WOULD-BE PUGILISTS.

Conceited Men Who Think They Are Born Fighters.

An Old Teacher of the Manly Art Gives a Few Instances of the Folly of Some Aspirants Who Have Entered the Ring.

The leading boxing master in New York, the teacher in one of the big athletic clubs, was talking about the manly art to an interested group of young men, says the New York Sun.

"One of the funniest things in life," said he, "is the fancy that some men have about their fighting abilities. You've noticed when you attend sparring exhibitions that certain chaps came forward to box who could not stand three minutes against the worst plug ever seen. They haven't the body, the endurance or the art, and yet they come up as though fighting was a thing anybody could do. I've observed this thing a hundred times in my life, but I never had it brought so plainly before me as when, the other night, I went to a down-town theater where a lot of the best men in the business were exhibiting. The professionals were offering prizes to anyone who would come on the stage and last four rounds. The fellow that came out to meet Kilrain, the man that fought Sullivan, was more like a wisp of hay than an athlete. Kilrain looked him over and smiled; then dabbed him on the face a few times, and the poor chap did not know where heaven. He staggered off ignominiously, yet he had received no punishment that any man, even ordinarily well constructed could not have taken smilingly. Now, why did that chap think he could face a heavy-weight professional prize fighter?

"Then two middle-weight amateurs met each other. One was a lightning hitter. He was quick, strong and scientific. The other was so bad that he made you mad. He was tough, like a piece of dead meat, but the incessant pounding that he received was enough to make anyone but a fool take off the gloves and swear never to put them on again. In four rounds that conceited ass was struck fairly in the face no less than forty times and he never got in even an accidental blow in return. Yet he thought he could fight and probably does so still. Two light-weights came out next. One struck the other and knocked him nearly across the stage. The little fellow got up and was knocked down again. This action was repeated four or five times, and then the man that was playing the part of shuttlecock grooed away into the wings, amid hoots of derision. He was another fellow who had not learned even the rudiments of boxing. I find it the same with the fashionable young men that I teach. Many of them can put up a pretty good fight, but these are not the ones that think they can lick all creation. No; the conceited ones are the hopeless cases, fellows that never can learn to fight, who can never be quick and never last through four three-minute rounds the longest day they live.

"A fellow of this sort asked me recently if I would not box with him at an exhibition that the club was going to have. I looked him over and his assurance made me a little angry. I asked him to step into the sparring-room and said that if we were going to box at an exhibition we ought to have a rehearsal. He got on the gloves and we faced each other. For the greater part of a round I did not lead for him once, but allowed him to punch at me. Several times I put my face forward to meet his glove, for there was no force in it. At last I told him that I was going to hit him and then I did so. It was not a knock-out blow on the corner of the jaw, but a straight hit between the eyes. I think the man rolled clean out of the room we were in and started to fall down the stairs in the hall outside. When he got up he looked about to see where he was. I told him that he could not fight, probably never could learn and advised him to refrain by all means from ever putting on gloves with veterans like myself. I declare, it's the strangest thing in the world. No one thinks he can play the violin without years of practice, yet the first slim Jim that comes along fancies he can fight."

And the old king hero sniffed with disgust. The art of smashing a man's nose was as sacred to him as the manipulation of the bow was to Paganini.

AN EXPENSIVE STOVE.

How It Cost Carter Harrison Sixteen Thousand Dollars.

"Some twenty-five or thirty years ago," said a Chicago man to a representative of the Post, "Mr. Harrison owned eighty acres of land which is now on the line of the Burlington railway, between Chicago and Riverside. I saw that the property was bound to increase in value and so I made up my mind to offer Mr. Harrison two hundred dollars an acre for it. I found him in his office, seated on a rickety old sofa beside a dilapidated desk and warming himself before the fire contained in a disreputable-looking, rusty, begrimed old stove. Well, I made my offer and he promptly rejected it. He said he wanted two hundred and fifty dollars. I saw that he meant what he said and the conversation soon drifted to other topics. Presently I remarked the ancient and hardly creditable appearance of the stove.

"'Yes,' Carter said, 'it is pretty tough but it holds the coal and that's all that's necessary.'

"'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' I returned. 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just go out and buy you a stove as a present.'

"'You will?' he eagerly asked. 'Honest? Well, then, if you do that I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have those eighty acres for two hundred dollars.'

"So I went out and bought a stove and had it put up in Carter's office. The whole thing cost me fourteen dollars and fifteen cents. As soon as the fire was burning brightly in it I demanded the deed to the land, paid the money and walked out of the office the absolute owner of those eighty acres.

"Within a twelvemonth I was offered four hundred dollars an acre for the land and refused it.

"The next time I saw Carter after this offer had been made I told him about it.

"'The —— you say!' he exclaimed. 'Come up to my office.'

"We went. Carter took down his books and in my presence made the entry:

"'To one office stove, sixteen thousand dollars.'

"And he carried it right through his books, too. Afterward I sold the land for two hundred thousand dollars."

An Apt Illustration.

A little man asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful canebrake and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw, "Oh, no," replied she; "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then was obliged to select the best that was left."

Nothing like it —Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's as peculiar in its composition, as in its curative effects, in all the diseases and disorders that afflict womankind. It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive remedy for female weaknesses and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all a stick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we claim our great boast. Our pills cure it while

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their action, please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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COURTROOM COSTUMES.

Fine Clothes Employed to Influence the Judge and Jury.

Although a woman's gowns frequently deserve and receive honorable mention, like a brand of baking-powder at a national exhibit, there are only three times in her life—it may be four if she is American—when they are entered for the blue ribbon, says a writer in the New York Recorder. These are important occasions, and these gowns are the result of anxious thought and laborious research in the fields of gown literature. First, the dress she wears as a debutante; secondly, the wedding gown. The third gown is worn by the young mother when she receives the relatives and friends who have come to offer their congratulations to her and their gifts to her firstborn child. Debutante, bride and mother! A woman may be all these, and in America she frequently is something more—a divorcee. Here frocks are not unimportant factors, and I am irresistibly reminded of a trunkful of dresses I saw last week which are to play a prominent part in a big divorce case soon.

"What a heap of pretty frocks," I said.

"Yes," my friend replied. "Horribly expensive, and I couldn't well afford them, either, but business is business, you know, these are my stock in trade. They're very sympathetic gowns, I must say. The designer caught my eye perfectly."

"'Sympathetic gowns! Stock in trade! What do you mean?" I gasped.

"What do I mean? Why, stupid, these are to wear at the trial."

"Oh, dear me! All those!"

"Yes, all those. Now, here's this black one," said she, talking like Rosina Vokes in one of her soliloquies. "I shall wear this the first day. It makes me look pale, and has a crapy, mournful air about it that will make a favorable first impression on the court. I wish them to understand that the defendant has wrecked my young life. See?

"Well, this red gown! Doesn't this bristle all over with determination? Isn't 'win or die' fluttering from every fold? I shall wear this the day we make the biggest fight. It looks so aggressive.

"Now here's this white cloth. Very simple, you observe. Silver girdle. Broad hat with feathers. Fluffy boa. Sweet simplicity. Girlish loveliness. That's for the day my counsel sums up.

"That gray—sad, dove-colored, Quakerish looking. I shall wear that—with tears—in case we seem to be getting beaten.

"This is a brown cloth to wear upon all the common, ordinary occasions. It is made in a sensible way, with this business-like jacket. There is a set of silver tablets goes with it, also a vinaigrette. The tablets for any random ideas I might have which should be instantly jotted down, the vinaigrette in case I should faint. It may be necessary to faint, you know. Some judges are so obdurate.

"This note-book I fancy will make a great hit with the jury. Y-e-s, it did cost a pretty penny, but I hope the results will more than compensate for the outlay.

"You see, one of Ted's strong points of defense is that I was so extravagant he couldn't stand it. The idea! Well, now, any jury of average intelligence seeing me with this little book will say: 'Dear me! She couldn't be so awfully extravagant. Such methodical business-like habits don't go with extvagance. No, indeed!'

"That's what the jury will say, and I shall come out with flying and victory perched upon my banners. And why? Well, of course, the fact that my side is right and Ted's is wrong has something to do with it, but chiefly, my dear, chiefly because of my gowns.

"The jury won't know it; the judge won't know it. When did a man know anything about a woman or her strategies? And, between you and me, the less they know the better. What they don't know won't hurt them, and it is really selfish of a woman to worry a man with trivial matters when he has such grave and important cases on his mind.

"Going? Well, wish me luck with my gowns. This is my way of casting bread upon the waters."

A POINTED REBUKE.

The Pretty Girl, the Impudent Masher and the Pin.

A young lady gave a Chicago masher a lesson the other day which was worth seeing.

She was a pretty and well-dressed girl of a rather pronounced style of blonde beauty, says a writer in the Chicago News. On her fluffy hair was perched one of the new spring hats—a "creation" in black and gold. She sat next to me in the street car.

The masher, who was also immaculate—on the outside—stood directly in front of her, and now and then leaned forward ever so slightly and pressed his knees against hers.

She got as far away from him as she could, but the car was very crowded, and she sat there, her cheeks getting pinker every minute.

The third time he did it she lifted her eyes, stared him in the face and seemed about to speak; then, recollecting probably how the inmates of the car would stare at her if she did, she sank back again in her seat, keeping her indignant eyes fixed on his face.

He raised the paper which he was pretending to read before his eyes. Now was her chance. Unseen by him she raised her hand and drew from the dainty bonnet a long, gilt-headed hatpin. She placed it under her muff in her lap, ready for action.

The masher waited awhile, then lowered his paper, smelled the violets in his buttonhole, smiled caressingly and leaned forward again to touch her.

With a gladsome smile and quick as lightning she jabbed the hatpin through one knee of those beautiful trousers.

There was a suppressed yell and a quick reaction.

It took him about six seconds to leave the car, and as he passed me I know from the expression on his face that if ever a man cursed himself for a fool he did.

EAST INDIAN BARBERS.

They Perform Their Work in a Creditable Manner.

The natives of India are very ingenious workmen, but their tools are of the most primitive kind. Strange to say, a sword made by the native workman will not rust under ordinary circumstances, and the material is infinitely superior to the best that Sheffield or Birmingham can turn out. I have often been shaved by an East Indian in Jamaica, says a writer in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, to which place they are brought to work the sugar plantations, and have never had it so well or comfortably done either in America or in England; yet his razor, to look at it, seemed like one purchased at a ten-cent store. These barbers carry with them a little brass cup or miniature basin filled with plain cold water. Dipping one finger in the water from time to time, he gently rubs the water all over the part to be shaved—no soap or substitute is used; then he applies his razor, and it glides over your skin evenly and smoothly, and though he goes over each part but once he leaves your skin smooth as an infant's cheek. Each batch that comes over to Jamaica has its own barber, as none but one of their caste may cut their hair.

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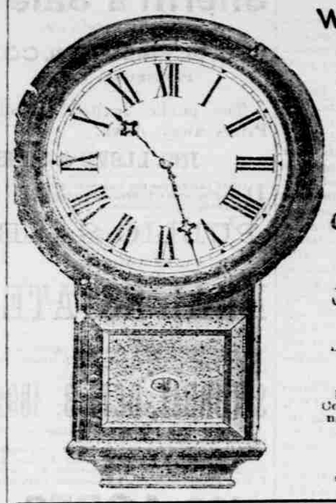

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COVENT GARDEN.

The Great Fruit and Vegetable Garden of London.

John, duke of Bedford, had a chance to live in the memory of his countrymen as a public benefactor as great as the earl of Salisbury, and neglected it for what? For the mistaken idea that his market tolls were too valuable to be given up. I have seen it stated since his death, says a London letter to the Philadelphia Times, that he would have been willing to sell Covent Garden market if he could have found a local authority to undertake its responsibilities and expense. But he knew very well that his monopoly of market tolls would some day or other be taken from his family, and by abolishing them himself, by destroying Covent Garden market and improving its site, he could have added a more than compensative amount to the value of his other property. The report of the royal commission on market right and tolls has just been published, and in reading it one learns afresh how England is still ribbed through and through with customs that ought to be obsolete, and how weighty with her is the example of a precedent that ought never to have been set. Because it was once held that a grant to hold a market was a franchise carrying an exclusive right, two of London's chief markets, Covent Garden and Spitalfields, remain to-day in private hands—those of the duke of Bedford and Sir Julian Goldsmid respectively. Covent Garden is, as is well known, the great fruit, flower and vegetable market, and its owner can by law prevent any other market from being established within seven miles of him. It is worth to the Bedfords about fifteen thousand pounds a year, and for Spitalfields Sir Julian Goldsmid gets five thousand pounds a year rent from the present lessee.

The eight markets established or controlled by the city of London—Billingsgate, Smithfield hay, the Central meat and the Central fish, Faringdon, Leadenhall, the Islington cattle and the Deptford foreign cattle markets—insure a yearly net profit of about twenty-five thousand pounds sterling to their historic owner, all of which, of course, goes into the pockets of the corporation and is no benefit whatever to the rest of the metropolis. Through these markets passes practically all the meat and poultry supply of London and nearly all the fish. Thus, it will be seen, through the centralization of markets not only does the Londoner's dinner pay what is almost equivalent to an octroi, but before it gets to him it must make long journeys across the city to the central depots and back again. This centralization is thought to be a greater evil than the imposition of tolls, and probably it is so. The commission's report on the tolls is found to be a rather unsatisfactory document. Its historical treatment of the subject of markets is all that could be desired, but it submits no definite plan for correcting the present system. A majority of the commission does indeed favor compensation upon the abolishing of the private franchises. But a man need not be a socialist to feel that it is absurd to talk of compensating the owner of a nuisance. Covent Garden market, in the light of the needs of modern London, is not only constructively but actually a nuisance, and, considering that the only vegetables you get in England after all are boiled potatoes and brussels sprouts, a nuisance wholly without justification in common sense.

WONDERFUL DRIVING.

A Stage Driver's Remarkable Presence of Mind.

The death of Barnum recalls an incident of his visit to California about ten years ago, says a westerner in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The great showman was seldom surprised by any feat of horsemanship, but, riding on the box seat beside William Foss, one of the famous whips of California, he was treated to an impromptu exhibition of skill which he candidly admitted he never saw equaled. Foss was driving a six-horse stage along the mountain road from Calistoga to the geysers. Just before he reached the geysers one of the leaders dropped dead in its tracks. The shock swerved the other leader and broke the singletree loose. The horses were going at a lively trot down hill. Quick as thought Foss allowed the reins that guided the two leaders to run out through the rings, and, giving a slight swerve to the others, he cleared the dead and the living leaders and continued to town with a four-horse team. Had Foss hesitated a moment the horses would have become tangled and the coach might have been upset. Barnum had a good opportunity to see Foss' nerve and skill tested as he sat beside him. Foss didn't seem to think he had done anything extraordinary. He naively said: "Well, it was the only thing to do, and I did it."

ORIGIN OF A NAME.

The Word Siberia Traced to Its Slavic Source by Russian Bookmen.

Since the building of the Transsiberian railroad was resolved upon and Siberia has attracted general notice the world has become interested in the origin and meaning of the word Siberia. V. M. Florinsky, in a paper published at the university of Tomsk, holds that the word is of Slavic derivation. It occurs for the first time in the writings of the Persian historian, Rashid-Eddina (1247-1318), as the name of what now is called western Siberia, for in connection with it the historian speaks about the River Irtysh and the steppes of Kirghese and the Bashkirs. The Russians have known the country since the latter part of the fifteenth century, and official mention of the "Siberian land" is made in documents dated 1554 and 1556. The word is supposed to have originated with a tribe of Huns which was known by the name of Sabirs or Sebirs, and first lived in the Ural mountains and subsequently settled down in the regions of the Don and the Volga. The city of Sivar, which existed in Bulgaria in the tenth century, was a monument of the wanderings of this tribe. The Sabirs were also mentioned among the Slavonian tribes on the Volga enumerated by Jesph, king of the Khozars. Now, taking these accounts into consideration, it appears that the Huns were of Slavic origin, and that the name of Sibars was assumed by or applied to that tribe of the Huns which has wandered from the north (Sever) into the southeastern regions. Another scholar, M. Potanin, in Russkoye Obozrenie maintains that the origin of the word Sabir is derived from the Mongolian. He shows that a certain mountain named Sybyr, or Sumbyr (perhaps the same as the Mount Sumer of the Indian legends), is variously and repeatedly mentioned in the folk lore of the Mongolians at the extreme southern borders of Siberia.—Chicago Post.

Rodents' Teeth.

Certain animals have teeth which grow during all their lives. The rat and the squirrel are examples of this. Our own teeth are developed from pulps, which are absorbed and disappear after the teeth are grown, but in a rat's tooth the pulp is perpetual, and is continually secreting material by which the incisor gains length. Therefore the animal is obliged to gnaw all the time to keep the tooth ground down to the proper length. It is commonly imagined that the rats keep gnawing from pure cussedness, but such is not the case.

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A TOUCHING TALE.

An Incident of the Terrible Reign of the Paris Commune.

The Pathetic Story of One Auld Lang Syne of a Soldier's Little Girl Who Was on a Mission of Love to Her Father.

In the year of our Lord 1871 one of the largest and finest cities of the world was in the throes of a commotion without and within. In the commotion within we have to do, says the Chicago News. On the walls were scarecrows in rags and tatters. These were the people. On the gaunt faces attached to bodies of pitiable proportions. These composed the army, and upheld the cause. The city was Paris; the people were men, and the time during the reign of terror succeeding the fall of the French capital.

Across one of the main streets of the city was a high, massive heap of cobblestones, boards, barrels, pieces of furniture, debris of every description. This was a barricade. On the outside of the barricade were the human sleepers in their threadbare garments. Their eyes were sunken, their cheeks pale, and their foreheads wrinkled with deep furrows. But they grasped their muskets none the less steadily for this; their movements were none the less rapid, their aim none the less deadly. There were the men who defied the government, with all its power, its grenadiers, its artillery, its authority, at defiance. Fear blanched not were the soldiers. Fear blanched not were the citizens. Both sides were resting, preparing for the morrow's death struggle. It was night. But they were on the alert: behind the barricade every man was a sentry. None of them expected to see another nightfall, and it was not if they were elected out of a few hours' sleep now; the relentless balls of the morrow would soon finally decide the question of longer or shorter sleep.

The night was intensely dark, and with the exception of an old lantern hung against the flagstaff, on top of the barrier, everything was as somber as the shades of death. These barricades were watched so keenly! And their guns were ready to be shotted for the government.

Two blocks distant from the fortress a little girl turned the corner and gazed tremblingly at the flickering light on the flagpole. In her hand she carried a small basket, over which was a red napkin. This was fastened ly to prevent the rude gaze of the from blowing it off. She crept along the walls of the buildings and moved softly toward the light. Nearer and nearer—she drew, the pulsation of her heart increasing the closer she approached. But she kept walking. She had approached within a few block of the barricade, when her foot on a small piece of wood cracked noisily. Instantly half a dozen of guns "clicked," and a harsh, grating voice rang out: "Who's there?" She tried to answer with all her might, but she could not. Every energy was paralyzed. Her mouth was dry, her tongue motionless. She staggered, attempted to support herself against the wall near which she was standing. She felt her strength leaving her, her head began to swim and she knew she was falling. She dropped her basket and tried to raise her hands, when—

"Who's there?" was repeated loudly, and a moment afterward the same voice gave the command: "Fire!" The vibrations and flashes of twenty muskets discharged muskets followed the command. The walls of the houses echoed and echoed. The awful stillness was broken. The little messenger shrieked—a pitiful, pleading cry—and all was still again. The silence continued a minute or two. Then two of the men shouldered their guns, descended the ladder behind the breastworks, and went in the direction in which the shots had been fired. One of them struck something with his foot. He stooped down. "Sacre Franz!" he cried, "it's a little girl!" He picked the slight form up in his arms and started at a run toward the barricade. His companion found the basket and brought it with him. The first man, after crossing the barrier, took his burden into a tavern near by. He laid it on a table in the main room. A light was held over the little sufferer. The man gazed at it keenly a moment, then uttered a terrible cry: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, mon Dieu,