MAN AND HIS PIPE.

In Germany There Is a Close Connection Between Them.

An Index to the Smoker's Character—First Experience of the Boy with His Father's Pipe and His Habits Later On.

"Cigars and cigarettes are cosmopolitan, but a pipe represents a race." No one can doubt it who watches a German smoke. His selection of a pipe is no small matter. He has gone through all the gradations in the art of smoking—and it is an art in Germany—and gets to his pipe about the age of forty. It becomes the comfort of the middle age and the darling of the old. It is fondled and stroked and praised in no unstinted style. It is the inseparable companion of the hearthstone, and neither house, beer or story paper can dethrone it.

One can always tell the particular bent of a man's mind, says the Chicago Times, by his style of pipe. The picture on the bowl is usually an epitome of the smoker's youth. Should it be the head of the reigning emperor be sure that patriotism is the ruling passion. And if it bears a picture of a wooded mountain side, skirted by a broad river, surmounted by a high tower, adorned with the ruins of a feudal castle, and perhaps the inscription: "Alt Heidelberg du Feine," the smoker is gallant as well as patriotic, recognizes and enjoys life when he sees it. So does he who selects the girl with the wine glass and the inscription: "Wer Liebt Nicht Weib, Wein and Gessang?"

The memory of his youthful pleasure comes back with the sight of his pipe. His first experience has been with cigar tips. As a boy he has helped to strip off the ends of Herr Papa's cigars and place them carefully in the little leather case that was always found in the paternal pocket. Later on he has watched the big pipe send forth clouds of tobacco smoke from its big bowl and longed for the day when a box of little dry yellow cigars would be beside his plate. That day he would be eighteen—he would begin to be a man. What joy!

Of course with the German boy the first smoke is a family affair, and if not as spicy as the stolen smokes of the American youth it is robbed of its sickening effect by Herr Papa's watchful care. The cigar is light as straw, clean and fragrant, harmless as a stick of candy.

During the first years of his experience the German young man smokes rather expensively. Two-cent cigars are his limit, and this is considered pretty high life in Germany, where it is thought disloyal for an ordinary citizen to allow his thaler or cigar bill to run higher than a statesman's. It is said that Bismarck keeps within the bounds of six dollars for his.

These two-cent cigars are infinitely better than our high-priced ones, inasmuch as a tobacconist will not for any consideration allow a cigar to leave his store till it shall have been seasoned at least three or four months. Consequently the German youth may puff his clouds of smoke in the air all day long without injury to his heart or head or qualm of conscience about his nervous apparatus.

When the young German becomes a university freshman he is apt to raise the price of his cigars to a cent extra. Once in a day he takes a big curved pipe with the picture of a scantily clothed German beauty on the porcelain bowl and takes a few puffs—this not frequently. The pipe is oftener found on the wall in these days. In the days when students wore top boots and swords and fought pitched battles in the streets for a new fatherland or students' rights the great pipes were trade-marks of active university men. The active freshman succumbs to the seduction of the two and one-half cent cigar now.

About the second freshman term, however, the student begins to cut down his expenses, his tobacco bills included. A quarter of a cent at a time he grades down till at his fourth term he arrives at the celebrated "Heidelberg five-pfennig cigar"—one cent of American currency—yet the five-pfennig cigar is far from bad. It is about half as long as a man's middle finger, round and very thick in the middle. It costs the dealer about eighty cents per one hundred. The Heidelberg dealer sells nothing else; he caters only to students. An American would have a bad quarter of an hour unless provided with his favorite weed.

The student becomes prosperous after having been graduated; he takes again to two and one-half cent cigars, and smokes them till he reaches the age of forty or forty-five, when he begins his pipe-smoking career.

To understand how important the art of smoking is and what a large part it plays in the nation's life, one has but to look at the paraphernalia of a German smoker. Everyone carries a cigar case, a cigar clipper, a match safe and a little leather box for the cigar tips. The cigar case is indispensable, because the cigars are so dry they would crack to pieces if carried loosely in the pocket. For the same reason the clipper is wanted. Then the smoker wants to keep the tips. They are collected by a society organized for the purpose in each province and are sold back to the manufacturer for the benefit of charitable institutions. Then the match safe is necessary, since German etiquette forbids carrying anything — knife, money, matches — uncovered in the pocket.

No wonder he resents any attempt at taxation of tobacco. A whole group of industries are bound up with the enjoyment of his smoke, whether from a two and one-half cent cigar or the Weichselholz stem that he holds as dear as the wedding ring.

A Royal Beer.

The best beer in Europe, and in the world, it is said, is only to be had at a dingy little tavern in Munich, called the Hofbrau Haus. Here Emperor Wilhelm, during his recent visit to Munich, went to get his tipple, conforming to the customs of the place, and waiting his turn to get his mug filled, standing in a line of generals and colonels, chimney sweeps, scavengers, Jew peddlers and students. It is said that one draught of beer will explain why people of the highest station will undergo so much discomfort to obtain it. There is nothing in the world to equal it. It is manufactured at a brewery established in 1589 by Duke Wilhelm of Bavaria, according to a recipe obtained by the founder from the famous brewer, Gambrinus, and kept a profound state secret. It is sold only at retail and drunk on the premises, and the net profits of the business for the royal house of Bavaria are said to be about one million dollars a year.

Fads of Men.

That men have fads as well as their wives, sisters and sweethearts was evidenced the other day, when at a restaurant dinner a man detached from his watch guard a tiny silver flask, or bottle, from which, after the top was unscrewed, he dusted one or two grains of a fine pepper "which I got in Egypt and find most appetizing and an aid to digestion," says the New York Times. One or two of his companions who tried it, in the infinitesimal quantity in which it was bestowed, found it very hot, but doubted its alleged qualities. Without doubt it was a fad, such as only women are supposed to indulge.

A DEAD SHOT

right at the seat of difficulty is accomplished by the sure and steady aim of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't fool around with a pop-gun, nor a "Flint-lock," when this reliable "Winchester" is within reach!

Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

The worst forms of Catarrh disappear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its makers back their faith in it with money. They offer $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk.

Doesn't common sense lead you to take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake" you say.

Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute*.

Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after June 7th, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	2 55 A M	Day Exp.	11 04 A M
Western Exp.	4 43 A M	Mail	9 38 A M
Johnstown Exp.	8 27 A M	Altoona Exp.	1 00 P M
Pacific Exp.	8 45 A M	Mail Exp.	4 57 P M
Mail	4 29 P M	Phila Exp.	8 15 P M
Fast Line	8 47 P M	Eastern Exp.	10 17 P M
Way Pass	2 36 P M	Fast Line	11 22 P M

	Train	No.	Stations	Dis.
NORTH	Irvona Exp't.	90	[illegible]	
	Church tra n	92	[illegible]	
	Fast Line*	6	[illegible]	
	Mail*.	4	[illegible]	
	STATIONS.		Cresson, Wildwood L., Dawson L., Amsbry, Ashville, Mitchell, Dysart, [illegible], Frugality, [illegible], Coalport, [illegible], Irvona	[illegible]
SOUTH	Pacific Exp*.	1	[illegible]	
	Mail*.	5	[illegible]	
	Church train†	91	[illegible]	
	Cresson Exp't.	93	[illegible]	

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only.
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Cristie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.
No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 38 for points east of Cresson.
No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.
From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9 38, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.
No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 4 57 from points west of Cresson.
Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.
Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Coalport or Irvona.
Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified. W. P. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent.
F. J. BURGOON, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect June 7th 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	2 55 a m	Day Exp.	11 04 a m
Western Exp.	4 43 a m	Mail	9 38 a m
Johnstown Exp.	8 27 a m	Altoona Exp.	1 00 p m
Pacific Exp.	8 45 a m	Mail Exp.	4 57 p m
Mail	4 26 p m	Phila Exp.	8 16 p m
Fast Line	8 47 p m	Eastern Exp.	10 17 p m
Way Pass	2 36 p m	Fast Line	11 22 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M
Ebensburg		7 30	10 25	3 35
Bradley	3.0	7 40	10 31	3 44
Kaylor	4.8	7 46	10 35	3 50
Noel	6.1	7 51	10 38	3 55
Munster	7.5	7 56	10 41	4 00
Lucket	9.6	8 03	10 45	4 08
Cresson	11.3	8 10	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M
Cresson		9 45	11 10	5 05
Lucket	1.7	9 50	11 26	5 15
Munster	5.8	9 55	11 29	5 22
Noel	5.3	9 59	11 35	5 28
Kaylor	6.5	10 02	11 41	5 33
Bradley	8.3	10 07	11 47	5 42
Ebensburg	11.3	10 15	12 01	5 55

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.

PASTOR KOENIGS' NERVE TONIC

...Vitus Dance Cured!...
SAN ANDREAS, Cal., February, 1889.
My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for two years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again. MICHAEL O'CONNEL.

BALTIMORE, June, 1888.
I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous trouble caused by overwork, and found it all that it is claimed to be. After using one bottle it had the desired effect, and I can truly recommend it to all suffering a like complaint, as a really wonderful remedy. SAML. THREW.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 19, '90.
For seven years my oldest daughter had fainting spells and spasms. Last June she took the first of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and since that time they have entirely ceased.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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apl8.3m.

A TAME BLUEJAY.

How He Amuses Himself and Gives Amusement to His Owner.

Among the birds which my children raised this year is one which gives us more pleasure than I ever expected, says a correspondent of Forest and Stream. It is a bluejay, and he is the most cunning-plumed fellow you can think of. I had to clip his wings because he would not stay in a cage, but liked to hop and flutter around the house. He is not afraid of the dogs, will hop around and about them, sit on the head of a big bloodhound and yell at the top of his voice just for mischief. He defies all the chickens if they try to take some feed away from him. I suspect his terrible war cry scares them. He will sit on our shoulders and hands and beg for food, but as soon as his appetite is satisfied he takes what more is offered him and hides it away in some nook. Sometimes he will put it down in my vest pocket or under the collar of my outing shirt. Water he likes exceedingly well, and shows signs of disgust if without his regular bath: and lo, how he will jump in when the dishpan is filled with the fresh, cool liquid—drink, dive, splatter and yell for joy. Then out he goes to the sunny lawn and lies down on the one side first, spreading the opposite wing; then he turns over to spread and dry the other one. He will also take dry sun baths in the same manner. If nobody is around he will perch on a chair on the porch and sing; and he can sing right well in a low voice, imitating other birds. His efforts to talk are also remarkable. Everybody in the house loves him, but we have to keep out of his reach everything that glitters and is not too heavy for his strength. This, of course, is the inherited vice of the corvine tribe, and the only complaint I can raise against him. But taking it all round, I can highly recommend to lovers of pet birds to raise and tame a young bluejay, as it will certainly be a source of great pleasure to them.

CAN'T UNDERSTAND AMERICA.

Novelist Howell's Amusing Experience with an Official in Venice.

The ways of English and Americans are still appalling to the more indolent and less cleanly southern nations, which have had for many decades large opportunities for studying these race peculiarities, and yet have never ceased to wonder, says Youth's Companion. When W. D. Howells was consul at Venice an attempted burglary in the palace occupied by him gave occasion for the following suggestive incident:

In my account of this affair to the commissary of police I said that the burglary occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window sill, and his hand extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly."

"Pardon," said the commissary, suspiciously, "do all Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say they all do in summer," I answered. "At least, it is the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience, and but for my official dignity I am sure I should have been effectually browbeaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his armchair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Pardon!" and, turning to his clerk, said:

"Write down that, according to the American custom, they were sleeping with their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness he considered this habit a relic of the time when we Americans abode in wigwams.

A SUDDEN TRANSITION.

Diary of a Boy's Voyage Across the Atlantic.

A boy of twelve, who went from New York to England with his father on a short trip, was asked by his mother to keep a diary of all he saw and heard while gone. Below is given an extract relating the incidents while on shipboard:

June 1—Left New York at noon and am having a glorious old time. Have been all over the ship and have got acquainted with the captain and the mate. But I like to sit on deck best and I am going to sit there most of the time. It's grand to be away out on the ocean out of sight of land. They've splendid things to eat at the table and I'm having such a good time I wouldn't care if we'd be a month reaching Liverpool. I'm glad I could come. It's glorious. June 2—Sick. June 3—Sicker. June 4—Awful sick. June 5—Still sick and I don't know as I'll ever live to get home, and I don't care if I don't. June 6—Some better: ate a cracker. June 7—Pa helped me up on deck, but I ain't well yet. June 8—Maybe we'll get to Queenstown to-morrow. I wish we were there now. Am going to bed. June 9—We can see the Irish coast. I wish I could walk home or else stay abroad forever. I've had a terrible time.

NEWS FROM HOME.

It Proved Slightly Embarrassing to a Young Lady in the City.

A bevy of fashionably dressed young ladies boarded a Park avenue car, says the Rochester Herald, and were followed by a lady of advanced years, who wore a dress of the Samantha Allen style and a bonnet that bore evidence of having been trimmed by Mother Eve's milliner. The girls giggled considerably till the lady before mentioned happened to recognize one of them and addressed her with: "Why, Sissy! How nice you be dressed since you came to the city. If you haven't got on the same gown that your Aunt Sophronia used to wear, but it is made over so good that I shouldn't hardly know it." The young lady blushed, but the speaker kept on: "Your pa has got his potatoes most dug, and he says that when he gets through with them he is going to drive out and take you home for a few days. He has got a top buggy that he bought at Bill Smith's auction. He says he couldn't afford to have it, but it was going so cheap that he took it." Here the car stopped and the young lady got off, saying something about having to stop in and see her aunt. When last seen she was calming her agitated nerves as she gazed at the placid surface of the brick pavement.

Snake Diet for Catfish.

A few days ago a fisherman by the name of Thompson, living near Swallow Rock, on the Big Muddy river, caught a catfish weighing sixty-two pounds. When he hung the fish up to clean he noticed a snake stick its head out of the fish's mouth and then dart inside again. When the fish was cut open the snake was found comfortably coiled up in its stomach and seemed to have made this its permanent home for some time. The snake was a water moccasin and measured twenty-seven inches in length. His snakeship did not like the idea of giving up his comfortable quarters and showed a disposition to fight, whereupon he was quickly dispatched.

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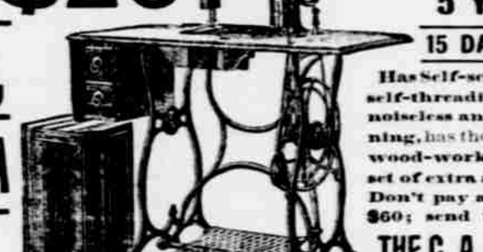

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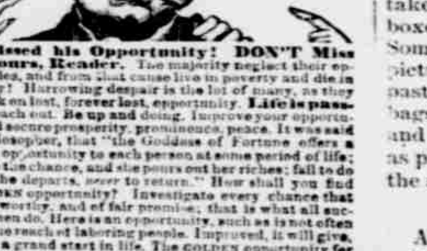

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

A POINTER'S GREAT LEAP

He Jumped from a Flying Train After a Bird.

August Osthoff, of Frankfort road, has a pointer dog that a few weeks ago he valued at two hundred dollars at least, says the Philadelphia Record. To-day it would take one thousand dollars and more to win the animal. And the reason for this jump in value is not far to seek.

A few days ago Mr. Osthoff was bound out of the city on the North Pennsylvania railroad for a gunning trip, accompanied, as usual, by his dog. He was sitting by an open window in the smoking car, while Count Beaufort crouched calmly at his feet against the side of the car. As the train started away from Edgehill station the sportsman leaned forward to talk to some friends in the seat ahead. The speed of the cars was increasing fast, when some boys that were shooting blackbirds in a field near by discharged a gun. Count started up and put his paws upon the windowsill. Mr. Osthoff's friends saw the dog's intent eye and ear and one of them for fun said: "Go fetch it."

Count knew what that meant. In an instant, before his master or friend could move a muscle, he gave a spring, and while the train whistled along at a twenty-five-mile-an-hour gait went flying out of the window.

Mr. Osthoff drew a quick breath as he saw his spendid hunter jump to certain death. He leaped to his feet and seized the bell rope to stop the train. His hand was dislodged by the conductor, who said no dog would be allowed to interfere with "schedule." Osthoff stormed and fumed and said it was worth one hundred dollars to him to get his dog at once. But argument availed nothing, and he was told to wait till the next station was reached, when he could telegraph back for the animal.

It was a mile and a half before the next stop was made, and the sportsman alighted, expecting to walk back and find his dog's scattered remains.

He started along the rails and then stood amazed. Three hundred yards down the track, like a shooting ray of sunshine, something was scudding toward him. The stretch was covered in a few instants, and there at his feet panted Count, his tail wagging, and in his mouth the blackbird that was brought down by the boy sportsman's gun. Count knew his business and so does his master now. That dog can't be bought for love nor money.

GEN. GRANT'S WAR CRY.

How a Stranger Won a Salute from the Silent Warrior.

When Gen. Grant was making his second presidential tour throughout the country, says the Chicago Times, he arrived in the course of time at Aurora. A deputation of citizens was at the depot to meet the train. One of them, a Scotchman named Bruce, who is now a prominent retired merchant tailor in Aurora, offered to bet that he would make Gen. Grant take off his hat to him. The bet was taken right and left, and Bruce put up his money like a royal duke. When the train arrived the president was on the end of the platform of his car surrounded by his intimate official and personal friends. The crowd cheered and the general stood and bowed and smiled all round. Suddenly Mr. Bruce broke his way through the crowd and faced the president, shouting at the same time in a stentorian voice: "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" For an instant, just for an instant, Gen. Grant looked puzzled, and then he made a salute and stood with his hat uplifted, afterwards shaking Mr. Bruce's hand warmly.

Of course Bruce won his bets, and nobody knew the secret until he explained that it used to be the custom for every Grant, when he heard the battle cry of his clan, to doff his cap and remain standing until the salute was returned. The incident showed that Gen. Grant was fully conversant with the customs of the famous Scotch Highland clan to which his family must have originally belonged.

HIGH LIVING IN AMERICA.

Superabundant Food the Cause of Much Ill-Health.

The majority of people eat about a third too much. The average American really dines about three times a day, with his beefsteak breakfast, chops for lunch and roast beef at his six o'clock dinner; and he does it at his peril, for this habit of over-feeding, especially of eating so much meat, is one of the provoking causes of so many sudden illnesses and so many premature deaths. Three meals a day of hearty food is exhausting to all the vital processes, and even the strongest succumb finally to this "wasteful and ridiculous excess." Americans are a nation of brain workers, says the Chicago News, and cannot safely indulge in high living. High thinking or constant use of the brain in any direction calls for a plain but nourishing diet. Brain workers especially ought to live sparingly. Luxurious feeders require much exercise in the open air and freedom from pressure on the brain. For the aged or even for those above fifty luxurious living and over eating are especially dangerous. As functional activity lessens with increasing years, the supply of food should be decreased accordingly. The hardiest races live on the simplest fare. Frugality in diet—i. e., a minimum amount of the right quality—serves far more certainly to prolong life, insure health and well being, than a rich abundance and variety, which is accountable in a large measure for the ill-health and dissatisfaction of the present time.

THE SEA-SHELL MISSION.

A Novel Means of Entertaining the Children of the Poor.

We hear of all kinds of missions, and there is no mission but what does good to some one. For instance, there are the flower missions, the fruit, the picture-book, the doll, and even a cake mission; but one of the prettiest is the sea-shell mission, started two summers ago by six little New York girls, who spend their vacations at the sea side, and devote an hour every day to the gathering and cleaning of shells. These shells are afterwards sorted and arranged in boxes and bags.

By and by, says Harper's Young People, they are distributed to the little children in the tenements, who have never seen the sea or known what it was to run on the beach. To such children these shells are a perfect delight, and many a weary hour is passed in looking them over, or in listening to the sound of the waves in a shell held close to the ear.

Each member of this mission wears a little gold shell as a badge, and takes great pains to get nice boxes and bags to put their shells in. Sometimes they cover the box with pictures cut from papers, and carefully pasted on, both inside and out: and the bags are always bright-colored cloth, and made so well that they will serve as pencil, spool, or marble case when the shells are gone.

Rough on the Doctor.

At St. Petersburg a prince, whose wife died the other day from the effects of a too powerful medicine, has caused a fac-simile of the fatal prescription, with the doctor's signature, to be engraved on the marble tomb just below the line giving the date of the death of the princess. The doctor is now appealing to the courts of law.

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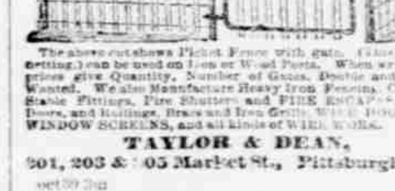

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HOTEL LIFE ABROAD.

Humorous Incidents Related by a Traveler.

A Writer's Bill for Slaps in the Face—An M. P. with Delirium Tremens—The Commotion Created by an Earthquake.

Some time ago a French writer, [illegible] very [illegible] dinner in a private room of a [illegible] restaurant, which an [illegible] and the waiter attempting [illegible] received a couple of slaps in the face. He made no remark at the time, but when he brought [illegible] bill [illegible] on it this item: "[illegible]." As the aggressor [illegible] try the waiter's bill [illegible] at him: "If you find these slaps too dear, sir, I will [illegible]."

I once spent a remarkable night at a hotel in Belgium, owing to the antics of a man with delirium tremens, says a writer in the London [illegible]. The traveler, however, had [illegible] fermented and [illegible] mere smell is enough to [illegible] stomach, but the natives swill them until [illegible] them. The [illegible] of my night's [illegible] member of the Servian [illegible] parliament, who had come to [illegible] on some [illegible] expedition and had found the excitement [illegible] with the [illegible] too much for him. Awaking in the middle of the night [illegible] of the horrors he [illegible] books, brushes, crockery and [illegible] the door which separated our two rooms. I went out into the passage and found a throng of gentlemen in their night shirts [illegible] for allowing [illegible] all [illegible] that the M. P. [illegible] house. Then they [illegible] on their nether garments and [illegible] ready for action. A series of [illegible] on the delirious man's door caused him to open it [illegible] a dozen [illegible] say, [illegible] I [illegible] from any other human being and the [illegible] carried [illegible] staircase [illegible] were [illegible] to make [illegible] wooden [illegible] collision with [illegible] on the way. At last his [illegible] him into the [illegible] of a fountain and turned a wide-mouthed powerful watercock on him till he was nearly drowned. When he could yell no longer, but only gasp, they tore his only garment dripping from his back, cuffed him and [illegible] him [illegible] fully with their huge brawny palms, bound him hand and foot with [illegible] and finally threw him out [illegible] into the loose box of a [illegible]. I thought the man must have been killed. Great was my relief, therefore, when on the very next morning I beheld him sitting in the café of the hotel with one of the men who had stretched him on the [illegible] at noon. He looked a little groggy about the eyes, but was having another "go" of his favorite ardent stuff.

As to the earthquake, I was staying on the Riviera when the famous convulsion of 1887 occurred. I was awakened by a shock which dashed two pictures off the wall of my room and upset the washstand. While I was striking a match another shock strewed me and some chairs among some fragments of broken crockery. I had presence of mind enough to remember that during an earthquake you are safer in the streets than you are in a covered building, so I dressed without undue precipitancy, and after a desperate struggle to open my door — which had got jammed — walked downstairs. The sight was one never to be forgotten. Men, women and children in deshabille were huddled in the front hall, crying, shrieking and praying. Some had bolted out of doors with hardly any clothes on, and had made for the sea, where they clamored to be rowed out in open boats—about the worst thing they could do. Among the panic-stricken folk was an old gentleman in pyjamas who had come down the stairs three steps at a time. But on reaching the hall he exclaimed that he had forgotten something and must go back. His friends shouted to him that the upper stories were dangerous; but he turned a deaf ear, bounded upstairs and presently returned panting. The thing which he had forgotten was his set of false teeth!

The Hen.

The quintessence of the omnivorous is supposed to be imaged in the hog, but a hog is a Peabody among animals alongside of a hen. Hens are by nature monopolists. When the subject of victuals is mentioned they are evidently listening. Throw a handful of corn into a ten-acre lot and every hen in the inclosure will get a dab at it. The last hen on the spot may not secure more than two kernels, but nothing in the hen's appearance will indicate that. It will step around with as much precision and gratitude as any in the flock and wear the most pensive smile you ever saw. A hen will not eat everything it sees, but it will try to, and there isn't one of them on the face of the earth but that can tell you the taste of everything it has seen within the radius of a half-mile of its house. It is only when a man has kicked at a hen and missed it that he begins to understand how thoroughly hollow and deceitful this world is, and it is a marvelous fact in connection with this that he will miss the hen if he does kick at it and misses it if he don't.—Danbury News.

—Some years ago Prof. Rhein planted in the Frankfort botanical garden some of the trees from which it is stated the Japanese obtain their lacquer or varnish. The tree is known to botanists as the rhus vernix, and it appears there are now thirty-four healthy trees, some thirty feet high. Prof. Rhein has taken sap from a few of the trees and sent it to Japan for trial by native artists. It is, however, almost useless for Europeans to attempt to compete with the Japanese in their line, but the lacquer, if it can be made from trees grown in Europe, may be used for other purposes than varnishing wood. The rhus coriaria, or varnish tree, grows in many parts of what may be termed the Mediterranean district, and its juice is known for its deleterious or injurious properties, and has consequently been let alone. The Japanese, however, seem to understand it, and it is certain they make a beautiful lacquer or varnish from the juice of their trees; but they keep the processes secret.—English Mechanic.

A Fortunate Dream.

An engineer on a railroad train in North Carolina dreamed that a large rock had fallen on the track near Leatherwood creek and that the engine had been smashed by collision with it. The dream so impressed him that he declined to make his usual trip over the road in the morning until he had telegraphed to ascertain if there was anything the matter at Leatherwood creek. An answer was flashed back that a huge rock had fallen on the track within a few feet of the identical place dreamed about, and that, although hands had been working for hours to remove it, the track was still obstructed.