

BALLADE OF A FAIR HUNTRESS.

She delights in the doe and the deer,
On the value of arms as "game" she
She can sing, she can dance like a fairy,

Prince! surely my soul has "struck"
Old Kett's, in his poems, this said;
She might come with a dawn of a duke—

An Eloquent Extinguisher.
The Listener has a venerable friend
who is very deaf, being able to hear
conversation only through a long flexible
tube with a trumpet at its extremity.

"Oh, Mr. —," he exclaimed, "I can
never"
The old man removed the other end of
the tube from his ear. The youth found
himself talking to thin air. He went
off into a ridiculous pantomime of en-
treaty, all the while brandishing the un-
connected ear trumpet. The old man
smiled.

"There are times," he said, "when it
is very convenient to be deaf."

The young man was obliged to go
away without having communicated to
his benefactor a single word of thanks.
—Boston Transcript.

Housekeeping a Trade.
The idea of this school seems to be to
train such girls as must earn their living
by housework, so that they may obtain
good situations and their employers re-
ceive in return good work. This is well
so far as it goes, but no housewife can
tell when work is properly done unless
she herself knows how it ought to be
done, and she cannot know this unless
she has been trained to do it. No trade
or profession in the land requires more
skill, good judgment and sound common
sense than does housekeeping; and yet a
man must learn his trade or profession
before he is considered fit to practice it,
a woman is put to housekeeping without
any real knowledge as to its require-
ments or skill in doing it. This is all
wrong. Put all girls through a thorough
course of training in every department
of housekeeping, whether they are to be
mistresses or servants, and the question
about housekeeping will be solved. —New
York Star.

"Lo" Divides His Effects.
"Big Mouth" Charley, the gay and
festive Indian who playfully sent D.
Pete to the happy hunting grounds at
Red Bluff, for which commendable ac-
tion he will enjoy the hospitality of the
state for seven years and four months,
distributed his personal effects as follows:

To Jim Turner, his brother, he gave his
oldest wife, Lizzie, also his real estate
and horses; the land is a 100 acre timber
claim. To "Coyote Pete," a friend, he
gave his youngest wife, Susie. To "Deer
Tom," another brother, he gave Mollie
Turner, his dead brother De's wife. His
thirty head of dogs, five Winchester
rifles, 500 rounds of cartridges, two re-
volvers and four knives, he gives to Jim
Turner; consideration, love and affection
for Lizzie. Behind a deep set grudge
against "Coyote Pete," which is the
reason for placing Susie under his pro-
tection. She is a tolerably tough piece
of femininity. —Red Bluff (Cal.) News.

One Way to Lay a Ghost.
"Bill Skimmis buried his father in a
most unbusiness way very near his
barn," said the man at the other end of
the table. "The neighbors thought it
was a shame, and made a good deal
of talk about it. One of them thought he
would punish Bill by scaring him, and
hid in wait for him near his father's
grave on a dark night.

"As Bill went up on his way from the
barn the man rose up as if from the
tomb and exclaimed in a ghostly voice,
'Is my father, Bill?'

"Who said you wasn't?" Bill answered.
"Get down there inter your hole whar
yer belong!" and he struck him across
the face with a bribe he was carrying
such a rap that the would-be specter
carried the scars for months. —Lewiston
Journal.

Sammie Can Spell.
A little miss of 7 years heard one of
her sisters say a day or two ago, "I
don't believe I can spell daggersostype,"
and she immediately boldly made the
assertion, "Sammie can. He can spell
every word there is." "Why, Jennie?"
exclaimed the little girl's mother, who
knew that Sammie was about 10 years
of age, and not remarkably precocious
in orthography. "Well, he can," per-
sisted the young lady, "and her voice
modestly fell as she added the say-
ing clause—"I don't believe he can spell
mor'n half of 'em right." —Troy Times.

Knew She Wasn't a Bostonian.
A charming and thoroughly cosmo-
opolitan woman who came to Boston a
year or two ago tells the following sug-
gestive incident:

"I was introduced the other day to a
naive person, who greeted me cordially,
and exclaimed: 'Ah, Mrs. Blenvenne, I
have seen you at church and in the street
car often. You are from the south, are
you not? I knew that you were not a
Bostonian, because I noticed that you
always smiled when you bowed.'" —Boston
Gazette.

Chinese Wine Making.

Wine making is said to have existed
for thousands of years before the intro-
duction of distilling. The process is sim-
ple. glutinous rice, or leung-nai, is
placed over a fire in a large iron pan and
softened with warm water. It is made
into a thick, solid sort of gruel. This
steeped rice is placed on a table with
raised edges to prevent the fluid from
overflowing. Over the rice, when in
this state, the yeast to aid fermentation
is sprinkled. The whole is then mixed
and mashed with an iron tumbler, and
remains in a large stoneware jar for
several days. If the wine is desired to
be of a sweet taste, two days are enough;
but for wine without sweet taste four or
five days are required. To make the
second kind of wine stronger the Chinese
brewer often adds spirit. After all this
the wine, solid and liquid parts together,
is placed in a cloth bag, and this goes
into a pressing chest of wood called chu,
the wine press. A heavy stone presses
it down and the wine flows out from a
sort of tap at the side of the press.

The remainder of solid matter is called
tsun, and is used to feed animals or as a
ferment. The method of distilling was
introduced in the Yuen dynasty. To the
wooden cylinder which holds the matter
there are three covers. The outer and
upper one contains cold water and
keeps the second one cool to condense
the spirit. The spirit rises from the
softened rice matter below, which has
been under manipulation for several
days, and passes through the first cover
to the second. It here becomes con-
densed and flows down the sides into
a triangular trough which receives it
and delivers it from a spout. Williams
and Morrison's dictionary and Legg's
classics seem to have been compiled with
the impression that the Chinese practiced
distillation in ancient times. This is an
error. The Chinese only knew the or-
dinary process of fermentation. —Chinese
Recorder.

Notes of Washington.
Of the relics of Gen. George Washing-
ton none, perhaps, exceed in interest or
are more valuable on account of their
associations than the collection now
owned by Mr. Lawrence Washington, of
Marshall, Fauquier county, Virginia,
who inherited them from his father,
Col. John Augustine Washington, the
last of the family in ownership of Mount
Vernon. This gentleman inherited them
from Judge Bushrod Washington, and
he from Gen. Washington. These relics,
kept at Mount Vernon from the time of
Washington till that property passed
from the possession of the Washington
family to the Ladies' association, are
more intimately associated with Wash-
ington's home and, having been for
nearly a century in the possession of his
male heirs, are probably more intimately
associated with his name than any other
collection, and while every article in it
is highly interesting there are two pieces
of surpassing interest not only to Ameri-
cans, but also to the people of France.

The first in point of interest is a full
length engraving of Louis XVI, presented
to Washington by that unfortunate mon-
arch, whose support of the American
colonies in their struggle for independ-
ence so largely contributed to his own
destruction by the impetus given to
liberal ideas. This engraving (the only
one of its kind, the plate having been de-
stroyed with that intent), to mark the
present mood of a personal compliment,
was accompanied by an autograph letter
from Louis, which was burned with a
number of other valuable papers, about
the close of the late civil war.

The other relic deserving special notice
is a statuette of Necker, to the pedestal
of which are attached two brass plates.
On the upper plate is the inscription,
"Qui nobis resistit rem," and on the
lower "Presented to George Washing-
ton, President of the United States of
America, by his most dutiful, most
obedient and most humble servant, Es-
taing, a citizen of the state of Georgia,
by act of February 14, 1778, and a citizen
of France, 1780." —Washington Cor., New
York Herald.

What "John" Has Done.
At least in one way the public gener-
ally have been benefited by the influx
of Mongolians into this country. The Chi-
nese at one time threatened to com-
pletely monopolize the laundry business
throughout the United States. There
was only one way for the American
laundrymen to fight them, and that was
by doing superior work. The Americans
realized this, and rose to the occasion.
Every device for improving their mode
of washing and ironing clothes was
rapidly taken up. Steam laundries
multiplied everywhere, and their system
was gradually perfected until now no
laundry workmanship is finer than the
American. On the other hand the
Chinese have not made the slightest
effort to keep up with the American
system. They have no idea of progress,
and the few people who happen to pro-
prietor them are still sure to have a row
with John and to run a very likely
chance of losing their skin if they
should happen to mislay the pigtail's
hieroglyphic check, which he furnishes
in the first place as a receipt for the
clothes. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On the Edge of an Explosion.
A doctor happened to be telling his
family of an amusing case he had wit-
nessed at a patient's house during the
day. "Mr. Brown," said the doctor,
"was not seriously ill, but his wife really
made matters worse and herself supremely
ridiculous by rushing in and out like
a wet hen." The doctor's son, Bob, a
very bright boy of six, was present when
his father said this and treasured his
words. A day or two afterwards Mrs.
Brown called on the doctor's family,
and when Bob came into a room he sat
down on a stool and fixed his eyes on
the visitor. By and by he asked very seri-
ously, "Mrs. Brown, do you know anything
about a wet hen?" Of course she replied
in the negative, and Bob's face assumed
a very puzzled expression. After a
brief pause—hesitant to his sister—Bob
said: "Well, it seems to me you ought
to." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

HE WAS NEAR SIGHTED.

Annoyances of a Gentleman Who Toted
Aston for a Candidate.
Many are the would-be bank attend-
ants on near sightedness. There is prob-
ably no person thus afflicted who has not
at some time met his best friends and
killed possible acquaintances by fail-
ing to recognize some one to whom he
has been recently introduced.

A very nervous and sensitive gentle-
man, who can literally see little more
than "an inch before his nose," says he
has far less to regret from his failures to
salute acquaintances than from his at-
tempts at attention after inevitable
mistakes. The history of one morning's
blunders may suffice to show the disabili-
ties under which he struggles.

On the way down town he met his
sister, who had once stopped him, exclaim-
ing, "Why, Henry Gilbert, how could you
fail to recognize Mrs. Miles? You say
just passed her, and I suppose she didn't
hear because there wasn't even a gleam
of recognition on your face."

"Dear, dear! have I actually made
such a blunder?" said poor Henry. "And
I am particularly anxious to be on good
terms with her husband, but they're
new comers to town, how could I be
expected to know her, when I've only seen
her twice?"

"On the other hand, she can't be ex-
pected to make allowances for you, not
knowing you are near sighted," said his
sister severely. "Now, Henry, do keep
a lookout for people, and try not to make
any more mistakes for twenty-four
hours."

Henry went on his way with a heavy
heart, but when he entered a horse car
that noon, it was with a thrill of elation
that he saw Mrs. Miles established in one
corner. To gain a seat beside her, and
begin ingratiating overtures, was the
work of an instant.

"Good morning," said the repentant
one, taking off his hat with more than
ordinary deference. "What a lovely day!
I'm sure you've been shopping."

The lady only looked at him, but her
sternly surprised her companion, so
abruptly was he in motion.

"Ladies are such privileged beings,"
he went on. "Think how charming it
is to go about buying silks and ribbons,
instead of sitting all day in a stuffy
office like an automaton man."

The lady moved as far from Henry as
convenience would admit, but still she
did not speak.

"I saw your husband this morning,"
recollected Mr. Gilbert.

"I have no husband," she announced,
coldly.

He looked her full in the face.

"Bless me!" gapped he, "I believe you
are not Mrs. Miles after all!"

"I certainly am not,"

Mr. Gilbert apologized, and left her at
the next corner. There, face to face,
he met a lady who looked so familiar
that, in pure despair, he took off his hat
to her, only to be repelled by a surprised
and distant look.

"That was a mistake, too," growled he,
"fortunately I didn't know her, and she
thinks I meant to be impertinent."

He rushed on to seek the shelter of his
own walk, and as he entered the gate, a
lady passed by on the other side of the
street.

"I declare, Henry, this is too bad!"
called his sister, before he reached the
place where she was sitting. "You have
actually met Mrs. Miles again! There
she goes down the street, and you had
all the chance in the world to bow, or
even run over to her and apologize."

"Sister," said Mr. Gilbert, trembling
her with a desperate glance, "never dare
to mention Mrs. Miles' name to me again!"
—Youth's Companion.

Tobacco's Dearest Study.
The great Russian novelist, Tolstai,
writes in a study as pure, blank, and
unadorned as the steps of his native
clime. There is neither carpet on the
floor nor draperies in the window, nor
flowers, nor paintings, nor bric-a-brac.
There is scarcely even any furniture.
An old lounge, pushed against one wall,
an immense table in a hopeless litter of
papers, periodicals, manuscripts and
books of reference, near a chair, and
in an opposite corner a second table, also
covered with pamphlets, but these as-
sorted and arranged in piles. The room
is divided into two compartments by an
unpainted wooden partition which runs
half way up to the ceiling and from
which depend two wooden racks—used
by Tolstai in his garden, and in the cor-
ner stands a wooden spade—above it,
hanging from some wooden pegs, Tol-
stai's great cap, everlast. Evidently
the famous writer plunges deeply into
the subject of his writings as to be ob-
livious of his surroundings. —Pittsburg
Commercial.

Henry Irving's Snapper.
A desire to see more closely the man
who has given us such pleasure (natural
and excusable). So much may be urged
in excuse for the readers that often ob-
ject the stage door of the Lyceum, their
object being a nearer sight and perhaps
a word from the hero or heroine of the
evening.

"Oh, Miss Terry, it is so kind of you to
speak to me! We do admire you so! We
have been waiting so long! When do
you think that Mr. Irving is likely to
leave the Theatre?"

"It is more than I can say. I don't
think he has begun his snapper yet."

"Oh, do tell us what he has for sup-
per!" said a shrill voice.

"Well," said naughty Miss Terry, very
gravely, "let me see. To-night—well,
to-night, I think it is tripe and onions."

Tripe and onions! Charles I, after his
pathetic parting with his children—when
tears coursed each other down his face—
eating tripe and onions!—Pritha's Re-
miniscences.

Prevention.
First Doctor—Have you ever heard
the Doc. Mr. Goodman, who exchanges
pulpits with our pastor today?

Second Doctor—No.

First Doctor—Well, I have. I think
Brother Pambasket, we'd better vary our
regular custom this morning and take
up the collection before the sermon. —
Chicago Tribune.

London Without End.

London never fails to impress the tour-
ist with its peculiar place among the
cities of the world. There is every pres-
entation for finer groups of buildings, its
main thoroughfares, such as Regent
street and Oxford street, are not to be
compared with those in Paris or Milan,
delphin but there is nobility in its paving,
a steady progress in its vehicles, a
sense of continuity in the endless suc-
cession of its streets, an air of unapproach-
ing confidence in its crowds, an unshak-
ing, monotonous uniformity in its sub-
urban villas which is unique. London is
the place where hundreds of millions
which would move many a metropolis
to its center are so quietly unnoted ex-
cept by such as happen to come across
them. Even the most popular events,
which may attract some hundred thou-
sand people, do not make a ripple in the
surface of the great whirl and mo-
tion of the city which surrounds the city
proper.

He must be a very big man, indeed,
who can draw direct personal notice in
London. Metropolitan news is conveyed
not by conversation or verbal rumor, but
by journals. The "talk of the clubs"
(extended by some "society" papers) is an
infinitely small fraction of that which
engages the metropolis. There is really
no "talk of the town" as distinct from
that of the nation. It is these things
which distinguish London. Not long
ago I asked by the castle in Edinburgh
and noticed that I could discern most of
work in the fields all around me. There
were indications of separate outside life.
It is so, moreover, in the large transac-
tionable cities. Down the straight streets
of New York you can catch glimpses of
white sails on the Hudson or East river,
but when you look at London from any
square or open space within its borders,
there appears no proof that it has any
borders at all, or that it ends anywhere.
It might cover the whole earth for all
you can see. —The Cornhill Magazine.

Wolverines are Ugly Customers.
Few Washington people know what a
wolverine is. They know that Michigan
is called the Wolverine state, and that
Michigan people are called Wolverines.
But they have little or no idea why the
state was so named or what the nick-
name means.

The state is named after an animal
that used to infest, and still frequents,
the dense woods in the northern part of
the state, as well as in the woods of
northern Wisconsin and Canada. This
animal is the wolverine, or, as the vari-
ous of him found in northern European
countries are called, the glutton. They
are savage beasts, these wolverines, and
they play and havoc with the cattle of
the Michigan farmers. They are like a
cross between a wolf and bear. The
tail and the hoofs resemble those of a
wolf, but in strength and size and un-
aggressiveness they much resemble a bear.

They are exceedingly strong, tough, and
they can climb trees. Many a hunter
has walked under a tree up in Michigan
without looking for a wolverine in the
tree first, and the wolverine dropped
down on him from one of the lower
limbs, and before the next morning had
eaten him up, backbone, beehives and all,
even to the heels of his hunting boots.

They are ugly looking beasts, the only
pretty thing about them being their
bristly tail, a foot or so long. Their claws
are longer and sharper than bears', and
their teeth just as sharp.

Altogether the animal is a very im-
pleasant sort of one to see outside of a
cage. They are not especially wary
and suspicious, that is, it is almost im-
possible to catch them alive, and so they
don't have them in circuses and zoological
gardens, and most people don't know
what they are. They are so savage that
hunters don't care to hunt them, and so
the wolverine has things about his own
way where he lives. —Washington Critic.

Give White and Joe.
Embed Payer about the hanging of
Oscar Wilde by Hungry Joe. Said he:
"I saw Wilde give Joe the check over
the Deumawick, but Joe got away be-
fore I could interfere. Lemme at once
to the Second National bank and tell
the cashier not to pay Wilde's check if
presented, but send for me. It wasn't
twenty minutes until I was sent for, and
there was Hungry Joe himself with the
check. Of course he gave up. Inspector
Byrnes took all the credit of the affair
nevertheless, and I never got my credit
in the matter at all. Hungry Joe got
\$1,000 in cash and checks out of the
president of a large bank in Montreal,
who was a great at the Fifth Avenue
hotel, but when I told him the banker
was our best Joe gave up like a little
man. He came pretty near getting \$100
out of Gen. John A. Logan once. The
general was in one of the rooms on the
ground floor on the Twenty-third street
side of the house, where the ladies' en-
trance is located.

"The boy at the door came and told me
that the general had gone into his room
accompanied by a bunch of men. I went
around and knocked at the door. Hungry
Joe was just going away, but I
barred the door and asked the general if
he had given the fellow my money. The
general was hesitated to get miffed at
my question, and blurted out that the
young man was the son of the president
of the bank in Chicago, where the gen-
eral's position was kept. I said: 'Why,
general, the man is a thief, a common
thief.' He would scarcely believe me,
but presently Hungry Joe took \$50 out
of his pocket, which he got from Logan,
handing it back said I was not to
hand it and the general might as well have
his eyes opened.' The general had given
him \$50 and was going to give him \$100
the next day. This story of Logan has
never been told before." —Cincinnati En-
quirer.

Some Things.
The pastor was a little distressed with
giving out the notices from the pulpit,
and did not observe the snail that passed
around the congregation like a magic
hat, as it were, when in speaking of the
poor fund he called it "A Charity Bawl." Every-
body smiled except the quartet.—Bur-
dette in Brooklyn Eagle.

SCAUTY IN THE FOOT.

Not so Delicately Shod in the Make-
up of a Perfect Woman.
"The girl of the period," says a gen-
erally a prominent ethnologist, "is devo-
tely herself to the study of the study
of her feet. She has found out that this
instrument is capable of almost as much
development for strength and beauty
as any other member of her body. She
knows that the splendid exercise of
gymnastic playing, in which each finger and
every bone of the hand, wrist and arm
is developed to the greatest state of this-
tiness and beauty's own moldings, con-
tains the very least she wants to follow
in the development of the foot. No, she
is not going to play the piano with her
feet, but she is going through a lot of
gymnastic exercises with them. She sits
on the bed every morning working her
toes, then she walks around the room on
her bare feet, and straightening out her
ankle like a ballet girl, with every step.
She finds at first that she must move
herself on the balls of her feet and walk
as then.

"Presently that becomes easy. In a
week or so the exercise will accomplish
that much. Then she grows able to lift
herself off even the balls of her feet on to
the very toes alone for moments at a
time. Then she sits down on the bed
and gives them lighter exercises, just by
working them until they will move in-
dependently of each other. At first she
has to pull them with her hands as far
as possible in all different directions, just
like the pianist practices his hands on the
booster. They are very awkward at
first, just as the fingers would have been
if not practiced, and, indeed, as many
people's fingers are. But is no longer a
victim to the foolish prejudice against
spreading her feet out on the floor. She
is no longer a victim of the illusion to
the eyesight of art, that listless and
beauty. She no longer desires a set of
cramped toes, but spreads them out on
the floor and tries to make them assume
the square, beautiful proportions of the
baldy's sweet foot.

"In fact the best development came
with the fashionable progressive girl of
the period may be called the 'baldy foot'
crisis. These exercises of the foot and
toes make them able to spring twice as
far off their feet. She is constantly work-
ing her feet. She is doing just the
reverse of what she used to do when she
fought with her slippers because the
slip was too tight enough. She is now
constantly fighting with them to get them
loose at the toes, and many a girl who
is proud of her new slippers, progressively
finds will hold the toe of a broad shoe in
their for you in the street, at home,
and elsewhere.

"Many jokes were cracked on the corn
doctors in the papers, but we always ad-
vised people to wear anything but pointed
shoes. The foot and toes should have
all the freedom of the hand and fingers.
A great many girls also ask us for advice
about curing pigeon toes. It is a curious
thing that many girls live all their lives
and are laughed at by the boys for walk-
ing pigeon toes, when they never notice
that they walk differently from other
people. But those who have them cor-
rect it to a great extent by practice. I
saw several young ladies in a practice
which they say has greatly improved
them. That is to get before a mirror in
their dressing rooms and walk toward
it, stepping high and extending the leg
straight out toward the glass at every
step. They found when the foot lights
how it crosses in upon the vertical plane
which the other foot must reverse for its
movements. They thus see both the legs
are not huge quite properly, but learn
to move them in parallel planes. Stepping
forward and backward toward the
mirror will frequently correct pigeon
toe walking." —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Artillery in the Future.
As the range of guns in the field is
increasing, it will more that error
be prepared by cannon, batteries will
open up at distances of miles, and the
necessary batteries must, at least, be
reached before infantry can venture
to advance, except under very peculiar
circumstances. The power of modern
cannon is so tremendous that, when bat-
tery batteries come into conflict at any-
thing like reasonably good distances, viz.,
from 1,500 to 2,500 yards, the duel may
severely last long. We shall see no can-
nonballs that directed against La
Haye-Sabote, which lasted for hours, and
the victory will belong to the artillery
chiefs who, with accuracy like an equal-
ity of force, by their gun's feet, take
most accurate aim, avoid snags and
wild discharges, take care that their en-
emy is not buried, and, above all, can
enable their enemy—a process now more
than ever destructive.

For the reasons to which we have re-
ferred before the system of artillery re-
ferred to should be given up as completely
obsolete, no efforts should be spared to
bring forward every available gun as
quickly as possible, and the organization
of the three arms should be so arranged
as to secure this object, the pieces and
their trains being always kept in close
contact with the rest of the army and
capable of rapid movement to the front.

For the rest artillery should be always
ready and equal to combat in the field
with infantry; it should consider itself a
more powerful arm in anything like an
equal struggle, and once it has been
placed in its true position it should, if
possible, never fall back. At the same
time, in our judgment at least, artillery,
owing to the vast spaces of the fields in
modern war, may on many occasions be
gratifyingly helpful. —The Academy.

Not Anxious for the Job.
"John, wake up! I hear a noise in the
kitchen. There's somebody in the house!"
"Jumping out of bed," "Don't be
struck, Maria. I'll drive 'em out! Be
calm, darling."

"Don't go down that steep stairway
with your revolver cocked, John. It
might go off before you are ready."

"I'm crawling back into bed again." "Mrs.
Bills, if you haven't any confidence in
my management of burglars you can
take the revolver and go down yourself."
—Chicago Tribune.

When Perfection Brings Profit.

Good timing, in its 7, is neither de-
grading nor anything else that is bad; a
race is a beautiful and exhilarating spec-
tacle, and quiet men, who never bet, are
taking part of themselves in a delightful
fashion when they acquire the roughness
of the rougher past. No sensible man
supposes for a moment that owners and
trainers have any deliberate intention of
hurrying the — of horses, but, never-
theless, these splendid tests of speed and
endurance undoubtedly tend indirectly
to produce a fine breed, and that is worth
taking into account. The survival of the
fittest is the law that governs racing
clubs, the thought and observation of
clever men are constantly exercised with
a view to preserving excellence and
eliminating defects, so that little by little
we have contrived in the course of a
century to approach equine perfection.
If a twelve stone man were put up on
Bendigo that magnificent animal could
give half a mile start to any Arab stud
that ever was foaled and run away from
the Arab at the finish of a four mile
course. Weight need not be considered,
for if the eastern bred horse only carried
a postage stamp the result would be
much about the same.

Minting could carry fourteen stone
across a country, while if we come to
micro speed there is really no knowing
what horses like Ormonde, Energy,
Finesse Charlie and others might have
done had they been present. If the
Earl of Hall were to bring out a pair of
his best mares the Newmarket owners
could pick out "fifty times from among
their second rate animals, and a score
of the fifties could distance the best of
the Arabs on any terms; while, if fifty
horses were run off over any course, one
half a mile to four miles, the English
horses would not lose one. The cham-
pion Arab of the world was matched
against one of the worst thoroughbreds
in training; the English "plater" carried
about five stone more than the pride of
the east, and ran by a quarter of a mile.
Consequently the breeders of races
have been endeavoring for the last century
to produce a breed of horses known to
the world, and we cannot afford to neglect that consideration, for
people will not arrive after perfection
unless perfection brings profit. —The
Contemporary Review.

Asahel Child Wives.
The Indian reformers who have taken
in hand the marriage of girl widows
find no difficulty in obtaining plenty of
candidates. Where trouble comes in is
to the disposal of these matrimonial
disposable ladies pending the discovery of
suitable partners. No sooner does a
widow announce her intention of re-
marrying another husband if she can than she
is drowned by all her kith and kin, cut
by her acquaintances and in some cases
sent abroad to pick up a living for herself.
The reformers feel under an obligation,
therefore, to soften the severity of the
marriage law to the best of their ability,
and with that object widow homes have
been established here and there. The
expense is, perhaps, as good a one as
could be devised, but the managers of
the homes are not to be deterred. In order
to carry out the — of the scheme,
young ladies have to be obtained to make
choices among the bereaved beauties, and
of course, a certain amount of philan-
thropy must be allowed to enable the
high contracting parties to come to terms.

All maternal heads of families will
know that even when only one affair of
this sort is going on in a household, a
deal of noise and circumsppection often
have to be exercised. Divorced, then,
have been the perplexities of the man-
agement at the Juliparian home lately,
when twenty-five numerous youths were
daily coming in many slippers without
the indignity to apply for lodgings in a
house, but this request was of course
cavalry refused. Since, however, the
agency appears to bring about a consid-
erably number of marriages, these inter-
ventions in the matrimonial may be
pardoned. There is no fate more ter-
rible than that of the Indian child widow
doomed to an isolated and hopeless ex-
istence while yet in her early teens. —
London Globe.

Admitted to the Eastern Press Hall.
A slight at Springfield, Ills., was
met with a railroad doublet for many
years submitted to his home, about for
years (see Chicago), by a telegram re-
garding the serious illness of his wife,
which he reached Chicago it was late
the evening, and there was but one
minute to his town that night. As he
was waiting for the train time he noticed
a conductor was a new man, whom he
recognized, and then for the first time
came to mind the fact that he had his
personal passover that read in his
at Springfield. Approaching the con-
ductor, he introduced himself and the
circumstances, said that all the
conductors know him, and he never
forgot his pass to them, so he had to
ask about it.

"Here no doubt it is all right," said
the conductor, "but I cannot carry you."
"But," said the gentleman, pleading Petio-
ne, "my wife is very ill. I must go home
to-day."

"You're sorry," replied the conductor,
"but I cannot carry you."

"Is there anybody around here with a
pass to take a pass—anybody who can
carry me?"

"The conductor knew of nobody answering
the bill, but he had that authority.
"Well," said the fellow in despair,
"shall have to drive out there, and
I'll know the road, and it will take me
eight any way."

By combing his hair last night he
looked like a predicament and said:
"I can't carry you for nothing, but I
will advance the money to you if—
"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed
a fellow, smiling all over. "I've got
several dollars right here in my pocket,
and he ran off to buy a ticket."

"Conductor, if you hadn't mentioned
my fellow never have thought of
going up there. I had forgotten the
bill, but I can't carry anything but a pass."

"His face was \$1.10." —Washington Post.

Petio-
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ER