

KING KIRBY McCANN.

[Robert Turney in Chicago Tribune.] In the halls of our fathers enraptured we stand...

The "Massacre of Wyoming."

The further we get from the incidents of the Revolution the more philosophically we consider them.

A committee was appointed from the descendants of the Revolutionary men of Wyoming...

There it is conceded that the British behaved very respectfully and protected those who could come in.

The American settlers were allowed to stay upon their farms and enjoy their property on condition of not enlisting against the British government.

All this is put down in the sober second thought of a hundred years.

Again, the Wyoming Memorial committee discreetly says that the probable cause of our invasion was the intolerance of our patriots...

The memorial report asserts that not one woman was either killed or abused by the victors at Wyoming.

The Queen and John Brown.

The English court put on mourning for a brief space and John Brown's burial was made an affair of state.

Another false idea is that of the so-called "American duel."

The Lying Business Overdone.

An agnostic is, therefore, the legitimate product of a mendacious age.

Adulterated Tea.

Few people, while engaged in strengthening their nerves with a cup of tea, imagine they are swallowing pulverized charcoal, bone-black, clay, terra alba, pulverized soap-stone, talc, Prussian blue, gravel, and other undesirable commodities.

Barbed Wire vs. Fox Chasing.

So insidiously harmful has the use of wire fencing—especially in patching hedges—become in certain parts of Great Britain...

Needs of the Lone Star State.

The growth and development of Texas cannot be exaggerated. Fort Worth eight years ago contained but 200 inhabitants; in 1880, 6,000 and to-day, 16,000...

What Texas needs is more corn, less cotton, more hogs and better cattle.

The crops this year in northern Texas are good, the acreage of corn is about double and the yield fair.

The American Hip-Pocket.

The "hip-pocket" in American-made trousers gives a wrong impression abroad, although its use has become very general in this country.

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SHE WAS POSTED ON THE LAW.

How a Little Old Lady Gave a Brooklyn Butcher a Nervous Fit.

A little old woman forced her way through a crowd of waiting customers to a Fulton street meat market yesterday afternoon and quietly called for a pound of lamb chops.

"Is that meat tainted?" "Tainted, madam?" he interrogated angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Do you know that it makes the selling of diseased or tainted meat a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or imprisonment, or both, on top of each other?"

Webster's Spelling-Book.

Although the Webster Spelling-Book is not so common in the New England and middle states as it was thirty years ago, and in many places has entirely disappeared...

Hints to Talkers.

If the ministry were better versed in the art of elocution they would undoubtedly make more converts.

Wild Figs in the New Hebrides.

A long letter from the New Hebrides says that this is a dry season, two tons of maize per hectare (two and a half acres) but the immense number of wild pigs makes cultivation impracticable without pigs-proof fences.

Ornamental Teeth.

The teeth, we are told, rarely escape beautifying among the negroes of equatorial Africa; for they file the edges into notches, in some cases, until they resemble the serrations in a saw.

Every fifth Mormon is a polygamist.

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How a Pig Made a President.

About this time in knots about the sunny corners and around depots and hotels, when political stories are in order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that "a pig once made Andrew Jackson president."

It appears that away back in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, in the town of Cranston, R. I., Mr. Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a neighbor's garden—he rooted through the fence and demoralized said garden—the garden owner sued the pig's proprietor—James Burrill was the prosecuting attorney—the prosecuting attorney was a candidate for the United States senate—the senator was chosen by the state legislature—in that body there was a tie, occasioned by the absence of one of Burrill's party, who stayed away on account of the lawsuit aforesaid—the tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent Jeremiah B. Howell.

The Landlord's Verdict.

Actors are proverbially interested in the criticisms uttered upon their performances. An amusing story in regard to this is told of the older Mathews, who upon one occasion played "Richard" to a friend's "Richard III," and, as they were both good fencers, they fought the fight at the end with uncommon vigor, and prolonged it somewhat unnecessarily.

After the performance the two stars lighted each other to their inns in the hope of liberal applause from the landlord, to whom they had presented a ticket.

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No Brigands in Spain.

What a spot for brigands! I thought of this and clasped my \$3 silver watch, after the example of Washington Irving, to my jealous bosom.

Great Edifices Abroad.

In Paris the law forbids the erection of houses more than five stories high; hence there are none of the eight and ten story buildings in the French capital, which are so numerous in New York.

Legal Sagacity.

"My son," said a Chicago father, "I have just made my will, and left all my property to you, with Smith as executor."

Arkansas Traveler.

A man's awkward shape ain't no argument agin his 'preciation ob finer pints ob life. A ole black bear ain't putty, but he's powerful fon' ob honey.

PASSED INTO MERE MEMORY.

How the Philanthropic Schemes of a Merchant Prince Have Vanished into Air.

Speaking of names that stand for something with the public, that of Alexander T. Stewart has almost passed into mere memory. Strangely enough, the controllers of his estate did not deem it worth while to keep on their signboards the one word, Stewart, which in the dictionary of popular estimation meant leadership and overshadowing success in the dry goods business.

Nor is it believed that Stewart's name will be much more permanently retained in those projects of benevolence which he planned. His widow is infirm in person and purpose in her old age, and necessarily leaves to others the carrying out of those projects which her husband entrusted wholly to her.

Attention has been drawn this week to the second and greater of Stewart's philanthropic projects. He bought 10,000 acres over on Long Island, where he founded Garden City, in which was to be gathered an industrial population.

Lightning-Rod Profits. "I have seen the time when I could make \$50 a day putting up lightning-rods. Drive up to a house and talk with a man about rodding his barn, at so much a foot, and he would figure that it would cost, say, \$16, and he would sign an order. Before the ink was cold, I would have seven or eight men, with ladders, all over that barn. They would go over it like cats on a back fence, put points on every corner and conductors down every side. The farmer and his family would look on amazement, and be so pleased at the improved look of the old barn that they would not kick at the number of points. Then we would go off without collecting the bill, and in about a week our collector would come along with a bill for \$387.47, and the farmer's note all signed, and demand the pay. The farmer might faint away, but he had to pay it. Oh, of course, if he seemed hurt, we would throw off the odd cents, just to show a Christian spirit. But the condemned newspapers have kept talking about highway robbery under the disguise of lightning-rod peddlers until it is as much as a man's life is worth to go through the country on a lightning-rod wagon. Actually, they chased me out of Dodge county two years ago with dogs. At least I thought they were after me, but I found out after I got out of the county alive that it was a pack of hounds belonging to Van Brunt, of Horicon, after a fox. But I want to say to you in confidence, that when I heard those hounds and saw the men on horseback no streak of greased lightning ever made better time than I did with that lightning-rod wagon."

Getting Out Vermont Marble.

The little rupture between a block and its ancient bed is an interesting process. Let us suppose the two cuts to be made, one nearly vertical, and the other, or horizontal one, at right angles to it, and both one or two feet deep. A series of wedges is then inserted into the openings, and a man with a heavy hammer goes along tapping them lightly one after another. As they are driven in, the men listen sharply for the effect, the crack gradually widens, the great mass of stone begins to heave and swell under the strain, the quick ear of the experts detect the critical moment, and a simultaneous blow loose. Now wedges throw the monster loose. Now and then, of course, a failure is made, and a block splits in two. But the judgment of the workmen is singularly correct, and the block is generally thrown out in its full integrity.

Ingersoll on Interviewing.

I tell you what you reporters ought to do. You ought to make out a regular list of questions and have them so that the man you are to interview could write out his answers below the questions. When I was in New York, I'll tell you what a reporter for a Brooklyn paper did. He came to me and in one hour and a quarter took down in short hand what I had to say and made out not less than six columns of matter. I read a proof of it, and it not make but one correction, I believe.