

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.
JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN
OF THE PRESS.

Pleasing a Boy—His Art—A Sordid
Suggestion—Ample Explanation—
Meant His Watch, Etc., Etc.

PLEASING A BOY.
Paterfamilias—Have you boys' li-
cycles?
Dealer—Yes, sir. Do you want a
safety or the other kind?
"Hum! Let's see. Is a safety so
named because it is safe?
"Yes, sir."
"Perfectly safe?"
"Absolutely, sir."
"Then I feel very sure my boy will
prefer the other kind."—[Good News.]

HIS ART.
Hostess—Ah, Miss Budd, let me in-
troduce Signor Barbini, the great artist.
Miss Budd (enthusiastically)—I am so
glad to meet you. What is your special-
ty in drawing?
Signor Barbini (of the opera)—Crowds,
signoriana; crowds.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD," ETC.
Edith—And so that is the great leader
of society? Why, I thought he owned
that establishment, I have noticed him
coming out so often.
Berrie—Of course. He goes in daily
to have his hat stretched.—[Judge.]

A SORDID SUGGESTION.
Since this is leap year, isn't it
Of course the proper thing
For the young woman in the case
To purchase her own ring?
—[Washington Star.]

AMPLE EXPLANATION.
She (in fright)—Oh, Tom, why do
you make such awful faces at me?
He (contritely)—I can't help it, dear.
My eyeglasses are falling off and I don't
want to let go of your hands.—[Judge.]

MEANT HIS WATCH.
Olivia—Say, Lily, I saw Fred Har-
dop going into a pawnbroker's yesterday.
Whatever could he be doing there?
Lily—Oh, I don't know—passing his
time away, may be!

AN INVARIABLE SETTLER.
George—What's that? You don't call
regularly on Miss Sweetieany more? Has
she rejected you?
Jack (sadly)—No; I didn't propose.
No use.

George—Sure?
Jack—Sure as shooting. One night I
pretended to admit one of her rings and
hitched up a trifle closer to examine it
more closely, you know.
George (reflectively)—Y—s. I know.
Jack—Well, she took it off and handed
it to me.—[Judge.]

NOTHING IS MADE FOR NOTHING.
Every part of even the smallest animal's
structure is or has been of use to
him. Otherwise it never would have
been developed.

"Can you tell me, my friend," said an
elderly gentleman to the keeper of the
menagerie, "what the hump on that animal's
back is for?"
"What's it for?"
"Yes. Of what value is it?
"Well, it's lots of value. De camel
wouldn't be no good without it."
"Why not?"
"Why not? Ye don't suppose people
'ud pay to see a camel without any hump
on, do yer?"

TIME TO UNDERSTAND HER.
Jones (who has quarrelled with his
sweetheart, Cora Bellows)—And shall
this parting be forever, Miss Bellows?
Cora Bellows—Of course it shall.
Haven't I told you it should every time
we ever quarrelled? It looks like you
ought to understand me by this time.

MUCH OUT OF LITTLE.
"Shallow is a man of rather small cali-
bre, isn't he?"
"His wife makes much of him."
"It's surprising where she gets the
material to do so."

HAPPILY DESCRIBED.
"What a stir Belle and her young man
are making down stairs," said Mrs.
Brown, as the sounds of laughter came
floating up from below at a late hour.
"A stir!" said Mr. Brown. "That's
very natural. They're having a spoon."

HERE ENOUGH.
Oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Passe, with
a little scream of delight, "here's an ad-
vertisement in the paper which says,
"Wives wanted."
"What's that to us?" said Miss May-
Ture. "We're not wives."

HE WAS A NOTICE.
Benefactor—Are you too weak to
work?
Tramp (indignantly)—Sir!
Benefactor—I mean, does it make you
fired to work?
Tramp—I don't know. I never tried
it to find out.

WILLING TO CHIP IN.
Old Bagley—You couldn't support my
daughter, sir. I can hardly do it my-
self.
Young Brace—Possibly not; but every
little helps.
A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.
"I haven't seen your wife out lately,
Mr. Goodheart?"
"No. She keeps at home these days."
"Is she ailing?"
"No. The fact of the matter is, I
took her home two of the handsomest
bonnets I could find in town, and said
she might make a choice of either and I
would buy it for her. She has been
busy night and day ever since trying to
make a choice, and was still as undecided
as ever when I left this morning."
"You should help her out of her di-
lemma."
"How can I?"
"Why, take one of them away from
her and carry it back to the store.
That'll be the one she'll want."—[New
York Press.]

SEA SICK.
They were in love, their parents op-

posed the match, and, by a curious co-
incidence, they were sent abroad in the
same ship.
"And held each other's hands all the
way?"
"No; heads."

DIDN'T DOUBT.
Jack—Believe me, darling, I am sin-
cere when I tell you you are the prettiest
and sweetest girl I ever saw.
Cora (quickly)—Oh, I know you are.

WOMAN'S TALK.
When you find two women conversing
to-day
With earnestness, with not afraid
To listen, you'll surely hear one of them
say,
"And how are you having it made?"
—[New York Press.]

NO COMFORT THERE.
Mad Subscriber—My name's Smith,
sir.
Editor (coolly)—Yes; I've heard it be-
fore. Three Smiths hung for horse steal-
ing in 1860.

Mad Subscriber—You're a liar, sir!
All my family died in their beds!
Editor—Ah! I see. Shot 'em 'fore
they had a chance to escape!—[Atlanta
Constitution.]

HORRORS ON HORROR'S HEAD.
Algy (much agitated)—Gwaciously!
Have you heard that the trouble between
Caneby and Checkerton has resulted in a
duel?
Jack—Mercy, no!
Algy—Yaas; you should have seen
them face each other, pale but intrepid.
Lots were drawn, and Caneby, poor old
fellow, must wear a turn-down collar for
the next six months!—[Harper's Bazar.]

MAKE AND LET.
Mabel was sitting on the floor playing
with her doll, when her aunt said to her;
"Mabel, put down your doll and come
and sell these peas."
"Oh, auntie," answered Mabel, "you
make me do everything and won't let me
do anything!"—[Philadelphia Times.]

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.
TO CUT GLASS WITH CHEMICALS.—To
cut glass with chemicals all that is ne-
cessary is to draw a line across it with a
quill pen dipped in a strong alcoholic
solution of corrosive sublimate. After
drying draw the same line with the pen
dipped in nitric acid.

PHOTOGRAPHING A RIVER BED.—An in-
strument has been invented in Germany
by which the profile of a river bed may
be taken automatically with sufficient
accuracy. A curved arm rests on the
bottom of the river, and, by means of a
recording mechanism, the depth is auto-
matically and precisely regulated on a
revolving drum.

THE SUN'S DIRECT RAYS.—The import-
ance of having the direct rays of the sun
in health resorts was recently made the
subject of an interesting address, in
which it was stated that only those cli-
mates where even a delicate person can
sit or lie for several hours a day during
winter, basking in the sunshine, are to
be recommended for most complaints.

HYERES and Mentone have great ad-
vantages, for example, over other neigh-
boring places, because these are so well-
sheltered from the mistral or northwest
wind, which is the scourge of the Rhone
Valley.

A FULLY-PEOPLED EARTH.—From a
series of researches and calculations by
M. Ravenstein, a French geographer, it
appears that over-population of the
globe and the beginning of human deca-
dence may be nearer at hand than most of
us have supposed to be possible.

The present population, 1,467,000,000 in-
dividuals, is distributed over the continents
and islands, exclusive of polar regions,
in the proportion of 31 inhabitants to
the English square mile. Dividing the
entire land surface, 46,350,000 square
miles, into three sections, this author
finds that fertile lands occupy, in round
numbers, 28,000,000 square miles,
steppes 14,000,000, and deserts 4,000,
000. He estimates that the maximum
number of persons that can be supported
throughout the respective regions is 207
per square mile on the fertile lands, 10
on the steppes, and 1 per square mile on
the deserts. The present average for
India is 175, for China 295, for Japan
264. The investigator concludes that
the greatest number of persons the land
surface can sustain is 5,994,000,000.
The total increase in population is now
8 per cent. per decade—being 8.7 in
Europe, 6 in Asia, 10 in Africa, 20 in
Australia and Oceania, 20 in North
America, and 15 in South America—and
at that rate the earth will have acquired
all the inhabitants it can maintain in
about 180 years, or in 2072. Quite
curiously, this date is about that fixed
by geologists for the exhaustion of
Great Britain's coal supply.

Potatoes Growing Like Pease.
Wellbaugh and Chemung, in their ex-
plorations of the Colombian Andes, have
discovered a species of potato the vines
of which were covered with well de-
veloped tubers growing in the open air
like pease or tomatos. Each potato is
protected by a thin film or membrane,
not unlike that which envelops the
"ground cherry." They do not grow in
America, each being given plenty of
space in which to thoroughly mature.
The natives say that during the dry sea-
son the membrane surrounding each po-
tato is filled with water, which in a mea-
sure protects it from the rays of the sun.
—[St. Louis Republic.]

A Simple Cure.
For a rash of blood to the head, try to
get some of it down to the feet. Even
in sitting you can use the same device
as that which prevents cold feet in a
church or horse car; rest the weight of
the leg on the toe of each foot. Make
as though you were about to walk on
tiptoes. This diverts the blood from an
apoplectic head, and is found to relieve
giddiness or swimming of the head in a
few minutes. Perhaps the resolution to
send the blood to the toes has something
to do with it, as well as the attitude.—
[Detroit Free Press.]

CENTRAL PARK SQUIRRELS.

The Birds' Nests Are Few on Ac-
count of the Gray Nutsackers.

Central Park is the great squirrel
center of the country. Probably
more of the little rodents are found
to the square acre in this public plea-
sure-ground than in their most favor-
able haunts among the wild nut groves,
says a writer in Harper's Weekly.
Their exact number has never been
accurately ascertained, but irregular
attempts to take their census have
resulted in the remarkable disclosure
of a population running up into the
thousands.

The gray squirrel colony increases
rapidly every year. No tame and
lively do they become in early spring
when hunting for food that they will
often approach visitors to the park,
and almost beg for food. If a nut is
thrown to them, they will approach
within half a dozen feet to get it, and
then run away to some tree to nibble
it.

During their breeding season they
are very wary and shy. They seldom
approach their nests directly, but run
up neighboring trees, and jump from
branch to branch until they have
completely bewildered those below.

Their antics at such times are of
great interest to all pedestrians.
When the young ones are first able
to run about, the Park is full of small
families wandering over the fields in
search of nuts.

At one time the common gray squir-
rels were so abundant in the Eastern
States that they were considered a
scourge by the farmers; and heavy
premiums were offered for their destruc-
tion. They destroyed corn, wheat, and
crops as well as fruit orchards; but
gunners and sportsmen have long
since reduced their numbers, so that
it is rarely one finds a large colony in
any woods.

It is doubtful if many birds could
breed in the park owing to the
presence of so many squirrels, for the
rodents are passionately fond of eggs.
They will not only eat the eggs in the
nests, but they will often destroy the
young birds themselves, making it
almost impossible for a brood to
reach maturity. Although the park
is the great resort for song-birds, it
is a strange fact that comparatively few
of them nest there, although they
would not be disturbed by the people
who visit the place. It is very prob-
able that there is some connection
between the presence of the gray
squirrels in the park and the noted
absence of many birds' nests.

The gray squirrels are in their nat-
ural haunts in this central portion of
the city. Long before the park was
laid out, this whole upper section
of Manhattan Island was the home
resort of the squirrels and birds.
They were then only disturbed by
the hunters, but their numbers in
this way were kept down. When the
park was laid out, a few old couples
remained in it, and finally the colony
grew around the place so that they
could not retreat further north. They
were then hemmed in on every side,
but as protection was extended to
them by the Park Board their num-
bers rapidly increased, until to-day
the colony is about the largest in this
country.

The rodents are great additions to
the park, and their presence is al-
ways to be desired. They give an
interest to the scene even in mid-
winter, and it would be a great loss
to have them sacrificed to any prejudiced
notion. They do little or no damage
to the trees, and there are no fruits
or grain-fields for them to destroy.

The White Wax of China.

One of the most curious products of
China is insect wax, of which 1,539,286
pounds, worth \$160,000 in gold, were
shipped from Ichang on the Yang-tse
river in 1888. It is a product of the
western part of the province of Se-Chuen,
in central China, where the wax insect
flourishes best and finds its food most
abundant. Early in the spring numer-
ous brown, pea-shaped scales appear on
the bark of the boughs and twigs of the
Chinese evergreen tree. They obtain a
mass of small animals, like flour, whose
movements are almost imperceptible.
The female wax insects develop the
scales and deposit their eggs in them
and the males excrete the substance
known as white wax, which is supposed
to be intended by nature to protect the
scales. The wax is spread over the whole
branch to the depth of a quarter of an
inch. When the deposit appears in its
complete the branches are cut off and as
much of the wax as possible is removed
by hand. The rest is secured by boil-
ing the branches, which destroys the
scales and larvæ. The wax is put into
boiling water, where it melts, and, rising
to the surface, is skimmed off and
put into molds. The white wax is a
substance of great utility in China.
It melts only at a high temperature and
is used chiefly to cover candles made
of animal and vegetable tallow to prevent
too rapid combustion. It is used also as
sizing for paper and cotton goods, a
glaze for silk, and a polish for furniture.
Minister Denby and Mr. Hosie, the British
consular agent in Se-Chuen, says
that the proportions of this industry are
enormous. Immense quantities of the
wax have been shipped from other parts
of the Yang-tse river, and some of it is
sent across the mountains to Canton.
Minister Denby has seen thousands of
pounds of it in large round cakes stored
away in a single room. The introduc-
tion of foreign kerosene, which is now
used very largely in China, is having a
discouraging influence on the gathering
of white wax. The industry, therefore,
is not thriving as it did once, and the
decline is another example of the great
changes which the entrance of foreign-
ers into China are making in many
branches of native trade.—[Chicago
Times.]

MORGAN, THE PIRATE.

DARING EXPLOITS OF THE BOLD
BUCCANEER.

After a Long Career of Crime and
Cruelty He Ends His Days in
Peace.

Capt. Kidd, Lafitte, and the mysteri-
ous individual known as Blackbeard,
have stamped themselves and the stories
of their piracies indelibly on the public
mind, but by some curious chance, a
shadow of oblivion seems to have fallen
on the memory of another whose deeds
of blood and daring make a story more
like the extravaganza of a sensational
novelist than a narrative of cold and
terrible facts. This was Henry Morgan.

The traveler who visits Panama and,
stumbling over masses of tropical vegeta-
tion, wanders through forests so dense
as to preclude the sunshine from year's
end to year's end, finds here and there a
heap of moss-grown stones, which are
all that remain of a city which for lux-
ury and ostentation has no equal in
the world of to-day, and which Morgan,
with his horde of buccaneers, destroyed
in utter wantonness after glutting it of
its treasures.

This remarkable man was the son of
a respectable Welsh farmer, but, find-
ing the life unendurable to his restless,
lawless nature, he ran away to sea in
early youth and shipped as a common
sailor for Barbadoes and afterwards
Jamaica, where he joined the crew of a
private vessel. He was of a cold and
brutal character, selfish and scheming,
without a spark of the generosity which
sometimes relieved the abandoned
nature of other freebooters, but withal
so brave and masterful that he soon won
the confidence of the outlaws with whom
he was associated, and who selected him
captain. He soon became famous in the
Bay of Campeche, and joined Mansfield,
an old buccaneer, and making several
valuable captures he was soon at the
head of a fleet of twelve vessels,
manned by 700 men. With a
prudence almost unique in outlaws
he prevented his followers from wasting
their spoils, promising to lead them into
enterprises far beyond their wildest
imaginings. After capturing Porto Bello,
the reputed wealth of Old Panama excited
his greed, and he proposed to his com-
pany to capture it, but the bravest and
most reckless paused aghast. Such was
the confidence, however, that he inspired,
that they were soon won to his views,
and he advanced upon the proud city
with a handful of resolute men before
whose desperate courage its strong
fortifications could avail nothing. Pan-
ama, wrapped in a delicious sense of
power and luxury, was all unaware of
the danger threatening, and had reached
the very height of splendor when it was
fulfilled. Most of the houses were of
cedar, though many were of stone, and
numbered thousands. The churches and
monasteries, of which latter there were no
less than eight, were wealthy beyond
computation. Their fittings, altar para-
phernalia and jewel services were mines
of treasure and famous all over the
world. There was a superb hospital,
over 2,000 stately residences inhabited
by the king's officers and the wealthy
classes, and 5,000 less pretentious for
the poorer. There were buildings al-
lotted to the keeping of the king's
horses, which were kept for the purpose
of conveying the king's treasure over
the paved way to Porto Bello on the At-
lantic, there to load it on the king's ves-
sels, which carried it to Spain. The surround-
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and magnificent drives, and everything
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of the haughty Spaniards. The natives
of the country were their slaves, and
brought priceless pearls from the islands
of the gulf, and untold wealth from the
mines of Darien.

Such was Old Panama when the news
of the fall of Porto Bello reached it, but
the Governor of the city could not credit
the astonishing fact, and it was not until
courier after courier arrived, giving
fearful accounts of the cruelties prac-
ticed by the buccaneers, who actually
tortured the miserable inhabitants to
make them give up their hidden treasures,
that he began to tremble for himself.

Encouraged by Morgan's success, ad-
venturers from all over Europe flocked
to join him, and his force as he advanced
on Old Panama was 1,300 strong. U-
nited by numerous ambuscades and the
fact that he could obtain little or no
provisions, he pushed on to his goal,
and though the Spaniards fought with
maddened courage, carried the town in a
couple of hours.

In some respects these captures are
unparalleled in history. The Spaniards
having taken care to burn and destroy all
provisions in Morgan's path, the bucca-
neers were glad to make a meal on
some leather bags found at a deserted
station, and on reaching a valley where
cattle and horses were found grazing,
rushed upon them, and hacking the still
breathing animals, devoured their flesh
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quest itself at Porto Bello, Morgan com-
pelled his prisoners to place scaling lad-
ders on the walls. Priests and nuns
were forced to do this, Morgan believing
that the Spaniards would spare them,
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advance, but the governor consulted
only his official duty, and the poor
priests and nuns were killed without
mercy. The governor himself died while
fighting in the presence of his wife and
children.

At Panama a number of Indian allies
of the Spanish conducted an immense
herd of wild bulls to be driven among the
ranks of buccaneers and which were ex-
pected to throw them into disorder. But
even this extraordinary arm of war
failed, for the bulls took fright at the
tumult and ran away.

In addition to the capture of these
cities, Morgan sent a force of 400 men to
attack the castle of Chagre, which was
carried by Sir John Powell's magazine,
which blew up part of the defenses. The
manner in which this was done was not
a little singular. A buccaneer was pierced
through by an arrow from the fort. He
drew it forth from the wound, wrapped
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not respect the sea, but captained his
piracies, and suffered no vessel to escape
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ransom. His cruelties as practiced on
the conquered Spaniards were too horri-
ble to be dwelt on, even women and
young children falling victims to his
diabolical rage when no ransom was
forthcoming, while religious subjects
were the victims of the most refined bar-
barity, as they were thought to direct
and influence the inhabitants in their re-
sistance and subsequent concealment of
property.

With the division of the spoils came
dissensions in the ranks of the bucca-
neers, and so great was the feeling
against Morgan, who was suspected of
having appropriated the lion's share,
that he deemed it advisable to steal away
with three vessels commanded and
manned by only those in whom he had
confidence. With his ill-gotten gains he
secured the favor of Charles II., who be-
stowed on him the honor of knighthood
and the appointment of Deputy Govern-
or of Jamaica. On the accession of
James II. he was denounced by
some of his former companions,
who got him removed from office
and committed for a time to prison in
England. He was too rich, however,
to remain long in disgrace, and after some
years was declared innocent of the
charges—piracy and treason—preferred
against him. Returning to Jamaica he
married there, and is said by history to
have ended his days in peace, about the
year 1690, though a tradition is still
extant in the country that he was smit-
ten with paralysis in his lower limbs
when his wife, to whom he was passion-
ately devoted, saved him slowly to
death.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

CHICKEN PIE.—Boil chicken till tender.
Leave as much broth or soup with the
chicken as desired, and season well with
pepper, salt, butter and milk. Line the
sides of a dish or pan with dough, a little
richer than biscuit dough. Now put the
chicken soup in the dish or pan, with a
few bits of the dough and a sprinkling
of flour. Cover with dough and bake
till nice and brown. Veal or mutton
may be used instead of chicken. Potatoes
spoil the flavor of the pie.

STEWED POTATOES.—For six people use
two quarts of thin-sliced raw potatoes,
three ounces of fat bacon, half a tea-
spoonful of grated onion, half a tea-
spoonful of pepper, and one even tea-
spoonful of salt. Use a deep pudding
dish that can be placed on the table.
Have the bacon cut in thin slices, and
spread about one-third of it on the bot-
tom of the dish. Sprinkle the onion over
this, and then put in one quart of the
sliced potatoes. Over them sprinkle
half of the salt and pepper, then put in
the rest of the potatoes, and sprinkle
over them the remainder of the salt and
pepper. Lay the remaining slices of
bacon on the potatoes and moisten the
whole with four tablespoonfuls of water.
Cover the dish closely, and put in a
moderately hot oven. Bake for half an
hour; at the end of that time take off the
cover, and cook for twenty minutes
longer. The top slice of bacon should be
crisp and brown at the end of that time.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—If wanted for a
certain meal, pare and slice them the
day before, using a cucumber slicer or
get them as thin as a wafer. Always
select nice, smooth, large potatoes. Dis-
solve a bit of alum in cold water, and
into this put the sliced potatoes, allow-
ing them to remain there all night. In
the morning wash off the potatoes in
cold water and dry with a towel or nap-
kins. When dried, put on a kettle at
lard, and allow it to get better than for
fried cakes. Drop in the potatoes, and
a few slices at a time. They will puff up
light and turn brown very quickly. Do
not let them get beyond a rich golden
brown, as they are apt to be bitter.
Drain out with a wire spoon and place
in a colander, sprinkling salt upon them.
Remove them to a large iron bread pan,
lined and covered with thick brown pa-
per, and place it in the oven to dry.
When dried, take out and place lightly
in clean paper bags, tie up, and use,
when wanted, cold.

How Silver Ore Looks.
Silver, as it is ordinarily found in na-
ture, is not pretty to look at, nor has it
any glitter. The rich ore from the Big
Bonanza is of a bluish-gray color and
lustreless. There is plenty of glitter to
be seen in the silver caverns, but it is
the iron or copper pyrites mingled with
the precious metal that shines with brilli-
ant crystals.

The great silver deposits—those of
them which are known—were all dis-
covered by accident. Diego Huaca, in
the year 1545, found the wonderful mine
of Potosi in Peru, while climbing up the
face of a steep mountain in pursuit of a
wild goat. He took hold of a bush which
was torn out by the roots, when lo, masses
of metal were laid bare.

The celebrated Comstock Lode, richest
of all silver mines, was a chance find
to the summer of 1859. Peter O'Riley
and Pat McLaughlin were located at
Gold Hill, Nevada. They were working
for gold, and were in hard luck. Need-
ing water for their rockers, they dug a
hole four feet deep, and came upon an
outcropping of the marvellous lode. It
was a bed of black sulphide of silver.
The men did not know what it was, but
tried it for gold. Silver has one use that
is very little known. Nearly all good
mirrors are backed with it, and not with
mercury, as generally supposed. Before
it is put on, the glass has to be
cleaned with the utmost care. Every-