

The Legal Lover.
"Birdie," he exclaimed the youth, "liston to me."
William Eskine Bumblebee rose to his feet and spoke with all the earnestness and self-possession that two years of unremitting study for the practice of law can confer upon a young man of good natural abilities.

"Birdie," he said, with vehement voice and awing gesture, "this is the first disagreement we have ever had. I ask you the plain, simple categorical question: 'Will you be my wife?' and you answer 'No.' That raises an issue at once. My asking you, of course, implies an intention on my part to make you my wife. Your answer is an obstruction, an obstacle in the way of carrying out that design or intention on my part. It is in the nature of a debarment, yet it is not in suitable form. It is inoperative and void. Now, if not in proper form, based on sufficient grounds, as I shall show by unquestionable authority, it follows—"
"But, William," interposed the amazed young woman, "have I not the right to—"
"The question of the right in this matter," said the young man severely, "comes in afterward. I have the opening. You can be heard later on. The case, as I understand it," he continued, knitting his brows and raising his voice, "may be stated thus: We hold a conference, this evening, here, by appointment, in this parlor, which parlor your father, John Abraham Snagsford, knowing that it was not improbable that such a conference as this might be held here from time to time, he being the father of eight unmarried daughters. Very good. We meet here to ask you a direct question in the course of this conference. I came here to ask that question. It is a matter of record. You did not take any exceptions to it as a question. You did not object. You merely answered no. I immediately take exceptions to your answer, and this I am bound to do. It should have been otherwise, and the authorities will sustain me—"
"No, they won't," roared old Mr. Snagsford, as he burst into the room. "The authorities don't do anything of the kind, young man! The authorities," he vociferated, catching Mr. Bumblebee by the collar and propelling him rapidly to the door, "decide that this parlor wasn't made for bellowing young squirts that think themselves lawyers to do their practicing in! Get out of here!"

And with the energetic assistance of Mr. Snagsford, freely and ungrudgingly rendered, William Eskine Bumblebee got out of there. His first case had been a failure.

A Story of Early Petroleum Days.
Quincy Robinson related an incident of the early history of the oil regions recently, which may give the children of the present generation a vague idea of the magnitude of the transactions which took place when oil was \$3 and \$4 a barrel, and poor people gained a competency by scooping it off the surface of creeks, or gathered it from pools around the tanks which had overflowed. The story as told by Mr. Robinson was as follows:

"Within a month after Colonel Drake had struck the first petroleum ever brought to the surface in America by means of drilling, my father and the father of my relatives here bought a tract of land comprising 1,250 acres adjoining the farm on which the Drake well was located for \$300,000. Not long after that I was sitting in their office one day—I remember it as distinctly as though it happened only yesterday—when an agent for an eastern syndicate walked in and offered \$500,000 for the 1,250 acres. The owners looked at him rather incredulously for a moment, but before they could speak he had counted out on the table \$500,000 in cash and drafts, which he offered for a deed of the tract. It was appraised by the sight of the pile, but my father and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation and decided that if the property was worth \$500,000 it was worth \$1,000,000, and the offer was refused. Their heirs still own the land, and now it is valued at \$20,000. Where they could have got dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what those days were. They are almost incomprehensible to the present generation, but they were real facts, and a sign of regret that the offer had not been accepted went round the circle."

His Unlucky Day.
I tell you what it is, said a Brooklyn man, I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular days for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for twenty years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin an enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but potter around the house. Even these little things go wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:—
Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.
Fell down cellar stairs with coal scuttle.
Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying step-ladder.
Sat down on chair where children had been pulling taffy.
Got swindled by peddler.
Got thumb pinched in gate.
Dropped something-iron on foot.
Baby got in yard and was butted by a strange goat.
Tax man called.
While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on the dining table.
Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmares. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel Tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked fifteen minutes of midnight. Laid still till clock struck twelve. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday was ushered in I would have broken my neck.
Yes, indeed, concluded the man, Monday is my unlucky day, and I approach it with feelings akin to terror.

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An Adventure in Callifornia.
"I shall never forget an adventure I had some years ago while in Callifornia," said a newspaper writer the other day.

I was in Los Angeles and with five boon and adventuresome companions determined to go to a place called "Portuguese Bend," situated on a promontory about twenty-five miles away. It looked up at least 800 feet above a little waiting station on the Pacific coast. We started out on a Friday morning in September to reach the "Bend." All were jolly and never dreamt of the privations in store for us. The first ten miles were all right. Then came the tug which we found to be covering hills, found to be nothing but weathered and tumbled rocks, and when night came we had made less than two miles. Not a drop of water had we seen since our start. All men suffered greatly, as did the horses. Saturday night was passed in sleepless misery. The next morning we were as lank, lean and parched as skeletons and yet no prospect of anything to slake our terrible thirst. All forenoon Sunday we searched in vain. I struck off into the mountains and wended my way up in a deep canyon whose towering walls seemed to pierce the very skies. Finally I got up to the deep crack, as it were, in the mountains, when I plunged into a den of white owls. There seemed to be millions of the things, with their ghostly, fluttering wings. I was frightened almost into a fit before I got out of the terrible place.

"I was gone nearly all forenoon, but found no water. My companions had searched high and low for me. When I got back I was exhausted and compelled to lie down. I had considerable money with me, some of it being \$20 gold pieces. I would willingly have given \$100 for a drink of water. But no, not a drop could I get with all the gold I might command. It seemed that I suffered the most. My companions carried me the remainder of the afternoon, and along toward evening, when the great sinking sun was shooting its lurid rays across the Pacific, we came to Portuguese Bend and found water. Oh, what bliss! I never was so happy in all my life before. No man knows what thirst is unless he has experienced it. Hunger is nowhere in comparison."

Northern Lights.
Auroras are most frequently seen in the cold and in the northern temperate zone, rarely in the southern temperate zone, and hardly ever in the tropics. The places where they most frequently appear lie between the sixtieth and eightieth degrees of north latitude. In the form of an oval, they include the geographical "as well as the magnetic north pole, which is found on the peninsula B. theta Felix, Iceland, the Kara Sea, northern Siberia, Bering Strait, Hudson Bay, Labrador, and Greenland. Northern lights have been seen as far down as the twenty-fifth degree north latitude. In full splendor, however, they may be seen only in the northern polar regions to the seventy-fifth degree of latitude. Here nature is displayed in all her grandeur. When the sun has set, and the gray veil of twilight is over the earth, the northern horizon glows darker and darker. Soon there may be distinguished a segment of the sky more subtle than its background; this is hemmed in by white concentric arcs of light. Colored rays shoot forth therefrom in all directions. They interlace and intertwine until they seem to be woven into one flustering band of color. And anon it changes to a sea of fire! The rays leap upward far above the zenith, form there a flaming crown, and then sink back, to begin anew the wondrous play. The most beautiful descriptions and trustworthy observations we owe to Nordenskjold and Ekama. All explanations which have been attempted as to the origin and cause of northern lights are respectfully analyzed by the spectroscopic, on the determination of the elevation, and on observations of the peculiar behavior of the magnetic.

Falling in Love Love.
"Falling in love," as modern biology teaches us to believe, is nothing more than the latest, highest, and most involved exemplification in the human race of that almost universal selective process which Mr. Darwin has enabled us to recognize throughout the whole long series of the animal kingdom. The butterfly that circles and eddies in his aerial dance around his observant mate is endeavoring to charm her by the delicacy of his coloring and to overcome her coyness by the display of his skill. The peacock that struts about in imperial pride, under the eye of his attentive hens, is really contributing to the future beauty and strength of his race by collecting to himself a harem, through whom he hands down to posterity the valuable qualities which have gained the admiration of his mates in his own person.
Mr. Wallace has shown that to be beautiful is to be efficient; and sexual selection is thus, as it were, a mere lateral form of natural selection—a survival of the fittest in the guise of mutual attractiveness and mutual adaptability, producing on the average a maximum of the best properties of the race in the resulting offspring. I must not dwell here upon this aspect of the case, because it is one with which, since the publication of the "Descent of Man," all the world has been sufficiently familiar.

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Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 20 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It is a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not believe it. For Lane Balm, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Forous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davidson.

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An Offended Cat's Revenge.
Cats have feelings like the rest of us. says a lady writer in a New York paper, and show themselves in much the same way sometimes. Some years before I got the cat I now have, we had an unusually large Tom, with yellow patches of fur on a white background. He was a great favorite with the children, especially with the baby, who was never contented unless Tom sat on a chair beside him at meal-times and had a share of everything the baby himself ate.
One day the children received a present of a little black-and-tan dog, and they were so delighted with their new pet that Tom was left quite in the cold. When dinner-time came he got up in his accustomed place beside the baby, expecting to be fed. But baby would have none of him; nothing but the new pet would do, and so the dog occupied the place of honor, and Tom had to be thumped to make him get down.
It was an insult that called for blood, and watching his opportunity after dinner, Tom pitched into that dog, and was giving him an awful licking when he was cut and heaved his sonndly fit to the floor. When the novelty of the new pet began to wear off, however, as it did a few days ago, inquiries were made for Tom again. But no Tom could be found. Then it became known that nobody had seen him since the children beat him away from the dog. Tom was evidently lost. Perhaps the beating had broken some of his bones and he had crawled away to die. Great was the wailing, but no cat could be found. Two or three days after that I passed a neighbor's house, and there, inside the sash, seated on the window sill, washing his face in the sunshine, I saw the big yellow and white spots of our Tom. He had deserted us and found a new home. I told the children and they went and got him, but no coaxing or petting could persuade him to stay in our house an hour after they let him have his liberty. He could not forget our desertion of him in favor of a rival, and he still stays with the neighbor, who gives him an excellent character.
An Indian's Fancied Speech.
In talking about Indians and their native eloquence, John Fairchild, the lawyer, said he saw Old Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, make an effective speech with a lead pencil during a visit by Bishop Brundel at Ashland. Old Wolf took the pencil and drew a straight line and said: "Cheyennes straight."
Then he drew another straight line and said: "Back robe straight," meaning the Indian had nothing to say against the Catholic missionaries.
Then a third straight line was drawn and Old Wolf said: "White House straight." By this he did not mean the Executive Mansion, but the "White House" school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, which was known far and near among the Indians as the "White House."
Next a straight line was drawn part way across the page, and from one end he made a number of very crooked lines, so that the diagram looked like a cat-o'-nine-tails. This was explained by the chief as "Washington straight, but all things coming from Washington very crooked."
Then a line was drawn straight part of the way, then crooked, then straight, and so on across the page. "Indian agent straight, crooked, straight, crooked, straight crooked," was the laconic explanation.
"Crow fly round, round," was the sarcastic and to be illustrated the characteristics of the Crow Indians by a series of loops across the page. But the climax of this speech was reached when Old Wolf drew across the paper a very crooked line and remarked with manifest contempt: "Sioux crooked, always crooked."
Inventor Edison as He Is.
I had a look at Edison the other day, and brought away the impression that no bust or picture conveys an adequate idea of the man. There is a singular power and sweetness in the face, and the man is altogether more massive and striking than popular portraits would lead one to suppose. His head is unusually large, and the brow is broad, full and serene. The nose is large and full of character, the smooth-shaven chin and jaw are good, the mouth is wide, as it should be in a man of force, and the eye is peculiarly strong and attractive. This fine head is set on a stout neck, and below spread broad shoulders and a massive chest. In the group of distinguished men of national reputation, with whom I saw him, his was by far the most striking presence. When called upon to speak, he put in an almost boyish protestation with deprecatory smile and uplifted hands, and nothing could bring him to his feet.
A clever and observant young woman recently told me of her visit to Edison's laboratory. A particularly elegant assistant moved about the room, while a man in a shabby gray coat shuffled in and sat down at a desk. This, to the young lady's surprise, proved to be Mr. Edison. The inventor had the lady's companion sing into the phonograph, and listened as best he could with his defective hearing. Later he shut himself into a little room, and for an hour after there issued from that closed chamber a curious succession of vocal sounds, while the inventor experimented with his favorite invention.
Changing the Color of the Hair.
History mentions numerous women who have endeavored, with greater or less success, to change the color of their hair. Mary Queen of Scots had naturally magnificent glossy black hair, but after the historic voyage from France overseas to Scotland, and her reception by the sandy-haired Scotch, she sought to give an Auburn hue to her tresses—possibly from an aesthetic desire to be in harmony with them. Unhappy Marie Antoinette discovered a Frenchman who had compounded a powder having the quality of giving to the hair the rich dark-brown characteristic of the madonnas painted by many of the old masters.

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NO MORE OF THIS!
Cats and the Moon.
Everybody knows the superstition, sailors, particularly of course, as to their sailing on Friday, and they are also superstitious on other points, and from this fact we get a saying, "That desert a sinking ship." Again, they resent the presence of a cat on board, and usually that of a dog, although as regards both of these animals the superstition is not so widespread as to altogether prevent occurrence. Speaking of cats, it is known that they were held in such respect by the ancient Egyptians that their mummies are met with about as frequently as human beings, and was from a superstition belief in the special goddess among the Egyptians represented with the head of a cat and a temple was erected to her in a town of the name she bore—Babylon. In the Egyptian mythology Babylonia was the child of Isis and Osiris and sister of Horus. What is not so generally known is the fact that the Egyptian gods were symbolized by animals. As to the moon there was a great moon goddess, and the moon was called "Lunacy" is derived from the name of that planet, and the moon still believed by many to be made of cheese. Sailors in the tropics have been known to have become temporarily deranged because of sleeping with their faces exposed to the rays of a full moon, while fresh fish hung on deck under the same conditions is said to spoil in a short time.

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One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made in the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A narrow slit of light is shown through a glass vessel that contains lamproteins colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disc having a rotating motion in this beam of light, so as to cut the thin making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard, so long as the flashing beam is kept on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery was made. A beam of sunlight is allowed to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disc is turned so that the colored light of the rainbow will be able to break through it. Now, place your ear to the vessel containing the lamproteins or other material. As the sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be a sense in other parts.

For Instance, if the vessel contained red worsted, and the green light came upon it, the sounds will be like those of a peep and a chirp. Only feeble sounds will be heard with the red and blue parts of the spectrum fall upon the vessel, and other materials give more or less sound of different colors, and utter no sound of others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful that it will come from it.

Servants in Brazil.
American women who are deplored the lack of good servants in this country, should read "Para and the Amazon," by William B. Ogden. He says that servants are very bad, but high priced, and very hard to get. Necessity of having to work to live, or having become stern really in their eyes, they consider it rather a hardship otherwise, in fact quite a concession to do anything at all for a cook, for instance, and not a good one either, who comes at 11:30 and leaves the morning, cooks your breakfast, leaves before 6:20 and 6:30 and expects to get from 70 to 80 cents a month, as present rate of exchange, which is \$4.00. He does not wash the dishes and would leave the place in an instant if asked to do it. None of the servants sleep in the house where they work. They come in the morning and leave at night by 8 o'clock at the very latest. They are much given to stealing, but but rather unrepentant. They are very unreliable, and one can never tell whether he will go without breakfast or without dinner.

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