

General Crook's Wooing.

[New York Evening Post.]
Now that Gen. Crook is so conspicuously before the public, it is with peculiar interest that a friend recalls the romantic circumstances which immediately preceded, if they did not actually promote, the marriage of that gallant officer with his present wife, formerly Miss Mary Dailey, of Virginia.

The preliminaries of this interesting event occurred during the last year of the war at Oakland, Maryland, a charming mountain resort, 2,800 feet above the sea-level, that was discovered by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in its exploration of a primeval forest track along the border line between Maryland and Virginia. As the railroad became, in course of time, a grand fact in the history of engineering, the company built hotels at various points of the route for the accommodation of their passengers. Oakland before the war consisted of the few cabins and cottages and a church and express office about one of these large and well-ordered houses, called the Glades hotel. The place was already famous as a deer-hunting and trout-fishing ground, and the hotel register became interesting as an autograph album filled with the signatures of more or less distinguished foreigners (notably Englishmen), whose love of sport had led them to these pleasant places for a season in these chestnut places. It was in this neighborhood that Brownings, the famous backwoodsman and hunter, pursued for so many years his perilous calling; and then in homely but vigorous language recorded his successes in one of the most original manuscripts ever submitted to a publisher. Here, too, his brave daughter, an unfailing shot, roamed the forests and the hills alone day after day with her trusty rifle, until, laden with spoils, she returned to her father's cabin.

A Virginia family of the name of Dailey came to spend the summer at Oakland the year before the war. The father was a genuine specimen of the Virginia country gentleman of that day—courteous, jovial, hospitable to a fault; the mother a quiet housewife, devoted to her son and two daughters. The day came that made a sensation even in Oakland—the hotel was to be sold by auction. At the appointed hour Mr. Dailey sat in to kill time. When he went home to dinner he gave his wife a great shock by saying, "Ma, I've bought the hotel over yonder." It is possible that the difficulty of "keeping a hotel" was not then so profoundly impressed upon the popular conviction as in this later day. At all events, Mr. Dailey bravely undertook the task and succeeded to the complete satisfaction of all whom he entertained.

His own corps of family negroes were brought into requisition, and notable among these was Cynthia, the old foster-nurse of Mars Jim, a young man still in his teens. This tall old yellow woman had assumed the duties of cook, and with them all that this implied of absolute despotism in the kitchen. It was matter for much amusement to the guests at the Glades to see the troop of colored waiters rush with suspicious simultaneity from her domain back into the dining-room when some unwelcome order had been delivered by one of them. But this was only on Cynthia's bad days. There were often one, two, three in succession, when the mistress of the house found it very wise to absent herself from the kitchen, and when she confessed herself in moral terror of her own indulged slave. At these times it was her idiom that no one but Mars Jim, her idol, could do anything with the old woman.

The central figure of this family picture was the oldest daughter, Miss Mary Dailey, now the wife of Gen. Crook. To a lithe, elastic, beautifully-rounded figure, somewhat under medium size, a bright face full of animation, blue eyes and light-brown slightly-curving locks, Mary Dailey added a charm of ready wit, always good-natured, and generous impulses of heart that made her a universal favorite. So admirably was she fitted to be a soldier's wife that, when the marriage was announced, her friends expressed themselves to this effect without a dissenting voice. It was by these exceptional qualities she was enabled to play well a very difficult role in those troublous times. Her family were ardently "secesh" in all their sympathies and affiliations, while the location of their property and its surroundings between those "two unequal fires"—the gray boys and the blue—placed them in a peculiar predicament. There is no doubt that by her tact and personal popularity Mary Dailey, young as she was, did much to save her family and neighbors from the inevitable loss and suffering consequent upon their well-known southern proclivities.

A little anecdote in which she played a part went the rounds of the newspapers while she was still in her school days. On his way to Wheeling, in a private car, President Buchanan made the usual wait at Oakland station, where many persons assembled to be presented to the chief magistrate. When Mary's turn came, the exalted bachelor put the question to her that had served him throughout the interview: "And what state are you from, miss?" "From the same state as your excellency," she quickly replied, "the state of single blessedness!"

Another story my friend had from her own lips as they were walking through a new wing of the hotel, which before completion had been taken for a temporary barracks and hospital by the Union forces in possession of the road and encamped at this point. Some sick and wounded Union soldiers were brought in one day. Mary looked across from her window into the opposite rooms, where the poor fellows had been laid on blankets and mattresses. Her heart melted at the sight of the suffering enemy; she braved even the terrible Cynthia, who was none too fond of the "Yankee," and insisted upon making a large caldron of chicken broth for them. When it was done she carried a smoking bowl in each hand

to the window. One young fellow, pale and famished, took the savory mess and put it eagerly to his lips. "Hold on, Bob," sang out a comrade on the floor beside him, "may be that stuff is poisoned." The sick man hesitated for one moment, looked at Mary, whose eyes, frank as the day, doubtless flashed their indignant protest. "Oh, for shame," said he, "I'll trust that girl's face for my life. Here's thanks to you, miss," and down went the soup.

In the rapidly varying phases of the war on this borderland—the road now in possession of the government, now torn up, thirty miles in a night, by Jackson's Stonewall brigade—the personnel of the social circle at the hotel became curiously mixed, not to say embarrassing; secret or suspected sympathizers with the rebels took their seats and enjoyed their delicious mountain mutton, side by side with the very Union officers in protective command of the road. They smoked pipes of peace together on the veranda, and sentimental ballads to Miss Mary's accompaniment on the parlor piano. General Kelley was at the house at this time, with his two daughters, and from day to day he would drive about the mountain roads in his ambulance with a party that often included the author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way," who, by the way, wrote that stirring ballad, that Holmes called the finest lyric of the war, sitting on the veranda of the Glades hotel while all the rest of the guests had gone on a picnic—the very day of the battle of Antietam!

It was while Gen. Kelley was still in the house, going to and fro on the road, as the martial exigencies of the hour would call him, that young James Dailey and a devoted chum of his conceived the daring project of crossing the lines to join the southern army. They were both familiar with the almost impenetrable trails of the woods on the border, and they laid their plans accordingly. A few friends were in the secret. One capital raconteur undertook to keep the captain of the guard amused with tale and toddy far into the small hours of the appointed night; some women prayed and the general slept. The next morning one lady called the attention of another to the suggestive fact that the rubber-cloth piano-cover had disappeared. Later in the day Gen. Kelley discovered the departure and took in the situation at a glance. The mother of one son wept and wrung her hands. "Don't distress yourself, madam," said the general, with somewhat ironical condolence, "we will soon have them both back here"—as if that were not her cruellest fear! A party, headed by Gen. Kelley himself, was hastily mustered to pursue the fugitives. Hour succeeded hour of cruel anguish in the family, and of more or less excited anxiety to all in the house. But at last the soldiers returned, and the boys were not with them. No collusion or connivance on the part of any one could be proven. Perhaps the kindly officers were not over-eager to verify their possible suspicions; and the affair was hushed up.

The next report of "our laddies gone over the border" was an adventure in which they succeeded in turning the tables very neatly upon their former pursuer, Gen. Kelley. Gen. Crook was at this time associated with Gen. Kelley in the protection of the Baltimore & Ohio road, and owes to this circumstance his acquaintance and subsequent relations to the Dailey family at Oakland. The official headquarters, however, were located at a hotel in Cumberland, Maryland, a charmingly picturesque town on the road, half way between Piedmont and Oakland. It was in this lovely city, nestling in its bowl-shaped valley among "a thousand hills," that a party of cavalry in United States uniform—apparently a small scouting force returning with despatches galloped straight to the general's headquarters, having taken the strange precaution of capturing their own pickets! Such was their important business, that they proceeded without ceremony to the bed-rooms of Generals Crook and Kelley, where these wearied warriors slept the sleep of good digestion and absolute security. The leader of the mysterious scouting party was a man of few words: "Get up, put on your clothes!" to each of the generals in turn, dazed and startled out of profound slumber, by the rattle of revolvers, they had both made their toilets and were mounted at the door of the hotel. Surrounded by their volunteer body guard, they were led out of the dark and sleeping town, and hurried off to Richmond and to Libby prison. Jim Dailey and his friend were members of this raiding party, conspicuous for their zeal, and their personal recognition by both generals was probably the only amusing feature of the spirited affair. A gentleman who had held very friendly relations with General Kelley during the summer at Oakland, was then occupying a position in the secret service of the war department at Richmond. Through his advice, pressed upon Secretary Benjamin, Generals Kelley and Crook were released, as their reinstatement in command of the road was important to the interests of those unhappy southerners whose lives and property lay at the mercy of both friend and foe, on this critical line of sectional demarcation.

Later on another rumor of a still more romantic nature reached the ears of the scattered summer boarders, of a wounded Union general being carried to the hotel in the mountains; of his nurse, a little rebel maiden; and finally of the usual sequence of these given conditions: a capture by the sister as well as by the brother—an altar and a ring. In the recent redoubtable exploits of Gen. Crook among the Apaches, may we not perhaps discover the same strategy so successful in the tenderer engagements of his youth, when, penetrating into the enemy's country, he conciliated and captured the charming hostile, the subject of this sketch.

Sir W. Temple: To make others' wit appear more than one's own, is a good rule in conversation; a necessary one, to let others take notice of your wit, and never do it yourself.

BEAUTY IN HOMESPUN.

What Southern Women Wore During the War—Curious Makeshifts Employed in Contriving Costumes. (Mary W. Early in Philadelphia Times.)

Several histories and numberless sketches have been written describing the military straits to which our men were brought during the late war, but I do not know of any chronicler who has depicted the straits for clothes to which the women and girls of the southern Confederacy were reduced during the blockade. Our dry goods merchants had a pretty good stock on hand at the opening of the war, and this, with the supply we had ourselves, enabled us to get on without pressing inconvenience for the first year of the war. Then we resorted from old chests and closets all the heirlooms we could find in the shape of ancient garments belonging to our mothers and our grandmothers, in which we looked very much like a set of grown-up "Kata Greenaway" figures. We began also to resort freely to the dye, feeling the force of Goldsmith's line, slightly altered: "The only refuge is to dye." Fortunately there was a woolen factory in Richmond that turned out very soft, good woollen cloth. There was also one, I believe, at Scottsville, a little town seventy miles from Richmond, on the James River and Kanawha canal, and one at Bonsack's, in southeastern Virginia. These two latter factories, though they by no means furnished dainty fabrics, were still of great assistance in clothing the people of Virginia. There were several cotton cloth factories in operation in North Carolina during the war, and from these we drew a large part of the cotton cloth used in Virginia then.

In the country we had to resort to the loom, which on all old Virginia plantations was used for supplying the negroes partially, if not entirely with clothing. Elderly negro women were set apart to spin and weave for the others. They carried on their work generally in a cellar, their wild, sweet, mournful hymns mingling with the sound of the shuttle or the monotonous hum of the wheel. It was not music so high an order as Schubert's or Gounod's "Spinning-wheel Song," but it had a distinctive character and charm of its own, and was filled with a weird and plaintive sweetness, the like of which I have never heard except in the singing of tobacco factory hands. During the war homespun dresses were a good deal used by the Virginia country ladies for every-day wear, and I have seen some of these dresses that looked really pretty and jaunty on fresh young girls. The dyes (as well as the cloth) were a home production. Ivy leaves, set with alum, made a pretty gray; sunac leaves and chinquapin bark made black; maple bark made a bright purple, and beech bark made a green dye. Speaking of homespun reminds me of a homespun ball given by one of the Richmond belles, not during the war, as some might reasonably suppose, but a year or two before, and said to be one of the most charming and successful entertainments ever given in Richmond. On this occasion all the young ladies appeared in costumes of homespun, made up in a hundred pretty, fanciful and picturesque styles.

The men of the Confederacy, those in the army, at least, fared much better with respect to clothes than the women did, the government providing them with uniforms imported from abroad through the blockade. Occasionally too, a woman would get a prize in the shape of a trunk or a box of new clothes smuggled through the blockade, in which case her toilet would be the envy and admiration of all her feminine friends. Persons who had friends or relatives in Baltimore, Philadelphia or other northern cities would sometimes remember such a box being sent from Philadelphia to acquaintances of mine in Richmond, who became, in consequence, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." A plain ribbon in this box was lent by turns to various friends, who looked on it as a rare and dainty ornament, something almost equal to the ribbon of the order of the garter. The writer wore it to an elegant entertainment in Richmond the last winter of the war.

What Thomas Hughes Says. (Cor. Cleveland Leader.)

"I have been greatly interested in what I have seen of the New York stock exchange," Mr. Hughes said. "Coming up the bay from Sandy Hook I noticed a lot of little boats putting out for our vessels, and some of your officials boarded. Your newspapers were distributed, and I noticed that your citizens turned to one column of the paper. I was talking to a fellow at the time and I did not want to break off the conversation. But I noticed in casual glancing over the shoulder of some one that the column everyone was interested in was 'prosperous bulls.' I thought of course that this referred to my own country, but I found afterward that it referred to your doings on this floor. [Laughter.] So I concluded that the American people regard as of the first importance what takes place here." Mr. Hughes said that America was the only country in the world in which to make money, but England was the best country to spend money in.

Looking at the Brighter Side. (Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Human life is full of its strange ups and downs, but if we could only persuade ourselves to remember the ups and forget the downs we should be the happier for it. We are seldom as miserable as we think we are. When a single hornet stings us we need not swear that we ran against a hornet's nest and that the whole swarm came out and stung us until our bodies swelled to the size of Jumbo. Learn a lesson from the Irishman. Two brothers were rolling a huge log down a hill. One end rolled faster than the other, and Pat put his arms around it to stop it. The log rolled on, however, and one minute Pat was under the log groaning, and the next minute he was on top of the log roaring for help. His brother, with a true Irishman's wit, looked in the situation at a glance, and cried out: "Hold on tight, Pat, for you are on top half the time any way."

LIBRARIES FOR SHOW.

The Purchase of Books by Ignorant Parvenus.

A New York Sun reporter interviewed a book-seller with regard to the purchase of books for the mere sake of their bindings by ignorant parvenus. "I have been sent for several times this year," said the salesman, "to measure the shelves of libraries in new houses, to find out the number of books required to fit them up. Books are an important item in house furnishing. The comfortable old-time sitting-room has made way for the formal library. As a library without books would hardly do, house owners are bound to have them whether they possess literary tastes or not. Besides, they add tone and color to a room. A customer recently said to me, frankly enough: 'I don't pretend to read anything except the papers; but there's a home feeling in having books around; they look well, too, and sort of encourage the children.' He told me to be sure and 'chuck' in a few big ones to put on the tables." Another harmless fellow, who wanted the reputation of a man of culture, always directed us to put in some books that had been used a little. He once told me that he was bound to have a library as big as his neighbor's, and whenever the latter ordered a new stand-up show case he was going to do the same. Some of these folks have queer ideas.

One of our customers insisted on having all his books bound after the same pattern and numbered. Some time afterward a friend told him that people were asking if he kept a circulating library; so he had morocco labels stuck on over the figures. But this only made the matter worse, for his guests were particular to ask him what the labels were for. At last, in sheer desperation, he sent the volumes to a station-room, and so received his offer the next day for so many feet of books, each one differently bound. He wouldn't have even a two-volume edition of anything. A wealthy man once sent in great haste for a dealer, saying that he wanted his library closed out immediately and a new one bought. He was a speculator in produce, but some one had sold him a law library. He liked the uniform appearance of the volumes, and had made the purchase without reading the titles. His new books were to be illustrated, all of them. When I first went into the business I was surprised to see at a customer's house an extravagantly-bound copy of Shakespeare's works in the German language. I knew the man did not understand German, and the circumstance puzzled me. I found out afterward that a bookseller had loaded him up with a very unsalable article by telling him that every gentleman ought to have a copy of Shakespeare's works in the original. "No," house furnishers do not often buy the books for a library, but they frequently buy directions as to binding. They look for light, elegant, and well-contrasted colors, or for heavy antique morocco or Russia bindings suited to the character of the room. As a rule, the owner of the house thinks himself competent to buy his own books, though he seeks aid from us in making his choice. I once picked out a handsome assortment for a customer about to refurnish his house. He had no acquaintance with books; but he looked over the titles and made some rather interesting expurgations. He told me to put all of the standard authorities in anyway, and he would attend to the rest. He threw out "The Meshes"—which he supposed to be a book on fishing—because he was no angler. "Boswell's Life of Johnson" was rejected because he didn't want political campaign works; and wouldn't have the biographies of the presidents, they all had so. These men do not bother us much, for they are easily satisfied; but what do you think of a gentleman who refuses to pay his bill because you have left out the dictionary—the most important work of all—from a complete edition of Daniel Webster's works."

The Church Bell Was. (New York Letter.)
As the senate committee on education and labor seems to have a sort of roving commission, I don't see why it should not take up the church bell question in which some New Yorkers are just now deeply interested—Jackson Schultz, the leather man, more than any one else. You have heard of Jackson Schultz. Every one has heard of him. There are some, in fact, who frankly say they heard quite enough of Jackson Schultz, and some still more frank, who say they still hear too much of him. Mr. Schultz is a great reformer. He wants to reform everything. He is convinced that the world will never go right till it is remodeled on a plan drawn by Jackson Schultz. Mr. Schultz lives near St. George's church, which has a bell that is rung early every morning. The ringing of the bell annoys him. He could easily move away from the neighborhood of the bell, but he does not propose to do that. What he does propose to do is to suppress the bell. And not only that bell, but all other church bells. This fight will go on, he says, till every church bell in New York is stopped. Church bells must go. They are a nuisance, and quite unnecessary, and their doom is sealed. Mr. Schultz has been joined in his crusade by another man, who makes complaint against another bell connected with an institution belonging to the Little Sisters for the Poor. That bell must be suppressed, too, the other man says. It rings him up when he don't want to get up, and makes him uncomfortable in various ways. Jackson Schultz, and the other man, are determined to carry on the fight at all hazards, and "arouse a public sentiment that will sweep every church bell out of existence."

By Footery Thrive. (Inter Ocean.)

Peck, of Peck's Sun, and author of "The Bad Boy," to an interviewer of the Boston Traveler said that his mother often asked him why he made such a fool of himself. His reply was, of course, "because it is the most profitable thing a wise man can do."

HIGH-PRICED CIGARS.

The Weeds That Bring Fancy Prices and the Men Who Buy Them. (New York Sun.)

A young man with neatly brushed hair and a light-blue necktie stood behind a cigar stand in a fashionable and well-known cafe up town the other day. It was very dull, as the Wall Street men had not begun to drop in on their way home, and the loungers had wandered out on Broadway. In the case were cigars of every variety, from the ordinary 10-cent kind to wicked and powerful looking things ten inches long.

"The law compels us to sell the cigars out of the boxes just as we buy them," said the clerk feeling for the sprouts of a budding mustache. "Formerly we had a set of beautifully polished rosewood trays, but we had to throw them aside."

Every box bore a small illuminated card, on which was the retail price of the cigars. These cards were 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 45, 50 and 80 cents, and two boxes were marked \$1 and \$1.50 (piece) respectively. There were no cigars missing from the 45-cent box though the 50-cent one was almost empty. The clerk said that if a man bought a high-priced cigar he preferred to pay the extra 5 cents and get one for half a dollar rather than 45 cents.

"At one time we thought it would add tone to the stand," said the clerk, "to take off all price tags, but we found it wouldn't work. Customers cannot remember the names of cigars and resort to the figures for identification. Besides, the ignorance of the price often led to awkward situations. A man would stop at the stand on his way out with some friends and say: 'Gimme some cigars.' 'What kind?' 'Well, he would look about blindly for a time and finally order half a dozen of the kind that struck his fancy. If they happened to be the 50-cent or dollar variety, he would pay the bill, but he would never buy of us again. So we put the tags back again.'"

"Do you sell many cigars at a dollar apiece?" "The sale is very uneven. Sometimes the box will lie for weeks untouched, and then again there will be a sudden rush on them. I have smoked a dollar-and-a-half cigar," said the clerk with a proud smile.

"Did you enjoy it?" "Not for a cent. It was given to me one night by a prominent broker who had just made a big turn on the street and felt generous. He bought fifty of them, and handed them to whoever he met. I took mine home, and after dinner on Sunday I invited some friends in and I smoked it. Well, I s'pose I'm not up in extra fine cigars, for I didn't get a bit of comfort out of that one. It was so strong that it parched my throat and left an unpleasant taste."

"Don't you consider \$1 and \$1.50 apiece very fancy prices?" "Well, I don't know but they are a bit spectacular. A cigar can be so good and no better. On the highest-priced wholesale list the most expensive cigar is the Para la Nobleza, which sells to the trade for \$413 a thousand. This is a little over 41 cents apiece. They are retailed at any price above 50 cents. We can't sell them at 50, because, singularly enough, everybody who buys a 50-cent cigar expects three for \$1."

"What men buy very high-priced cigars?" "Nearly all of our customers buy as high as 30 cents, and we sell hundreds of 50-cent cigars. The purchasers of the very expensive ones are a few men whom I could count off on my fingers. They buy them because they are so very expensive, and not because they like the flavor. I suppose that if I had cigars at \$3 apiece, there would be purchasers."

Queer Device of a Gambler. (Portland Oregonian.)

William Petty, a man who was at once recognized by the police as a gambler well known about this city, was arrested for creating a disturbance in an up-town saloon. He was taken to the city jail, and upon being searched there was found upon him, among other things, two United States coins, mutilated in a most peculiar manner. One was a twenty-dollar gold piece, and the other a silver dollar. Upon one side of each coin was hollowed out a place nearly equal in size to a five-dollar piece. In this were fitted a couple of springs, which connected with a sliding piece of the rim, and which were evidently intended to hold something firmly in the hollow space. Many were the conjectures among the policemen as to what purpose this new-fangled device might be put. The most plausible explanation of the mutilated coins at first seemed to be that they were intended to steal five-dollar pieces in a game. This was upset, however, by one of the boys, who was familiar with all the tricks of the "grecks." According to his knowledge, these mutilated coins were in use as a great deal by the tin-horn gamblers throughout the west. They were intended to conceal within this hollow a small mirror, and thus while lying undetected upon the table at an angle of forty-five degrees, behind a stack of similar coin, in front of the dealer, the latter could, by a little easily acquired skill, know by means of a mirror to a certainty every card held by any one of all of his opponents. A man who should chance to play in any game where this little "racket" was being worked by a successful "greek" would be absolutely giving his money away without even the excitement of a possible chance for winning. The game is not unknown to professional gamblers, but probably is to the general public.

The Multicharge Gun. (Texas Siftings.)

The Lyman-Haskell multicharge gun is almost completed, and experiments will be begun at Sandy Hook in a short time. It is proposed to fire a ball through iron the thickness of three feet, which is from thirty to fifty per cent heavier than any ship can carry. Mr. Haskell claims that his gun will project a ball at least fifteen miles, which is six miles further than any other cannon has been able to send a missile.

OLD LETTERS.

(Earl of Roslyn.)

It seems but yesterday she died, but years have passed since then; the wondrous change of time makes great things little, little things sublime, and sanctifies the dew of days to tears. She died, as all must die; no trace appears in history's page, nor save in my poor rhyme. Of her, whose life was love, whose lovely prime passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor fears, it seems but yesterday; to-day I read A few short letters in her own dear hand, And doubted if 'twere true. Their tender grace Seems radiant with her life! Oh! can the dead Thus in their letters live! I tied the band, And kissed her name as though I kissed her face.

Some Facts in the Fur Trade. (Philadelphia Times.)

"I know a sporting man that bought a coat, the ornamental skin of which came from Maine. He wanted something striking and cheap, and what do you suppose he got? Give it up? Well, he calls and thinks it Australian mink, but it is good, honest American skunk—a good fur, too, and sells well, only the name would kill it if we retained it. Over 350,000 skunk skins are handled by the trade every year. New York and Ohio furnish the majority. They bring from the trapper 50 cents to a \$1. They are deodorized by a new and satisfactory process, and are very popular under fancy names."

"What we call fur in the trade," said the expert, "taking up a skin, is thus. You see, by spreading open the hair of this seal there are two kinds of hair; one, the fur that is short and lies close to the skin, and another the overhair that is long and what we see at a first glance of the animal. The difference between the two is very great, the fur being soft, downy, silky, and sometimes curly, while the overhair is coarse and rigid. Each has a peculiar value for many purposes, but particularly in felting; the fine, upon treatment to hot water, readily joins in a solid mass, while the long hair can be worn and spun. When the animal is alive the uses of the two hairs are seen. The fine underhair keeps out water and cold, while the overhair prevents felting and entangling. In some cases one is extremely valuable alone, and in others the combination is equally so."

"The house cat is one of the most valuable of the fur-bearing animals, and when they mysteriously disappear from the back fence they often find their way to the furrier. It is an actual fact that in 1882 over 1,200,000 house cats were used in the fur trade. Black, white, Maltese, and tortoise-shell skins are most in demand. They are made into linings, and used in philosophical apparatus."

Fritz's Dog Story. (Texas Siftings.)

There was silence for a few minutes, which Fritz took advantage of to remark: "I s'bbose you dinks dose American logs was schmart, but dose togs must go to school sometimes yet before day comes up mit dose Schernman togs vat we have in de old counthry."

The audience did not agree with Fritz. They insisted that the German dogs born and bred under a monarchical form of government were inferior in intellect to the free and intelligent canines of the United States, whereupon Fritz told a story about a dog once owned by Fritz's uncle, Baron von Schimpelpfung. The baron was in the habit of giving the dog a small coin every morning. The intelligent brute was in the habit of taking the coin to the butcher, and receiving in return a bone, which constituted every morning for almost a year. About a week before Christmas the butcher missed the morning visit of the dog, and for a whole week he did not put in an appearance. On Christmas morning, however, the dog trotted into the butcher's shop, and placing six small coins in the butcher's hand, pointed with his nose to a roast worth just about the amount of money offered. The animal, instead of buying a bone every day, had saved up his money for a whole week, and invested it in a square Christmas dinner."

Such was the story Fritz told his American friends with a perfectly straight face. One by one his audience still off the barrels and counter, one of them remarking: "It's no use trying to compete with an imported liar. He is old Manhausen himself, or whatever his name is." They moved to the door. "I vash so sorry about dat dog. De togs in Schernman was so schmart dat dot togs stood no show. If he had been schmart like de older togs in Schernman he would have bought dot meat on credit and given high note for de amount, so mine uncle he gif dot togs away."

A Snuff "Dipping" Party. (Texas Siftings.)

Commenting on a sensational interview with some of the New York demimonde, published recently in a Philadelphia paper, M. Labouchere says: "So it would seem that 40 per cent of the cigarettes sold in the United States are smoked by ladies. In Russia, I should imagine that the percentage is even greater; whilst in France, Germany and Italy the percentage consumed by the fair sex must be considerable. And why not? If men find pleasure in tobacco, why should women be arbitrarily excluded from the enjoyment of the same pleasure? When, many years ago, I was living in the United States, the young ladies at Washington were given to what they termed 'dipping,' a practice far more objectionable than smoking. A dipping party consisted of a number of girls squatting on the ground round a bowl in which there was a thick mixture of snuff and water. They used to put into their mouths with sticks and rub it on their teeth, the theory being that it whitened them; but this, of course, was a mere excuse for what was equivalent to chewing."