

CURIOS CONDENSATIONS.

The dog is fully grown at the end of the second year. About 1,000 pigs are eaten in London daily. In London no fewer than 238 persons die every day. The London School Board has 406 schools under its charge. Policemen on bicycles are now to be seen in some of the suburbs of Paris. Another attempt is being made to provide Liverpool with zoological gardens. It is estimated that the railways bring into London about 30,000,000 gallons of milk per annum. A tick plague is prevalent in the neighborhood of Townsville, Queensland, and cattle are reported to be dying by hundreds daily. It is believed that the first volume of Lord Beaconsfield's papers will be issued either at the end of this or the beginning of next year. If a machine or device has been in public use or on sale for more than two years previous to the application this fact will generally prevent the granting of a patent. The wheat of southern countries contains more albuminoids than that grown in temperate or northern zones, and hence is better suited for the manufacture of macaroni. The Department of Agriculture states that the average cost of fertilizers for an acre of wheat in New Hampshire is \$4.59. In the newer states this item cuts little figure. New and original designs for ornaments, patterns, prints, pictures to be printed, cast, woven or otherwise worked in or on an article to be manufactured may be patented. Wheat stands at the head of food grains, containing not only a considerable proportion of starch, but also most of the nitrogenous elements adapted to the support of life. The first chemical factory opened in this country was in Salem, Mass., in 1811. At first great objection was made to the establishment of the factory, the persons living near claiming that the fumes of the chemicals poisoned the air and made life intolerable. Between the ordinary harmless snakes and such species as the cobra and viper there is great structural difference in the formation of the head. In highly poisonous snakes the lower jawbone is shortened, while the transverse or inner jawbone is correspondingly lengthened. Kites will likely be used in future warfare for carrying such explosives as dynamite. For this purpose a series of seven kites, built on light bamboo frames, will be employed, and the explosives could be carried to an enormous distance, and then automatically dropped by pulling a string. Cyclomania has attacked the Government officials in London severely, and every day six or seven machines are stacked in the hall of the Foreign Office, three or four outside the Local Government Board, and as many at the India Office. A dozen machines can always be found within the precincts of the House of Commons. Stowe House, Buckingham, so intimately connected with the royal family of France, is to be let, or the vast estate will be sold. The stately ancestral house of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos is one of the most notable in the whole kingdom. It contains over 100 rooms, and is said to require a fortune of \$100,000 a year to keep it up. The dolings of the Sultan's court at Constantinople are least known of those of any royal court. The first reason for this is that the Sultan is in constant terror of assassination owing to the intestine disorders of his kingdom. The consequence is that when he goes out he never lets it be known till the last moment where he is going to. By far the most remarkable imitation of our method of digesting food is furnished by the Sundew and Venus Fly-trap. When a fly or other insect alights upon the leaf of either of these plants it is seized by the curving over of hairs, or the sudden closing of the two halves of the leaf. Then a glutinous fluid is poured out, which dissolves all the soft tissues of the insect, leaving only the wings and hard integuments.

THIS AND THAT.

The elevator boy has much to do toward the elevation of the masses. "How often do you cut your grass?" "Every time my neighbor has his lawn mower sharpened." There are 25,000 Hebrews in the city of Amsterdam, Holland, and over 10,000 of them are dealers in diamonds. A reporter for a Wisconsin newspaper writes: "Those who personally know our esteemed fellow citizen, Col. Daub, will regret to hear that he was brutally assaulted last evening, but not killed." The Boston Beacon observes that it is all right for the summer girl to laugh at the old man for eating with his knife, but when it comes to signing checks with a pen, she thinks he's just too lovely. A Pittsburg judge has decided that a policeman killed in removing a live electric wire from a sidewalk is not guilty of contributory negligence. It was the duty of the officer to remove the wire, the judge held. "You didn't stay long at that hotel which advertised a fine trout stream in the vicinity?" "No; the hotel man explained that it was a fine trout stream, but he couldn't help it if the trout hadn't sense enough to find it out." RATHER APPROPRIATE. Dick Blue, of Kansas, is a pleasing caricature from the Browns, Whites, Blacks and Grays. Chairman Toothaker presided at a recent Kansas convention, and had most of his clothing torn off. Miss Jump is the stringly athletic name of the new woman who teaches physical culture in the Sedalia Chautauqua. One of the most elaborate cyclone collars in the country has been constructed in Oregon, Mo., by a gentleman blessed with the name of Cave Hunt.

SEEM' THINGS.

I ain't afraid uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice. An' things 'at gits are skeered uv I think are awful nice! I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed. For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said, Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" and takes away the light. An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seem' things at night! Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door. Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor. Sometimes they're jostlin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round. So softly an' so creepypike they never make a sound! Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white. But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night! Once, when I looked a feller 'at had just moved on our street. An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat. I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row. A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' plintin' at me—so! Oh, my! I was so skeered that time I never sleep a mite— It's almost allus I'm bad I see things at night! Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death! Bein' a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath. Ap' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again! Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right. When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night! An' so, when other naughtyboys would coax me into sin, I try to skulkish the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within; An' when they're pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice, I want to—but I do not pass my plate fr them things twice! No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight. Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seem' things at night! —Eugene Field.

A FISH STORY.

An Oregon Rancher Says Carp Eat His Meadow Grass. A rancher, whose place is on the bottom along the Willamette slough, below Holbrook station, was in the city yesterday to find out whether he had any recourse against the United States Fish Commission for the introduction of carp into the rivers in this section. He says these fish are destroying his meadows by eating his grass and grubbing up the roots. As the water overflows his meadows the carp follow it up in thousands, the small ones, weighing about three pounds, pushing their way up where the water is only three inches or so in depth and clearing off all vegetation, so that when the water recedes he will have mud flats in the place of meadows. He says that while looking at the fish eating his grass on Sundays he got so mad that he took out his shoes and stockings and went into the shallow water and attacked them with a hoe. He slashed a lot of them in two, but when the drove became alarmed and made for deep water they bumped their noses against his shins and came near knocking him off his feet, and his ankles are all black and blue from the thumping he got. As for driving the carp away, he says he might as well have tried to sweep back the rise of the Columbia with a broom. —Portland Morning Oregonian.

A Plea for the Innocents.

My trembling hands must write a protest against the slaughter of the innocents. I quote from a writer in Florida: "The birds are killed at the season of the year when they are rearing their young. On passing the rookeries where the hunters had been a few days previous, the screams and calls of the starving young birds were pitiful to hear. Some were just fledged while others were so young that they could not fly but little noise. But all must inevitably starve to death. I cannot describe the horror it gave me to hear the pitiful screams of the dying little birds. If every woman who wears birds could hear those cries the work would soon cease. No Christian should ever carry a grave upon her head, even if made of lace and silk. They come and sing no more. Their wings, heads and whole bodies in countless thousands have been sold for ornaments to gratify female pride and vanity. We never see a lady's bonnet bordered with the carcasses or wings of the slaughtered songsters of the forests that it does not remind us of the coffin and the sepulchre." Does any woman imagine these withered corpses are beautiful? Not so; the birds lost their beauty with their lives. "Blessed are the merciful." I think so much of this paper that I feel sure it is as anxious as I am to see the dear little songsters preserved and without arsenic.—Mrs. Maria S. Crooker.

Summer Vacation in Winter.

I would like to tell the Tablers a good way to enjoy their summer vacation in the winter. At least, we have tried it and enjoy it very much. While on your vacation, gather flowers, ferns, etc., from the different places you visit, press and label as you gather them, and take them home with you. Provide yourself with a stiff-covered notebook and a bottle of muckilage. Some cold, stormy day in winter, when perhaps you are feeling dull or blue, take out your notebook and muckilage, get pen and ink, spread your souvenirs on the table before you, see that the room is warm and comfortable, and you are ready for a pleasant afternoon. Fasten your first flower or fern into your notebook and describe the place and circumstances of the time in which you picked it. With the second flower do the same, and so on as long as you like or have time. As you thus recall the pleasures of your vacation you will be living them over again, and the storm, the cold or the blues will be forgotten. When finished, your book makes a nice souvenir to look at any time. Please try this and report next winter.—One of Ten Daughters.

Tommy—Mamma, I wish you were interested in foreign missions. Mamma—Why? Tommy—Cos Billy Barlow's mamma is, and she doesn't notice when Billy does naughty things.

A LITTLE FUN.

Alice—Did you say her home is richly furnished? Clara—I said it was furnished at great expense.—Brooklyz Life. When it begins to get real summery hot, can't we manage to have the weather man arrested for scorching?—Philadelphia North American. "What a heap of style Jimmie Watson's wife throws on." "Oh, yes; Jimmie started a bicycle repair shop last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Bragg—Oh, yes. I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.—Indianapolis Journal. She—Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it? He—I do. "What, for instance?" "Asking for it without taking it." Mrs. Winks—I don't see how you could afford to pay \$100 for a wheel. Mr. Winks—I couldn't. That's why I have got to pay \$105 for it.—Somerville Journal. Tommy—Paw, what is a designing villain? Mr. Figs—Oh, the descriptor would apply to one of these poster artists about as well as anything.—Indianapolis Journal. Sweet is the summer breeze that goes to gladden toiling man— Especially the one that blows from an electric fan. —Washington Star. "Look here, Baw! Barrings, I've a proposition to make." "What is it, Noopops?" "You stop talking about your bicycle and I'll not say another word about my smart baby."—Truth. Justice—You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses? Uncle Moses—I hob it. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses.—Amusing Journal. Young Husband—Are you in favor of free silver or the gold standard, my love? Young Wife—Oh, I don't care, my dear, so long as you have plenty of it.—Philadelphia North American. "We cannot find a place to go this summer." "What's the trouble?" "We want a summer resort from which we won't have to write home that we sleep under blankets."—Chicago Record. "Say, Dobbs, all your family are away; what do you keep your alarm clock going for?" "I want to wake up every hour and realize that I don't have to walk the baby."—Chicago Record. George—How do you like it, Cora? Cora—It's perfectly lovely. But what do they have all these policemen at the game for? Oh, I know; it is to keep the men from stealing bases.—Somerville Journal. Rugby—Our landlady is one of the most expert calculators in town. Wilkins—Is she? Rugby—Yep. We had beans for dinner to-day and she asked me how many I would have.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Edith and Mabel had just put their dollies in their little crib. Said Edith, with a sigh of relief, "There, I'm thankful we've got the children to bed. We shall have a little peace now."—Boston Transcript. Wheeler—I see by the papers that a Chicago bicyclist was held up by two men. Sprocket (feeling if the court-plaster was in place on his face)—I wish to gracious it had been mel-Yonkers Statesman. Jilson—Is Jubbs sick or traveling? Jabson—Neither. What makes you think so? Jilson—I've been looking out of the window the last ten minutes and I haven't seen him playing a hose on his lawn.—Roxbury Gazette. Judge—What is the ground for complaint in this divorce case? Counsel—Please, your honor, the main plea will be incompatibility of temper in regard to the merits of their respective bicycles.—New York Evening Telegram. "How is Jenny See getting along with her bicycle lessons?" "Oh, nicely," replied the young enthusiast. "She has only taken six now, and, do you know, I never saw any one fall off a wheel so gracefully!"—Buffalo Times.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

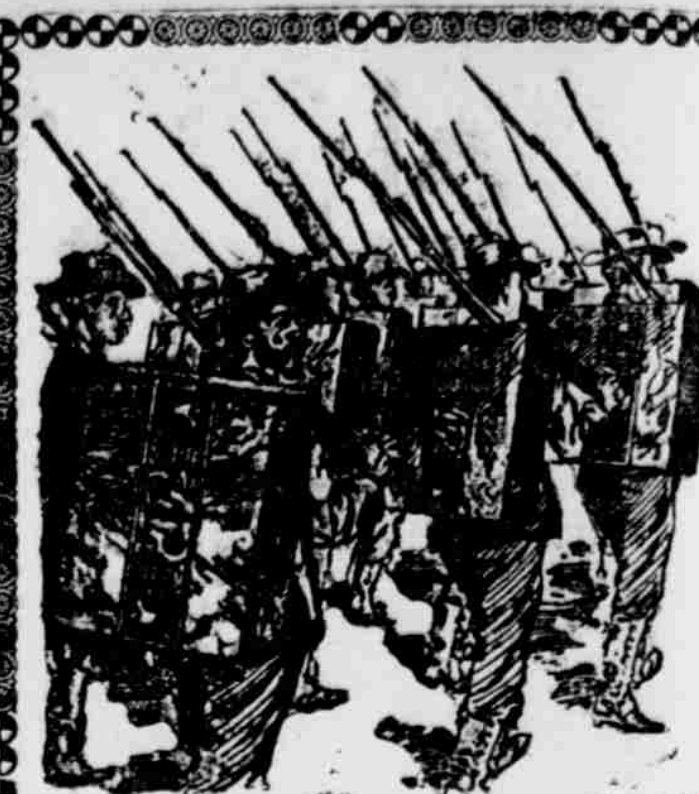
Little Black Bear, a Nez Perce chief, not long ago swapped several horses for a safety. An Englishman has started out on a 6,000 mile ride to Irkutsk on a wheel, carrying his baggage. There is a terror of the town in Kansas City who reads his morning newspaper as he scorches through the streets. There are probably more bicycles per head of white population in Johannesburg, South Africa, than anywhere else in the world. The talent is loud in praise of the presence of mind of the young man who hitched a life-preserver to his wheel when the excursion steamer broke down. In proportion to the number engaged in it cycling is by no means a dangerous pastime. Only 2 per cent of highway accidents in Great Britain come from bicycles. At a recent bicycle wedding in Aurora, Ill., the bride was attired in dark green bloomers trimmed with gold to match her wheel. A bicycle honeymoon trip followed.

BOSTON IS QUEER.

Her subway is to be inspected next October by the convention of the national funeral directors. Her Sullivan and her Public Library are her two principal institutions. But there's the east wind also. Her young man who wrote an opera in nineteen hours is expected to restore her literary supremacy. Her people when in foreign towns always register from Boston if they live anywhere east of Worcester. Her pride in the Servia, "the largest ship that ever came to Boston," is touching. The Servia ranks No. 6 in the Cunard transatlantic fleet. Her trolley-car conductors quote Horace and her newspapers quote "Planters" for "Plintus." Even the Atlantic Monthly prints bad Latin. Her original territory shows a decrease of population, but her suburbs are booming beautifully because of the general desire to live out of Boston, yet within range.

PATIENT TRAINING.

He Knew How to Train Elephants, But a Boy Was Too Much for Him. "How long has it taken you to train these elephants?" asked the reporter. "I've had 'em three years," replied the keeper. "Been training 'em steady all that time." "Do you have to be severe with them?" "Always. If ever you let an elephant get the upper hand of you just once you're a goner. If you try to boss him and he finds you're afraid of him, he'll watch his chance and kill you. An elephant ain't ruled by love." "But you reward him when he has learned his lesson all right, don't you?" "Oh, yes. He knows if he goes through his performance without a break he'll get a tit-bit of some kind, and if he doesn't he'll get the pitchfork. And sometimes we have to give him the pitchfork anyhow." "Doesn't it require a great deal of patience to train an elephant?" "Now you're talking, young man. It takes more patience than anything else in this world. An elephant is a mighty smart animal, but he's tricky. When you think you've got him all right he'll take a wrong shoot, and you have to do it all over again. Patience? You don't know what the word means unless you've trained an elephant." "Is this your boy here?" "Yes." "Are you going to make an elephant trainer of him?" "I used to think I would, but I've given it up." "What's the matter with him?" "Well, he's too hard to manage. I haven't the patience, I guess."—Chicago Tribune. A Great Catch. Mrs. Houselot—The young man who calls on Addie seems to be a very nice sort of fellow. I think he would make a nice catch for her. Mr. Houselot—Well, I should say so. He's a baseball umpire and his life is insured for \$40,000. Fiction. A friend of mine who writes stories the other day had an order for a piece of work to be finished in a great hurry. He dashed into it head first, and that night read his introduction to the family in the dining room for the benefit of domestic criticism. A servant was clearing the table during the reading, and when his wife visited the kitchen afterward she asked: "Sure, did that fellow find that girl Mr. Smith was tellin' 'ez about?" "Mr. Smith will make him find her," the author's wife replied, and then something in the servant's manner led her to think the girl regarded it as a veritable occurrence. So she added: "You know that is only a made-up story; there were no such people." "What! Mr. Smith made that up out of his head?" "Certainly." "And he never seen that girl at all?" "There was no such girl to see." The devout daughter of Erin reflected a moment. Then she exclaimed: "Sure, Mr. Smith will never get to heaven if he goes around makin' up big lies like that."—Brooklyz Life. Buying a Wheel. He fixed a passionate, yearning gaze upon her, and his words came slowly and with painful emphasis. "I am about to buy a wheel," he said, "and I have come to you at this crisis in my life to ask your advice upon a matter that is more to me than life itself." For the first time since she became accustomed to wearing bloomers a gentle blush suffused her cheeks, for she realized what was coming. "Speak!" she said, and her breath came in abbreviated bloomers. "Would you or would you not advise me to get a tandem?" he asked, and it was easy to see that his whole future was bound up in the question. Her eyes rested on the ground as she answered softly: "Get one." "Darling," he cried joyously, and for a minute or two their heads were so close together that it was impossible to say which was his Fedora hat and which was hers. And thus they became engaged.—Chicago Post. Establishing His Character. Judge—Do you know this man? Witness—Oh, do, too, yer honor. Judge—Is he a man of good moral character? Witness (bewildered)—An' sure O!m not after understandin' yer 'anner. Judge—does he stand fair in the community? Witness—By me sowl, O! don't apprehend yer maning. Judge (tristly)—I mean, sir, is he a good man? Witness—Och, by the holy saints, an' that he is. Didn't he lick the best man in the prasin'k? And am O! not that spalpeen meself?—Washington Times. The Genuine Article. "I am beginning to have doubts about our prospective son-in-law," she said, thoughtfully. "Why? What is the matter with him?" he asked, anxiously. "I'm afraid that his title is spurious—that he really does not belong to the aristocracy of Europe." "Oh, you needn't worry about that," he replied with evident relief. "I have good reason to know that he is the genuine article. He has already struck me for a loan of \$500, agreeing to let that sum be deducted from the dowry of his prospective wife in order to insure payment of it."—Washington Post.



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"He that works easily works successfully." 'Tis very easy to clean house with SAPOLIO

THE LATE BILL NYE.

Characteristics of One of Our Greatest Native Humorists. Coxe Brothers Find a Coal Mine. A dispatch from Beaver Meadow says that by mere chance Coxe Bros. & Co., recover a property worth millions of dollars. In 1853 the old Temperance mine at this place was set on fire by an explosion and three lives were lost. The maps were lost and all traces of the ramifications of the opening was lost. The mine was filled with water and has since been closed. Many thousands of dollars have been spent in endeavoring to find the underground extension without success. Coxe ten years ago proposed tunneling the Quakake Mountain to reach it but the project, which would cost millions, was abandoned. Since his death the company took the matter up, and recently arranged to carry out the scheme. Meanwhile the Cross Creek Coal Co. and VanWickle & Co. were on opposite sides of the flooded mine. The searching party carried bore holes ahead of them to avoid a catastrophe. Last Sunday superintendent Kudlich directed his men to put a hole through the roof of the gangway. To their utter astonishment they ran into the long lost mine after drilling five feet. The men had to run for their lives from the water which has already flooded Beaver Meadow and Coleraine, and the mine will be cleared in a short time. The terrible risk that has been taken is only now appreciated, but the bright prospects for the community precludes any censure. The Shakers of Mount Lebanon, a community of simple, honest, God-fearing men and women, have prepared the Shaker Digestive Cordial for many years, and it is always the same, simple, honest, curative medicine that has helped to make the Shakers the healthy, long-lived people that they are. The Shakers never have indigestion. This is partly owing to their simple mode of life, partly to the wonderful properties of Shaker Digestive Cordial. Indigestion is caused by the stomach glands not supplying enough digestive juice. Shaker Digestive Cordial supplies what's wanting. Shaker Digestive Cordial invigorates the stomach and all its glands so that after awhile they don't need help. As evidence of the honesty of Shaker Digestive Cordial, the formula is printed on every bottle. Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle. On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City. Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill. The COLUMBIAN will be sent from now until after the election for 25 cents. Subscribe for it.