

Miscellaneous News.

The annual losses by fire in the United States amount to \$120,000,000, and the consumption of cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco amounts to \$206,000,000. Total destruction by fire \$326,000,000.

Here is a good word for the women. An English statistician has discovered that the married men live longer and live better lives than bachelors. Among every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals; among married men the ratio is only eighteen per 1,000.

According to the mint reports, California has dropped to the third place among the States and Territories as a producer of precious metals. It still ranks first in the production of gold, but is away behind Colorado and Montana in the production of silver and in the total value of the output.

A New York railroad man tells a Mail and Express reporter that the mile a minute speed is a myth. Occasionally, he says, trains on a stretch of level track with an easy grade make a mile a minute, but the fastest express train in the United States, the New York and Philadelphia limited, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, averages 48.3 miles an hour. The average fast express of the United States reaches 36.4 miles an hour. The fastest train in the world is the "Flying Dutchman," which averages 50.18 miles an hour, between London and Bristol.

The Minneapolis Tribune tells of a new feature in Baptist merrymaking: The young men distinguished themselves by the preparation of a supper at the church parlors, including ice, cream and chocolate russe. It was in evidence on each young man to make with his own hands a cake, and as a result nearly thirty specimens of these culinary triumphs were set out before the throng in attendance. They were in all shapes and sizes, and some of them were tasteful and bore evidence of many weary hours of deep thought and anxiety. The men dined at the tables and wore colors corresponding—orange, yellow, pink and blue.

The New York Times says that the lured persons who have been led to believe that a fortune of \$75,000,000 awaits in England the pleasure of the Sands family in this country may be interested in a letter sent by Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the United States Legation in London, to Mrs. Sarah M. Caswell, of Aurora, Ill., one of the "heirs," who had the precaution to ask him for information. Secretary White says: I beg to inform you that there is no such estate in the one you mentioned. Vast numbers of people in our country are deceived and deceived by designing persons, who represent that great estates are awaiting Americans claimants here, whereas, there are none such. One of these rascals has recently been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for robbing a man in this way. This, the Times adds, should be conclusive as to the existence of the great Sands or Sands estate in England. It does not, however, prove that there is no such estate in the moon, but the "heirs" will not care to retain lawyers for the prosecution of claims in that luminary.

The Killing Car Coupler.

It is an undoubted fact that no instrument invented by man, not expressly designed as a man-destroyer, has actually killed and maimed more men than the car coupler. Accidents to railroad employees from this cause are the most common of occurrences. It is estimated that in the United States alone four hundred and fifty brakemen are killed every year while coupling cars, and thousands are bruised, maimed, or seriously injured. The question of substituting a safety coupler has often been discussed, and numerous inventions to secure safety, of more or less value have been proposed for adoption, but nothing practical has as yet resulted. The trouble has been to find a safety coupler applicable to all kinds of cars, and one that could be recommended for universal use. It is gratifying to learn that an investigation by a committee representing thirty thousand miles of road is now on foot, with the object of finding a system of safety-coupling that may be adopted. When the car stove and the old fashioned link and pin coupling are ruled out of existence, the dangers of railroading will be reduced by a large degree.—N. Y. Observer.

Laughing at Ma.

Miss Birdie McHennipin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into the sublime heights reached by Susan B. Anthony, but, to use the old language of truthfulness, she is very much the same kind of young lady that Gus De Smith is of a young man. Not long since he proposed matrimony. In good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and arising from his knees, his anger found vent in words. He was mad—too mad almost to speak. Miss McHennipin, he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?" "You must excuse me, Mr. De Smith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you; really, now, I am not; ma's so funny, you know really, she is too funny for any use; yes, I was laughing at ma," "At your ma?" "Yes, you see ma told me only this morning, Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet," and here came—But he was gone. He was gone. He was in the past tense. It was he who banged the door so violently, "I wonder," said the suddenly deserted Birdie, "I wonder now, really, if he is offended at what ma said? But then ma always was too awfully funny for any kind of use."

SHUCK TROTTER'S FOURTH

And How He Observed It—A Celebration Under Difficulties.

Shuck Trotter, having "laid by" his corn on the third of July, was lifted into such exultation by his maturing prospects of a good crop, that he decided to hold a sort of celebration on the Fourth. Throughout the neighborhood of "Lick Skillet" Shuck enjoys that peculiar leadership which certain oddities of character frequently grant a man who lives in a backwoods community. Those oddities, however, are never of an intellectual sort, for, in Shuck's neighborhood, a characteristic that is purely mental is always regarded as a weakness, while a certain "prankishness," particularly an ability to jump higher and dance faster than any other man is a talismanic distinction.

The celebration at Shuck's house can doubtless be given most appropriately, and I am certain most entertainingly. In the exact words of Zeb Finch, the brown jesus bean of the "Lick Skillet" neighborhood.

"When Shuck came over what I wuz er cleanin' up some new ground for er turnip patch," said Zeb, "an' told me er bout the cilybration, I sorter hung fire er bout goin', but when he 'lowed pine blank that Liza Baker an' the Jimson gals would be ther, I told him that nothin' but er powerful mixture of the rheumatism an' er cramp could keep me er way, an' I meant what I said, even if Liza is fat, an' not er pale er the most uv folks like to see a gal. Well, when I arriv at Shuck's house I seed that all the necessary preparations had been made. It wuz too hot to stay in the house, so a lot of cheers an' benches had been put in the yard under er low, spreadin' mulberry tree, that give a thick shade. Ther wuz er right smart sprinklin' uv folks, I tell you. Ole Uncle Mose Gayner, that went to the Legislature last year wuz ther. Uncle Mose ain't much bigger er rounder than er hoe-handle, an' it do per like that when ther sot in to makin' his legs shome mighty nigh not stoppin' tall, but in spite uv all these here drawbacks the bief fether has got a way uv smackin' his mouth wuz the jug is passed, that gest machully keeps him er fallin' into obscurity, er the preacher says. Ole Miz Gayner was ther, too. I don't think I ever seed a fatter woman than she is. W'y, she's so much thicker than she is high that when she wants to reach up er shelf after anything she lays down. The Jimson gals wuz ther, sho nuff, an' gals, hol' my hat, somebody, while I think uv her—Miss Liza, bless her fat jaws, wuz ther bigger'n life, un er average boss. Don't understand me to mean any disrespect when I compar that lovely creature with er boss, for lemme tell you the human family will have to improve might'y befo' it ketches up with the boss."

"It must not be necessary to speak about the sizes uv these folks, but I'll jest say that weight had er rood deal to do with the tallness uv the capers that wuz cut that day."

"Old Shuck wuz in his glory, an' 'lowed that the country's birthday should be cilybrated in er manner that the neighbor's wouldn't soon forget."

"How are you goin' to do it, Shuck?" says I. "We can't do nothin'," but set er round an' stuff ourselves with water-millions an' sich."

"Don't lo' yo'self," says he. "I'm goin' to have some 'splosions here arter awhile that'll lay all the frecklecracks an' twatpeters you ever seed in the er-las-tin' shade. See this," taken er pack-age outen the pocket uv his duster. "Here's two pounds uv the finest blastin' powder you ever come across. Air-ter we eat and drink er while we'll set out here and bore holes in logs, load em up and have the all-fired bombardment you ever seed. Folks wuz over the creek will think that the biggest Fourth uv July this country ever seed has jest been turned loose on the community."

"Oh, Cousin Shuck," said Miss Liza—and as I remarked jest now, bless her fat jaws—"please don't have no shootin' for it skeers me."

"Bless yo' soul and body, Lizzy," Shuck replied, "I wouldn't skeer you for nothin' in the world, but on this occasion I'm jest machully bound to turn the hills and hollows round side out'ard, er haw, haw—plumb wrong side out'ard, Uncle Mose," he heeded, grinnin' at the lean old man."

"Laws a massy," cried Shuck's wife, "the white sow is in the milon patch. Run, Shuck, and knock her fetch-lacked head off."

"Shuck he drapped the package uv powder in er cheer and er way he went, and Liza snatched up the powder, fetched up and put it on the limb uv the tree and begged us not to tell Shuck what it wuz, which we all promised that we wouldn't. Shuck brought er big milon back with him and we dyed it in red-ye. Then he axed for his powder. We all 'lowed that we hadn't seed it."

"That'll never do in the world," says he. Er fourth uv July cilybration without powder is like a set uv plover gear without er back-band—jest machully won't go. Uncle Mose, who's the powder?"

"Ain't seed it, Shuck. B'leve yo' tuck it with you when you went arter the white sow."

"That's jest er bout what I did," says Shuck, and he put out to look for it, and when he couldn't find it he went up in the fence corner and cursed that old sow for everything he could think uv and Liza—bless—but never mind, laughed fit to kill her sweet self. Then Shuck foted out his jug. It made the gals grin mightily when they tuck er pull at it jest to be sociable, you know. But I tell you it made ole Uncle Mose's mouth pop liker er hickory bark whip."

"My stairs erlive," said one uv the Jimson gals, "the black galls is so bad er body can't hardly live."

"That's er fact," said Liza, "an' they run me nearly stracted."

"I'll fix 'em," Shuck 'lowed, and he went into the house, and soon come out with same fire in er big dinner pot. He sot it on the ground and the ladies all thanked him fur his kine and "plite er mention."

"Shuck," says Uncle Mose—the ole feller is powerful frolicsome—he tell me that you learnt er new step when you went over to the Bran dance the other day. Give it to us."

"Oh, yes, do, Cousin Shuck," said Liza—that's all right. "Give it to us, fur I know we'll be so much edified. That word settled it with me right ther, and I couldn't got holt uv her hand I would have sartly squeezed it."

"I ain't round thrown" my steps er way," says Shuck, "but ez we've all met here to cilybrate the Fourth why here's at you. Here, Zeb, turnin' to me, 'pat fur me.' I commenced to pat and he hopped up and went at it. It wuz er sort uv Ingun dance, with er lot uv whoops scattered through it, and the fust wuz Shuck foted he leaped up and struck the limb whar Liza had hid the powder, and down come the powder and I wish I may die dead if it didn't come slap dab into the pot uv fire."

Thar wuz er bout er second lefo' anything happened, and then the cilybration tuck place sho nuff. The fust thing experienced wuz the earth sorter shaken' itself, an' then ther come er noise that I ain't goin' ter forget soon. Somehow I wuz permitted ter see the performance without takin' much uv er hand in it. Shuck an' Uncle Mose peered to go into partnership, fur they went up in the tree together, an' it did seem like Uncle Mose's legs wrapped er bout Shuck er bout three times. Shuck's wife riz like er turkey-lens an' went over the fence, an' Uncle Mose's wife, ez good-hearted er ole soul ez ever lived, wuz jest rolled erway like er bar'l. The pore ole lady squealed but kep' on er rollin'.

The Jimson gals flattered ever' whichever way, an' put me in mine uv er lot uv young patridges. But Liza—alas, bless her fat jaws, the powder, fludin' that she wuz so heavy it couldn't pick her up, turned her round er time er two, flattered her over the fence an' started her off down the lane on er trot, an' she hadn't mo'n got started good fill er watermelon catch up with her an' I hope I may die dead if I didn't jest machully think it had knocked all the mazin' grace outen the dead creature. Holler! I never heard er pore sole holler like she did. I run arter her an' didn't ketch her till she got to the foot uv the hill. She flung her lovin' arms round me an' sobbin' cried: "An, Lawd, Zeb, who'd'er thought that dinner pot would bustle! When we all got together ergin, Shuck, see in that nobody wuz killed, lowed that the safest thing would be ter git down an' pray, an' we jest machully got down even though we seed the white sow make er brute break fur the milon patch. I ain't axed him but I jest machully think that Shuck has gone outen the cilybration business."

A Chestnut Worth Retelling.

In one of the colleges a professor who made himself friendly with the students was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a corn field. He was advancing with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes; we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes and see what he will do."

"No," said the professor, "it would not be right. You have money enough, just put a dollar in the old man's shoes, then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the laborer had finished his row of corn he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, and felt something hard, took it off, and found the dollar. He looked around him, but saw no one, and looked gratefully toward heaven. He put on the other shoe and found another dollar. He looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground and returned thanks to God for the blessings which had been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven.

"There!" said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hidden the old man's shoes!"—Southern Evangelist.

Starving the Teeth.

Teeth are just as easily starved as the stomach, said a lecturer the other night. The fact is that you and your fathers have from generation to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of the grains of all cereal food that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime, and traces of other earthly salts, which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they cannot possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like or the bran, so called, that we sift away and feed to swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak.

They Were Kind to the Fish.

There were four ladies once went fishing. They selected a very rainy day and they had all their waterproof cloaks and head and feet covering. They were all by themselves when they took about and went to fish. It was in Maine. With feminine earnest they started off without anything to put the fish in. They had an elegant time until they caught a pickerel. When they caught the pickerel they didn't know what to do with it. It was alive flopping. They had it in the bottom of the boat. They wondered why it didn't lie quiet. At last a happy and benign thought struck one of them.

"Poor thing! It's getting all wet lying in the rain."

And she whipped off her waterproof and wrapped it up. Each of the four caught a pickerel, and each of the four wrapped it up in her waterproof and the rain wet them through to the skin, but they kept their fish dry all the same.

Bill Nye Delivers a Characteristic and Patriotic Address.

FELLOW CITIZENS: It has now been one hundred and eleven years since the most successful and most prosperous republic known thus far to history, sent forth upon the sultry air its feeble cry. One hundred and eleven years ago this morning, the small red infant known as American Liberty, jammed her purple fists into her watery eyes and made a few desultory remarks which were heard in the uttermost parts of the earth.

To-day she is a full-grown person with a dignified mien, and has had a statue of herself taken, which stands in the harbor of New York, and although she lights up the country for miles around, with her tall torch, there is no one who has ever been able to hold a candle to her in the Liberty business.

Those who are to-day within the sound of my voice, and who are over one hundred and eleven years of age, will perhaps recall to their minds the deplorable condition of things here in our young and struggling country at that time.

If we moved out West in order to secure more freedom, the venturesome savage filled us full of arrows till we looked like toothpick-holders, and when we came back for protection, the haughty Briton assailed us and crushed us beneath the iron heel of the despot.

Now, wherever the stately banner hangs out to greet the gentle breeze, all are free. Little do we know to-day, here in America, what it is to suffer for freedom. Liberty does a good business here in the United States now, and the man who runs out of freedom shows that he is a shiftless man and a poor provider.

Only a little over a century ago we dared not go out after dark without a chilled steel corset, for fear that the maroon-colored children of the forest might let the pale, shimmering moonlight in among our vital organs by means of their crude tomahawks. Then life was indeed uncertain and disagreeable. People remained at home rather than return to their houses with holes in themselves and wildly disheveled brains.

Now if a man can start and go anywhere he will pay his fare.

And so we are marching on. What a grand stride it is from the despotism of a century ago, to the long and short haul of to-day? What a mighty leap from the barbarism of a hundred years ago, to the glorious sunlight of freedom which we enjoy now?

Where once the slow-going ox team and belcher bog wagon crept through the wilderness, liable to be scattered over the greensward at any moment by the yelling Indian, now the patient newspaper man, the member of Congress and the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, with their coats over their arms, toil along the level sweep of railroad, which they assisted to build by means of their land grants and moral encouragement, looking ever and anon over their shoulders for the approach of the yelling modern Indian.

Times have indeed changed in the past century. A hundred years ago whisky was sold at forty cents per gallon, and every other man you met was a statesman. Now you have to pay fifteen cents for enough whisky to wet the bottom of a small tumbler, and there hasn't been a speech made in the House of Representatives for three years that was listened to by anybody but the stenographer.

No liberty, while enlarging her field, has not always ameliorated the condition of mankind. We are prone to boast over the enormous mass of freedom which we have accumulated here in America, and yet the freedom of the press has been greatly impaired, if I may be allowed that expression.

Too much caste has been the result of recent laws. A year ago I held up my head and mingled with a class of men who to-day refuse to recognize me. They were then, and are now of course, men of wealth and social position; but so am I.

I allude to the railway conductors of the United States. A year ago I knew them from New York to San Francisco, and associated with them frequently, allowing myself to be drawn forward into the smoking car to mingle with them and visit per con.

But what do I find to-day? I find the same men running on the same trains, but they are arrogant, haughty and reserved. One of them placed me on a side track last spring in the night, in the midst of a pitiless storm, because I tried to renew a former acquaintance with him, and ride into Chicago with him.

He said that I could not ride on my acquaintance with him by any means, but that I would soon be riding on the small of my back if I did not pay my fare to the city.

And so I remained that night in the midst of some ancient ruins called Monmouth. I was not acquainted in Monmouth, and I had no business there. Nobody ever had any business there that I ever heard of, and yet I remained there through what was left of that terrible night.

I often think that our forefathers did not suffer any more hardships than I do, and if I had fitted myself for it I would just as soon be a forefather as I am to-day.

BILL NYE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Fourth of July Demand.

SMART BOY (whose father is a printer)—"Say, pa, if you want to make a fortune, get up a boy's calendar, with seventeen Fourth of July's every year. And make over this week while you're about it, please."—Chicago Herald.

AT THE HUB.—A traveler en route for Boston was awakened by a cry outside of his window: "Pedal legaments artistically illuminated for the infinitesimal remuneration of 5 cents." "By Jove!" he said, "we're there."

A PLACE OF REST.—"Where shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Playaway. "Well, let's see," replies her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida." "Yes, and the alligator got your pointer dog." "And the preceding summer we got rheumatism in the mountains?" "We did, and the bears got my little 'Sue' terrier." "And the summer before that we went to the sea-shore and got bit by the mosquitoes and the landlord?" "Yes." "And the summer before that we went into the country, and the children were laid up all summer with ivy poison?" "I remember." "Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first rate to take a vacation this summer, but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay at home and rest this year."—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Sir Walter Scott at School.

Sir Walter Scott, when he was a boy, had a hard time getting to the head of his class. He could get up next to the head, but the lad above him was too good a scholar to pass. Scott, however, kept his eyes open, and one day he noticed that the lad, when reciting, kept tugging at a certain button on his jacket. This he soon saw was a habit, so Walter quietly cut off the button when his classmate was not looking.

At the next recitation, the boy, unaware of his loss, put his finger where the button had been, missed it, became confused and broke down.

Young Scott took the head of the class and kept it. No doubt the great writer after ward regretted the trick—for a trick it was, and very unfair.

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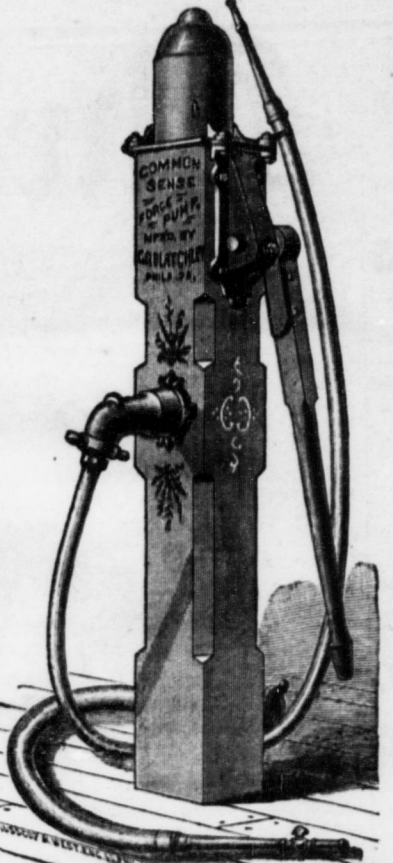
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