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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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I count him not an honest friend
Who would all courtesies extend
When I have wealth in store;
But should misfortune's ills attend
Would all my wants ignore.

I ask no one to speak my name
When I have won an envied fame
By efforts of my own,
Who would not always do the same,
Should I remain unknown.

I scorn the man who passes by
With lips unmoved, and head tossed high,
When he has naught to ask;
But when a favor meets his eye,
Seeks friendship as a mask.

If wealth, or fame, or favor make
A friend, how little will it take
To snap the slender chain?
Oh, why should earthly trifles break
Those sacred ties in twain?

True friendship thrives on any soil
If nourished with affection's oil,
And cultured without end;
And he who wears the coat of toil
Is none the less my friend.

There's charity in ragged clothes,
And truer love, and brighter glows
The heartfire of the heart
Than all that wealth or luxury knows,
Or ever can impart.

'Tis want that tests affection's net,
And care that binds us closer yet;
And to the leal and true,
Though idle tongues may ill beget,
A deeper love is due.

Willis W. Hughes.

MINNIE'S STRATAGEM.

Brandon Cloud, author, sat on the edge of his bed and gazed in dismal dispair at the upturned sole of his boot.

On the table lay an almost completed novel, whose progress had received a dual check. Firstly, the supply of paper had become exhausted, which, secondly, allowed the author time to think of the woman he loved; and this always made him so utterly miserable that he could not bring his thoughts to bear upon anything but the apparent hopelessness of the state of man.

"Well, Brandon, my boy," he mused bitterly, "you've reached the end at last. Assets, 10 cents; liabilities, an empty stomach and a landlady's bill for $50."

He had thought of suicide before, but he was young and clung to life, bad as it was, living more in hope than substance.

The only alternative was starvation, and this he considered worse still. He could not have labored manually if he had got work to do, for having been born in the purple he had always counted poverty out of his life, so had learned no trade. He dropped into his chair again and picked up the manuscript of his novel. How beautifully smooth it read; what a grand plot it was, and what a character was the poor, struggling, ambition-loving journalist—"A Fin-de-Siecle Fool." Ah! If he could finish it. No more starvation, no more lying to widow landladies, no more dreaming of the woman he loved but would not marry.

While he sat thinking of what might be there came a knock at the door, so timid that he did not notice it until it was repeated thrice.

"The landlady," he thought, without rising.

However, it was not the portly form of the widow that met Brandon's gaze when the door opened, but a sweet little vision of a girl enwrapped in sables. He started to his feet with an exclamation as she came into the room the smile on her face lighting up the apartment like a ray of summer sunshine.

"My dear Minnie," he cried, as he offered her a chair and relieved her of her muff and boa, "what in the world induced you to come here?"

"Curiosity and—love but—"

"Curiosity! Seven-eighths of a woman's nature. It has ruined many a woman and—"

"Now it's going to save a man," she interposed with a smile, which died from her eyes, as she glanced around the room. "You don't appear to be very comfortable, and no fire. You said in your letter you were making your fortune. That is not true."

Brandon was seated on the edge of the table looking at nothing particular.

"Perfectly," he answered, shifting uneasily. "Only, you know, Minnie, it's work; there are so many at the game, and I never was clever."

"You have grown pessimistic. Poor Brandon!" and she caught his hands. "How cold you are! Why don't you have a fire?"

The author did not answer.

"Oh, I understand," she said in a low, sympathetic voice. "No wood, no coals, no money, eh?" and she caressed his hand fondly. "You have not made much progress on the royal road?"

"Don't you understand, Minnie, I have endeavored to earn my own living honestly, endeavored to be independent of any man, and I want to continue so. There are enough parasites in the world. It has been a bit of a struggle, I'll admit, but I have grown accustomed to it."

"Brandon," was Minnie's solemn response, "I want to show you the folly of your independence. Did you think I could not read between the lines of your letter to me? A man who is making his fortune, or who is earning a living and has hopes for the future, does not implore the woman he loves to forget him and marry some other man. Brandon, do you love me?" She placed her hands upon his shoulders and looked up into his face.

He shut his eyes for a moment his lips quivered and he did not speak, but he smoothed her fair hair softly.

"Then you will come away with me?" she pleaded. "You will sink your foolish spirit of pride and independence and make me a happy woman?" and she nestled her head on his arm. "Not long ago, when you were rich, you loved me and we were to be married; but when you lost your all in those wretched companies you would not be my husband, though my fortune is ample for both."

"I wish I could swallow my wretched pride, but I cannot. I could not live on your money in your house. My inmost feelings would cry shame at me; my position would be unbearable."

Minnie shivered.

"You are cold?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Well, you had better be going," and he handed her her furs. "It is so kind and good of you, Minnie, but—but I'll try a litter longer for that fortune, and the ghost of a smile lingered on his face for an instant.

"I suppose I could not help you in any way, Brandon? May I leave my check book?"

The question was put very hesitatingly, and while the inner man cried "Yes," in piteous accents, the outer gentleman declined the kind offer with a courteous firmness.

"I have read several of your short stories," Minnie said, as she pulled on her gloves, "and I think they are really clever. But you ought to try something big—a three volume novel."

"They are going out of fashion, and, besides, they take such a time. One can scribble off short stories like nursery rhymes and the turn is quick."

He referred to the return of the manuscrips; she thought he meant payment.

"But here, he went on rapidly, going to the table and taking up his unfinished book, "there is a novel I have almost completed. None of your ordinary drivel, but realism, and that is the demand of the hour. It will not be more than 40,000 words, and I am confident of its success."

"When you finish your book, Brandon," she advised, "send it to Irvine & Irvine. They will publish it in their "Non-de-plume" series. "You will have an eccentric, idiotic poster all to yourself in the new art style and the puzzle of the hour will be: "What is the writer's name?" Is it a he or a she? Then, when the papers have criticised your book, praised it, slashed it and discussed it for all it is worth, your real name will be discovered; interviewers will regard you as a special prize; your photo will be attempted in the evening news sheets and you will be famous."

Her throat burned while she spoke; her voice was very dry, and her bonhommie artificial.

"Good-by, good-by!"

"Kiss me, Brandon; a last kiss."

He bent and pressed his lips to hers, then turned quickly away as she hurried down stairs and home, and sat in his chair far into the evening, the most miserable man on earth.

It was about a week later, and Brandon was still in his lodgings. His landlady had informed him immediately after Minnie's visit that some one settled a long standing debt, so he need not worry over his little account. He blessed her; she passed the blessing on to Minnie Horton. He sat at the table endeavoring to think out his novel, but he could not compose a single sentence, for on the news sheet spread out before him there danced in the blackest of type a paragraph which had paralyzed all the energy in him. Minnie was to be married! She had taken him at his word, and would wed Percy Gicott in three months' time.

Well, that ended it. The one ray of hope that had made his existence bearable had been flashed from his life and death was the only panacea. Poisoning, hanging, drowning or a bullet—anything to get out of the world quickly. And he had loved her so much! Of course, it was his own choice; if he could only have conventionally murdered his pride and laughed in the world's face he might have been happy with the woman he loved, but he could not, and now he could not live.

Thus ran his reflections, when the landlady brought him a letter, written on perfumed yellow paper. He recognized the handwriting at once. It was from Minnie, and confirmed his newspaper item. She retained his ring as a keepsake.

"Do not give way to ridiculous passion," she advised him, and his face hardened as he read the words again. Not he! Why should he? Must his life be suddenly extinguished, his hopes dispelled, because he had lost the love of one woman? There were scores of other ones—all beautiful, all loving, all good—no, some good; and when he was famous! He had struck the right chord, and his whole being sprang into a furious blaze of ambition—a desire to cheat the woman who he thought had jilted him, and laugh at her in mockery and triumph.

He walked his room feverishly, his hands clinched and his lips set tight, while the fire of ambition forged his determination and withered his love. By heavens, he would be famous! Day after day he would toil at that book until it was finished, and then—then his triumph.

Yes, that was it; work, work, and forget her; and he pitched the dainty note into the fire and commenced. He unfroze; all his energies returned, all his thoughts rushed back upon him and fell over each other as his pen raced across the paper. In a few days his book was ready for the publishes.

Brandon received a reply from Irvine & Irvine in two days. This was a revelation that astounded him. But what surprised him still more was the fact that the publishers wanted to see him.

It was a pity Minnie had been so hasty, Brandon thought, as he perused Irvine's note, time after time. Fortune and fame were written all over him, and if he only had her!

At least he ought to write and congratulate her on her engagement. He wondered with a mean exultation what she would feel like; if she would turn white when she read of his success. So he sat down to write, but, remembering that all eggs did not turn out chicks, he deferred it until he had seen the publisher.

After the interview he was mad with himself because he had not written, for Irvine & Irvine paid him $1300 down for all the rights of his book. How he walked to his home from the office he never knew, and he wondered why he had not cabbed it. He remembered changing his check at the bank, buying a quarter cigar, which he enjoyed with great gusto, and visiting his tailors, where he purchased a ready-made suit, and was measured for various others. Of course, he would have to change his lodging now. He could not entertain interviewers in his present garret.

Arrived home, he desired to wipe off his debts with his landlady at once, throwing carelessly upon the table in her best parlor a handful of gold, which took all the breath from the old lady's body. She was in no hurry, however. There was a visitor upstairs waiting for him.

"A man gasped Brandon, with a sinking heart, as his mind flew to interviewers. But it was a lady, as he quickly discovered, and that lady, Minnie. His heart beat rapidly, his breath came quickly, his eyes gleamed brightly, and he was about to catch her in his arms when he remembered that she belonged to another, and the memory crushed him.

He attempted to speak, but a sudden attack of asphyixia stilled his tongue, and he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands, while the lump that had risen in his throat almost choked him.

"Aren't you well, Brandon?" Minnie inquired, alarmed at his appearance. She placed her small hand lovingly upon his burning forehead, but he winced at the touch as though it was something that hurt him. "Are you ill, dear?" and she sank on her knees and strove to pull his hands from his face.

"It was only a joke, darling, only a joke," she cried pitcously, her eyes wet with tears. "I am not going to marry Olcott."

Brandon sat upright suddenly, his face very white.

"You are not?" as he caught her wrists in a frantic grasp.

"No, no! Forgive me, dearest. I thought if I told you that, you would fancy I was happy, and so be able to work. You said so."

Brandon sighed deeply, bent forward and kissed her.

"I might have killed myself," he remarked presently.

"You had too much pride." She was smiling now.

"But why have you come here again?"

"You never wrote to me, Brandon, and I thought I—"

"You feared I should do what you knew I would not. That's like a woman!" and he laughed lightly. "But it's all over now, Minnie. I have completed my book and sold it to the Irvines for $1300. The announcement of your engagement kicked my pride so hard that I had to do something desperate."

Minnie was a splendid actress.

"What?" craning forward with one hand on her lover's shoulder: "$1300! You darling," and she kissed him eagerly.

"Yes, and there's more to follow. They are certain it will be a success, and they claim the refusal of all my other works. God bless you Minnie. But for you—you've got to share this with me!"

He threw the gold and notes upon the table, but the girl shrank back.

"No, no, Brandon, your brains earned it; it is all yours. Yes! We will share it, and all that is to come. No refusal; you proposed it."

They were married within a month. "A Fin-de Siecle Fool" was not a success. Indeed, it was an utter failure; and one paper remarked that Messrs. Irvine & Irvine had better close up if that was the best rubbish they could secure.

How Minnie laughed at that great unknown scribe who penned these lines! Like Brandon he never knew that Minnie Horton was the real publisher of the volume; that she paid Brandon that $1300, and that she published all his following effusions.

Brandon works merrily on; writes four hours each day, and sells each book as soon as it is finished. Strange to relate, many of his works are out of print. Though paid for, they have never been published. Occasionally he determines to trot around to Irvine's and inquire what they mean by such scandalous conduct; but when this fit seizes him, Minnie always has something for him to do, and he always does it.—*Boston Traveler.*

"While down in the southwestern part of the state some time ago," says Mr. W. Chalmers, editor of the Chico (Cal.) Enterprise, "I had an attack of dysentery. Having heard of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I bought a bottle. A couple of doses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach and bowel complaints." For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

A Dog Up in Tactics.

Lieut. George Jessup, an officer of the 13th Regiment, N. G. P., whose home is at Montrose, is the owner of a remarkable dog, which at the last encampment of the 2d Brigade occupied the most conspicuous place in the regiment, even surpassing the busy and handsome adjutant in general attractiveness. Tarough some remarkable instinct the dog has learned to detect the rank of the members of the regiment, and if in the company of a private will at once ran off to the call of a corporal. A sergeant's chevrons will suffice to draw him away from the lower grade non-com., and shoulder straps can get him from the first sargeant for the asking. For a while he would pin his faith to a second lieutenant, even though the colonel would call him, but before camp broke he apparently was well aware of the respective rank of each officer of the staff and line, although it is thought that he has not yet mastered the question of seniority. Anyway, at present, if half a dozen officers would call him at once he would positively select the highest in rank, as denoted by the shoulder straps. As a file closer the dog is invaluable, and a laggard in a company will soon feel him at his heels. On parade he eyes the line as strictly as does the commandant, and the least deviation on the part of a single man he at once detects, and the line is dressed in short order. As he runs first along the front and then to the rear, not a smile is to be seen on the faces of the men, for they recognize the worth of the aid-de-camp and acknowledge his authority.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Tumors
Fibroid, Ovarian and other tumors cured by electrolysis and other means without the knife, which is rarely necessary. For pamphlet and reference, address, with 10 cents in stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Dethroned Baby.

During the first two years of our pilgrimage through life our troubles are altogether of a physical natnre. A helpless baby in the hands of an ignorant mother or nurse is often the most to be pitied of all dumb animals, but its trials are those of the flesh. It is only after it has been, as it were, pushed out of place by an interloper—in short, when there is a newer baby, that is begins to know what it is to have a troubled spirit. When it is no longer "Baby," but Harry or Jane or perhaps even "that child," then begineth its first lesson in the mutations of earthly things. Talk of dethroned monarchs and passe beauties, of poets whose popularity has waned and of painters whose pictures no longer sell! These have, like Tony Weller's "werry old" turkey, the consolation of being tough.

It is different with the little creature who, only a few short months ago, ruled the roost in the nursery and now must make way for—what? A little bald, red, toothless object, who, when seen at the best does nothing but double its mottled fists and smile idiotically. But, little and insignificant as it may look, its coming has made the world a very different place for the old baby, who now no longer keeps its carriage, but in its excursions abroad must trudge along on its little feet, sometimes having hard work to keep up with nurse, while she has only fond words for the carriage's occupant, too often has cross ones for the stumbling little toddler at her side.

But, worst of all, the baby has been ousted from its mother's lap and stands unnoticed by her side, while visitors rush at the new baby as though they would eat it and are then entertained by accounts of its remarkable precocity—what an astonishing baby it is for its weeks, how wonderfully it takes notice, etc. Guardians of the nursery, what you need is an invading host of Susan Nippers to put an end to this state of things. A brand new baby is all very well, but that is no reason why its predecessor should be treated as if, in its own language, it "wasn't nothing."—*Dr. Clara Marshall in Babyhood.*

Cattle.

A herd of horned cows was bred to a polled bull whose mother wore horns. 90 per cent. of the calves had no horns. These young hornless heifers never had a horned calf. This shows how easily the horns may be bred away, and, although slow, this way is the best of them all.

Horned cattle require twice as much stable room as polls, for the young cattle of the latter kind can be herded in a pen like sheep until ready to drop their first calves. No chains, stanchions or halters; never disturbing one another as they crowd around the feed-trough.

If we look through the stockyards we shall find the horns actually gone from nine-tenths of the stock brought there. Whether this is due to the chemical dehorner, the saw or to breeding, it shows that horns are no longer the fashion. The chances are that they never will be again.

The rigid rules of inspection make it unprofitable to ship doubtful stock, which is quite sure to be thrown out at a loss. Keep the young calves until old enough, and do not ship any stock which is not in good condition and fat enough to make good meat.

Mixed grasses are better for stock than a single variety. However valuable a particular grass crop may be, or however large the yield, cattle will thrive better upon a mixture. Individual preferences of cattle differ, and they will at all times accept a change of food, which promotes appetite and thrift.

The old "cow doctor" is almost a thing of the past, although some benighted farmers still let him bleed and bore as he will. Civilization is driving out superstition, and with our improved breeds, for which we pay new prices, we also want improved treatment for their diseases. This we are getting from educated veterinarians.

If you are feeding any stock with the idea of making a profitable gain of flesh, see to it that they are well protected from storms and cold in the approaching months of winter. You can not feed them profitably otherwise. Nothing in the whole system of stock management has been more thoroughly proved than this.

The highway toward profit with cattle is recognized in good breeding and early maturity. Good breed is, of course, the first step, but early maturity is mainly a matter of the proper feeding of the young stock. Such an end is simply impossible if the animals are stinted while they are forming bone and muscle.

Horses doing ordinary work drink from seven to nine gallons of water a day, oxen nearly as much, but cows warmly housed and deeply milked require more. Very injurious to animal health is organic filth dissolved or suspended in the water, and cattle should have none but the freshest and purest. This is no idle statement.

A Railroad's Costly Mistake.

The Great Western Railway, of England, has lately paid $500,000 to get released from the obligation to stop every train at Swindon for ten minutes. In 1841, before the road had reached Bristol, it made an agreement for 99 years with a firm of builders to hold every train carrying passengers "not being sent express or for special purposes for a reasonable period of about ten minutes" at Swindon, in consideration of the erection of suitable refreshment rooms, for which a rent of a penny a year was to be paid. The railroad soon found out the inconvenience of the arrangement and tried to break it. The Courts in 1846 and 1872 held that "express" did not mean in the contract what is now meant by an express train, but the price asked for the annulment of the concession was always more than the company was willing to pay. After a fight of over fifty years it has been driven by the competition of other roads to buy in the contract, and the ten-minute stop of fast expresses at Swindon is now a thing of the past. Swindon is about seventy-five miles from London.

Protection for Witnesses.

From the Philadelphia Record.

During the trial of a damage suit against a street railway company yesterday Judge Wilson took occasion to administer a sharp rebuke to the plaintiff's counsel, who undertook to impute improper motives to witnesses for the defense. The case was the suit of John McGilligan against the Hestonville, Mantua & Fairmont Railway Company for injuries sustained by the plaintiff on May 11, 1895, by reason of one of the cars of the defendant company striking the rear of a one-horse dray.

In addressing the jury, the counsel for the plaintiff charged that one of the witnesses for the defendant company had assuredly perjured himself in the interest of the company, and that another, who was a medical examiner of high social and professional standing, had designedly told an untruth. The plaintiff's counsel also charged that the Traction companies conducted their business in so apparently reckless a manner as to show an entire disregard of human life, and then he called upon the jury to disbelieve the witnesses for the defendant because they were in the pay of the defendant. He asked the jury to protect by its verdict the community and the plaintiff who had suffered from such disregard of the rights of those who were jointly entitled to the use of the streets with the Traction companies.

Judge Wilson interrupted the counsel and suggested that such remarks were entirely unwarranted, and that these cases should be tried upon the evidence, as other cases, without appeal either to passion or prejudice. Upon the motion of S. Davis Page, counsel for the Guarantors' Liability Indemnity Company of Pennsylvania, which was defending the case under contract of indemnity with the defendant company, Judge Wilson withdraw a juror and continued the case under the authority of William Holden versus Pennsylvania Railroad, decided by the Supreme Court, May 30, 1895 (reported in 169 Pennsylvania, 1), wherein Mr. Justice Green says, speaking for the Court, where a like offense had been given and like reparation asked: "The comments of counsel complained of were of the most offensive and reprehensible character, not sustained by any evidence in the cause, and justly deserving the severe censure of the Court. We can discover nothing to palliate them in the least degree, and inasmuch as there was no other efficacious remedy available to correct the mischief done, it was the plain duty of the court to withdraw a juror and continue the cause. Many Judges are in the habit of doing this upon proper occasions, and that practice deserves to be widely extended, so that counsel who indulge in the habit of making such comments may be properly admonished that they can not do so, except at severe cost to their clients and themselves."

Eugenie Lost Her Wager.

Nothing could be more magnificent than the appearance of everything appertaining to the court on all public occasions. The balls, especially, in the various splendid rooms, particularly in the immense "Salle des Marechaux," were a sight not to be forgotten, from the first entrance, and ascent by the great staircase, adorned with flowers and shrubs, where on each step stood two of the "Cent-gardes" (the Emperor's body guard), as motionless as statues. Nothing was more remarkable than the drill which enabled these men, on all occasions when on duty at the palace, to remain without moving a muscle. The fatigue of this immobility is said to be so great that it could not be endured beyond a certain time; but it was so complete that to come suddenly on one of these guards in the palace was positively startling. It was scarcely possible to believe that they were alive. They were all remarkably fine men, sub-officers chosen out of various regiments; and when the war came they proved that they were not merely parade soldiers, for they figured among the best and bravest troops.

One day the little Prince, when a young child, in the hope of making the sentinel move, poured a whole bag of sweets into his boot, but, without eliciting any sign of life from the military statue before him. This play of the child being mentioned in the presence of Col. Verly, who commanded the regiment, he declared that nothing could make one of his men move when on duty. The Empress would not believe this assertion, and finally laid a wager that she would contrive to make one of the guards move. Col. Verly having accepted the wager, the Empress went with him into the neighboring gallery where they walked backward and forward before the sentinel, the Empress trying by every means to attract his attention. The guard stood as if turned into stone. Col. Verly smiled. The Empress, with her characteristic impetuosity, then went straight up to the soldier, and, according to familiar speech, "boxed his ears." Not a muscle moved. The Empress then acknowledged that Col. Verly had won the day, and sent a handsome compensation to the soldier, who proudly refused it, saying that he was sufficiently compensated by having had his sovereign lady's hand on his cheek.—*Century for October.*

Hercules and the Hawk.

Some passengers over one of the Berlin Canal bridges the other day noticed the sudden appearance of two black points in the sky at a considerable distance away, which developed into two ducks. Behind them, at a lower level, flew another bird, which suddenly rose into the air above the ducks, and then shot down upon them like an arrow. One of the ducks flew sideways toward the Thiergarten; the other, closely pursued by its enemy, flew slanting into the canal, and, reaching the water exactly behind the bridge, dived, while the hawk, in his blind haste, struck against the head of a statue of Hercules, and fell, once more flapping its great wings, dead on the pavement of the bridge. The bird was a splendid specimen, the wings having an expansion of more than three feet.

Cuban Knives.

From the Boston Home Journal.

There is no weapon in peace or war like the machete, which the Cubans are now using in their fight for liberty. Every country has a sword of its own, but Cuba is the one place whose only sword and only instrument of war has been her reaping hook or cane knife.

If she frees herself from Spain the most decisive part of the work must be done with the machete.

A Cuban leader, in giving to the writer his estimate of the chances of the Cubans, said that the conflict hinged very largely on how many of the people in cane fields had good machetes. There is not one Cuban in a hundred who knows how to use a gun. The islanders have been denied the use of firearms so long that those who had fallen into possession of guns in the battles of the ten years' rebellion often threw them down when they got into battle and relied chiefly upon their cane knives. The battle of Baira, in which so many Spanish heads were cut off, and which was the bloodiest in Cuban history, was won by cane knives over the best modern repeating rifles in the hands of the Spaiuards.

The great execution of the machete lies in the wonderful skill in handling it. There are three classes of these knives. The first is nothing more nor less than a sword, 28 inches in length, made of the very best spring steel and incased in a leather scabbard. It looks like an ordinary sword, but is much heavier. It is worn by the Cuban officers and gentlemen. The next is an overseer's machete, very flexible, and with a slight stroke it will sever a man's head from the body.

But the broad, heavy 16-inch knife is Cuba's peculiar weapon of offense and defense and her principal agricultural and domestic implement. It is used for nearly every service for which we use a knife, an ax, a cleaver, a pruning hook, or a scythe. Forests are cleared with them, and they are about the only tool in a butcher's shop. Nowhere else in Spanish America is the machete so generally used. Nearly the whole of Cuba is devoted to the cultivation of cane and tobacco, and every stalk of these crops is harvested with the machete. Great skill in handling them is the result.

An army of the most skillful fencing masters in Paris could not stand up before an equal number of Cuban canecutters. In one of the engagements a short time ago, when a detachment of Spanish cavalry charged upon the Cubans in the open, as the onslaught was made the Cubans are reported to have caught the Spanish sabres in orquetillas, or forked sticks, and then cut men off their horses as if they were grass.

These regular cane knives, on account of their peculiar shape, can not be worn in a scabbard. They must be worn hanging, exposed from the trunk, and the fact that they can thus be worn at all denotes that the wearer is one of very careful habits, for the blade is always kept as sharp as the very best steel can be made. Absolutely every male Cuban wears one. It is his most highly valued piece of property, and he will do almost anything to secure a good machete. In the mountains of Southern Cuba he is at home with his machete. He would not give it for the best American rifle or revolver. The undergrowth is too dense for anything but the passage of the machete through the bush. He trims his foot-path and waits to spring upon a Spaniard and behead him. And there is nothing that a Spaniard dreads so much in Cuba as the work of these knives. Their stroke is the stroke of death in nearly every instance.

China's Bird Festival.

Paak-tsai is, I must explain, one of the most popular Chinese gods. He is supposed once to have lived on earth, to have been fond of birds and very kind to them. Every year, in the month of April, a celebration is held in his honor. This festival, which I saw in the great southern city of Canton, lasts for three days. Shops are closed and services held every morning and afternoon in the god's fine temple. On the second evening a curious and brilliant procession passes through the principal streets.

First marched the bearers of huge white lanterns emblazoned with Paak-tsai's name and titles. They were followed by about 100 boys carrying richly embroidered banners. Then came the "history trays." These were wooden platforms covered with clay figures arranged to represent different scenes in Paak-tsai's life. He was shown feeding birds, setting their broken legs and teaching them tricks.

The figures were skillfully modeled and beautifully dressed and painted, but the "history trays" were eclipsed by the next division of the procession. Thousands of lanterns were borne aloft on poles, each being the life-size imitation of some bird. There were long-legged storks, stately peacocks, gorgeous golden pheasants, "snow" pheasants, with long jet-black tails, great vultures and eagles, then at last glittering kingfishers, tiny tits and reedlings. All the lanterns were lit, many covered with the real feathers of the birds imitated, and they made a very odd and very pretty show.

After the birds rode boys of all ages, mounted on queer little Chinese ponies. They wore fantastic dresses and had their faces painted black, white and red, with here and there a dash of gold. Some had gilded chins and eyebrows, others gold noses and ears. The older boys were enjoying the fun immensely, vying with each other in puffing out their cheeks and making all sorts of queer faces; but many of the little fellows were more than half asleep, and in danger of rolling off the back of their steeds. Then more lanterns, more banners and a dreadful band of (so-called) music ended this amusing pageant.—*Animal Friends.*

"A Kiss or Your Life!"

Good-looking women who were passing through the main street of Montreuil, outside of Paris, about 5 o'clock the other afternoon, says the London *Telegraph*, were subjected to unpleasant attentions by an amorous lunatic. This person went about brandishing a dagger, and when he