of those who adopt it. But the extreme exertion and exposure to the heat of the forge, the great perspiration and sudden change of temperature, are many sources of peril to the health; and it is the universal opinion of writers on hygiene that they age very quickly. The light and heat from the forge, as well as the white-hot metal, produce many diseases of the eyes. Blacksmiths are also said to suffer greatly from headaches and catarrh. The sudden change of temperature naturally produce acute and chronic rheumatism.

Engineers and stokers on railroads, in steamships and attending stationary engines, are also exposed to great heat. On steamers, where their quarters are very small, they are a most unhealthy class of men. This is especially true of the stokers. They are always pale, subject to catarrh, rheumatism and pneumonia, and frequently die of phthisis.

Many writers describe a peculiar affection which attacks men who clean out the boilers of steam engines. They enter by a man-hole, and in a few minutes emerge with red faces, lips blue, veins swollen, interrupted respiration and the heart-beat very perceptible. There is a peculiar whiteness around the lips, as if they had been touched with nitrate of silver. They are often sick for days after their work, and suffer greatly. These workmen are liable to serious accidents from bursting boilers, breaking shafts, etc.

The men who work at large forges, iron-puddlers and glass-blowers are also exposed to intense heat. Hirt states that iron-puddlers work from eight to ten hours in air of a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit. Such workmen are constantly perspiring profusely and drink enormous quantities of water to make up for their loss. They are subject to all the diseases incident to such exposure, viz.: bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism and diarrhoea. They also suffer from disease of the eyes, the effect of too vivid light; while the heat produces many skin eruptions.

Glass-blowers take a mass of molten glass from the furnace on the end of a tube and blow into it while it is soft. As the lung capacity of one man is insufficient for the purpose, two, three or four stand together, and the tube is passed quickly from one to another. Sometimes the end of the tube is

rough, so the men suffer from cracking of the lips. Each man should have his own mouthpiece to insert quickly into the common tube, but many of the workers dislike this, and so leave themselves liable to catch diseases from one another. The violent effort of blowing tends to produce emphysema and heart disease.

Dyers, being exposed to wet and a constant temperature of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, are subject to catarrhs and rheumatism. The fluids in which their hands are immersed produce skin eruptions and ulcerations of the hands and fingers.

Laundresses suffer from exposure to extreme heat, and are as a rule anæmic. Vernois has noticed an habitual laxation of the left thumb backward, as a result of its constant use in holding clothes firmly on the ironing board. According to Lardieu, all the fingers of the left hand can be bent backward to a remarkable extent.

Oscar Wilde and Joe.

I asked Pryor about the bouncing of Oscar Wilde by Hungry Joe. Said he: "I saw Wilde give Joe the check over at the Brunswick, but Joe got away before I could interfere. I came at once to the Second National Bank and told the cashier not to pay Wilde's check if presented, but send for me. It wasn't twenty minutes until I was sent for, and there was Hungry Joe himself with the check. Of course he gave up. Inspector Byrnes took all the credit of the affair nevertheless, and I never got any credit in the matter at all. Hungry Joe got \$1,000 in cash and checks out of the president of a large bank at Montreal, who was a guest at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but when I told him the banker was our guest Joe gave up like a little man. He came pretty near getting \$150 out of General John A. Logan once. The general was in one of the rooms on the ground floor on the Twenty-third street side of the house where the ladies' entrance is located. The boy at the door came and told me that the general had gone into his room accompanied by a bunco man. I went around and knocked at the door. Hungry Joe was just going away, but I barred the door and asked the general if he had given the fellow any money. The general was inclined to get nettled at my question, and blurted out that the young man was the son of the president of the bank in Chicago where the general's account was kept. I said: 'Why general the man is a thief, a common thief.' He would scarcely believe me. But presently Hungry Joe took \$50 out of his pocket, which he got from Logan, handing it back said I was 'on to him and the general might as well have his eyes opened.' The general had given him \$50 and was going to give him \$100 the next day. This story of Logan has never been told before."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hibernian Blunders.

An Irishman, testifying in a police court, was asked to explain why he had "shown the white feather" on a certain occasion. "This better to be a coward for five minutes than dead all your life," he replied. Another Irishman, while accompanying a fishing party, had a bad fall down a steep mountain slope. Picking himself up, he devoutly exclaimed: "Glory be to God that I wasn't walking back over the mountains a dead man!" The humor of these blunders lies in the inability of the speakers to regard life as excluding death, and death as excluding life. But neither of them is a nonsensical expression, on the contrary, each illustrates what an Irish writer says of Irish blunders: "They are frequently humorous hyperboles, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's opinion."

An Irish peasant talks of "a strong weakness," and says that "the water is dry in the river," and tells you that "the only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens." He will confess, "I can always remember things in advance," or, "There I sat expecting that every moment would be my next," and describe drops of rain as varying in size "from a shilling to eighteen pence."

These expressions are "bulls," but they are also picturesque blunders such as could be made only by a peasant gifted with wit, metaphor and ingenuity. "Even the cutters of turf and drawers of whisky are orators," wrote Maria Edgeworth of the Irish peasants, more than eighty years ago.

A writer, on whose essay in the London Spectator we have drawn, points out that there are bulls of action and conduct as well as spoken bulls.

An Irish lady, observing that her bed-curtains had caught fire, hurried away to fetch water. She caught up a can of water, and as she was about to pour it upon the flames remembered that it was hot water, and mentally decided that it could be of no use. An Irish school-boy placed a cup full of coffee on a sloping desk. Finding that it overflowed, he sought to remedy his difficulty by turning the cup around. An Irish tenant wishing to raise the roof of his cabin began by excavating the floor.

An Irishman, on a gentleman saying to him: "How did you like that whisky, Pat?" at once replied: "Sure, your honor, it has made another man of me, and that other man would like a glass, too." A temperance lecturer might make that bull do good service in illustrating the fact that "the first glass does the mischief."

Managing a Boy.

Husband (a literary man)—"I wish you would stop watching little Dick for a while."

"But if I don't watch him he'll be in mischief."

"Yes, that's what I mean. When he's in mischief he's quiet, and I want to write."—New York Weekly.

THOUSANDS OF STRAW HATS.

THEY ARE ALL MADE IN THE EAST.

As a Rule the Straw Hat is the Most Ephemeral Article of Dress Seldom Lasting Throughout a Season—The Styles for This Year.

The past week has witnessed no less than 20,000 economical men climbing on chairs exploring the top cupboard and wardrobe shelves, pulling out drawers, searching bandboxes and otherwise ransacking the house for "that good-as-new straw hat of last summer," which, however, on being brought to light after hours of sweating, scolding and domestic turmoil, proved to be not quite so good as expected. In fact, the owner didn't quite think it would last the summer out, and, as he would have to buy one anyhow, he might as well blossom out in a new one, the same as Jones and Smith, in the beginning of the season.

In addition to these 20,000 men of alleged economical turn of mind, there were fully 100,000 other men and boys who sensibly concluded from the start that "that old straw hat of last summer was out of style, curled up in places and the worse for wear," and concluded to buy a new one. Thus it will be seen that fully 150,000 straw hats are sold in this city every spring and summer to men and boys alone, at prices ranging from fifty cents to \$5 each, while 25,000 children's and 50,000 ladies' straw hats swell the number to 225,000 sold annually in this city and suburbs. Children and ladies wear two and three hats each per season, while the men manage to struggle along with one each. In the 150,000 straw hats worn by men and boys alone, there are nearly 1,000 separate and distinct styles.

There are many different braids, viz., Mackinaw, Milan, Cautons, Chancel, leghorns, manilla and common wheat straw, while the shapes are numbered by the hundreds. The variety in hat bands, however, is very limited. The most popular braid this season is the Mackinaw. The genuine Mackinaw from Michigan has been superseded by Japan, or, as it is more commonly called, Jap Mackinaw, which is a very close imitation of the genuine article from Michigan. White colors are almost universally worn, and the flat brimmed sailor is the proper thing for young and dapper men. The business and middle-aged men wear a higher crown with roll brims.

Professional men wear chiefly the manilla hat with a flange brim. All bands are of wide or medium width, and are almost invariably in black. Nine-tenths of the material used as braids, leathers, etc., is imported, but are manufactured in this country, principally in England and around New York. The great wholesale markets of these goods are New York and Baltimore. All fancy colors in straw are excluded, except in children's hats, men and boys wearing natural bleached colors exclusively.

One house in this city sold at retail last Saturday 3,000 children's hats at nine cents each.

Common wheat straw is used in making farmers' hats and other rustic hats, which are called "harvesters," and are seldom sold in the city. Malaga, a sea weed is also used for the same grades, being very durable and capable of standing the most severe weather.

While Mackinaw is and has been the rage, it is beginning to give way to Chancel and Milan braids, which will soon supersede it.

Panama hats are a thing of the past. During the craze of them they sold as high as \$150 each, but no dealer carries them now. They were waterproof and airtight, and worn by people with more money than brains, as they were as heavy as felt hats, and looked like a twenty-five cent hat, only hat critics being able to distinguish between them. There are very few worn now, and there is probably not a genuine one in the city to-day. There may be a few \$25 or \$50 ones, but these are only good imitations.

Leghorns hats, once so popular, have become entirely extinct. One house in this city is said to sell one-half the straw hats worn in this city and has already disposed of 72,000 this season.

There are about fifty firms in the east which do nothing but print the names of retailers on the linings for straw hats and are called "tip printers." About the same number import leathers or "sweats" for straw hats.

There are fifty factories—all in the East—which manufacture straw hats exclusively. These employ about 10,000 hands, of which two-thirds are girls. The average product of each of these factories per annum is 500,000 hats, a total of 25,000,000.

Most of the braids are hand made, and thousands of girls are employed in braiding during the long winter months.

After the first season 999 out of every 1,000 straw hats are either consigned to the fire or ash-barrel or given to persons in poor circumstances who are glad to get them. This is largely due, undoubtedly, to the change in styles each season.—Cincinnati Times.

Artemus Ward's Ghosts.

It may be interesting to know how the great humorist came to take to the lecture platform, when, before his great success in that line, he had confined himself exclusively to the pen; and, as I had a finger in the pie, I will relate it, writes J. W. Watson in the North American Review. About thirty years ago there was a paper published in this city by several brothers named Stephens, called Vanity Fair, having for contributors such men as Thackeray, Fitz-James, O'Brien, George Arnold, Henry Stanley and, in fact, all the literary talent of the country, with editors such as Charles G. Leland, Henry Clapp and Frank Wood, and yet it was plain that the public did not want it, (and it was

about to give up the ghost, when the publishers consulted me as to what they should do. My advice was to get an editor who was well known for his comic proclivities, and advertise him as connected with the paper, and I declared there were only two men in the whole country who filled the bill—John G. Saxo and Artemus Ward, whose real name I did not then know. I knew that Saxo could not be had, as he was a candidate for governor of Vermont; therefore the publishers empowered me to correspond with Artemus and offer him \$30 per week and traveling expenses to come to New York as the new editor. The response was immediate acceptance, and \$25 and two weeks' salary were forwarded—he afterward told me the offer was a godsend, as he was getting but \$10 a week on the Cleveland Plaindealer, as a reporter—and in a few days Browne arrived in New York and assumed the chair. The paper languished on for a few months, and then went the way of all funny papers.

One day, when this had happened, I was walking up Broadway and regretting the result, for I had become very much attached to Browne. He was talking about going back to Cleveland and resuming his old position, when I suggested to him that he try lecturing. At this he laughed, declaring himself totally unfit, not being able to speak in public at all, and having no subject. I insisted, and gave him as a subject, "Ghosts." New York being at the time very much exercised over a foolish humbug got up in the newspapers and called "The Twenty-second Street Ghost." Before we parted Artemus had promised to write such a lecture, and to meet a knot of literary and artist friends the next evening at Platt's, on Broadway, near Bleeker street, a noted restaurant and resort of Bohemians, and read what he had written. He came with about half his effort, and for three-quarters of an hour the party was literally in a roar. He called it "A Lecture About Ghosts," and no small part of the fun was that there was not a word about ghosts in it. The next day he finished it, and then the question was to bring it out. I knew an actor, and sometimes manager, by the name of De Walden, then part of the old Wallack Company, who had some money, and I managed to get him interested. He took Niblo's saloon, on the dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel, for one night, with the privilege of six. The first night, with the help of the press, who were all friends of Artemus, was a triumph, and he ran the week, clearing for himself and his manager \$1,200. From that time his lecture was a grand success, and, before Artemus was more than a lib, he saved money, or, rather, he made it so fast that he could not help its accumulating in his hands. He died worth almost \$100,000, of which he left the income to his aged mother, and, after her death, to found an asylum for old and disabled printers, to which craft he originally belonged.

Base Ball News and Ella Wheeler.

A feeling of great disappointment and sadness was caused by the announcement that Pratapa Chandra Roy, the Bengalee of Baboo, has been obliged to abandon, only half completed, his work of translating into English the lengthy poem, "The Mahabharata," because his money has given out. Our people are yearning for an English translation of "The Mahabharata," but they will have to worry along with base-ball news until Mr. Roy of Baboo makes a financial raise.—Norristown Herald.

Club Man's Gossip.

"I wonder," said an old reporter, "if the people who read newspapers ever think of the queer jumble of comedy, tragedy, and burlesque that make up the life of the men who write the news of the day for the morning papers. I dare say they don't, and that they would regard the scribes who come to interview them or to take their names and descriptions of their costumes at receptions as very wonderful beings if they could see how grinning skulls lie cheek by jowl with fair young fellows in their daily walks. As long as I have been on the assignment book I have never grown callous to this mingling mirth and murder—this comradery of sin and purity, grief and happiness, horror and delight. There is something so utterly sardonic in the idea of this curious juxtaposition of elements that I never cease to marvel at the strangeness of it all. I have often thought that a narrative story of a porter's career would furnish the public with a kind of reading which could not be got elsewhere and which ought to prove absorbingly interesting."

I asked him why he didn't write his experiences.

"Why do not half the clever writers on the daily press work out the stories and plots which have lain in their attics from the time when ambition held their souls entranced? Because of the treadmill grind which takes all their energy day by day. But the field is there just the same. I remember with in the past few months a recollection of incidents that illustrate what I have said, and every week's record for a dozen years might add to the number.—Ex.

A Snake Chase.

A Latinsville (Ga.) man was trying to chase a black snake out of his chicken yard when the reptile suddenly turned upon him and pursued him for over half a mile.

To Get Even With the Editor.

Indulgent Friend—I am surprised to learn that Mr. Scribner has declined your poem, and surprised that you are not indignant at its rejection.

Would-be Poetess—Oh, I am going to have my revenge, and can afford to wait.

Indulgent Friend—Indeed? How do you expect to obtain this revenge?

Would-be Poetess—I have promised to marry him.—Boston Budget.

An Orthodox Man.

A man, wearing the evidences of a tiresome journey, dismounted from a jaded horse, at the door of a cabin near the Arkansas line of the Indian Territory, and, speaking to an old fellow who advanced to meet him, said:

"My friend, I am worn out and am hungry. Can you give me shelter and something to eat?"

The old fellow picked a wood-log out of his whiskers, and looking at it, answered:

"I dunno, zackly, but we mout," as such things have been did. What'yo name?"

"Marcus White."

"Ah, hah. They call you mark, I reckon."

"Yes."

"Wall, my name is Matthew, an' I've got a boy name Luke an' one name John. All uv us tergether would make a sort uv gospel team, wouldn't we?"

"Yes," said Mr. White, smiling, "but the question now is, can I find accommodations here?"

"Hitch yo' hoss an' come in, an' we'll see about it."

When White went into the house, a shrunken woman, mumbling over her knitting, made room for him by shoving back her chair without getting up, and a jute-haired child, with a hunk of corn-bread in its hand, scrambled under the bed.

"Set down, Mr. Mark," said old Matthew. "Tilly (addressing his wife) you must hussle 'round now an' git this here hungry man suthin' to eat. You mout go out thar an' kill that old hen that's been a-settin' for two weeks on them pieces uv brick-bats. Bile her long enough, an' I reckon we ken chaw her."

The woman wiped her nose on her knitting and went out, and pretty soon, there arose the distressing cry of an old hen.

"Mr. Mark," said old Matthew, "you are religious, I hope."

"Yes, I try to be."

"Glad ter hear it, fur nobody but religious folks can claim anything ofen me. You believe that Aaron made a steer outen gold, don't you?"

"Yes, a calf."

"Air you shore it was a calf?"

"I am quite sure."

"Wal, then, we won't argy. All I want is ter settle the fack uv yo' belief, fur, ez I tell you I am a religious man, dyed in the wool and baptized in the feathers. You believe that old 'Lisha made the he-bears eat up forty children, don't you?"

"They were sho-bears."

"Air you certain about that pint?"

"Yes, I am positive."

"Wall, it don't make no difference so long as you believe it. Now, lomme see. It's my habit, you understand, to investigate these things. I wouldn't let a infernal stay in my house five minits, if I knowed it, fur nothin' in the world. You believe that Moses split the sea, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Glad—glad to know that you air a Christian gentleman, fur I don't b'lieve that I ever would git forgiveness fur harboring uv a infernal. I hear my boys, Luke an' John, a-comin'.

They've been over inter Buckenort county ter settle a little diffidence."

When the boys, two gaunt fellows, came into the room, the old man said:

"Boys, this is Mark. Set down thar, now, an' tell me how the thing come out. Did you find old man Bender?"

"Yas, sah," said one of the boys.

"What did you do with him?"

"Tied him ter a tree."

"Good! Then what did you do?"

"We cut some hickories an' wh pped him."

"Good!" the old man exclaimed.

"Did he howl?"

"Bawled like a crow."

"Good! How many did you hit him?"

"Fifty."

"Fast rate. Then what?"

"We left him tied thar."

"Fast rate! Mr. Mark," he added, speaking to the guest, "that oughter teach him a lesson."

"What had he done to deserve such punishment?"

"Oh, he sued me for a saddle I borrid from him. Left him tied, eh? Fast rate!"

They continued to talk and the odor of the boiling hen floated into the room. A gathering cloud, which, all day, had been making threats, burst into a down-pour of rain.

"Mr. Mark," said the host, "I want to ax you another question. We must have a little liberality, you know, ez well ez belief. Do you believe that dam was made outer dust?"

"Well, strictly speaking, I do not."

"What, don't believe it?"

"You said something about liberalism just—"

"Hold on. You don't believe that Adam was made outer dust?"

"To tell you the truth, I do not."

"Well, git outer this house, then; git right out!"

"My Dear sir, this rain storm—"

"Git out (springing to his feet) or I'll hurt you. I don't want the lightning ter strike my house just because I've got a infernal here. Git out."

"Give me a piece of that chicken, please."

"Git out before the lightnin' strikes me, Git."

Mr. Marcus White rode into the storm.—Arkansas Traveler.

African Cannibals.

Information from the Bonny river is that the natives at Opobo and the cannibals at Creekra are as savage as ever. A short time since some merchants went to trade with the Creekas, who invited them to land. One hundred and thirty-six of them were killed. The Creekas—men, women, and children—ran through the town drinking human blood out of the mugs that they carried. At the Ju-Ju house the head men held a festival, at which the flesh of the victims was the chief dish, while some of it was sold, to be dried and eaten at leisure. The Ju-Ju men always keep human flesh in this house.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

A Ceremony Which Has Been Performed for Eight Hundred Years.

GEO. P. GARRED, Publisher.

WAHPETON, NORTH DAKOTA.

IN THE Johnstown flood twelve Grand Army men lost their lives and ninety-six all their possessions.

A YOUNG lady of East Nottingham, Pa., in strolling in a field recently found thirty-six four-leaf clovers, and some with five leaves.

THE old building at Charlotte, N. C., in which Lord Cornwallis transacted business while in this country was burned by an incendiary the other morning.

It is proposed to relieve the water famine in New York by supplying salt water at high pressure for flushing sewers, extinguishing fires, washing streets and similar uses.

A MEXICAN robber who was shot by order of Government received six bullets in his breast and got up and ran 50 yards before falling down to die.

AN AUSTRALIAN who was hanging to the beam of a bridge and realized that he must fall made a verbal bid to a companion, disposing of about \$50,000 worth of property, and the courts have sustained it.

A FRENCHMAN tried his flying machine in the suburbs of Paris the other day. He flew off a barn and it will be several months before his broken legs will allow him to canter around as blithely as before.

N. S. BRIDGES of Charlotte, Me., a veteran bear hunter, 86 years old, caught and killed his 86th bear recently. Bruin proved a hard customer and tipped the scales at 400 pounds.

JOHN WILLIAMS, a bachelor in Augusta, Me., was told that a certain widow had set her cap for him, and John was so afraid that he might be roped into marriage that he went to the barn and hanged himself.

NOWHERE in the world are things buried as they are in America. The Pennsylvania road built a bridge at Sunbury 1,000 feet long in just four days. It took 400 men to do the work.

THIRTY years ago the Thomas Dickason, a New Bedford whaling ship, was lost in the Okhotsk sea. Last summer the bark Cape Horn Pigeon took a whale in the same sea, and imbedded in the blubber was the iron of a harpoon, with the words "Thomas Dickason" stamped on it. It was as bright and sharp as when it first struck into the whale, at least thirty years ago.

While fishing in Cobb creek, near Jekyll Island, Georgia, the other day, Beauregard Tomlins caught an immense sawfish. The monster got entangled in his net, and after being shot two or three times was lassoed and towed into port. The fish measured nearly 12 feet in length and weighed 250 or 300 pounds. The length of his saw was nearly 3 feet.

LAST week the postoffice in Alna, Me., was removed from its old place in P. B. Jones' building to the store of F. L. Weeks. The next morning driver Perham, of the Alna and Garmer stage, left his horses for a moment at the new office, when they started, called around at the old office, waited a moment, and then started off at a quick dash down the street to connect with the morning train at Wiscasset. They were overhauled and captured about half a mile below the village.

A DEBATING club in Germany has been discussing for two years the question whether it is possible to get nothing for something. The realists say yes, and adduce numerous instances in commercial transactions. But the idealist say no, "For," they argue, if nothing really is nothing, how can you get it? Then everybody drinks beer for a month or two, until some bright realist thinks up an answer to this question. The beer seller in whose hall the club meets says it is one of the finest debates he has ever heard, and he confidently expects it to run along for another year at least.

A REMARKABLE exemplification of the terrible force of the flood at Johnstown is furnished by the summary of the strata of a single part of the gorge forced open by dynamite. A railroad bridge at the bottom, on top of that a hotel, above that a section of the Gaultier steel works, and upon that foundation a superstructure of houses and small buildings—this immense pile was hurled together in an almost impregnable mass by that terrible rush of waters. When stone, brick and iron are tossed about like chips and feathers the wonder is heightened that any flesh and blood has survived to tell of the terrible event.

CONDENSED NEWS.

The Very Latest Associated Press Telegrams in a Condensed Form.

From Washington.

J. C. Monahan of Burlington, Wis., was appointed timber inspector, and will be sent to Northwestern Wisconsin and Northeastern Minnesota.

The civil service commission has adopted a plan to make public the list of eligibles in the classified service. At each city in the country where there is an examining board the list of eligibles will be constantly posted on bulletin boards in the postoffice and customhouse. Washington eligibles for the departmental service will be informed by letter of their standing, and the same course will be pursued with the country as to the departmental service.

Washington dispatches several papers dated June 24 quoted the president with having, in a recent conversation with a Southern delegation, spoken disparagingly of the colored race. Ex-Senator Bruce and ex-Auditor Lynch say that the report of such a conversation is erroneous. They have had occasion to call on the president several times, and on each occasion he freely spoke on matters pertaining to the colored race, and they say that his views upon that subject are fair and just, and will commend him to the approbation of the colored people throughout the country.

Record of Casualties.

Four women and two men, all of irreproachable character, were discovered dead in a house at Paterson, N. J. Death was caused by asphyxiation. Near by was a gas stove, which had evidently done the fatal work.

Crimes and Criminals.

George W. McCann, brother of Commodore McCann of the United States navy, committed suicide at Meriden, Miss., on account of ill health.

Mrs. Joseph North was found at the home of her husband, at Lees Lick, Ky., murdered. Her husband was arrested on the charge of murdering her.

Frank Marx, a young Bohemian of Chicago, was stabbed and instantly killed by Stanley Smith, a colored man, at the age of an old feud over the affections of a girl.

While Daniel Rhinehart, living near Fort Wayne, Ind., was away from home, burglars chloroformed Mrs. Rhinehart, three daughters and the hired girl, and secured \$1,140.

William T. Harley, tried in Minneapolis for complicity in the great wheat steal, pleads guilty of petit larceny and is fined \$100. He will get a year in state prison.

James Shaw, stepfather of John Letz of Vincennes, Ind., repudiated his son for reading dime novels instead of working. The youth then shot the old gentleman fatally and escaped.

Dr. Eugene Thayer, a well known organist of New York City, committed suicide at Burlington, Vt., by placing the muzzle of a revolver in his mouth and blowing the top of his head off.

Two painters living in opposite houses on the same street attempted suicide at Fort Madison Iowa, one by poison and the other by a rope. The one who tried poison will probably die.

The court of appeals has decided adversely in the appeals of Carolin, Nolan, Lewis and Giblin, the New York murderers, who have been convicted during the past year and sentenced to death.

Both Beckman and Peterson the murderers of Combs at Rochester, Minn., completely broke down after receiving their sentences, and for some time wept bitterly. They were visited by a large number of their friends, among them several Indians, who for some time were busy bidding good-bye to their old associates.

Young Brown, a precocious prisoner from Alhambra, showed a paper covered novel through the cell grating to Jailer Ellis, in the jail at Boulder, requesting him to give it to Bryson on the floor above. Bryson is under sentence of death for the murder of Mrs. Linstrom near Helena last year, and a death watch is now set on him. Jailer Ellis examined the volume and found a note paper, enclosing a strychnine and morphine pill fastened out and inserted between the leaves, reading, "Instantaneous poison. Bryson, do not eat of this. It is a deadly poison. Brown refused to say from whom the poison and note came.

The lawyers and police of St. Paul are busy unearthing a scheme of fraud of as yet unknown proportions and which would have approached the gigantic if it had not been discovered at an early stage. The scheme consisted in borrowing money on fraudulent certificates of stock in the St. Paul building, a piece of real estate in St. Paul belonging to A. Uihlein of Milwaukee had been fraudulently conveyed by somebody personating him to a Mr. Stenquist, who, armed with this apparently clear title to the property and a policy of title insurance, mortgaged it to secure a loan of a large amount of money from a St. Paul banker, a Pennsylvania capitalist. How many swindles of this kind have been perpetrated is not yet known.

From Foreign Lands.

Large quantities of gold coin from South America are passing through Antwerp for Russia and Austria as was done in the Franco-Prussian war.

The French government has ordered an inquiry to be made into the causes for the purchase of large numbers of cattle in the department of Savoy for shipment to Germany.

The editors of the Gleichheit at Berlin have been tried by the special tribunal for anarchists. Herr Breitscheider was fined, and Dr. Winer was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Mail advices from West Africa confirm previous reports of the shocking privations to which Mr. Stanley has been subjected. It is stated that his hair has turned snow white, that his clothes are ragged, and that he is under no shoes, being obliged to use skins to cover his feet.

The liberal wing of the Reformed church in France is in session in Paris, ninety delegates being present. It is announced they will almost immediately create a college at Limoges, which it is expected will be the first Protestant seminary in France.

The latest news from Hayti is to the effect that Legitime stood little chance against Hippolyte, whose army was well equipped and numbered some ten thousand stronger than that of Legitime. Mr. Nelson considered it a question of only a few days when news would be received stating that Hippolyte had entered Port-au-Prince. The result was, however, in circumstances somewhat different. Mr. Nelson thought, from the fact that the former commander-in-chief, Gen. Flaxant, evacuated Grand Saline for the city of Port-au-Prince, that he was in the aid of the French consul at Port-au-Prince, succeeded in leaving the island with the money, and that he was then, through the aid of his wife, had been away from the island for some months, and one of the Gen. Anselme, appropriated \$350,000 of the government's money and then resigned.

Despite the immense wealth of the earl of Fife, whose engagement is just announced to the Princess Louise, it is believed that parliament will be called upon to do over the bride. The London Star raises a howl in anticipation of this demand, and calls upon Gladstone to take a firm stand in the opposition to all dowries in the future until such time as the whole system of dowry for the offspring of royalty can be settled. There are, at the present time, still twenty-

three princes and princesses unprovided with consorts, and if claims of this nature are to continue to meet with recognition the total demand upon the public treasury will be something appalling. The nine children of the queen have so far cost the country \$2,000,000 in cash, and the Star suggests as a partial relief from the burden which a provision for royal marriages impose that the sons at least might make an effort to catch the American breeze which came to Europe to be caught.

Personal Gossip.

Mabel Taylor Bishop, widow of the mind reader, has been granted letters of administration, notwithstanding the protests of Bishop's mother.

General News Items.

Miss Kate Stoper, a religious fanatic of Shelby county, Ky., has fasted twenty-four days as a penance because her prayers were not answered.

Both houses of the Michigan legislature have agreed to the Damon bill, fixing the retail liquor law at \$500. It is said the governor will approve it.

The superior court of New York has decided against the Oregon Improvement company in its suit for \$100,000 damages against John Rogers.

The life-saving service is taking steps for the establishment of a station at Marquette, Mich., on Lake Superior, and another at Keweenaw, Wis., on Lake Michigan.

Charles C. Morris, a tinner at Memphis, was arrested on suspicion of being one of the men who robbed the Pacific Express company on May 23 last, near Dallas, Tex., of \$15,000.

W. W. Kimball of Minnesota, was elected one of the vice presidents of the American Medical association in New York. The next meeting will be held in Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1890.

The governor of Michigan has signed the local option bill. This bill practically means prohibition in over one-half the counties in the state as soon as the prohibition question is put to test there.

Two colored emigration commissioners from Texas have arrived in the City of Mexico to consult with government officials in regard to procuring land for a large colony of colored cotton raisers from Texas.

It is reported that the Monongahela coal operators are about to consolidate and form one gigantic company, controlling the entire output of the coal fields of Pennsylvania, and a part not a majority of the Kanawha river mines.

The town of Anson, near Chippewa, Falls, Wis., has been startled by the eloquence of Alexander Royer, a well-to-do farmer, with his niece, Miss Liddell. Previous to their fight he was a peace officer. It is believed that they have gone to Washington Territory.

Farmers from different parts of the state of Iowa report that a strange insect has been found at work in the corn fields. It is a small green bug, which works at the roots of the corn and seems to destroy its vitality. The corn plants which appear to be killed are found with these pests. Under a magnifying glass they are found to have heads armed with pincers, between which is a sort of proboscis, thrust into the corn stalks. Corn attacked by these pests turns yellow and ceases to grow, and a large number of fields have been attacked.

Judge Parish, in the United States circuit court at Ashland, Wis., directed a verdict for plaintiff in the case of Prentice a New York millionaire. Thirty years ago Mr. Prentice, who was born in Ohio in 1824, visited the Lake Superior copper region with a view to investment in mining property there. Duluth was a small Indian settlement and Ashland was in the wilderness, but Mr. Prentice saw their possibilities and bought for about \$2,000 an undivided half of 169 acres in Duluth and became the owner of what is now the most valuable part of Ashland. The Duluth property he bought from Benjamin Armstrong, whose wife had inherited from her father, a Chippewa, the mine. Mr. Prentice had issued a patent for 640 acres, which the 169 acres mentioned in the dispatch formed part of. After selling the undivided half of this to the city, he sold the rest to Armstrong, who sold it to John M. Gilman, and the property is now held under deeds of the city of Duluth by the defendants in Mr. Prentice's suit.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Wheat, No. 2, red, 85½c; No. 3, red, 78½c; No. 1, red, 90c; No. 1, white, 91c; No. 2, white, 89c; No. 3, white, 87c; No. 4, white, 85c; No. 5, white, 83c; No. 6, white, 81c; No. 7, white, 79c; No. 8, white, 77c; No. 9, white, 75c; No. 10, white, 73c; No. 11, white, 71c; No. 12, white, 69c; No. 13, white, 67c; No. 14, white, 65c; No. 15, white, 63c; No. 16, white, 61c; No. 17, white, 59c; No. 18, white, 57c; No. 19, white, 55c; No. 20, white, 53c; No. 21, white, 51c; No. 22, white, 49c; No. 23, white, 47c; No. 24, white, 45c; No. 25, white, 43c; No. 26, white, 41c; No. 27, white, 39c; No. 28, white, 37c; No. 29, white, 35c; No. 30, white, 33c; No. 31, white, 31c; No. 32, white, 29c; No. 33, white, 27c; No. 34, white, 25c; No. 35, white, 23c; No. 36, white, 21c; No. 37, white, 19c; No. 38, white, 17c; No. 39, white, 15c; No. 40, white, 13c; No. 41, white, 11c; No. 42, white, 9c; No. 43, white, 7c; No. 44, white, 5c; No. 45, white, 3c; No. 46, white, 1c; No. 47, white, 1c; No. 48, white, 1c; 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WORK OF THE WITS.

Some Vacant Smiles.

What are the wild waves saying? They are probably telling fish stories to one another.

Man proposes, God disposes, woman discomposes, the divorce court interposes, and the press exposes.

If some people should speak the truth it wouldn't shame the devil as much as it would surprise him.

Humanity much resembles the succulent and seductive strawberry. The green ones generally go to the bottom.

Female barbers are not having much success. Gentlemen will not go to them, because they dislike to be cut by a lady.

The charity which hides a multitude of sins isn't half so much needed as the sterner virtue which raw-hides them.

It is lucky that the youthful mind finds it so easy to acquire knowledge, as we have to learn so much that we must forget afterward.

It is estimated that some women carry forty or fifty miles of hair about their heads. Forty or fifty miles without a switch is a good long distance for an air line.

It is easy enough to bring up a child in the right way. All you have to do is to watch the way in which most people bring up their children, and then do something else.

A perpetual motion machine has not yet been invented, but the tongue of a 7-year-old boy asking questions comes pretty near it.—*Somer's Journal*.

The American system of checking baggage is admitted to be excellent. Now, if some genius would invent a method of checking the American baggage-smasher our system would be perfect.

A domestic in an Indiana town where natural gas has been introduced for fuel, gave her mistress prompt notice of leaving, remarking that she "wouldn't cook God's meat over hell-fire."

It is said that the land is so rich in many parts of Missouri that melons cannot be raised on it. The melons grow all right, but the vines grow so fast that they wear the melons out dragging them around the prairie after them.

Mosquitoes are so plentiful in Chicago that a couple of lovers sitting on the back steps of a residence on Wabash avenue were bitten 350 times in 30 minutes. They didn't mind it, however—in fact, they didn't know they had received a bite until an hour after.

A sea captain who had a profane parrot on his vessel broke him of swearing by dashing cold water in his face. One day some hens on board got a ducking from sea spray. Passing by the parrot's perch he espied their forlorn condition and called out, "Guess you've been saying 'damn,' too."

Mrs. Lugsby "Old Mr. Grumby, the doctor says, is suffering from elephantiasis." Mrs. Bagsby: "Caught it at the show, I suppose. Hereafter no boy of mine shall go to see the elephant without having been vaccinated. You can't tell exactly what the elephants fetch over here in their trunk."

"Be your own doctor," advises a patent-medicine advertiser. It is pretty good advice, too. The man who is his own doctor can visit himself half a dozen times a week, charge \$1 a visit, collect \$25 at the end of the month and be just that much in pocket. We don't suppose he ever looked at it in that light.

Washington Post: "Tramp: Mister, give me something to eat; I'm hungry and out of work." Practical party (in suburbs): "What do you work at?" "I am a wood engraver, sir." P. P. (delighted): "Ah, very good! Just walk around behind the back kitchen; you'll find a saw, woodhorse, and some wood. Will you be kind enough to engrave a cord or so while I see about your breakfast?" But the cloud of dust disappearing down the road answered not.

Historical Lies Untold.

There was an insurance man from St. Louis in town a day or two ago. He is a gentleman who can give Baron Munchausen and Eli Perkins both cards and spades in the direction of exaggerated fiction. Early in the morning he met a couple of friends and began to regale them with tales of his adventures. He told how he was once stopping on the fourth floor of a northern hotel when he was aroused about 3 a. m. by an awful commotion. He had retired with a comfortable "jag" as a bedfellow and very sleepy in consequence. But he roused himself sufficiently to go to the window and learn that the hotel was on fire. It was bitter cold outside. The firemen were at work in the street below. He said he signaled two pipemen to direct their stream in his direction. They did so. The stream froze solid and he slid down to the ground upon it, landing safely. Then he began to boast of the St. Louis breweries. He answered all arguments in favor of breweries here by saying one brewery in St. Louis extended twenty-seven stories underground, and that it was found better to employ Chinamen in the lower story because it was cheaper, being nearer China than St. Louis. One of his friends rushed to the telegraph office soon after this and telegraphed that the insurance man was dead. His company wired back, "What's the complaint?" and his friend answered, "No complaint at all. Every one satisfied."—*Chicago Herald*.

FOR THE FARMER.

Too much corn meal often causes chicken cholera.

Cattle should be fed when they want something to eat. If fed regularly they will come regularly.

Sell only clean eggs. If soiled, wash in vinegar and water and be sure to do this the day they are laid.

An acre of land devoted to small fruits will often give a larger return than five acres devoted to grain.

Sheep that have plenty of exercise will grow a longer staple of wool than they would if kept closely confined.

It is said that rags saturated with kerosene and fastened in a split stick that has been driven into the squash, melon and cucumber hills, will keep bugs off.

The Worden grape is becoming quite as popular as the Concord. It is earlier than the latter, hardy, and fruitful to a degree which will please any one who tries it.

A temperature of about 65 degrees, or a little above, appears to be the best for churning whole milk sweet, but the usual temperature employed is from 60 to 63 degrees.

Butter at 40 cents pays a good profit to the producer, but there is a wide range between 16 cents for poor and 40 cents for good butter, when it takes as much cream to make one as the other.

In marketing your fattened hogs they will bring better prices when assorted in lots of uniform sizes. The brood sows should be bred as near together as possible that the pigs may have an even start.

The importance of taking good care of the brood mare and her foal and of feeding the mare well so as to make her yield an abundance of milk, cannot be over-estimated, if a first-class, vigorous colt is to be raised.

The pigman should make it a point to compel young pigs to take exercise on cold and chilly days, as they will lie down sleep too much, getting too fat. This compelling exercise should be attended to till the pigs are at least five weeks old.

It is a farmer buys a horse and makes no inquiries as to its soundness or quietness, and the seller makes no statements in regard to these qualities, and the animal turns out to be stone blind, or to be such an inveterate kicker that he is practically useless, the purchaser must stand the loss, and cannot fall back on the seller for damages.—*E. P. Kendrick*.

Old gardeners recommended a gentle pressure with the foot around the newly planted tree, but more recent experiments have demonstrated that the soil at such times should be tramped as firm as possible. This is really one of the most valuable discoveries of modern times, and may be applied to every department of plant culture, even to seeds when committed to the soil.

The "Rockford Register" gives the condition of a contented farmer in that part of Iowa: "He had to feed squealing hogs three times a day, milk kicking heifers, get bespattered with milk, and bunted sore, teaching contrary calves to suck, and had one everlasting round of chores to do, which kept him tied right at home 365 days in the year."

Our improved modern pigs are the result of the infusion of Chinese and Siamese blood with the pigs of England and Ireland of 100 years ago. The Chester Whites and Poland-Chinas of this country are not thoroughbred in the strict sense of the term, that is, they do not always reproduce their ancestors. The Poland-China is the best one for the practical farmer.—*Edward Burnett*.

Too much corn is used by poultry men, and not enough wheat, oats, barley, middlings, bran and green food. Clover grown for winter use is valuable owing to the large percentage of albumen it contains. Variety of food is essential to the well-being and productiveness of fowls. The composition of eggs requires variety of material, and these constituents are found in plain and cheap food of one kind or another.

Armour says if he can make the tongue of a beef animal he is satisfied. A tongue sells to dealers at about 40 cents, which is not much in itself, but when 3,500 cattle are killed in a day as at Chicago, the profit at that rate would be \$1,400. Armour probably kills daily at his several packing houses ten times that number. How then could our farmers compete with such a concern.—*Waseca Radical*.

Grafting-wax is made of wax, three parts, tallow three parts, and rosin three parts. These are melted together in an iron vessel, kept for the purpose, at as low a temperature as will serve. It may be applied with a brush to wounds. When used for grafting it is more convenient on cloth. Old cotton, calico, or other fabric that will wear readily is torn into strips, made into rolls, soaked in the hot wax until it is thoroughly saturated, drain off the excess of wax, and when cool is ready for use.

The Scientific Farmer estimates the value of hen manure from grain-fed fowls at \$2 per hundred pounds, the valuable constituents being nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, and says it may be fairly compared with ammoniated superphosphates, which it resembles in composition, with the addition of a little potash. Its comparison with Peruvian guano is not warranted, since, though both are excrements of birds, their food is entirely different, being in one case fish, in the other grain.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

For poison oak, bathe in cream and gunpowder twice a day till cured. Wash gilding with water in which onion has been boiled, and dry with a soft cloth.

To remove white spots from furniture, rub them with a cloth wet in weak spirits of camphor, and afterwards with a very little linseed oil.

For polishing windows and mirrors use a teaspoonful of ammonia in each pailful of water, or enough to make it feel soft; dry with a clean cloth or soft paper.

The repeated application of oil of cinnamon will cause those ugly excrescences—warts—to disappear. Rubbing them with salt is also recommended.

Strong Muriatic acid applied with a cloth and the spot washed thoroughly with water; is recommended to remove ink stains from boards.

A very convenient way to poison rats and mice is to mix arsenic with melted tallow and cool it into a cake. Have the tallow merely melted, not hot, when the arsenic is put in.

A good imitation of frosted glass may be produced by applying to the glass saturated solution of alum in water. It may be colored by the addition of aniline dyes.

Don't polish the parlor and give little attention to sleeping apartments. Disease germs lurk in apparently clean corners, for they are not of elephantine proportions.

A house wife who tried placing a sheet-iron cover, old kettle or tin pan, over flatirons while heating, tells "The Michigan Farmer" she "was surprised that it took so little fire to keep them hot."

A neat and appropriate bag for soiled collars and handkerchiefs is made of a towel with handkerchiefs. The towel is sewed in a bag fashion, the ends turned back, and a ribbon draw-string run through the top.

An economically inclined woman with a taste for the beautiful has found a way for old lace curtains and those which have gone out of fashion. She lines them with silk or satin of a handsome color, and drapes them as portiers at single doors.

It is not always easy to start a fruit-jar cover. Instead of wrenching your hands and bringing on blisters, simply invert the jar and then place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it and you will find it turns quite easily.

A bottle or jar unpleasantly odoriferous can, it is said, be cleansed by filling with buttermilk, leaving a day or two, or longer, and then washing well with warm soapsuds. In very bad cases it may be necessary to repeat the process several times.

For a burn or a scald make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

For the tomato omelet prepare a plain omelet, and just before turning one-half over the other place in the center three tablespoonfuls of nicely-seasoned stewed tomatoes; then, when the omelet is turned out in the center of the sizzling, pour around a nicely-made tomato sauce.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocers, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these, and handle the brush just as well, and the hands will not be soiled, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove.

Onions are excellent purifiers, and for eradicating boils or any of the blood humors are very efficacious. They are good for the complexion, and a friend who has a wonderfully clear, fine complexion attributes it to the liberal use of onions as a food.

A pillow sham, which may be described as unique if nothing else, is made of scraps of lace insertions and edgings put together after the manner of crazy patchwork, and finished with a lace ruffle. Some one with a bag full of such bits may like to experiment.

A beautiful table spread is made of Bolton sheeting edged with a band of yellow satin nine inches wide. It is covered with an all-over design embroidered with heavy yellow silks. This spread is inexpensive and very durable, since by renovating the satin it can be washed many times.

The cleanest and most perfectly polished hard-wood floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth which is occasionally dipped in kerosene. The floor is rubbed with the grain of the wood, not across it. This is better than waxing.

M. Korosi, of the Hungarian academy of sciences, has collected about 30,000 data, and has come to the following conclusion: Mothers under twenty-four have children more weakly than parents of ripe age. Their children are more subject to pulmonary diseases. The healthiest children are those whose fathers are from twenty-five to forty years of age and whose mothers are from twenty to thirty years old. M. Korosi says and most medical men endorse this view that the best marriages are those in which the husband is senior to the wife.

To purify a room set a pitcher of water in the apartment and in a few

hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pail of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence the water kept in a room for a while is unfit to use.

To protect boots and shoes: Take a pound each of tallow and resin and put in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, apply hot with a painter's brush until neither the sole nor the upper will soak any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of turpentine and lampblack; this should be applied a day or two after, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone and shine like a mirror, at the same time affording antiseptic protection to the tallow and resin, which will prevent them from rotting the leather.

An eastern woman who tends her own garden gives this advice to her sisters: Have a comfortable sacque made of some washable stuff, slip off your dress and put it on, and a broad brimmed hat. As to corsets, after working in the garden a week you will discard them forever and find yourself with better health and a better figure than you have had since you were a child. Don't try to work with a heavy spade. There are light, strong ones that make the digging quite easy and pleasant. Keep your tools handy, and always see they are in place before you go into the house. A basket for weeds, another with a ball of twine, hammer, trowel, bits of leather to fasten the vines, tacks, scissors—you will need all of these more or less every day, and it's a delight to work if you can lay your hand right on every needed article.

He Was On Time.

From the Youth's Companion. Stage drivers, especially in the newer parts of the country, are commonly men of abundant nerve and independent spirit. Such a man was the famous "Jehu." Hank Monk, whose route was over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Once, and only once, he is said to have had the honor of outcounting Horace Greeley among his passengers. The editor was to lecture that evening at Placerville.

As the horses climbed slowly up the eastern side Mr. Greeley feared he should be late. Twice he urged the driver forward, but the reticent Monk paid not the slightest heed.

Finally they reached the summit and began to descend. Then cracked the long idle whip, and the horses at full run tore along beside precipices where a single stone or misstep would send coach, driver and passengers to swift destruction.

Tossed about in the bounding vehicle, Mr. Greeley assured the driver that such haste was quite unnecessary; that half an hour sooner or later would make no material difference.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley," replied the imperturbable Monk, "with a fresh crack of his whip; 'keep your seat.' I'll get you to Placerville in time."

Through that overruling Providence which cares for the careless, the journey was accomplished in safety, and the story so pleased the Californians that they presented Monk with a handsome gold watch, bearing the inscription, "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley, I'll get you to Placerville in time."

One night afterward, when Monk's coach was late, he drove very hard, to the terror of a self-important local judge, who vainly urged Monk again and again to drive carefully. At length, with pompous gravity, he thundered:

"I will have you discharged before the week is out! Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Oh, yes," replied Monk, "I know perfectly well. But I am going to take this coach into Carson City on time if it kills every one-horse judge in the State of California!"

He Was Prepared.

A traveling missionary had been through a very rough country, and his meek spirit had been sorely tried, he had found a spirit of irreverence and disbelief all over the land, and the ground was very stony. But he left in despair when he struck an old man at a railway station in Texas. They were both waiting for the train. They discussed various things and finally the missionary asked:

"Are you prepared to die?" "I guess you've always got to be prepared in this country. Yes; I'm prepared to die or get the drop on the other fellow."

"I don't mean that. Are you prepared for a hereafter? Look here, stranger, I was brought up in Arkansas, and I went from there to Missouri, and I've lived here ten years. I guess I can stand any hereafter as may be."

The Ideal Summer Carnival.

From the Washington Star. Halifax thinks it has a new ideal in a "summer carnival." It has been welcome to keep it. All the carnival the average human being cares for in midsummer is a chance to get out of reach of everything that reminds him of the temperature, to wear as few clothes as decency will permit, to have as much ice as his disposal as he can use, and to enjoy abundant leisure to swing a palm-leaf fan.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I suppose Mr. Bowser is just like any other man around the house, and I suppose it is a wife's duty to put up with a husband's inconsistencies. The other day he came rushing in from the barn and asked:

"Have you seen the cork-screw anywhere within a day or two?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, it's funny. I left it in here two or three days ago, and it ought to be here now. It's curious that I can't lay a towel down without somebody eating it up!"

"Perhaps it's in the lavatory."

He went rushing around for five minutes, and then came back to say:

"If there's another house in Detroit run like this I'd like to see it!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter! Didn't I leave the cork-screw on the stair steps day before yesterday, and haven't you flung it out doors, chooped it up or given it away to some beggar? It's singular how good care you take of your own things and how little you care for mine! I'll never bring another tool home!"

"Just sit right still and I'll find it."

"It's gone forever!"

"No, it isn't. I remember now where I saw it."

I went out to the drawer of the kitchen table and found it.

"What's that?" he asked, as I returned.

"The cork-screw."

"Is a cork-screw a screw-driver?"

"But you asked for the cork-screw."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you going crazy? Don't I know whether I want the cork-screw or the screw-driver?"

"But you said cork-screw."

"Never!"

"Well, the screw-driver is right there on the table within two feet of you."

"Oh! It is! And why couldn't you have said so in the first place?"

One morning he wanted to use the spade, and not finding it in the barn came rushing in to inquire:

"How much did that junk dealer pay you for the spade?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the spade is nowhere to be found and I presume you sold it."

"Have you looked in the barn?"

"Of course."

"And in the yard?"

"Certainly."

"And down stairs?"

"Yes. I had that spade yesterday, and now it's gone! There are some very queer happenings around this house, Mrs. Bowser!"

"But you don't expect me to watch the barn tools, do you?"

"All right! I've got my ideas about this matter. You may have had fifteen cents for a spade which cost me \$1, but I wouldn't have your conscience for \$1,000!"

At that moment a boy came to the back door with a spade and said:

"You left it in the alley last night, Mr. Bowser."

"There!" said I, after the boy had gone.

"Yes, there!" echoed Mr. Bowser. "Don't let this thing happen again! I see through it and I give you warning!"

Mr. Bowser has a rusty, old hand-saw which has been the cause of several girls leaving the house. If he is tinkering about he is sure to leave it under foot, and the next time he wants it there's a great row. He charged one girl with selling it, and she quit just as he found it in the garret.

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