

A SLEIGH RIDE.

Misty moonlight, sleighbells' tinkle,
Endless wastes of ice and snow,
Gray hills, like an old man's wrinkles,
Keen airs hissing as they blow.

In the sleigh a man and maiden,
Faces rosy, eyes aghast,
Lips with whispered secrets laden,
Deep and sacred as the night.

Cold—how cold! Steed, pry thee hasten,
Wake the storming silver bells,
Up the hills, down the basin,
In the frosty wooded dells!

Nay, the road's too short! Go slowly;
Warmly clad are lover-kind,
Wrapped in one another wholly,
What reck they of frost and wind?

—[PAUL PASTOR, in Munsey's Magazine.]

OUTWITTED.

BY KATHARINE HULL.

The editor of the Sunday Magazine, in press for the first time, sat with his feet on the fender and his eyes on his wife. They had been married two years. There was the cunningest baby imaginable sleeping quietly in its cradle upstairs. The mother's pretty brown eyes were opened to their widest, her lips were slightly parted as she sat listening, dismay and disapprobation on her youthful face.

"Yes," continued the editor of the Sunday Magazine and ex-editor of the Herald, "I see my way quite clearly. The sale of the Herald was a big thing for me. I intend to spare neither time nor money on the magazine."

"But, Tom,"—the "but" was rather deprecating the "Tom" very much of a baby. "I hope you will always think of baby." There was a little quiver in the last part of the sentence, especially when it took in the baby.

"Did you ever know me to forget the baby?" cried the editor, smiling pleasantly. "Why my love I wish to have such a fine magazine that some day the baby will be only too glad to step into my place."

Mrs. Franklin wasn't satisfied. "I am sure," a trifle anxiously, "the two of us could get up a very good affair with very little expenditure."

"An eclectic combination do you mean?"
"Eclectic! No, I consider eclectic combinations an abomination, a public nuisance from the eclectic magazine down to the eclectic speller." People might easily guess that Mrs. Franklin had once written for a "daily," she so often fell into newspaper vernacular. "You could write, Tom, and I could write, and we could keep the money we have for the baby."

Mr. Franklin's voice took on a little head-of-the-house authority. "I think, my love, you have done enough writing in your day; just look after the baby and leave the rest to me. I intend to have a certain style about the book," pretending not to see the flash in the brown eyes and going on blandly. "I'll pay well for good material, but good material I will have. Isn't that the right way, Sydney?"

"Yes, dear."
Mrs. Franklin occasionally astonished people, her liege and lord included, when she lost every iota of newspaper rhetoric and relapsed into the model helpmate. Tom looked at her suspiciously. He was rather afraid of her "Yes, dears"—they generally meant mischief.

"And I'll engage a certain number of writers, and I'll stick to them, eh, Sydney?"

"Yes, dear."
Most husbands expect these two words to follow the recital of their wildest plans, look for them and are satisfied with them, but they irritated Tom Franklin.

"Oh, bother!" he cried. "You're too provoking!"
"Yes, dear," answered Sydney, and then she laughed and ran away up stairs to see the baby.

"Now Sydney, you do approve of my arrangements? I am sure you do."

"You pay enormously, Tom."
"But only for first-class matter. I have fifteen writers on the staff, and, by Jove! the style is so uniform you'd think the same person wrote the whole book." At this Mrs. Franklin merely smiled, and showed her dimples.

"And I've struck a plan," cried Tom, a little uneasily, he was afraid of the "Yes, dear." "I thought it would be a good idea to give a dinner. In fact, I've written to them—the writers on the staff, I mean, inviting them for Tuesday week."

"Excellent!" cried Mrs. Franklin, actually clapping her hands.

Tom was so pleased at this unexpected outburst of enthusiasm that he put his arm about her and gave her a bear hug previous to whispering fondly:

"And if you wish to write for the magazine I'll give you a little corner after Christmas."

And then she spoiled it all by meekly saying: "Yes, dear."
Notes of acceptance were received from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Richmond, and Petersburg. The Tuesday was drawing near. Sydney had faithfully promised to have things on a grand scale. Tom had hired three large carriages to go to the depot.

When the morning of the portentous day arrived, Mr. Franklin for the fiftieth time petitioned Sydney to put supreme touches to the whole affair, expatiating more largely than ever on what a truly original idea it was, and altogether of his own making.

"What do you think M. L. Town-

son will be like?" he asked, suddenly, stopping his wife on the stairs. "Oh, she'll have a long nose and big eyes," she answered, flippantly. "Sydney! She's the very best of my contributors—that is, if there is any one better than another. But really, what sort of a fellow do you imagine Dick Raymond?"

"Terribly fat, of course, with high cheek bones and red cheeks."
"My stars! Sydney, you're awful."
"I can't help having an imagination, Tom. Miss Forrester will be tall and stately. She will make you a gracious bow, and scowl at poor me; and that old John H. Gilmor, I know I'll be out and out afraid of him—but do let me go now, I'm on my way to baby."

"I wonder where Sydney can be!" Tom was standing alone in the drawing-room, listening to carriage-wheels stopping outside. "By thunder! It's shameful in her not to be here to help receive. I don't believe she ever wanted the thing, I believe she was putting on all the time."

The door opened. There did not seem to be much stir and bustle in the hall. Very light feet entered the room—only a pair of them, dancing feet that Tom heard every day of his life. "Sydney, what does this mean?"

She gazed at him with astonished brown eyes.

"I am M. L. Townsend, Mr. Franklin," she explained, with a pleasant smile.

"Have they come?" whispered Tom, not understanding. "I thought I heard the carriages. For pity's sake take off that outdoor costume and let us go to the office."

Mrs. Franklin bowed and lifted her bonnet.

"I see I must introduce myself. I am Dick Raymond."
"Poor Tom laughed hoarsely. "Go on," he cried.

"I am Miss Forrester, Major Jack, Maud Everet, and the rest of them. We have done our best for the Sunday Magazine. We consider it quite a success, in fact, we have known it to have entered the houses of most American families. When are we to have the dinner, Tom?"

"Oh, dear!" groaned the ex-editor of the Herald, "you don't mean to say you've been writing the whole thing?"

"Yes, dear."

He had begun life on a comic paper and left it, because he didn't think there was fun enough in the world to keep him going. He swore at himself now for ever having given it up, he gasped three times before he fully comprehended, then not very sweetly he cried out:

"What on earth have you done with all the money?"
"Very sweetly and meekly came the answer: "I've put it away for the baby, Tom."

QUICKSILVER MINING.

Miners Who Are Unclean Suffer Horribly.

Deposits of quicksilver have been discovered recently in Utah, but nobody has tried to work them as yet. The entire product of this country comes from California. Cinnabar, the ore from which it is obtained, is a sulphide of mercury. By heat the mercury is separated from the sulphur in the form of a gas, which, being condensed, runs out of the distilling furnace in a thin stream like a continuous pencil of molten silver.

Frequently the miner with a stroke of his pick penetrates a cavity in the rock that is filled with pure quicksilver, which runs out, sometimes as much as a pint of it. The ore is often filled with globules of mercury, and, when it is blasted, the high temperature created by the explosion volatilizes the metal, which in the form of gas poisons the air. Workmen in the mines eat without washing their hands, and in these and other ways their systems become saturated with quicksilver.

The first symptoms of resulting trouble is usually exhibited by the nails, which become diseased. Later the teeth drop out, bone-rot of the jaw follows, and the unfortunate is fairly eaten up by the poison. These troubles are avoided to a great extent by cleanliness. The men who work in the quicksilver mines of Wales are the cleanest people in the world; their skins, untanned by sun, are white as snow. The Mexican miners in California are dirty and die fast, but after two or three generations spent in the mines they last longer, their constitutions becoming more tolerant of mercury.

Vermillion is obtained from cinnabar. The red paint on the bodies of Indians in California led to the discovery of the quicksilver mines. White men found out where it came from and began digging for ore of mercury. The most familiar use of the metal is for thermometers. It is very valuable in medicine, but it is most largely employed in gold mining because of its affinity for gold, which it dissolves. Quicksilver is the most easily lost of all metals, finding its way back into the earth sooner or later.

A queer sort of lemonade, made with sulphuric acid instead of lemon juice, is drunk by quicksilver miners. It has the effect of neutralizing the mercury. In the lead mines the same mixture of sugar, water and acid is used as a beverage. It precipitates, in the form of a sulphate, the lead absorbed by the body; in that shape, being insoluble, it passes out of the system. The consequences of lead poisoning are dreadful. Not long ago it was found out that the spread of certain mysterious diseases in parts of England and elsewhere was due to Turkish snuff adulterated with lead. Sailors and tour-

ists brought the snuff home from Smyrna and distributed it.

THE FASTEST AIR SHIP.

Professor Langley's Flight of 903 Feet Beats the Record.

Wings have been used for aeroplane flight during several hundred years, as shown by the elaborate researches of Mr. Chanute, and this characteristic can be observed by the various minor successes wherein many decidedly successful short flights have been made with flapping wings. The rigid wing flights have not, however, been so numerous, and for more than half a century it has been an open question as to whether a rigid wing aeroplane could be managed in the air with a motor. It was generally believed that anything with fixed planes propelled by a motor would promptly become unmanageable. Professor Langley's aeroplane is, however, practically rigid so far as flapping wings is concerned.

Langley's machine makes its start from Chesapeake Bay in the face of the wind. All such machines are assisted by the sustaining force of an opposing breeze. It was launched from a workshop on a scow, and it was so made that it could not injure itself by alighting on water, upon which it is especially built to enable it to float, and to be rescued by a rowboat in attendance. The principal material used in its construction is aluminum. Since the wings are rigid, its motion through the air, propelled by rapidly revolving screws, is like that of a kite. The wings are not meant to enhance the motion, but are to be used for guidance by means of slight deflections of surface. A very slight change in the slant of the wings will produce a decided change in the direction of any kite aeroplane, as shown by my own experience during hundreds of kite aeroplane ascensions, as well as in the twenty-five years devoted to sailing flight, without a motor, by Lieutenant.



Langley's machine is twelve feet in length and eight feet wide, measured across the front wings. A rear pair of wings is about half the size of the front pair. The wings consist of light frames over which is stretched fine white cloth. Another remarkable feature is that the aluminum body weighs only two pounds. The body alone is about four feet long by two feet wide, and if the machine were placed within a circle it would just about fill it. Its vertical rudder, like that of a ship, causes movements to right or left, while its wings, by their adjustment, cause ascending and descending movements. The propelling power, steam, is generated in a little copper boiler and engine attached to wooden screws within the aluminum body. The propeller blades, attached to the screws, are very thin, and though only a foot in length, they exert an enormous proportional thrust, owing to the tremendous rapidity of their revolution.

On December 13, 1894, this marvelous little machine made a motor flight of about 900 feet, thus beating all records. The record for motor flying machines now stands: A. M. Herring, New York, 300 feet, with an oil motor, in 1891; Hiram S. Maxim, Buxley, England, 320 feet, with a gasoline motor, and three men on board, on July 31, 1894; Lawrence Hargrave, Stanwell Park, N. S. W., made 363 feet in 1894 by means of a motor in which the heat was supplied by spirits of wine; Professor S. P. Langley's machine made 900 feet, with a steam motor, near Quantico, Va., on December 13, 1894. The tremendous impetus of this success will perhaps be realized better by the people of the twentieth century.

Wheat as a Stock Food.

Wheat, as it contains more protein than corn, is better adapted for horses that work, for young stock that are growing, and for cows that are producing milk, while corn is more suitable for rapid gain in fat. When fed to hogs, wheat should be ground and soaked. For cows it should be ground and fed with equal parts of corn and oats, or the whole may be ground together. If bran is added to the ground mixture the food will contain more mineral matter and protein, thus balancing the ration.

In a recent pig-feeding trial at an agricultural experiment station in Australia pigs fed on wheat consumed 2,190 pounds in four months, and taking 410 pounds as the dressed weight increase, it made a shade over five pounds of wheat to produce one pound of pork, or eleven pounds of increase for one bushel of wheat. Experiments in this country have been quite as favorable to wheat feeding.

In this country 500,000 women are earning independent incomes. In the professions are 2,500 doctors, 275 preachers, and an increasing number of lawyers. Some 3,000 women have charge of post offices.

FAMOUS CALF CASE.

HISTORY OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' LITIGATION.

The Fight Over an Animal Valued at Forty Dollars Which Has Cost Thirty Thousand.

The Iowa Supreme Court has just rendered its last decision in the famous "Jones County calf case." The only thing left in the case after its numerous hearings was the question of costs. One of the seven defendants, Herman Kellar, who died, secured a judgment against the plaintiff, Johnson, for costs, that is, was relieved of paying any costs himself. The other defendants then filed a motion to have the court apportion the costs, so they would be liable for but six-sevenths of them, and this was also appealed from the decision of Judge Lenihan, in the Black Hawk District Court, who overruled the motion. The Supreme Court sustained the ruling, and holds that the six who were defeated in the action to recover damages for malicious prosecution must pay all the costs, amounting to \$2,886.84.

One of the attorneys in the case, Charles Wheeler of Tipton, told the story of the famous case to a Chicago Times correspondent from the start, as he is the only lawyer who has remained in the case since it was begun.

"It was more than twenty-seven years ago," he said, "that one Potter came to Jones County from some point in Ohio. Soon after he went to Greene County and made him a home. In the course of time he came back to Jones County to purchase calves, and stopped over night with the now justly famed Bob Johnson. Potter had known Bob in Ohio, and when he left next morning told him the errand that had brought him into the county. Potter also authorized Johnson to buy some calves for him, while he went on into the eastern part of the county to see what he could pick up.

"The next day Johnson went to Olin and inquired of the merchants there for calves. They had none, but a bystander had four he was anxious to sell. This bystander went by the name of Smith, and was afterward known in the case as 'the mythical Smith,' being so dubbed by counsel gifted with a flow of speech. His calves were in the neighborhood of Sergeant's Bluff, and Johnson said as he had to go to Stanwood, he would ride by and see them.

"Accordingly Bob and his brother and Smith set out for the Bluffs to get the calves that were running out on the commons. They could find but three, but Smith said the other would average with them, so the four were purchased in the presence of Bob's brother John. They were to be paid for when delivered in a place known as Hines's pasture, but the stranger demurred, saying he would not have thought of selling had it not been for need of money that very day. Accordingly the necessary dollars were borrowed of John and the purchase completed. The brother then moved on to Stanwood. Two or three days later Potter returned with his drove and sent word to B. Johnson that he was ready for the calves. Bob found them in the corner pasture, as Mythical Smith had agreed, and turned them over to Potter, who paid the price agreed upon and went on his way rejoicing.

"About this time a neighbor of Johnson's named Foreman missed four calves, and hearing that Potter had taken a drove, followed him to Greene County. Here he found his missing stock, or claimed to, and asked Potter where he got them. Of course the answer was 'of Bob Johnson.' The two then went together to Johnson and told him their story. Johnson, believing, gave his note for the value of the calves and swore out a warrant for Mythical Smith. It was then learned that no such man had ever lived in the neighborhood of Sergeant's Bluff, and the unfortunate Bob was in a quandary what to do.

"Meanwhile an organization had been formed in the neighborhood where Johnson and Foreman lived called the North Missouri Anti-Horse Thief Association, though neither of the gentlemen before mentioned was a member. Being out of a job, this patriotic body conceived the idea that Johnson had stolen the calves, and sending for Potter and Foreman, informed them they must either join the order and assist in prosecuting him or be prosecuted themselves. They joined, and Johnson was indicted for larceny of the calves.

"About the same time Johnson, with his brother, went into Greene County to have a look at those calves, which Potter had finally purchased of Foreman. Both decided that Bob had never handled those calves at all, and that Potter must have stolen them himself and then lied to Foreman about them. Johnson accordingly refused to pay the note he had given. The note case was tried twice and a judgment finally rendered against Johnson on the ground that the holder was an innocent purchaser. This note, originally for \$40, cost Johnson about \$1,500.

"The first indictment against Johnson for larceny was quashed on account of an informality. There was great excitement in the community about the matter, and on waking up one morning Johnson found on his doorstep a shroud, a rope with a hangman's knot, and a threatening letter. Accordingly, a change of venue was taken to Cedar County on his motion, with shroud, rope, knot, and threatening letter attached as exhibits. The case was tried twice there, the first jury standing eleven to one for acquittal, and the second

setting him free. Johnson, who had started in on these cases a prosperous farmer, was now bankrupt in everything but spirit. Then it was that Johnson began suit against Potter, Foreman, and five others of the Anti-Horse Thief Association, who had been most active in the prosecution, claiming \$10,000 damages for malicious prosecution. Colonel Preston began the suit for Bob, with myself doing jury work.

"After several changes of venue the case was finally reached for trial in Benton County, where the jury stood eleven to one for giving damages. It was retried there, and we got a verdict of \$3,000. The verdict was set aside, and the venue changed to Clinton County. Here I had climbed to the dignity of making the opening statement. The trial lasted three weeks, between thirty and forty witnesses being present, and it resulted in a verdict for \$7,500. This verdict was set aside, and the venue changed to Black Hawk County. Here we had three trials, and were successful in all three, appeals being taken to the Supreme Court and rehearing ordered. At the close of it all Johnson received judgment for \$1,000 and costs, and this the Supreme Court affirmed, at the same time letting out one defendant.

"The judgment given above was the first definite result from twenty years of litigation. All of the men prominently connected with it were prosperous at the start, but bankrupt at the close, the costs alone aggregating \$30,000. At one time and another all of the lawyers in Eastern Iowa were engaged in the case, and at the last hearing all but myself were either dead or tired out, Johnson being no longer able to pay fees.

"The war had its influence upon every interest in Jones County. It found its way into religion and into politics, and it depreciated the value of real estate. Several times the parties were on the point of going to war, and went armed day and night, waiting for the necessary spark to blaze out. Johnson had his home and at least one barn burned, and I think some hay and grain went the same way. Through it all Johnson had immortalized himself as a 'stayer' of the first water. The parties are all living now, save Herman Kellar, and the only complaint Bob makes is that Kellar died without his knowledge or consent, or without first obtaining an order of court, slipping away from him, he claims, in an unseemly manner. He further says that on that June day, years ago, when he delivered the calves to Potter, he thought he was performing a very ordinary business transaction, but he has since learned that he was making history."

Colonel Jack Hays, the Texas Ranger.

John Coffee Hays was raised on a farm in Wilson County, Tennessee, being born there in 1817. At the age of eighteen he migrated to Texas, where, during the struggle of the Mexican province for independence, he served with distinction in a military campaign conducted by General Sam Houston, being noted for his bravery and strategy. After the termination of that conflict Hays was placed in command of the small regular force that was shortly afterward organized and became known to fame as the "Texan Rangers." Many were the desperate fights in which he was engaged with the fierce Comanches and border Indians, and innumerable were the perils which he encountered. He was first to supply an armed force with Colt's revolver and use it in battle.

The Indian mode of warfare in those early days was to draw the enemy's fire and then sweep down upon them like a whirlwind, plying their bows and using their long spears with deadly effect. So cautious were they in this respect, that they soon distinguished the double-barreled gun when it was brought into use, and only approached when they were sure that such weapons had been emptied. On the first occasion when Hays and his rangers, armed with the revolver, met a band on the war-path, they allowed their fire to be liberally drawn, and then the Indians charged with exultant cries. But when the revolver was brought into play at close quarters, the panic that ensued was absolute, and the destruction of the Indians complete. Jack Hays was colonel of the First Texan Regiment, the nucleus of which was formed of veteran rangers.

A Woman's Library.

The oddest library any woman possesses is made up of newspaper clippings, perfectly catalogued and arranged by a professional librarian. There are thousands upon thousands of these slips taken from newspapers the world over, and the owner of this bureau of ready reference is a journalist, who has been making her collections for her own convenience. Given almost any topic to write on, she is apt to find a mass of important facts and the key to many others among the envelopes in which her unbound library is gathered and docketed. The whole of it only occupies a corner cupboard in her writing room, and as an adjunct to newspaper work she advocates these clipping collections for women, who can with the aid of scissors, glue pot and a little discretion, make for themselves similar invaluable registers for common reference.

CHIVALROUS.

As a Knox County man and his wife were passing the schoolhouse, a flying snowball hit the wife of his bosom. He was enraged, and justly, and, turning to the schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger, he cried: "It's lucky for you, you young rascals, that you didn't hit me!"

TAXES IN HISTORY.

Only a few years ago the Shah of Persia had a pecculating Governor, guilty of stealing the royal taxes, boiled to death in a closed caldron of water.

The inauguration of the modern system of taxation was in Venice, which levied taxes on lands and heavy duties on all manufactures and imports.

In 1702 a salt tax was levied in Great Britain and during the French wars was raised to £30 per ton, over sixteen times the value of the article.

In Germany 89,600 families paid income taxes on incomes £150 to £210 a year; 82,400 paid on £210 to £480, and 26,800 paid on incomes above £480.

The revenue of the United States Government last year was \$385,818,629, of which all but \$3,000,000, from the sale of public lands, was derived from taxation.

There is a tax on graves-tones in England, and the man who wishes to inclose a grave by means of a fence or wall is compelled to pay dearly for the privilege.

Darius Hystaspes, in 480, introduced a system of assessment and taxation of land, and made himself so obnoxious by it that he was called Darius the Trader.

The people of the United States pay more taxes than the people of any other nation on the globe. The estimated total of national and local taxation is \$630,000,000.

Coffee is taxed £62 a ton in France, £56 in Italy, £40 in Austria, £25 in Portugal, £22 in Norway, \$20 in Germany and Spain, £15 in Russia and £14 in Great Britain.

Queen Elizabeth farmed out the customs during a large part of her long reign. The annual sums paid by the purchaser for the year varied from £14,000 to £50,000.

The total annual taxes of Great Britain are £119,000,000; of France, £142,000,000; of Germany, £108,000,000; of Russia, £72,000,000; of Austria, £55,000,000; of Italy, £81,000,000.

Several cities of ancient Greece levied a tax on bachelors over 20 years old, to compel them to marry. The tax was so large that matrimony was cheaper by comparison.

An Electric Boy.

George Harger, living south of Kiowa, in the Cherokee Strip, is the father of an eight-year-old boy who is an electrical wonder. Those who nursed him when an infant were wont to say that he "made them nervous," though his actions and habits were those of all infants, and he has never shown any mental traits or development beyond what is found in the average boy. His parents and other members of the family, however, say that there has always been something uncanny about him, and that whenever, as a child, he was lifted suddenly from the floor or a bed a crackling noise was heard and a slight shock or prickling sensation was felt by the person lifting him, somewhat similar to the shock received from a small storage battery.

The boy is now old enough to take cognizance of his peculiar power, and he takes great delight in shocking those who come near him. He can greatly increase the force of the shock by rubbing his feet on the carpet, and after dark the electrical discharge is so strong that sparks are emitted when he slides across the floor and touches a piece of metal. The force of the current seems to be greatly augmented for several days before a storm of any kind, and the father claims he can foretell any change in the weather by watching the boy. The little fellow often amuses himself by touching cats and dogs on the back and immediately every hair on the animal will begin to raise and they will turn and run. There is no animal magnetism about it, for he repels rather than attracts anything; it seems to be simply a remarkable surcharge of electricity in his body at all times.

To Obtain Pure Serum.

A philanthropic citizen has recently placed \$30,000 at the disposal of the Health Department of New York City for the purpose of providing an adequate supply of pure anti-toxine serum. In view of the large death rate from diphtheria in New York at the present day this provision is of the greatest importance. The serum is at present very costly, but it is hoped that in time it may be put upon the market to be sold as cheaply as vaccine virus.

In a report made recently to the Board of Health by Dr. Cyrus Edson, it was stated that several serious concoctions of anti-toxine serum have been placed on the American market. And it was urged that the grave consequences following such fraud necessitated the prompt and vigorous action of the health department. Acting upon this advice it was resolved that measures should be taken to supervise the sale of this valuable remedial agent by a scientific and thoroughly systematic inspection of all preparations. The detection of such fraud will lead to the trial and severe punishment of the offenders. The preparations occasionally furnished from Germany have specific guarantees as to their strength and purity by reliable scientists. It is to be hoped that some similar provision may be made to guarantee the use of pure serum in America.

"Good eating apples" are in better supply than ordinarily at this season.