

The Wahpeton Times.

Vol. 11.

Wahpeton, Richland Co. North Dakota, Thursday, July 11, 1889.

No. 15.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wheat is 85 and 78 cents. There is a large stock of blacksmith's coal on hand at Gull River Lumber Co's. 71f

White lime for whitewashing, ready made window frames and screen doors at Gull River Lumber Co's. 11

Miss Emily Wood of Spearhead, Illinois, sister of Cashier Wood, is in the city visiting her people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Power arrived in the city Tuesday to spend the summer at the Grand hotel. —[Fergus Journal.

Ted Dunlap, now in charge of an elevator at Sank Centre, Minnesota, was in the city over Sunday visiting his family.

The Hon. P. J. McCumber and bride returned from the east Saturday of last week, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Bogart.

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. 71f

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

On July 12, the N. P. will sell round trip tickets from Wahpeton to Fergus Falls for one fare, good to return on the 15th. Wallace & Anderson's circus.

Dry pine slabs, sawed and split stove wood, lime, cement, plastering hair, smelting coal, tamarac posts, barn and roof paints on hand at Gull River Lumber Co's. 71f

Wahpeton is well represented at the constitutional convention, our delegates taking first rank among committee men, and Master Charles Lauder a pageship and Fred Falley, sergeant-at-arms.

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. 11

Math Kotschevar and wife, old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Mikschke, and Math Kraker and wife, latter daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mikschke, are here from Stearns county, Minnesota, enjoying the hospitality of their friends.

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. 121f SCHULER BROS.

From June 30th to July 14th, inclusive, the Northern Pacific will sell round trip tickets, Wahpeton to Nashville, Tenn., for \$32.75 good returning not later than Sept. 11th. This is to enable people to attend meeting of National Educational Association. Rate open to all.

Dr. Spotswood recently of Minneapolis but now having assumed Dr. Baldwin's practice at Hankinson, was in the city this week and paid THE TIMES a pleasant call. The doctor has qualified as coroner of the county, succeeding the former in this also, who was elected to the position last fall.

The Congregational church last Sunday received Mr. and Mrs. Woodward and Mrs. Aspinwall, and the children of Mr. and Mrs. McKean and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney DeLong, were baptized into the church. The Lord's Supper was celebrated, the church being beautifully decorated.

On July 22, 26, and 29 the N. P. will sell tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis at one fare for the round trip, and on the 23d, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, at one and one-third fare for the round trip. All good to return up to and including August 2d, inclusive, on account of meeting of Twin City Jockey Club.

In speaking of Wahpeton's Academy project the other day, Rev. J. M. LaBach said to us that he had just received a letter from Mr. Adams of Chicago pledging \$10,000 toward its construction, and the gentleman was very much elated over the prospects. Mr. LaBach is pushing the enterprise right along, and deserves a good deal of credit for the interest he is showing.

We notice that Judge Harker took about all the prizes in the horse races at Lidgerwood the Fourth—getting away with five of them. And yet we understand the judges would not allow his pony in the horse race, for fear it would do that up also. There is often complaint of "horses" going into pony races, but seldom any one ever finds fault with a pony going into a horse race.

W. H. Horton was in the city Wednesday, and in speaking of staked matters, incidentally remarked that he hoped the Dakota schemers would not get the grip that the Wisconsin schemers got on the start, and in seven years run the new state into an indebtedness of \$2,500,000. He thought there should be a clause in the constitution providing that all extraordinary appropriations should be voted on by the people. And then there should be a provision against the scheme of omnibus appropriations—allowing the governor to extract any feature of it he might see fit.

"Godey's Lady's Book," for July, has arrived as fresh as a spring sunshine, full of novelties and attractions throughout. The literary pages contain several good stories, and a charade of equal merit, while poems, fashion gossip and work designs, make up a great variety of good things. The book increases in merit each month, difficult as it would seem to be, to improve an almost perfect publication.

"The Burlington" will make reduced rates for the following occasions, open to all: National Educational Association Nashville, Tenn. July 8th to 20th from all stations. "The Burlington" has been selected by the Minnesota delegation as the official line. For particulars of this and all other occasions for which reduced rates have been made apply to W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. B. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

We noticed several days ago that Conductor Breed wore a somewhat larger smile than usual, but it was all clear enough when we received a Wahpeton paper announcing the arrival at his home of a fine boy, who will no doubt in due time be exercising his lungs in an attempt to reach the height of proficiency attained by his genial father in the pronunciation of that significant conglomeration so common to conductors—A-I-I-a-o-o-o-r-d!—[Hunter Eye.

THE BLIND PIG, NUMEROUS. Sargent County is having a good deal of trouble and expense in taking care of its blind pigs. Here is an item from the Foran Independent: Last week Judge McConnell fined Will Ellsworth, Bud Miller and Frank Argersinger of this place, and Adam Hendricks of Rutland, \$200 for contempt of court for violating injunction orders to restrain them from selling intoxicants contrary to law. The judge gave Mr. Hendricks the option of thirty days in jail or payment of the fine. The other boys have all decided to go to jail instead of paying their fines, but it is not known yet how long they will be required to remain in durance vile. They will be all confined in Wahpeton, this county having no jail. They were given till last Monday to put up their money, but did not elect to do so. It costs the county just \$5 a day to pay their board bills in jail.

THE FOURTH. The Fourth passed off very quietly at Wahpeton, the only demonstration being in horse racing in the afternoon and dancing in the evening. In the former J. S. Peterson, this city, Joe Wood, Breckenridge and a third party of Breckenridge entered ponies, and first money was taken by Peterson; Wood, second; and third party, third money. In the green trotting race Jos. Kenerson, Wahpeton, Geo. Flett, Wahpeton, and Mr. Tyler, Breckenridge, horses. Kenerson took first money, Flett second, and Tyler third. In the three minute race, Pete Hanson entered Tom, J. S. Peterson, Julian, which made a right pretty race, making 2:33 time, first money, however being taken by Mr. Hanson.

In the foot race, Irv Farnsworth took first money; Jimmie Smith second, and a boy from Abercorn, third. The horse and hook and ladder teams were on the track and did some good practice work.

In the evening the Turners gave a dance at their fine furnished hall and made a great success of it. And there was also a dance at Seely's opera house which was well attended.

The agricultural association realized in entrance fees and admission \$173.95, and paid out the same in prizes.

GET TOGETHER. It usually takes a few earthquakes to awaken a new community, and we now wonder if there have been enough rotten bank failures in Wahpeton and enough schemy "improvements" put through here to put the average tax payer on his guard, teaching him,—in fact giving him practical illustrations of the fact that all is not gold that glitters. It is pretty nearly time the tax payers of Wahpeton got together and sat upon all questionable wire pullers and men pretending to do banking business, with no visible means, or any other sort of business when they have no capital to work upon, but simply lie around in wait to filch from the community. And in the matter of public office for city or county, none but known tax payers—sober and industrious—should be tolerated, and these should be men known to be obedient to prudent business principles, rather than a reckless venturesome disregard not only of public opinion, but of public welfare.

There are yet good men in Wahpeton and the sooner they get together and build up a respect for their property interests and rights, relegating designing men and selfish schemers to the rear, just that much sooner will capital be attracted here and will we regain our old friendships among our own county people.

Let the tax payers of Wahpeton get together in a determination to see exact justice done by public interest, rather than the blind following of some factor, and there will be no further difficulty and Wahpeton will flourish. Otherwise, difficulties will continue.

In the event of the lecture by Rev. DeWitt Talmadge at Fargo, August 1st, the Manitoba road will make limit good to August 2nd at rate of fare and a fifth for the round trip.

President Barnes in the city today, said to THE TIMES that the Congregational College at Fargo has just been donated \$10,000 by James P. Gould of Buxton, Trail county, on condition that ten more be raised this summer, six of which are already pledged by the board of trustees.

WAS VERY SATISFACTORY. The Barnesville Review terminates a very complimentary notice of Prof. Fort's closing exercises of his late term of school there in this way: "The proficiency shown by the pupils in Mr. Fort's room was a surprise to every one, and the advancement made by the pupils during the term speaks volumes for their teacher. The school has up to now been in a very unsatisfactory condition but will now compare favorably with any in the county. The warm regards of the children toward Mr. Fort, is only equalled by the confidence reposed in him by the parents and school board. Should the board re-engage Mr. Fort for the winter term, we feel sure that it would meet the approval of every person in the city interested in the progress of the scholars."

WEATHER AND CROPS. There has been no rain for the last seven days in this immediate locality. Wheat is not suffering, but in localities where in former years, large quantities of hay was cut there is none in sight. And unless we have copious rains hay will be at a premium. Reports from the northern part of the state all indicate not half a crop of wheat and no hay. Maximum temperature for the week, 95 deg.; minimum, 59. C. I. CROFT, Observer U. S. Signal Office.

FOR SALE CHEAP. 210 acres best farming land near Moorhead D. K. FRANK RAU & BRO.

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. VOORHIES, 10 Wolverton, Minn.

A PICNIC. The ladies of the Congregational church will give a picnic supper at Central Park, Wednesday afternoon and evening of next week, the 17th inst. Supper to be served from six to eight. All are cordially invited to attend.

JUST RECEIVED. A large assortment of fancy and heavy fly nets; also a nice lot of lap robes, and I have just completed 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 Wyanmore. IVER T. HANEGAN. Dated June 8th, 1889.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC. I hereby caution all persons to have nothing to do with one promissory note of \$11.50, made payable to the Minnesota Farmers Live Stock Association, Fergus Falls, Minnesota, the same having been obtained through misrepresentation and fraud. A. J. DUNHAM. Fairmount, July 6th, 1889.

AT COST FOR 30 DAYS. Geo. A. Lacy, the jeweler, will for 30 days from Saturday, July 13, 1889, make a reduction of 20 per cent. on his entire stock of goods, including silver and silver plated ware, watches, clocks and jewelry. Now is the time to buy goods in this line, of which he has a large supply, at bed rock prices. 15

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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 application East and keep you waiting for your money.
I Loan on City Property.
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WAGON CARRIAGE MAKER
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Complete Blacksmithing Shop
in connection with his wagon shop, having secured a good man and is prepared to do HOISE SHOENING—and all repairing with Neatness and Dispatch. New platform wagons put up in fine order.
Repairing a Specialty. 2 Give Frank a Call.

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Ten Per Cent Off We take pleasure in announcing to the Public that in a few weeks we will go to market to buy our Fall and Winter Goods, and in order to make room for them, we will offer for THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS, TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all Summer Goods. You Cannot Afford to miss this Opportunity to secure a Good Bargain. Come Early and take advantage of this Great Discount Sale. Very Respectfully,
A. & M. STERN.
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FANCY GROCERY SPECIALTIES
Such as Shelf Groceries, Canned Fruits, Canned Meats and Fish, Dried and Evaporated Fruits and Berries. Special drives in TEAS, COFFEES and Spices. Baking Powders, Cigars and Tobacco. Green Fruit of all kinds. A Good Assortment of Queensware, Chinaware, Lamps, etc., which I will
Close Out at Cost to Make Room for Other Goods.
THE ENTERPRISE.
Telephone Call No. 18. Old Bank of Wahpeton Building.

NOTICE OF REGISTER.
Taken up in Elma Township, Richland Co., D. T., the 23rd day of April by Cassius Lisk, one dark brown gilding (4) four years old, branded on left shoulder (LO), tip of right ear split, small white spot in face. Said white horse has been appraised and recorded.
W. W. INGERSOLL,
Justice of Peace in and for Richland Co., D. T.

RICHLAND COUNTY HOSPITAL.
The Richland County Hospital, Wahpeton, Dakota, is well furnished with necessaries for the care of patients including good medical attendance and nursing. Patients need not necessarily be county charges, for those in need of its accommodation are at liberty to pay for their care. People in the country can often save expensive trips by the doctor by coming right to Wahpeton for treatment. Mrs. F. A. ANTHONY, Manager.

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Fargo Southern.
7:30 L. Fargo.....Ar 8:00
10:30Wahpeton..... 12:10
4:05Ortonville..... 12:15
4:45Milwaukee..... 12:15
4:45Aberdeen..... 8:25
N. F. MILLER, Local Agent.

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Local Time.
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SINGLE APRON HARVESTER AND BINDER,
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We handle the Well Known
Yankee Gang Plow,
The Lightest Dr.ought Plow in the Market. 12

A WHITECHAPEL VICTIM.

The True Story of One of the Murdered Women.

In his speech at the Presbyterian synod yesterday evening, says the Fall Mall Gazette, the Rev. John MacNeill created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance and said that last Sunday, when he preached a temperance sermon at the Tabernacle, he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine. The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them—several brothers and two sisters—the children of intemperate parents. Her sister had unfortunately inherited the craving and before she was 14 had taken to drink. The others became converted and did all in their power to cure their sister, but it was of no use.

The sister at length married comfortably, and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she staid a year. She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold and before going out one morning, drank a glass of hot whisky, taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as was his regular custom, before leaving, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her, and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from word to word and at last left her husband and children, one of them a cripple through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white-haired, broken-hearted man, although only 45 years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letter, "what became of her?" Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent White-chapel victims. That was my sister!

POINTS FOR SMOKERS.

How to Carry Cigars and How to Let One Go Out.

Here is a point for smokers, says the New York Sun. It is given by a man who not only smokes cigars frequently, but sells them. He says if you will carry your cigars in your waistcoat pocket with the mouth end down there will be less likelihood of the tobacco becoming broken or the wrapper being unrolled than if you carry them with the match end at the bottom. Here is a second point: If you are a billiard-player don't put them in the pocket on the right side, for the constant moving of the arm in the manipulation of the cue will wear upon that side, and if it does not result in crushing the tobacco will so loosen the wrapper that the smoking of the cigar will be an annoyance rather than a pleasure. And here is a third point: If there is a slight feeling of nausea take a drink of water to clear the throat, and if you would be sure absolutely of preventing any serious sickness throw your cigar away and stop smoking altogether for an hour or so. Another point which a gentleman who heard these three advanced suggestions that if by any cause it becomes necessary to let a cigar go out it will be a good scheme not to take a final puff, but to make a blow and expel the smoke from the burning end. This clears the roll of tobacco from the smoke, and even if the fire dies out it will be found upon relighting that the cigar is of good flavor. In fact an expert has said that a really good cigar will be improved by letting it go out, following this plan, and then lighting it again.

The Nation's Wards.

The Indian reservations in 1886 in the United States amounted to 212,466 square miles, all that is left to the race of 3,250,000 square miles, once all their own. The total Indian population of the United States is 247,761. Estimated number of Indians in Alaska is 30,000. The Indian agencies are 61 in number. Number of Indian church members in the United States is 28,663. Number of houses occupied by Indians is 21,232. Number of Indians living on and cultivating lands is 8,612. Number of Indians in the United States who wear citizen's dress is 81,621. Number of Indians in the United States who can read Indian languages is 10,027. Number of Indians in the United States who can read English is but 23,495. There are ten Indian training schools located in different parts of the Union.—Exchange.

Keep Their Minds Cheerful.

A reasonably sure way to produce disease in children is to fill their minds with a knowledge of disease symptoms. Tell them where their heart is located and let them know the dangerous character of any trouble affecting that organ, and ten chances to one, with an occasional muscular twitch in that locality, they will settle into the unpleasant conviction that their heart is not in its normal condition. One fortified with the information that every vertebrae has a liver and every nervous child with a slight coating on the tongue will cry for some preparation that is at least dinctured with colamel. It is all right to teach a child certain general hygienic laws. It is necessary to convince them that if they lie or sit on the damp ground or expose themselves when very warm, to draught, they will take cold. Certain anatomical laws ought to be taught children, but this continuous cackle about palpitation of the heart, or other cardiac difficulties, torpid livers, disintegrated kidneys and nervous debility, is productive of harm. It stimulates a morbid imagination and in youthful minds make mountains out of mole hills. If there is any actual disease the only sensible course for a parent to take is to lead the young mind away from a contemplation of it. There is a deal of sympathy between the mind and body. When joyous and free from anxiety the mind never invites bodily ailments. Surrounded by sunshine and flowers and devoted friends, a child is not apt to worry over clouds and poisonous weeds and enemies.—Cincinnati Times.

A Gypsy Evangelist.

There is a Gypsy evangelist conducting a revival at the Trinity M. E. church, Cincinnati, with marked success. Twelve years ago he roamed the highways and byways of England with his Romany tribe. Becoming converted, he took to preaching! The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says of him: He told one reminiscence last night which fairly illustrates his style. Just before he arose to speak the choir sang "Rescue the Perishing." Said he: "That reminds me of the time when I was the guest of the Sergeant of the Mace in London. We were sitting, after the evening service, in his parlor, resting before retiring for the night. Said the Sergeant to his daughter: 'Play something.' She went over to the piano and began to play 'Rescue the Perishing.' We all sang, and about us were elegant hangings and beautiful pictures. On the floor was a Brussels carpet, while the chairs were upholstered in satin and plush. I started to sing, then looked about me and said, 'stop!'"

"What do you mean?" said the Sergeant. "Stop," said I. "I can't sing that song here. There are no perishing here. Go with me into the slums, a few squares from here, where to-night men and women are perishing by the scores. Then I will sing it, but not here."

Voting in Japan.

William Elliott Griffin, in his explanation of the new constitutional government of Japan in the June Forum, tells of the system of voting, which leaves little chance for fraud. Each voter must write his own name and the name of the candidates on the ballot and stamp it with his own seal.

THE FIRE OF HOME.

Dear them tell of far-off climes,
And treasures grand they hold—
Of mistier walls, where stained light falls
On canvas, rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes
fast—
But ah, how can I roam?
My task I know, to spin and sew,
And light the fire of home.
Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,
Of words that move mankind;
Of willing hands that to other lands
Bring light to the poor and blind;
I dare not preach, I cannot write,
I fear to cross the foam,
Who, if I go, will spin and sew,
And light the fire at home?
My husband comes, as the shadows fall,
From the fields with my girl and boy,
His loving kiss brings with it bliss
That no other boy
From the new-plowed meadow, fresh and brown,
I catch the scent of the loam:
"Dear do not fret, 'tis something yet
To light the fire at home!"
—George Worster.

The Colonel's Widow.

New York Mercury.
"Jap," says I, "we'll go up and call on the colonel's widow. She must be pretty well settled by this time."

The colonel's widow had taken the top flat and we—Jap and I—had the very best underneath. Jap, by the way, is all the family I have. Jap is not a very extensive specimen of canine loveliness, but Jap is the staunchest and most loyal of humanity, I was about to say. Never mind, Jap is a good deal more human than a great many two-footed animals of my acquaintance. Jap is a Japanese pug to nationality, long haired, black and white and loving. Knows a pretty woman when he sees her, will not make friends with a hypocrite and has never met a policeman.

So I took Jap under my arm and made sure of having my latch-key, for it isn't very pleasant being tricked by a spring lock on the door of your own apartment, as I have been once or twice, and having to go through some lower floor's kitchen and mount the fire-escape to your own back window. Then Jap and I climbed the highest flight of stairs and rang the gong bell of the colonel's widow's outer door. We had to wait some little time for admission, and as we stood there we could not avoid, honorable as we always intend to be, Jap and I, over-hearing a hasty and fretful conversation that was occurring within. Possibly the colonel's widow and her daughter—for she had a daughter—had forgotten the open transom above the door.

"You'll have to go, Celia," said the widow. "I can't get my dress buttoned."
"I can't go, mother; my hair is all up and I don't want to take it down."
"I never saw the like, Celia. You never will do anything I ask you. I don't see who it can be, anyway, unless the hall boy with letters."
"It isn't time for the postman. Ten to one it's that woman downstairs with the dog—"

"Oh, that horrid little dried-up old maid!"
Now this wasn't very pleasant, but we couldn't very well retreat, we called, even after hearing such a verdict pronounced. Jap looked up at me and winked slyly, as if to say: "It isn't your fault, is it, dearie, that you're an old maid?"
Besides, as the colonel's widow had taken the initiative in the matter of our becoming acquainted, I did not feel so bad. Jap and I had boiled her tea kettle for her the day she moved in and loaned her our best step-ladder and taken charge of her music-box and taken her groceries off the dumb waiter when she couldn't get her own side open and rung our messenger call half a dozen times in her interest and—

Just then the door opened and the widow stood revealed, smiling and positively delighted.
"Why, my dear Miss Dana! I'd only know it was you you shouldn't have been kept waiting so. Come right in. Oh, how is little Jap? The cunning little creature! Walk right into the parlor. I was dressing—positively had nothing but a bath robe—and Celia, poor girl, has such a headache, she's just trying up her forehead in a towel, you know."
Jap gave a low grumble of dissent, but he is a very mannerly dog, and when I bade him sit quietly at my side he obeyed without a murmur; only once in a while he would look up and wink at me, as if to say: "Pardon the venacular, but do request her mildly to 'come off.'"

I think Jap was always a little prejudiced against the lady ever since the day I had first read aloud for his consolation from a very neat visiting card, "Mrs. Colonel Archibald Fortescue."
The widow was very tall and equally plump. She had a massive figure and a good-sized face, surmounted by a crown of smoke-white hair. But she carried herself very gracefully, much more so than Miss Celia, a fiery blonde, who was thin and stoop-shouldered.

The widow had a way of sitting very erect and made a great many gestures. She talked with her hands as well as her mouth.
"You are just the one I wanted to see," she said, with a glow of manner that presaged an axe to grind.
"Wow!" said Jap incredulously, remembering, perhaps, what we had heard before we were admitted.
"The dear little creature!" said the widow, "how kind he is. Yes, Miss Dana, I was coming down to see you had you not come up. I am very anxious to interest you in a little charitable project that is quite engrossing us at present. Celia has a class in the Chinese mission, you know. By the way, I hope you like the Chinese. They make lovely pupils. Well, Celia wants to give her class a picnic excursion during the coming week and we thought perhaps you would join us. The dear girl has quite set her heart on your going so—and the dog, too, of course."

"Wow!" said Jap, threateningly. If anything vexes him it is to be called "the dog."
But the colonel's widow smilingly continued:
"We shall either go up the Hudson or just to the park. There are twelve in Celia's class and we three will make fifteen. I think perhaps the park will

be the better place. Do say you will accompany us."

I looked at Jap and he seemed to be laughing quietly, so I answered that we would be quite pleased to go along, and said in entertaining Miss Celia, "Celia, I was your own suggestion to let you foot—"

"I was only in fun," sobbed Celia. "And I only helped you by sitting on the grass hour after hour to keep that horrid little old maid from wondering where her lovely nephew was—sitting there till I caught my death of cold, that's all. But what do you care? I'll die and then you'll get all the pension money."
"I don't care; you're always finding fault because I don't get married. I'd like to know if I can go out on the street and pick a husband off a lamp-post. Once for all, Paul Dana doesn't care a straw for me, nor me for him, and I won't scheme to marry his money."
"Will you hush, then, you good-for-nothing girl! I might hav'ken that big-eyed, lazy fop and his wizened old aunt with her wretched dog—I'll throw that dog downstairs next time I catch it!"

This was quite enough. What she thought of myself I cared not a pin, when she abused Jap I vexed me, but when she threatened to injure poor, innocent little Jap, I drew the line. Shortly I crept downstairs again and into my own apartment.
"Paul," says I, "never trust a red-haired woman—or at least, never trust her mother. You are not in love with Celia Fortescue, I hope?"
"Paul jumped."
"That's all right," I said. And then I gave Jap an extra dish of milk, poor innocent!

Tricks Among Telegraphers.
"Speaking of country town telegraphers," said a veteran operator, "reminds me of a story on myself. I was the 'student' of the railway station in a small New Jersey town when an old timer came down there to work a wire in the division superintendent's office, which was just across the track in another building. "One day I answered a call on my instrument and got a message from Master Mechanic McMartin, who lived down the track sixty miles, asking me as a personal favor to take the handcar and go down the road about three miles to the farm road of J. Bird, where I would get 500 strawberry plants. He wanted me to bring them to the station and send them down by the evening express. Now McMartin was in special favor with me. I had two brothers working under him, and I naturally thought he was a great man. So I said I would do it."

"I went home got a big clothes basket, rolled out the handcar, and with one of the boys that always hang around a country depot started out to find the farm of J. Bird. I had never heard of any such person, but thought I might have overlooked him. So I pumped away up a long grade until I reckoned I had gone at least three miles. Then I hauled a man in a field and asked where J. Bird lived. He said there wasn't any such man around there—might live farther west, so I went on a couple of miles until I found another man, and he was at least half a mile away in a plowed field. So I floundered over that stretch of broken ground and asked him where to find the farm of J. Bird. He said he had lived in that county thirty years, and that no such person had ever been in it so far as he knew—there was no such man in that immediate section, anyway."

"I went back to the handcar in a quandry. I would have gone farther west, though I was already between eight and nine miles from town, and my hands from pumping the handcar were blistered fearfully. It hadn't been for the old farmer's positive statement that no such man lived anywhere around. Finally I concluded that there had been some mistake and started back. It was mighty hard work and my hands were awfully sore, but I pumped away and at last I rolled up to the depot. There was a great crowd of young fellows there, and when I picked up the big clothes basket and stepped on to the platform everybody gave me a great laugh. Then the old time operator put his head out of the window and sung out:
"Got them strawberry plants?"
"It didn't take me more'n a second to realize the whole measly trick. The operator from the other building had switched on his ground wire, it blew me up and sent me the message and signed it McMartin. On the strength of that I had gone out on a hunt for a jaybird and come back with two dozen blisters. While I was gone he had circulated the story and the gang had gathered. I didn't hear the last of that sell for months, and I was so suspicious afterward that I wouldn't answer my own call half the time. That's what I call a low down trick; but I've hoaxed young operators just as badly since. It teaches 'em the business."—New York Star.

She Thought They Were Snakes.
One of our townsmen relates that a friend of his, while stopping at the seashore, caught a number of very fine eels, and thought it would be nice if they could be brought home. It was difficult to find just the best means of transportation, but an old oil cloth covered hand bag was procured, and the eels placed in it. The man boarded the train, and placed the carpet bag under the seat, and thought nothing more of it until some time after the train had started, when suddenly a woman who sat about four seats in front of him jumped up on the seat, drawing up her skirts, and yelled "Snakes!" The man looked that way, and saw one of the largest of his eels slowly wriggling across the car, and as there was by this time a general commotion throughout the car, he picked up the grip-sack, and remarking that "he did not care to stay in a car where the conductor allowed snakes to run about the floor," made his way to the smoker, and has never heard yet whether the "snakes" was caught or not.—Waterbury American.

ashamed of myself. I'll never play such a part again. What does he care for me?"

"Then the widow sharply: "You're an ungrateful creature, and if you never get married, I shall exert myself all my more. It was your own suggestion to let you foot—"

"I was only in fun," sobbed Celia. "And I only helped you by sitting on the grass hour after hour to keep that horrid little old maid from wondering where her lovely nephew was—sitting there till I caught my death of cold, that's all. But what do you care? I'll die and then you'll get all the pension money."
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The Last Hundred Years.

The country, and especially New York city, has just been celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration.

This great anniversary naturally calls to mind the vast advancement that has been made by the country in every department of activity during the last hundred years.

When Washington was inaugurated, the country consisted of a narrow strip of thirteen sparsely-populated states along the Atlantic coast. It now stretches from ocean to ocean.

When Washington was inaugurated, there were less than four millions of people in the entire country. Today there are probably sixty-five millions.

Since Washington's inauguration, one hundred years ago, a continent has been redeemed from the wilderness, cities as large as European cities a thousand years old, have sprung up over the soil enriched by aboriginal forests. Great iron highways for fleshless steeds, whose breath is smoke and whose hearts are living fire, have spanned the rivers, tunneled the mountains, and made the Atlantic and Pacific neighbors. Since Washington was inaugurated, the continent has been covered with a network of slender wires, the narrow pathway for the fleet-footed lightning to carry the messages of the world.

Washington was, doubtless, one of the noblest and best of all ages. Yet, he was a slave owner. He could hardly have anticipated that long before a hundred years after his death, slavery would come to be considered by a large number of his countrymen as a gigantic and monstrous crime, and be wiped out of existence by one of the greatest wars in history.

If any one had predicted to Washington the telegraph, the telephone, the steamboat, the electric light, and the thousand and one inventions that have made our era epochal, he would have looked upon the bold prophet with an incredulous stare of amazement, and would have regarded his informant as a wild and irresponsible lunatic.

THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.
If all these things have been accomplished in the past hundred years, what may we not expect in the next hundred years, now that progress is moving on at an accelerated rate, and the thoughts of men keep pace with the express train rather than with the stage coach?

Surely, in the light of past experience, no man should be considered visionary who predicts unexampled advancement during the coming century.

So is it not safe to say that the second centennial of our national existence will be celebrated from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus of Panama? Continental absorption is surely the tendency of the times. Canada has a large number of people who are in favor of annexation, and this number is steadily growing. In a quarter of a century this annexation sentiment must be irresistibly strong in that country. Mexico's annexation sentiment will have a slower growth. But the great railroads of the future will bring the two widely diverse races of Americans and Mexicans together. A mingling of interests and social and mercantile communication, will, in the process of time, unify the two countries, and the advisability of one common government will become apparent.

There will be a great industrial and social revolution during the next hundred years. The great labor problem, in one way or another will have been solved. Men who are willing to work will procure work, and respectable poverty will be unknown, from the fact that the conditions of life will be such that all poverty will be unnecessary, and hence dispensable. Women will vote the temperance question will have been settled, and the third century of our constitutional existence will open with new problems before it, of which we, at the present day, cannot even dream.—Yankee Blade.

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 fifty cents, which is half the regular charge. The citizen, who, it is presumed never had much dental work done, turned pale, but quickly recovering himself, put in a counter claim of twenty-five cents for holding the horse, and had it admitted.—Moncton (N. B.)

Author of "Beautiful Snow."

Mr. J. W. Watson, the author of "Beautiful Snow," having been described by the New York World as the author of an unsuccessful book of poems, and at present an elevated railroad brakeman, writes to that journal as follows: "My book of poems is not a failure, but the publishers in form me, is one of the best selling in the trade, though I derive no profit from it, nor do I own a copy (fact), the price being beyond my pocket (\$3) and the publishers never having presented me with a copy. There are many better poems in it than 'Beautiful Snow,' and several almost as popular. Frank Leslie never offered me \$1,000 to write any poem, though he has paid me much money for doings."—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Fickle Fate.

We had quarreled over some trifling little thing. Will and I, and then the summons had come for him to join his ship, and I was left alone to consider what a fool I had made of myself. I suppose I might have written to him, and begged forgiveness, but I was too proud for that, and I thought it would be so much easier to make up when he came back.

The months passed, and our family went to Saratoga. Here at the hop one night I met Nanine Dew, a young lady whom Will Wharton said he should certainly have lost his heart to if he had not met me. We got to be quite intimate in time, but I was always a little jealous of her because she was so much prettier than I and graceful as a fawn. One day as we walked home from the springs she showed me a magnificent diamond on one of her fingers.

"It was so strange," she said, with a laugh. "Will Wharton and I had always loved each other, but he went away without saying anything, and in a month wrote and offered himself. I accepted and he telegraphed to the jeweler for a diamond ring. Odd engagement, was it not?"

That night I took my ring off its chain, and inclosed it in an envelope, with that address, and not a word except my name—Marjorie More.

Two years ago by slowly sometimes. Those did, I know. Josephine and Kitty got married, and Kitty started on an European tour, having whispered in my ear:
"Don't be an old maid, Marjorie. Get married before he comes home. You can if you like."

Yes, I could. I knew that. And her words remained with me. I remembered an elderly gentleman who only needed a word of encouragement from me—a handsome man enormously rich, who had had a diplomatic position abroad. I resolved that such love as I could give would be all that he would desire.

He wanted a lady at the head of his table, a loving nurse in his illness and old age. I could give him that and he would give wealth, position, protection and so I smiled and wore a second engagement ring when the Neptune came home, and Nanine Dew confided to me the fact that "Will wanted to be married very, very soon."

Yes, the Neptune was home again. Will Wharton had breathed the same air that I breathed; our feet trod the sidewalks of the old town where we had breathed our vows, and we were nothing to each other. Where were his vows of eternal love and fidelity! Blown away like thistle-down by a hasty word or two. Oh, no! he never loved me, never! I said. "Had he done so he would not have been so ready to turn from me. The secret lay in Nanine Dew's beauty, and youth, and elegance. He had cared for her and was glad that he had broken with him."

And yet before we were both married—for after that it would be wicked—I had promised myself the luxury of going quite alone to spend an hour in the spot where we were betrothed to each other, once more to sit under the old trees that sheltered us then, to hear the river sweep by, and see the boats upon its breast; and this romantic performance I undertook one mild spring morning.

I hired a cab and drove out to the sweet country place, left it and turning down a long lane, came to a deserted country seat—long in the lawyers' hands—and entered its neglected garden, where a wilderness of beautiful flowers had gone wild. There was an old arbor here, great trees grew over it, and a great vine shaded it. Through its entrance one saw a picture of the river and the opposite shore. On the broken bench within we sat in that happiest moment of our life. There would I sit, shed the burning tears that made my eyes ache and bury my dead love.

My foot pressed the threshold, I started back—a man sat there, his arms upon the worn-entire table, his face hidden in them. The old boards creaked beneath my tread; he sprang to his feet. It was Captain Will Wharton.

"You here?" he said, "I thought it was only I who cared enough for the old place to revisit it. My words—the words I uttered here—meant something!"

I laughed bitterly.
"No pretence will avail. I saw Miss Dew's engagement ring a few days after she put it on. I know you have come home, glad and happy to marry her. I congratulate you. She is lovely; but don't play the injured lover to amuse yourself with me."

At these words he started forward, seized me by the hand, and looked me in the face.
"Have you thought it was I who was to marry Miss Dew?" he asked.
"Of course," I replied, growing faint under his touch.

"And did you not know that my cousin, Will Wharton, is lieutenant of the Neptune?" he asked, "a handsome fellow, younger than I am, and a school-girl's ideal. Will is very happy. As for me, I came home for forgiveness and found my true love lost to me. I am wretched."

"Oh, Will!" I cried, not trying to withdraw my hands. "Oh, Will! if I had but known! I do not love Mr. Chalmers. It was only because of this news I—"

He sat down again on the bench and drew me to his side.
"I won't part with you to any old gentleman," he said. "Send back that gigantic diamond, and put on those little pearls again. I've worn them next my heart all the while."

I did as he demanded. I loved him, and would marry no one else. I was not afraid of breaking Mr. Chalmers' heart. He could find another wife with his wealth and appearance—which he actually did in a very short time.
And I was married to my Will Wharton on the day that united Nanine Dew to hers.—Exchange.

Nuckeljav's Eloquence.

Col. Neverfought had issued his "War Reminiscences" in book form, and after its publication his admiring friends gave a banquet in his honor. Mr. Nuckeljav was one of the guests and was invited to speak in response to the toast: "Col. Neverfought, War and the New Book;" he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen:—When the world was young, when humanity was yet in the swaddling clothes of infancy, when poetry and music were unborn, and the cable car had never been dreamed of, when people didn't know the difference between protoplasm and nihilism; war, grim visaged war, was sprung upon mankind like a hall-storm springs upon an Iowa corn-crop. (Applause.)

"War was the noblest pastime of the earlier ages; in epic verse by the blind poet of Chios, eulogized by sacred and profane pens, and passed down from generation to generation like a luck chain in a negro family. War, gentlemen, is what knocks the rag off the bush; it is what makes great nations shake off their sloth and unrighteousness and get up and hump themselves; it is what brings men to a realization of what they are here for. Ah, how I was stirred with patriotism the first time I read that wonderful outburst, 'Give me war or give me peace,' which Jean Jacques Rousseau cried out to the sacred hosts at Pasadena.

"Our own great war brought to the front many intrepid leaders, and foremost among them stands our esteemed townsman, Col. Neverfought. (Cheers.) A thousand Ciceros may rise up in their mushroom growth to shake the foundations of the universe with their eloquence. A million B. Franklins may yank the livid lightning headform from the lowering clouds and pave the way for exorbitant telegraph rates; ten million John L. Sullivans may thump the eternal stuffing out of all mankind and beller for more worlds to conquer, as did Sardanapalus of old—but there is but one Col. Neverfought. (Tremendous applause.)

"The eternal sun may melt and sizzle till it fries itself in its own fat; the Rocky Mountains may be worn down by the iron heel of ages yet to come till they are mere clods, but the name of Col. Neverfought will be emblazoned in fire-proof letters on the chancellor's scroll of fame! (Hurra! hurra!)

"When he steps into the ring of military history such small two-for-a-centers as Hannibal and Napoleon take back seats—they just take camp stools and sit in the aisles; there is not a stain on his escutcheon, not a blot on his record, not a single fly on his entire anatomy.

"But when grim visaged war had smoothed his ruffled front this valiant leader was not done; fate had yet other work in store for him, and now once more he blazes out like a sky-rocket on a Fourth of July night, and presents mankind with his greatest legacy—this marvelous book. It knocks Shakespeare out in the first round; Victor Hugo in his palmiest days could not hold a tallow tip to it, and the fame of H. Rider Haggard has been outshone as badly as though it were a parlor match running opposition to a house on fire. The book is one thrilling, realistic romance from prologue to finale, yet it is interspersed with touches of sentiment that would make George Eliot sick, and is illuminated with flashes of wit and humor that would make Dean Swift and Washington Irving wish they had never been born, or had gone into the undertaking business when they were young. Taken all in all, the book is a veritable whooper from away up at the source of Mr. Whooper's celebrated creek. Gentleman, I will close, trusting that the worthy Colonel's shadow may never grow less, and that he may live a million years. (Wild applause.)—V. Z. Reed, in Texas Siftings.

Thought Out.

True eyes discover truth. There is nothing as royal as truth. Without hearts there is no home. Three things to do—think, live and act. Simplicity and luxury are equally enjoyable. The most effective coquetry is innocence. The world itself is too small for the covetous. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Exchange.

Not James.

In a London cafe. Two friends speaking of a dapper little fellow who sat at a table near them. "He is Henry James, I think," said one of the friends. "Oh, no," the other one replied, "I am quite certain that he is not James." "Do you know James?" "No." "Then how do you know that this man is not he?" "Because, I just now heard Lord Snobblerton refer to this fellow as the American novelist; so, you see, he cannot possibly have referred to James."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Far Western Style.

A few days ago a four-and-a-half-year-old Webfooter was teaching his three-year-old brother that soul-stirring poem about the black-bird pie, so familiar to most English-speaking people, but instead of saying, "Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king," he petrified his pal with the modern innovation, "And wasn't that a dainty dish to set before his nibs?"—Portland (Ore.) Welcome.

The One Who Celebrates.

Mrs. B.: "How is the contested-will case coming on, Mr. Shimmer?" Mr. Shimmer: "It's all settled, and in my favor." Mrs. B.: "I congratulate you. I suppose you will be taking your family to Europe now?" Mr. Shimmer: "No, but I understand my lawyer sails next week."—Life.

Nero.

Nero, the Roman emperor, whose christian name was Claudius Drusus, was the son of Domitius Ahenbarbus and Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus. He was born A. D. 39. He was not precisely a noble Roman, but he was a Roman noble, which was not the same thing by a great deal.

No doubt his wicked and perverted disposition in subsequent life was caused by his having been spoiled by his parents. There are several ways of spoiling a child. A child can be spoiled by over-indulgence, and probably this was the way Nero was spoiled. Another way to spoil a child is to allow it to play with a lighted kerosene lamp. If that plan had been adopted by Nero's parents he would have turned out to be an angel, whereas he grew up to play on the fiddle and commit numberless other acts of fiendish cruelty. Kind words have a certain influence with a child, but a boot-jack exerts a much more powerful influence, if it is properly applied in time.

Nero had Seneca for a teacher, and was quite clever at his lessons. In the year A. D. 50, Nero was adopted by Claudius, who had a license to practice as emperor, and after Claud died, Nero, who had been his assistant, kept up the business at the old stand.

In the beginning of his reign his conduct excited great hopes in the Romans. He appeared to be just, liberal, affable and polished; but this was merely a mask, which soon fell off. This was what might have been expected from an emperor who had already learned to play on a fiddle. It is not doing him violin-justice to say that the whole tenor of his life was base.

Not satisfied with causing the depreciation of real estate by his fiddle, he actually became a poet. It seems he sounded the lowest depths of infamy. Fortunately, in those days, the facilities for springing his spring poems on the public were limited. He could not, however, lug a spring poem up four flights of bone spavined stairs into the abattoir of a daily newspaper, as modern poets do, because at that time the art of printing was waiting to be invented. After all, perhaps Nero was not so much to be blamed. It is stated positively that poets are born, not made and there can be no doubt but that Nero was born—an event for which he can hardly be held responsible.

In composing his madrigal Nero used a typewriter. The frivolous objection will be raised that typewriters were invented only recently, but the historian tells us on the other hand, that Nero dictated continually. If, however, we are mistaken, the typewriter in the illustration is the one Nero would have used had there been any typewriters in those days.

Nero has been very much abused because he fiddled while Rome was burning. He should not be blamed for this. On the contrary, his playing probably reconciled the Romans to the loss of their property, inasmuch as the greater affliction is supposed to include the lesser.

Nero caused his mother to be assassinated. He vindicated it is unnatural not to the senate on the ground that by sparing her he would have justly laid himself liable to the charge of discriminating in favor of his own relatives, and that he did not want to go down to history charged with nepotism.

At last the Roman people became annoyed at Nero's failure to reform. Several vigilance committees were formed, but they were foiled by the local authorities. Finally, a public-spirited citizen by the name of Galba organized a committee that wound up Mr. Nero for good. When Nero heard the committee investigating the front door with sledge hammers he resolved to commit suicide even if he perished in the attempt, but he failed for lack of nerve. Suicide is the only crime Nero did not commit frequently. He persuaded a slave to insert a frog stick into his pericardium. The wound must have been fatal, as Nero perished on the spot.

I never knew but one man to derive any comfort from reading the life of Nero. He was a leading citizen of Austin, Texas, who had led a wicked life. The clergyman who attended his death-bed was surprised, not to say disgusted, at the calmness and serenity of the aged sinner.

"My dying friend, ain't you afraid of the judgement day?" asked the preacher.

"Not much!" chuckled the dying friend.

"Your sins have been many."

"Yes, I have had a good time, but there is no danger of judgment day for me. I've read about Nero, and as judgement only lasts one day, it will take all that day to try Nero, and my case won't be reached," and turning over on his ear, with a peaceful smile, the old reprobate passed over to the silent majority.—Texas Siftings.

A Mark of Respectability.

"I believe I shall shave off my mustache." "Oh, don't!" "And why not? It troubles me a good deal, and it would be a great relief to get rid of it this warm weather." "See here! Do you want to be taken for a ball player or an actor?"—Lowell Courier.

This Is the Worst.

Blikfin's boy, who was engaged in rubbing Dalmatian insect powder on his dog, got off this dreadful one to his mother: "How does a campaign flag differ from this insect powder?" Of course she gave it up, and the boy answered and said: "Because one is flung to the breeze and the other is brought to the floor." He had to go to bed without his supper.—Springfield Union.

Books and Writers.

More and more come to the desk of the reviewer books having the Chicago imprint. They are, as a rule, paper-covered, but many of them are good, and there comes occasionally a publication as pretentious in the matter of bidding and as notable in quality and name of author as any printed anywhere. The substance of all is that Chicago is coming rapidly to the front as a publishing center, and is becoming, naturally, one of the literary centers of the world. Some strong men in the world of letters, men who have already done striking work, and who will be better known with each year that passes, are included in the Chicago group.

The personal character, the surroundings, the particular style of effort of the Chicago literary contingent should not be without interest. No one of the group, probably, is better known than Eugene Field. Wonderfully versatile in his work, a writer of dainty verse, teller of stories that touch the heart and ruthless delineator of what is the weak or vicious trait in the pompous among Philistines, it was inevitable that he should make a reputation. The fact that he has had a newspaper column, in which to indulge his grotesque fancies, the "Sharps and Flats" column of the Chicago News, has assisted greatly in securing for him the recognition he deserves. He has done work outside the newspaper, but of this work the public has yet seen little. When there appears by-and-by something which will make people say that there is an American Hans Christian Anderson, it will be a book of short stories by Eugene Field. He may like other work he has in hand better, but none will do more to make his name where fame counts for something.

Opie P. Reed, of the Arkansas Traveler, humorist, story-teller, a giant in figure and a little child over the beautiful, is another Chicagoan whose name may be a national possession. Who has not read his story of "Len Gansett" has missed reading one of American novel which is a photograph of life in one part of the country and a tale which somehow reaches the heart. It has a man and a woman in it. When Theodore Winthrop died in battle the man who might have been the American novelist went down. There have been scores of American novels, so called, written since then, but—save one or two reminders in the work of DeForrest—nothing until Opie Reed began to write which even suggested the out-door American virility of "John Brent," the real American whom we recognize with his love affair.

John McGovern, editorial writer on the Chicago Herald, has written one novel, a strong one, but of the city variety, in "John Trentworthy." McGovern is the Chicago Carlyle. His sentences are like stones from a sling, his thoughts above precedent or present fashion. He is in a literary group what Ingalls is in the United States senate. He is a student, has a brain, and is what, perhaps, the man whose name is used in the simile may not be, a crusader. He must be heard from, for he is a power naturally. On a newspaper less bold and just than the newspaper on which he writes, in its editorial tone, he would be almost a bull in a china shop. He is at home where he is, but there cannot be his only field.

E. J. McPhelin, dramatic critic of the Chicago Tribune, is one of the Chicago writers who should do more work for the magazines. He can do wonderful work—a choice poem, a review which will command attention, a dramatic story—when he cares to do so, but he doesn't often care to do so. Scowried, he would make a name swiftly.—Ex.

Temperance Legislation.

It would indicate a deplorable and un-American sameness of character if we all agreed on such a subject as this. Neither is it to be expected that similar measures will be advisable in all cases. The most that we can hope is to find our common principles, and to act untidily and aggressively so far as we can; ready to make sacrifices in minor matters of method for the sake of agreement, and not standing stubbornly for abstract principles at the expense of practical results. Extremists must remember, too, that while the moderate should be ready to advance half-way to meet them in matters of detail, they cannot be expected to yield a single point of principle for the sake of harmony. It will therefore often be necessary for those who would prefer to go the furthest to make the greater concession. Those who believe that a given measure is best can ask no compromise from those who believe that it is wrong. Moderate measures are at least right, even though they be not the best. It is true there are those who declare uncompromisingly that nothing but prohibition is right, and who carry their belief to a logical conclusion. Certain of these in the West not long since complained that in a local election they were only offered the choice between high and low license, and so, as they could not conscientiously vote for either, were practically disfranchised. Evidently, it is useless to count on the cooperation of so sensitive consciences in the effort to secure practical temperance legislation. Still, there is reason to believe that they are not very numerous. Probably they were all included in the prohibition party of 1884, when the party's total vote was only about one hundred and fifty thousand, and included in that number thousands of dissatisfied Republicans.—Charles Worcester Clark, in Atlantic Monthly.

First sportsman [shouting at the top of his voice]: "Come here! Come here! Quick!" Second sportsman (arriving out of breath): "What is it?" "The best spot you ever saw at a rabbit. He's just got out of sight." "Why didn't you shoot him yourself?" "I forgot I had my gun with me."—Boston Post.

Getting a Living.

There are, in this world, a great many ways of getting—I don't say earning, you will observe—a living. The following incident was related to me the other day by a friend who vouched for it being strictly true. Says the Arkansas Traveler:

One day last summer, a poorly-dressed woman made her appearance at one of the swellest boarding houses on Wabash avenue, and, telling a pitiful story of destitution and need, asked for the food scraps, the daily leavings of the table. As the boarding house was one where the boarders did not tolerate warmed-over grub, and as the lady who kept it was a kind-hearted person she told the woman to come each day and she would give her what she asked for. The woman mumbled her thanks and departed. On the following day, however, she made her appearance, and was given a large basketful of food; and so for months, she continued to come daily, and always went away full-handed. But one day it so happened that when the kind-hearted landlady was filling her basket for her, the agent from whom she rented the house happened to call for the rent. He eyed the beggar woman keenly as she stood waiting for her basket to be filled, but said nothing until she had taken her departure. Then he turned to the lady of the house and said:

"Do you know that woman?" "No," replied the landlady. "I do not know her name. But she is very poor and I have been giving her the leavings of my table for a long time. She seems very glad to get even that." "Well," replied the agent, "I'll tell you something that, evidently, you don't know. That poor beggar woman is your landlady."

"My landlady!" echoed the woman in astonishment. "What do you mean?" "Just what I say," coolly replied the agent. "She is your landlady; to put it plainly, she owns this property and I, as her agent, turn over to her each month the rent which you pay to me for this house. She has two other pieces of property, besides this, that I know of, and she and her husband are worth not less than forty thousand dollars."

"Her husband!" exclaimed the now horrified boarding-house keeper. "I did not know she had a husband; she told me she had none."

"Quite likely," responded the agent, "but I happen to know that she has a husband, and a big, strapping fellow he is, too. He is a section boss on the Alton road and is getting good wages. They, I mean this woman and her husband, keep a boarding house themselves, and this grub that you have so kindly been giving to her, has gone a long way toward feeding her own boarders, who, being only section hands are not so hard to please as are yours. But," concluded the agent laughing, "having seen me here, I don't think she will trouble you any more." And he was right. She never showed up at that boarding house again.

Stories About Tennyson.

Absent minded to a degree, Tennyson often forgets to whom he is speaking, and once when in full conversation with Robert Browning said, apparently apropos de botte: "I wonder how Browning's getting on?" "Why?" exclaimed Robert, "I am Browning!" "Nonsense!" replied Tennyson, with almost an attempt at roguish raillery, "I know the fellow well, so you can't tell me you are he." A few years ago some enthusiastic admirers of Tennyson gave a large dinner party in his honor, and invited all their choicest friends in the world of literature and art to meet him. Tennyson, who rarely accepts an invitation, did, for a wonder, put in an appearance on this occasion, but during the first half of the dinner caused the greatest disappointment by remaining absolutely silent, and as if lost in the most profound reverie. The guests, who had expected thought from his lips, gazed somewhat wistfully upon him, when, rousing suddenly, he exclaimed in a loud stentorian voice: "I like my mutton cut in chunks!" I can not help suspecting that there was something of malice preposse in this burst of confidence, and that the poor man felt a not unnatural irritation at being gaped at, and a corresponding desire to punish the offenders. An anecdote told me not long ago by his daughter-in-law is amusing, in that it shows how the greatest are not incapable of stopping to little weaknesses. Some very dear friends of Tennyson, who had been spending some years in Persia, returned to London, and anxious to renew old ties, wrote inviting him to their house. But Tennyson mistook the day and arriving at the domicile found the birds flown. Setting down to write a note of explanation, he had the misfortune to drop the contents of a well filled ink bottle all over the beautiful new white Persian carpet. The maid servant, in answer to his summons, appeared with a large jug of new milk, which she poured over the offending ink stain. "I'll give you 5 shillings, my good girl, my very good girl," continued Tennyson, in much agitation, "if you'll only get rid of that abominable ink before your master and mistress come home. And together on their hands and knees poet and Abigail rubbed and rubbed at the wretched carpet until not a spot remained. The girl earned her 5 shillings and when a few weeks afterward Tennyson went to dine with his friends he had every reason to believe that she had told no tales. At any rate his hosts and hostess displayed their gorgeous carpet without signs of consciousness.—London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.

The Samoan Squabble.

After all what right have Germany and the United States to settle the internal affairs of Samoa at Berlin? Does might make right in these days?—New York World.

Number Thirteen.

If those old Rostericians had abandoned their eternal, tiresome, and fruitless search for the philosopher's stone and turned their labors in other directions they might have accomplished more for the good of mankind. The gruesome halo of blue lights and odor of brimstone with which tradition invests them is about all we know of them, despite their persistent peering into the rat hole of the impossible. Now, if they had directed their attention toward discovering the law of coincidences, for instance. This matter of coincidences needs looking into. If we knew all about it we should have been able to tell on November 5 what chance the grandson of his grandfather had of getting into the White House just as well as on November 7. It is about the same with chances. A millionaire, you know, is merely the fellow who guesses to-day what is going to happen on the market to-morrow.

Various people have superstitions about coincidences. There is a newspaper man on the Row who swears by the number 13. There are thirteen letters in his name. All his ancestors, so far as he knows, were blessed with the same number of letters. He was born on the 13th of the month, always buys a lottery ticket when the drawing comes on the 13th, starts his enterprises on Friday and wears opals for luck. His friends cheerfully expect him to walk off a roof, get killed by lightning, or meet with some terrible accident, but he is blissfully serene.

Speaking of the thirteen scare, a party of newspaper men gave one of their number a dinner at an uptown hotel last year. About the time for sitting down it was discovered that there would be thirteen at the table. One of the men refused to stay. He left in order, he said, to break the hoodoo. So only twelve sat down. Within two months the timid one lost his position. And did the rest stay on? Oh, no. Of all that gallant twelve only two remained in the positions they then occupied.

To come back to coincidences. W. H. Thorne says that he was walking up a street in Yokohama, back in the '50s, when he saw a man coming down street whose appearance was familiar. A few seconds later he was shaking hands with his brother Charles who he supposed was in New York.

Once the writer came into the Post local room and started to speak of a gentleman whom he hadn't seen for ten years, and who was presumably a thousand miles away, when a gentleman turned around, and lo, there was the object of his remarks.—Washington Post.

A Hawk and a Rattler Fight to a Finish.

A party of Illinois sportsmen witnessed a savage combat on the banks of Barnett Lake, opposite Elizabethtown, Ill., recently between a large hawk and an immense rattlesnake that had evidently crawled from an adjoining hillside to the lake after water. Their attention was first attracted to the hawk suddenly darting from his position in a pecan tree to the ground and then rising again to repeat the same operation. Seeing the hawk repeat this a dozen or more times aroused the curiosity of the sportsmen to ascertain the cause of his strange actions. Creeping through the bushes they arrived at the edge of a small opening and were surprised to find a large rattlesnake with the blood oozing from several wounds in its back and sides. With its head erect the enraged reptile was watching the every movement of its feathered enemy. The hawk seemed to instinctively realize that it had the sympathy of the hunters, and as they took their position within a few yards of the rattler it made another dart at its dangerous foe. To avoid the reptile's deadly fangs the hawk would swoop down as if to attack the snake and suddenly wheel to one side to avoid the stroke and then return and make his attack before the snake had time to recoil. This was repeated time after time and the rattler, evidently realizing that it was getting the worst of this strange engagement, suddenly uncoiled and started on a hasty retreat for a log heap near by. Taking in the situation the hawk made a sudden dart and catching the reptile just behind the snake with its sharp talons it raised the snake from the ground and soared away to the northeast, the frantic movements of the snake's body being visible as far as the eye could discern. The spectators to this peculiar battle say that the snake was about three feet long and that its tail was adorned with a dozen or more rattles.

Managing a Daughter.

Wise Mother—"You know, dear, your heart action is not strong, and you must be careful not to dance too much to-night."

Daughter—"Oh, mother, if I should happen to dance myself to death, you'll have me buried in that lovely dress I'm going to wear, won't you?"

Wise Mother—"No, I won't. I'll save that dress for your sister, and bury you in my old calico and check apron. Now be careful."

Daughter (resignedly)—"Yes, mother, I will."—New York Weekly.

A Phenomenon.

School-teacher—"What is a phenomenon?"

Little Girl (from Chicago)—"A gentleman out walking with his own wife."—New York Weekly.

The Engagement Off.

Swiley—Yes, she met me on the street last Saturday just after I had been having a picnic with the boys, and she smelled my breath.

Smiley—Why didn't you hold your breath?

Swiley—Oh, it was so strong I couldn't bear to do so.—Omaha World.

Sam Jones left this city and this State quite replete with big North American money. There are no flies on Sam.—Sacramento Bee.

About Gossip.

There is not as much silence in this country as there should be. The speech crop, so to speak, is entirely too large. The female sex controls most of the speech crop, or rather the speech crop controls the female sex.

The entire human family is much addicted to a superfluity of words. The early-closing movement will probably never be applied to the mouths of the children of men. In fact, the human mouth is very much overworked. A man's mouth is made to talk and eat, yet he often hurts himself dreadfully by talking, and kills himself by eating.

The "unruly member" has been the cause of the largest part of all the sorrows, the quarrels and the wars that have ever afflicted mankind. Everyone, it is said, has a mission, but it seems to be the mission of very few people to mind their own business.

Gossip is the business of the feeble-minded, and it enfeebls any mind it captivates. Gossip, and particularly society gossip, is poor drivell. It is only chin-deep. It is, perhaps, not so hard for gossip people to mind their own business, but it is the monotony which they cannot stand. You can get more wind out of a ten-cent fan than you can from a \$500 one, and it is the same way with a ten-cent man.

If the proverbs of all nations are to be relied on, it is the female sex that does most of the gossiping. The Persians, for instance, say that ten measures of talk were sent down upon earth, and the women took nine. Another saying is to the effect that the woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a last reply.

Very few women can say with the goddess, who advertised for a position, that she is perfect mistress of her own tongue. In Zanzibar the women bore their ears dreadfully. In this country it is somewhat different, for they bore other people's ears, principally.—Texas Siftings.

Timber Thieves and Public Lands.

The American Forestry congress, undismayed by past failures, is moving vigorously forward in the good work of preserving our forests not only from needless destruction but also from the ravages of the timber thieves who have been allowed to plunder the public domain for years with impunity through the criminal indifference of congress and its failure to protect the forests by suitable legislation. It will be remembered that the last congress was besieged by this association with appeals and protests and with memorials setting forth the nature and extent of the depredations of the timber thieves, but no action was taken. Now the association has gone straight to headquarters and laid a memorial before President Harrison. It is a significant document and ought to command prompt attention. It shows that millions of acres have literally been given away to individuals and corporations who have enriched themselves by cutting off the timber and leaving the land worthless; that the timber thieves have been open and defiant in their operations, particularly in the redwood region of California; and that since 1880 the value of the public timber stolen outright amounts to \$36,719,935, of which the government has only recovered \$478,073.—Chicago Tribune.

A Regal Costume.

The court dress of Russia is the most magnificent, modest, regal and picturesque of the court costumes of Europe. As worn by a Russian princess at a late ball in Paris, it is described in Marie Schild's Journal des Modes: "Over a white and gold brocaded skirt was worn a square tablier and train of red velvet embroidered with a corsage, studded with gold and jewels, was a sleeveless red velvet jacket, open in front and tight in the back, richly embroidered in gold and edged with fur. Under the waistcoat and jacket was a full chemise or guimpe of tulle, with long bishop sleeves, all delicately embroidered with gold. Around the neck a high collar of gold set with jewels, on the wrists bracelets to match, on the head a coronet of red velvet embroidered with and falling from this a long veil of white lace, embroidered with pearls and gold."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Money Misplaced.

Mr. Greathead (coal and ice dealer)—"I didn't sell as much coal last winter as usual."

Mrs. Greathead—"Too bad. Your customers must have some money left which you would have had if the weather had been cooler."

"Yes, they have, but I shall raise the price of ice and get it away from them before fall."—New York Weekly.

Evidently in Earnest.

Gotham Dame—"Do you think Mr. Nicefellow is in earnest?"

Daughter—"I guess. He asked me last evening which one of your daughters was your pet, and I told him that I thought if all three were married, you would rather live with Clara or Dora than with me."—New York Weekly.

Evidence Complete.

First El Verano citizen—"What was the verdict of the Coroner's jury?"

Second citizen—"That the man came to his death from sunstroke, superinduced by over indulgence in alcoholic stimulants."

"Were there any signs of excessive use of liquor about his person?"

"Nothing but a business card that gave his address as Lexington, Kentucky."—Sonoma Valley Whistle.

Massachusetts must be a highly religious state. "A prominent civil engineer" has been able to find only thirteen dams in the state which are liable to break loose.—Terre Haute Express.

SINGULAR DEMANDS.

Deacon Blank in Search of "the Right Man" for Our Church. From the "Open Letter" by Forrest F. Emerson in the Century, we quote the following: "In proof of the singular demands sometimes made upon the minister, not only for useful qualifications, but also for those which do not really form a part of the clergyman's necessary outfit for his work, I offer for perusal a letter written less than five years ago by a member of a church in one of the largest and oldest—and will it be believed?—most cultured of our American cities. It was written by one layman to another. The writer was a member of the 'supply committee' appointed to 'look for the right man' as pastor, and the epistle is one of inquiry into the fitness of a certain minister who had been recommended to him for the position. Leaving out dates and names and a single sentence, which might furnish a clue to identification, I give the letter *verbatim*, without correction of rhetoric, grammar, italics or punctuation:

My Dear Sir: I have this day read your letter directed to my friend Mr. relative to Rev. Mr. of My church relation is with church, chairman of the committee &c.—delegated to find just the man for church. We have enjoyed the opportunity in listening to several fine speakers—but very few of them are considered what is needed—or fitted for this pulpit and people—a defect in voice—physique or mannerism. It requires a strong full sounded voice—to be heard in the auditorium of the sanctuary—we can seat 1,200 & everybody must hear in our church. Our congregation during the time Dr. has been with us has averaged 700 to 800.—We must have a man who has the make up temporally & spiritually, who will bring in 1,300 & fill us to overflowing—Our church membership is 400—we want a membership not less than 1,200.—We think with God's help & the right man—who is a good seed sower, can do it—we have a good operative force—& there is material abundance—needing to be square-headed & numbered for the building. The streets are full of houses on both sides & there are to be found rough ashlers to be hammered.—We need a master workman in the gospel.

Will you please give me the exact measurement of Mr. (confidentially if you say so) that is to say, Is he a man of deep piety? & yet a social & ready man—an original man? in thought & utterance—a real student of God—man and nature? Are his illustrations forcible & impressive? &c. &c. Does he use a manuscript? What is his salary? How much family?—where did he graduate in Theology? How does he stand on the Andover question? &c. I am satisfied that some are born to be Teachers. If my request is granted and the reply is satisfactory I feel sure that some of our committee will go and listen to Mr. Fraternalty yours

A Stinger That Stings.

When a western wasp feels well and is not troubled with rheumatism in the back, it can put more of its fine work into the square inch of a man's cuticle than any other live insect on the globe. A man who has been thoroughly stung by a Mexican wasp takes delight in drinking melted lead or a gallon or two of hot liquid sulphur, they are so delicious by contrast. A few red hot nails driven into the soles of one's feet seem to ease the pain inadvertently left by these wasps.

"If you have never been stung by an old-fashioned Mexican wasp," writes Charles Brazil from Pueblo, Col., "it is an experience you want to avoid carefully, contenting yourself with such information about the little beauty as you can gather from third parties and documents. It is, when mature and healthy, about two inches long, with a sting that looks like the point of a fine cambric needle. It is a brownish red in color, and its disposition is always hostile. When it stings you there is for a moment or two a sensation of numbness about the part which rapidly gives place to a pain that can only be described as agony. If you can imagine how it would feel to have a wire drawn through the most sensitive part of your body and then raised slowly to a white heat you could perhaps form a theoretical idea of what the feeling is like.

"The sting is never fatal, and the pain passes away after an hour or two, but it is simply anguish while it lasts. During the Mexican war one of the companies of Doniphan's command camped in an old building where there was a colony of these wasps. They managed to disturb the insects in some way, and the company was completely routed and demoralized; some of the men ran miles away from the place before they were found and gathered in again. Dr. Gunning, of Boshart, Col., has made quite a study of these articulates, which, he says, represent an unclassified member of the wasp family. There are, I believe, no living creatures outside of snakes, scorpions and centipedes which are able to inflict so much suffering on their enemies."—New York Telegram.

The Saloon Comes High.

"But what an awful lot of money these high-toned travelers waste for drink," said Uncle Abner, as he laid down his newspaper. "A man who'll pay \$100 for a saloon passage to England when he can go in the steerage for \$20 is a slave to rum—that's what I say."—Life.

Subtle.

"Don't call me Mr. Lovell, Miss Mac-coll. Call me Cornelius!" "I'd call you Corn if I!" "If what, Ethel?" "If I thought you'd pop." And he popped.—Puck.

ITALIANS IN ARGENTINA.

Over a Million Have Settled There in Thirty-Three Years. During the last thirty-five years about 1,500,000 immigrants have reached the Argentine provinces, says the London Spectator.

No More Hari-Kari.

The Mikado of Japan is a deeply disgusted individual. He has seen many Japanese customs waken and disappear on account of European influences.

A New Lightning-Rod Swindle.

Farmers along the Hudson are being victimized by a new style of lightning-rod swindle. The agent induces the farmer to let him put rods on his house.

Advertisers and Reputable Papers.

The publication of a great newspaper which is sold for a few cents would not be possible, except for its advertising, and in the long run large and profitable advertising goes only to a reputable journal.

The Eleventh National Census.

Under the wise provision which requires that a census of the United States be taken every ten years, the preliminary work for compilation of the eleventh census has already begun.

Why Men Go Fishing.

Primitive man—our early ancestors—lived almost exclusively by hunting and fishing, and the passion for this sport was inherited from them.

On a Long Journey.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I can't get work at me trade now anywhere around here, and wud you be so kind as ter help me along on my journey to a place where I can find work?"

Dates of Easter Sunday.

Thomas Cunningham, of Utica, N. Y., who is a corresponding member of the Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York, possesses, among his many other "curios," a complete file of Pitney's Almanac from 1803 to 1887, inclusive.

A Constant Euitor.

There is a certain young man in America who can give the average lover points on the business of courting. He visits his immoderate every night, remaining from just after supper to late bedtime, and on Sundays and holidays visits her before breakfast, and remains all day, nor does he tear himself away until about midnight.

A Steamer Runs Into a Whale.

The James Turpie, a British steamship, ran into a large whale on her recent voyage to New York from Messina. The vessel at the time was bowing along at a good rate, and the collision shook her from stem to stern.

"BUGS" STOP A TRAIN.

Eleven Miles of Caterpillars on a New Railroad in the Maine Backwoods. When the Canadian Pacific asked the Maine legislature for a permit to build a line across the northern Maine wilderness in the vicinity of Moosehead lake, Brother Blaine vigorously opposed the scheme.

Science Has Shut Us Up.

It galls a man to drink cold tea and eat a cold chop from the corner of the mantle or the kitchen pantry. A man has no imagination, his soul cannot override the kitchen furniture.

The Trumpet Creeper.

This plant is called Tecoma radicans, but in earlier days was classed as a bignonia, and had also in the same class our catalpa and Carolina yellow jasmine.

Miss Gladstone.

The daughter of that eminent Englishman, Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, was one of the first English women to take an active part in the higher education of women.

The Bloodhound.

From an illustrated article in the June Century we quote the following: "Some few years ago the idea of the use of bloodhounds for detective purposes was mooted in the daily papers, and the howl of horror at the barbarity of such a proceeding that it raised from the uninformed was most amusing to those who know the tractability of the bloodhound.

OUR FLIRTATION.

Kitty was a flirt. Everybody said so, so of course it was true. But she couldn't help it. She wasn't to blame for her glorious beauty, or if from the dark, bewitching eyes did dart tons of Cupid's arrows straight into that region of the body where young men's hearts are supposed to be located.

Instinct of the Elephant.

Among the other animals that have shown a most remarkable instinct, the elephant should have a place. James M. Davis, secretary of the Congdon Brake Shoe company relates an incident that happened at Jamestown, N. Y., some years ago when he lived there, denoting the great sagacity of that animal.

A Declining Race.

An interesting exhibition of Icelandic handicraft is now open in London. A pathetic interest must attach to these products of skill, for the people who made them are not prospering in their far northern island and are sorely tempted to give up the struggle and seek homes where nature is more lavish of her favors.

Contagion Carried on the Hands.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, ear straps, and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, small pox, etc.

Color of the Hair and Eyes.

Mr. Topinard had been making a statistical inquiry into the colors of the hair and eyes in France, and from his 180,000 observations he deduces many interesting results, one of the most curious being that where the race is formed from a mixture of blondes and brunettes the hereditary blood-coloring comes out in the eyes, and the brunet element reappears in the hair.

The Gum to Chew.

It is a good plan for those who wish to improve their throats to chew pure spruce gum or that of the compass wood of the western pines, for the exercise of the jaws develops the throat, and the resinous qualities of the gum strengthen digestion. I don't mean to recommend the habit of chewing gum, as practiced by its devotees, but there never was an unsightly habit which had so much to be said for it.

Need the Yanks.

South America presents many good opportunities for young America just now. That portion of the great western continent is settled by former residents of Europe who bring with them the prejudices and conversation of the fatherland. The English speaking portion of the population is principally drawn from Great Britain, and, of course, these people lack the force and persistency of the Yankee. As an instance of this conservatism, my brother, who is in Buenos Ayres, had great difficulty in inducing a railway company, with which he is employed, to make use of the typewriter. They finally brought one from the United States, and have obtained several more. They say they would not do without them now.—Kansas City Journal.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

Going out to buy my clothing. Going out the bills to pay. Coming in so very slowly. Coming in each working day. Going out from us so easy. Coming in so hard to win. Ceaseless stream of little pennies. Going out and coming in.

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