

Yield of Corn.

It appears now, from an interview had with Mr. A. Haight, of Barnum's show, that Jumbo was killed while trying to save the baby elephant, Tom Thumb, from impending death. The keeper says that as Jumbo was in the enclosure when only when it was close upon him, he made a rush for his protegee and, grasping him in his trunk threw him away across the tracks as if he had been a kitten. The little fellow landed against a box car and lay there whimpering like a whipped puppy. Jumbo then tried to get out of the way himself but it was too late and he was crushed between the engine and the cars. He roared terribly, but his agony was short. Not only the locomotive, but five box cars were crowded off the track. Tom Thumb's leg was broken and he was shot the next evening. Mr. Haight says Barnum refused \$100,000 for Jumbo. It was yesterday reported that the elephants had been led to the car, which was waiting by the tracks.

Barnum has presented Matthew Scott, the English steamer of the elephant Jumbo, who has had charge of him since the elephant was three years old. P. T. Barnum, the veteran showman, was found at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, yesterday, looking as hale and vigorous as a man of forty, although he has turned seventy-five years. The news of the death of Jumbo had been a great shock to him, but with his usual energy he had shaken off all feelings and devoted himself to calculations in regard to the future without Jumbo.

"The death of Jumbo," he said, "will make necessary a complete change in our plans for the future. We have been announcing at all our stands this season that we should not make another trip through the East or in Canada. Our intention for next season was to travel through the West as far as California, then through Australia, and from there we were to go by way of the Suez Canal to Europe, where we intended to remain for several years. All of Europe was waiting to see Jumbo. He was no longer a great attraction here because everybody had seen him. He was a well-known name, but he was not a well-known elephant. His death robs us of our main attraction for a European tour. But let me say to you: No Jumbo can take away with him the great show. The show cost us over \$500,000, and it pays from 15 to 20 per cent every year, and we need no make it better than ever, in spite of the death of the elephant."

"Was Jumbo's life insured?" the reporter asked.

"No; the loss is a total one, unless the railroad company is liable, and I am not sure that they are for damages in any event. Poor Scott! I don't know what he'll do without Jumbo. He cares nothing for human companionship. Jumbo was all the world to him. The affection manifested between him and the elephant was simply wonderful. I remember a year or two ago, when our elephant stampeded and Scott was in a position where he was in danger of being trampled on and killed, Jumbo saw the peril, and reaching out with his trunk, snatched Scott up and drew him between his fore legs, and kept him there in safety until the herd was quieted. They loved each other dearly. Scott was the elephant, and the elephant was Scott. They slept together, ate together, and drank together. Scott used to get a bottle of beer just before going to bed in his berth in the car. He generally drank half himself, and gave the other half to Jumbo. One night he drank his half and forgot to serve his friend before going to bed. Jumbo waited for what he thought a reasonable time, and then quietly reached over to the berth, lifted Scott up, and sat him tenderly on the floor. Scott remembered the beer then. Jumbo got his drink and dozed peacefully off."

"What is to be done with Jumbo's remains?"

"I telegraphed at first to give the skeleton to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, and the skin to my museum at Tufts College. That will be the ultimate disposition of them, but my wife suggests that I have Jumbo mounted and continue to exhibit him in the show for the present. This is what I shall do. If I can have Jumbo living, I'll have Jumbo dead, and Jumbo dead is worth a small herd of ordinary elephants."

"What was Jumbo's food?"

"Four hundred pounds of hay, one barrel of potatoes and one bushel of onions daily. It cost me \$30 a day to feed him. He drank water and beer. Jumbo was never unmanageable while he was in my circus. Scott, his English keeper, who had been with him since he was three years old, ruled him by kindness. He never used a prod on Jumbo. He taught him nothing except to carry children on his back."

"Not as it is painted."

"New Orleans should be called the City of Disappointments," Blakely Hall writes. "The visitor who arrives imbued with the vague but charming suggestions of the lines abroad about the Crescent City—it is really in the form of a parallelogram—should prepare himself for a number of disillusiones that are extraordinary and abrupt. Cable and an army of marines, gushing effeminate writers, hand cast a court over the multitude of enchantment over New Orleans, and people come here dreaming of magnolia trees, Creole girls, orange blossoms, languishing eyes, voluptuous figures, hammocks, and other Oriental, tropical, poetical and graceful things, only to find, cold in the head, serene and weak-eyed women, with round shoulders, hand-organs innumerable, miserable brass bands, damp rooms and prices that would make the traditional backen of Niagara turn green with envy. The streets here are muddy, and the mud is of a consistency, depth and tenacity that would reduce the mud of other cities to comparative dustiness. It is only by the use of raised board crossings that citizens are enabled to cross the streets, and the sewerage is execrable. The gutters are veritable pitfalls, many of them being waist-deep and filled with muddy water, refuse and garbage. The smells arising from the gutters in the morning knock all the allusions about magnolia trees and orange blossoms out of the visitor's head, and after he has had a short experience with the climate, his wife, with chilly frame, and weary and frigidly miserable, and is usually in condition to pass remarks upon the romance of New Orleans which are whole-souled, far-reaching and complete."

An Historic Island.

Ankerwyke House, Buckinghamshire, the ancient house of the Harcourt family, including "Macry King John signed 'the bulwark of British liberty,' in 1215, is announced for sale early next month. The estate comprises nearly 700 acres, with a rental of a little over £2,000 a year. Ankerwyke is in the parish of Wraybury, between Staines and Datchet, and is celebrated for the picturesque beauty of its trees which form a conspicuous figure when seen from the river side.

Ankerwyke was once a Benedictine priory, founded in honor of St. Mary Magdalen by Sir Gilbert Montfichet in the reign of Henry II. It was afterwards given by Edward VI to Sir Thomas Smith, who resided there. Of the monastic buildings, according to Murray, only the hall remains. In the grounds is an immense yew tree, beneath which, according to local tradition, "Macry King John" made an appointment with Anne Boleyn.

Don't Need an Invitation.

A hard drinker, one of the regulars who like to go to sleep at night because it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Glad to know you, sir," said the new man, shaking hands vigorously.

"Thank you; same to you," was the reply.

"I hope to know you better, sir, and would be glad to have you call. I believe you pass my place on your way home."

"Ah! Where is it?"

"Where Johnny Bloomer used to keep."

"Oh, yes, I pass there sometimes, but never when it is open."

"That's strange; I thought it was right in your way."

"So it is, but when it is open I always stop."—*Merchant Traveller.*

The Lost Wallet.

"I am going down town," said a citizen on a Woodward avenue car, to return a lost wallet to its owner. Every man in the car picked up his ears, one of them moved up closer and inquired:

"You found a wallet, eh?"

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.

DENVER, October 1.—Information has reached here to the effect that Marshall Clements, the murderer of his brother and his brother's wife, at Sagnache, was taken from the jail there by a party of masked men and carried to the scene of the crime, where he was lynched.

Clements had a knife, with which he had cut his way through the ropes of the jail, and he was seen to strike the neck of one of the masked men quite severely. Before he died he stated that his father and sister had nothing to do with the matter. The lynching occurred last Saturday night, but the location is remote from all telegraphic connection and the residents of that locality manifest a desire to suppress all information.

Squash Pie.

Five pints of stewed and strained squash, two quart of boiling milk, one and a half outmeas, four teaspoonful of salt, five cupfuls of sugar, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of Sicily Madeira, and two rose water. Gradually pour the boiling milk on the squash and stir continually. Add the sugar, the eggs, and the Madeira. Butter deep plates and line with a plain paste. Fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Brothers' Fatal Quarrel.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—A dispatch to the Times, from Chambersburg, says: Jesse and Levi Light, brothers, residing in St. Thomas township, got into an altercation last evening over the alleged improper intimacy of Levi and Jesse's wife. Levi picked up a fence rail and struck Jesse a blow across the back, breaking his back-bone. Isaac, another brother, who had just arrived on the scene, picked up the same weapon and assaulted Levi, breaking his arm and collar-bone. A physician was summoned, and pronounced Jesse's wounds fatal, and those of Levi serious.

The Dade of the Olden Time.

The American dude of 1800 is thus described: The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and he would be seen in the streets with his hat too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an animal and a lion, and had won. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.

DENVER, October 1.—Information has reached here to the effect that Marshall Clements, the murderer of his brother and his brother's wife, at Sagnache, was taken from the jail there by a party of masked men and carried to the scene of the crime, where he was lynched.

Clements had a knife, with which he had cut his way through the ropes of the jail, and he was seen to strike the neck of one of the masked men quite severely. Before he died he stated that his father and sister had nothing to do with the matter. The lynching occurred last Saturday night, but the location is remote from all telegraphic connection and the residents of that locality manifest a desire to suppress all information.

Squash Pie.

Five pints of stewed and strained squash, two quart of boiling milk, one and a half outmeas, four teaspoonful of salt, five cupfuls of sugar, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of Sicily Madeira, and two rose water. Gradually pour the boiling milk on the squash and stir continually. Add the sugar, the eggs, and the Madeira. Butter deep plates and line with a plain paste. Fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Brothers' Fatal Quarrel.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—A dispatch to the Times, from Chambersburg, says: Jesse and Levi Light, brothers, residing in St. Thomas township, got into an altercation last evening over the alleged improper intimacy of Levi and Jesse's wife. Levi picked up a fence rail and struck Jesse a blow across the back, breaking his back-bone. Isaac, another brother, who had just arrived on the scene, picked up the same weapon and assaulted Levi, breaking his arm and collar-bone. A physician was summoned, and pronounced Jesse's wounds fatal, and those of Levi serious.

The Dade of the Olden Time.

The American dude of 1800 is thus described: The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and he would be seen in the streets with his hat too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an animal and a lion, and had won. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.

DENVER, October 1.—Information has reached here to the effect that Marshall Clements, the murderer of his brother and his brother's wife, at Sagnache, was taken from the jail there by a party of masked men and carried to the scene of the crime, where he was lynched.

Clements had a knife, with which he had cut his way through the ropes of the jail, and he was seen to strike the neck of one of the masked men quite severely. Before he died he stated that his father and sister had nothing to do with the matter. The lynching occurred last Saturday night, but the location is remote from all telegraphic connection and the residents of that locality manifest a desire to suppress all information.

Squash Pie.

Five pints of stewed and strained squash, two quart of boiling milk, one and a half outmeas, four teaspoonful of salt, five cupfuls of sugar, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of Sicily Madeira, and two rose water. Gradually pour the boiling milk on the squash and stir continually. Add the sugar, the eggs, and the Madeira. Butter deep plates and line with a plain paste. Fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Brothers' Fatal Quarrel.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—A dispatch to the Times, from Chambersburg, says: Jesse and Levi Light, brothers, residing in St. Thomas township, got into an altercation last evening over the alleged improper intimacy of Levi and Jesse's wife. Levi picked up a fence rail and struck Jesse a blow across the back, breaking his back-bone. Isaac, another brother, who had just arrived on the scene, picked up the same weapon and assaulted Levi, breaking his arm and collar-bone. A physician was summoned, and pronounced Jesse's wounds fatal, and those of Levi serious.

The Dade of the Olden Time.

The American dude of 1800 is thus described: The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and he would be seen in the streets with his hat too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an animal and a lion, and had won. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.

DENVER, October 1.—Information has reached here to the effect that Marshall Clements, the murderer of his brother and his brother's wife, at Sagnache, was taken from the jail there by a party of masked men and carried to the scene of the crime, where he was lynched.

Clements had a knife, with which he had cut his way through the ropes of the jail, and he was seen to strike the neck of one of the masked men quite severely. Before he died he stated that his father and sister had nothing to do with the matter. The lynching occurred last Saturday night, but the location is remote from all telegraphic connection and the residents of that locality manifest a desire to suppress all information.

Squash Pie.

Five pints of stewed and strained squash, two quart of boiling milk, one and a half outmeas, four teaspoonful of salt, five cupfuls of sugar, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of Sicily Madeira, and two rose water. Gradually pour the boiling milk on the squash and stir continually. Add the sugar, the eggs, and the Madeira. Butter deep plates and line with a plain paste. Fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Brothers' Fatal Quarrel.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—A dispatch to the Times, from Chambersburg, says: Jesse and Levi Light, brothers, residing in St. Thomas township, got into an altercation last evening over the alleged improper intimacy of Levi and Jesse's wife. Levi picked up a fence rail and struck Jesse a blow across the back, breaking his back-bone. Isaac, another brother, who had just arrived on the scene, picked up the same weapon and assaulted Levi, breaking his arm and collar-bone. A physician was summoned, and pronounced Jesse's wounds fatal, and those of Levi serious.

The Dade of the Olden Time.

The American dude of 1800 is thus described: The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and he would be seen in the streets with his hat too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an animal and a lion, and had won. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.

DENVER, October 1.—Information has reached here to the effect that Marshall Clements, the murderer of his brother and his brother's wife, at Sagnache, was taken from the jail there by a party of masked men and carried to the scene of the crime, where he was lynched.

Clements had a knife, with which he had cut his way through the ropes of the jail, and he was seen to strike the neck of one of the masked men quite severely. Before he died he stated that his father and sister had nothing to do with the matter. The lynching occurred last Saturday night, but the location is remote from all telegraphic connection and the residents of that locality manifest a desire to suppress all information.

Squash Pie.

Five pints of stewed and strained squash, two quart of boiling milk, one and a half outmeas, four teaspoonful of salt, five cupfuls of sugar, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of Sicily Madeira, and two rose water. Gradually pour the boiling milk on the squash and stir continually. Add the sugar, the eggs, and the Madeira. Butter deep plates and line with a plain paste. Fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Brothers' Fatal Quarrel.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—A dispatch to the Times, from Chambersburg, says: Jesse and Levi Light, brothers, residing in St. Thomas township, got into an altercation last evening over the alleged improper intimacy of Levi and Jesse's wife. Levi picked up a fence rail and struck Jesse a blow across the back, breaking his back-bone. Isaac, another brother, who had just arrived on the scene, picked up the same weapon and assaulted Levi, breaking his arm and collar-bone. A physician was summoned, and pronounced Jesse's wounds fatal, and those of Levi serious.

The Dade of the Olden Time.

The American dude of 1800 is thus described: The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and he would be seen in the streets with his hat too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an animal and a lion, and had won. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.

DENVER, October 1.—Information has reached here to the effect that Marshall Clements, the murderer of his brother and his brother's wife, at Sagnache, was taken from the jail there by a party of masked men and carried to the scene of the crime, where he was lynched.

Clements had a knife, with which he had cut his way through the ropes of the jail, and he was seen to strike the neck of one of the masked men quite severely. Before he died he stated that his father and sister had nothing to do with the matter. The lynching occurred last Saturday night, but the location is remote from all telegraphic connection and the residents of that locality manifest a desire to suppress all information.

Squash Pie.

Five pints of stewed and strained squash, two quart of boiling milk, one and a half outmeas, four teaspoonful of salt, five cupfuls of sugar, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of Sicily Madeira, and two rose water. Gradually pour the boiling milk on the squash and stir continually. Add the sugar, the eggs, and the Madeira. Butter deep plates and line with a plain paste. Fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Information for Strangers.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toe down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked:

"Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"

"That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah, jawe, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toe point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau?"

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance it makes the time so long between drinks, was introduced to a man one day who had recently bought a saloon in his neighborhood.

"Well, do you see, we've got sort of a superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying men on top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Lynching With Difficulty.