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A man in Wolfe County, Kentucky, has been disfranchised for life for selling his vote.

Calhoun County, Florida, is without a railroad in its borders, has not a single lawyer, nor is there a single barroom in the county.

A French merchant, the victim of several defaulting cashiers, now advertises for "a cashier as honest as possible and paralyzed in both legs."

The Territory of Arizona is, so far as the sheep industry is concerned, in as prosperous a condition, as any State or Territory in the Southwest.

The United States furnishes 673,000 Freemasons and 647,471 Oddfellows, with lodgeroom reasons for late hours and latch keys," according to the Chicago Herald.

Kate Field's Washington, after patient toil, has discovered that it cost more to bury and eulogize a dead Statesman than it does to feed and clothe him during his two years of Congressional service.

American ingenuity in holding the ribbons is extending very rapidly to the manufacture of ribbons as well, boasts the Chicago Herald. The product of American looms has increased, according to the figures just published, from \$6,023,100, in 1880 to \$17,081,447 in 1890.

The death of General Beauregard leaves but one of the seven full Generals of the Southern Army living and none of the five men on whom the rank was conferred at the beginning of the war. These five men were Cooper, Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sydney Johnston and Beauregard. Bragg and Kirby Smith were afterward made full Generals. Kirby Smith alone survives.

A new style of wall decoration in these hard times in England may become popular, opines the Chicago Herald's London correspondent. A Dover street sufferer by recent corporation collapses has papered one of the rooms of his house with share certificates, now valueless, but which represent the investment of an immense sum. C. W. King, the well-known philatelist, set the fashion some time ago by covering the walls of a room with postage stamps valued at \$3500.

Among the envelopes containing the electoral votes for President and Vice-President was one with a queer seal, now in possession of Mr. Sparr, one of the doorkeepers of the United States Senate reception room. It seems that Montana, though a State for some time, has as yet no seal. The envelope containing the electoral votes was fastened with a great splash of red wax fully two and a half inches in diameter and in the wax, while it was still soft, was stuck a bright silver dollar of the year of Montana's admission into the Union.

Grover Cleveland evidently thinks that type-written letters are not good form. This, at least, the New Orleans Picayune thinks, is the fair inference to be drawn from the following incident: A politician of National prominence the other day, wishing to urge the claims of a certain person for a cabinet position, dictated a letter for Mr. Cleveland to his typewriter, signed it and sent it away. Shortly afterward he received a reply, written in a somewhat erudite, but distinct hand, which on examination proved to be an autograph of Mr. Cleveland. "EVERYBODY" is what he will more news, but sending Mr. Telegrapher; and more news in letter. The any other news, and all the and Chicago. deal more legible than K. Graphs.

It is a question of ARNESS, for a silk hat and a supreme. Try a man, but our people app. Ad readily to such influences. The instance of this is Colonel Hale, of nowhere in particular, but who has a habit of blowing in with the spring breezes and promoting things generally, much to his own interest. Colonel Hale blew into a rapidly growing Western town recently and quickly grasped the fact that there was no cable road. With everything gone but a silk hat and \$125, he spent \$100 for admission into a well located club and proceeded to exist on the remaining \$25. He gathered about him the leading moneyed men and laid bare the scheme of millions in a cable road. He agreed to obtain the franchise and put it all through for \$30,000, part of which was to be paid down as a guarantee of good faith. Do you believe that that fellow dusted up his silk hat and attacked the aldermen next. By dint of promising and pompous appearance of wealth he secured an ordinance, was voted stock, drew what was coming to him and blew out again, leaving every one to wonder.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed Over land and over sea To the countries where the rainbow And the glorious sunsets be, Kindly tell a stranger Who has oddly lost her way, Where's the road that she must travel To return to Yesterday?

"CHIHUAHUA" BROWN.

BY RICHARD H. LINTHICUM.

FORTUNES were found sometimes in a day at Prytes, and no Chihuahua Brown went there when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Prytes was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky Mountains. It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there was no other occupation in which she could engage and remain in Prytes, and he would not bear the thought of sending her away.

Well, there was one thing which ought to be done, if it could be done. One September morning "Chihuahua" Brown bade adieu to Prytes for a short time and went up to his mines on Snow-shoe Mountain. Before going he laid in a large supply of writing paper, some big, thick pointed pens, a bottle of ink and some blank mining deeds.

The miners working adjoining claims noticed that "Chihuahua" Brown was paler than usual. His manner was reserved. He was nervous and excited at times. He sat up late at night writing and always concluded by tearing up what he had written. One night when he was thus engaged, one of the men working on the night shift came to the door and yelled: "Chihuahua! Chihuahua! come into the mine and look at the stuff we've got in there—we've struck it big."

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Prytes. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the monster hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it. It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her. She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she looked at her watch, and she found that she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Prytes just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the window of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin. There was a fire in the stove, for the night was chill. A neat looking bunk with clean blankets and covered stood in one corner. There was a mining map upon the wall. A bucket of water and a wash-basin were near the door. Candles and miners' candle-sticks were stuck in the big crevices. In the centre of the room was a table covered with writing paper. On the table was a light that had guided her to the place—a candle stuck in the mouth of an empty bottle. What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a one-half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode. A letter—she must not read it. Her name! Why, what could this mean! "Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read: All my life I have been going it alone, and I'm getting tired of it. I want a partner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into partnership on the "Goodness Gracious" lode last month. Will you be my

usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty water-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned of the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation and despondency he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance-hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

"Chihuahua" determined that the girl should not longer work in the restaurant. But what could he do? There was no other occupation in which she could engage and remain in Prytes, and he would not bear the thought of sending her away. Well, there was one thing which ought to be done, if it could be done. One September morning "Chihuahua" Brown bade adieu to Prytes for a short time and went up to his mines on Snow-shoe Mountain. Before going he laid in a large supply of writing paper, some big, thick pointed pens, a bottle of ink and some blank mining deeds. The miners working adjoining claims noticed that "Chihuahua" Brown was paler than usual. His manner was reserved. He was nervous and excited at times. He sat up late at night writing and always concluded by tearing up what he had written. One night when he was thus engaged, one of the men working on the night shift came to the door and yelled: "Chihuahua! Chihuahua! come into the mine and look at the stuff we've got in there—we've struck it big."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Mexicans have been using a decoction of black spiders as a cure for typhus fever.

The average weight of the circulating blood in the body is about twenty-eight pounds.

Tanning is done in this country in about one-quarter of the time allowed in Europe.

The leading metallurgists in this country and in Europe have for some time been endeavoring to enlist electricity into their service.

It has been shown by Nathan that the addition of a small proportion of nitrogenous material to the "must" of fruit results in the formation of more alcohol than usual.

The duration of the electric spark does not exceed the twenty-five thousandth part of a second, and a bullet in flight has been photographed by means of this spark, a marvelous development of modern science.

A moist, warm atmosphere, where the changes of temperature are slight, is the most favorable for persons suffering from rheumatism. The worst place is one in which the air is the driest and the climate the most changeable.

The programme of the sanitary exhibit to be held in connection with the Chicago Exhibition defines its purpose to be to show as adequately as possible the position in which the theory and practice of hygiene stand at the present day.

Copper and brass can be melted in an iron pot because their fusing point is below that of iron, but most metals are melted in earthen pots—crucibles is the technical name. These are earthenware jars of various sizes and shapes which stand tremendous degrees of heat.

One of the latest ideas for illuminating towns is to suspend in the air a large balloon shaped like a torpedo and made of thin aluminum, filled with a suitable quantity of gas and having a rotating fan to keep it steady. The light can be derived either from a number of arc lamps attached to the ends or sides, or from incandescent lamps with which the outside of the balloon can be covered. The height of the balloon above the ground would be regulated by the length of cable employed.

Professor Joseph Leidy placed the fact beyond doubt several years ago, that algae existed in the tissues of fresh water mussels. Professor John A. Ryder noted green about the heart of oysters in the aquaria at Sea Lake City, and which coloration, noted also in Europe, has been ascribed by Professor Decaen and others in France to phycozoan absorbed from certain diatoms. Professor Ryder inclines to the belief that Dr. Leidy's discovery, as above noted, forms a more probable explanation.

Wolves in Russia. Wolves are especially active this winter. Even in France accidents have been reported, and Government has thought it necessary to urge the Louvetiers to exert themselves. Dreadful stories have reached us from the plains of Eastern Europe, where the inhabitants are used to reckon wolves as an abiding peril of the winter season, and take no great account of the victims whose lives are lost in the accustomed manner. But it is many years since a town—even as "Towns" go in Russia—was actually besieged by these animals. Such, we are told, is the fate of Tikivin, in the Province of Novgorod. They quarter its neighborhood in large packs, and make forays into the streets, seizing any living thing they can catch. The women stay indoors, and the men only go out armed to the teeth. This tale is not to be dismissed as a mere fable. It may probably be exaggerated by legendary incidents handed down from the time when there was no safety outside the towns. The Governor is said to have dispatched a battalion of infantry, a squadron of Cossacks, and three hundred Chuk-seurs to make war upon the enemy. Such a force may protect Tikivin, but it is not to be hoped that the wolves will suffer much. They will be driven off to prey upon the country districts. Those who know nothing of the matter are apt to regard it as another evidence of barbarism that these creatures should be allowed to flourish. Why does not the Government or the people exterminate them? The answer is that it cannot be done, even in France, though they might be reduced to a trifling number there if the Louvetiers were in earnest. But wolves are migratory. Many of these which are beleaguering Tikivin may have traveled from Siberian wastes—London Standard.

Tallest Structures in the United States. The tallest structure now existing in the United States is the Washington Monument, the memorial shaft erected at the National capital in honor of the memory of the "Father of His Country." It is 555 feet in height. Next after the Washington monument, the tallest structure is the tower on the Madison Square Garden, near Madison square, New York City. The lookout gallery at the summit of this tower is the highest point of vantage in New York City, and with the exception of the summit of the Washington monument the highest in the country. From the pavement to the electric lights on the forehead of the gilded Diana, which until recently crowned the structure, there was an interval of 341 feet.—New York Press.

The Biggest Schoolhouse. A schoolhouse to cost \$200,000, capable of seating 2400 pupils, is being built in New York City. The structure will contain four floors and an attic. The first floor will be used for a playground and will be so arranged that the children will be thrown into an auditorium 60x120 feet for lectures and evening classes. The attic is to be devoted to manual training and a gymnasium. The three floors between are to be divided into classrooms.—San Francisco Chronicle.

How Korean Troops Are Drilled. On the recent arrival at Chemulpi, Corea, of the United States steamer Marion, Commander Gridley, accompanied by three of his officers, paid an official visit to Seoul, where they were the guests of United States Minister Arthur H. Heard, at whose request His Majesty, King Li Pin, granted a private audience to the officers and assured the commander of his friendship for the United States. The officers were also invited to witness the drill of a battalion of Korean soldiers, whose military bearing was specially noticeable, as were also the precision and excellence of their drill.

Two companies of 130 men each took part in the evolutions, which were performed according to Upton's manual. The manual on arms, wheelings and marching in quick and in double time were admirably performed. The file closers all carried long handled clubs, or paddles, instead of rifles, like the rest. The officers' curiosity regarding the use of these paddles was soon satisfied. A poor devil in the rear rank, who brought his piece to "shoulder arms" instead of "order arms," was instantly pounced upon by two burly file closers, knocked down and given a beating that must have made his bones ache for a month. He made no more noise for a month. This interesting diversion was repeated several times.—New York Herald.

Pests of Australian Farmers. The Australian farmers have many enemies to fight against, besides those which have been imported into the country. Like the rabbit. Large fruit eating bats do much damage to the orchards, and it is a pleasant sight for the industrious agriculturist to see devouring swarms of these so-called flying foxes advancing on his crops of an evening. Wild dogs were formerly very numerous, but they did so much damage that they were destroyed without mercy. On large plantations a man is kept whose sole work is to lay out poison for them. One of the greatest annoyances in certain parts of Australia is the poisonous snake, a "stinging insect" it is so poisonous that if its beautiful heart shaped leaves are only put in motion they cause one to sneeze. They are covered with nettles on both sides, and a sting from them gives great pain. Horses wounded by them roll as if mad with pain, and if they do not at once receive attention they will in this way kill themselves.—Chicago Times.

Parental Influence. As a general rule a child's taste, opinions, character and trend in life, and even its permanent destiny, are practically shaped before the child is seven or eight years of age. The failure of the parents rightly to instruct and train it in these early years, both by teaching and example, by constant watchfulness and loving care, can never be made good by a lifetime of devotedness in later years.—Detroit Free Press.

WHITE HOUSE RECEPTIONS.

DIVERSIFIED GATHERINGS AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

People One May Meet at a Presidential Reception—A Panorama of Official and Political Life.

AT THE President's house on a reception night, or at the house of a cabinet officer on a Wednesday afternoon, or at any place to which people are asked for their public position, there will be found men and women representing every stage of prosperity in the Union, and every honest calling that leads to prosperity. And that is precisely what is to be found in the public places of the Republic—in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, in the Cabinet, on the Supreme Bench, and in the White House itself. It is a strange and interesting accumulation of human beings, most of them too timid to be as interesting as they might be. Even when the President issues cards, the people who get together make up a curious conglomeration.

The new Congressman takes his wife to the President's, expecting to find the entertainment not very different, although perhaps on a somewhat grander scale, from that to which he is accustomed in the judge's house at the county seat during court week. So he goes, perhaps, in his frock-coat, or feeling an American prejudice against evening dress, and a white or lilac tie, while his rather fearful helpmate has put on her best black silk, modest or prudish, as you will, with its high neck and its long sleeves. The new Congressman experiences no trepidation in addressing the President. They are both politicians, and the new Congressman may even believe for a moment that some day he may even stand at the head of a line of well dressed women, whose necks and arms now shine in his startled eyes. He does not doubt that the President is aware of the unique vicissitudes of the recent campaign in his district. There are a hundred subjects that the two have in common, but he is disappointed as he is about to utter his first smart phrase of conversation to feel that the President's hand is gently impelling him forward and that there is a soft pressure of the crowd behind him in the same direction. It is his first introduction to the realness of realists of high life, an introduction which is emphasized and made more impressive by the disinclination of the receiving women to shake hands, or to indicate their recognition of the new member by anything warmer or more emphatic than a courtesy, which, however, is quite enough for the timorous wife at his side, who, much more than her husband shrinks before the grand dames of the White House and Cabinet, some of whom were born to polite society, while some have acquired a large amount of social assurance during their husbands' struggles up the ladder of fame.

Other persons besides Congressmen are here, some of them equally uncomfortable, many of them, however, enjoying themselves to the utmost. There is a panorama of all that is prominent in official and political life. There are officers of the army and navy who have been on staff duty at the capital, and are now undergoing, with pleasure or fortitude, as the case may be, the pronounced admiration of young women. There are older officers, who have been more recently on the plains, and who come to the function with their wives and daughters and sisters with a delight or reverence due to their honest thinking, to the highest and most resplendent social ceremony in this country—the drawing room not only of the head of the Nation, but of the commander-in-chief of the two military services. The army and navy folk of the staff are usually of that inner circle whose peculiar traits and customs are not now under consideration; but the army people who have spent years on the plains know nothing better, or wiser, or generally more praiseworthy, than their own people. There are, however, although the excited woman, who have for years endured with a noble patience the monotony of life at army posts, are rejoiced beyond words if they may only grasp the hand and hear the voice of some paragon of Congressional wisdom who has been good to their husbands or to the service.

There will be diplomats in dazzling uniforms; Chinese mandarins in silk attire; Japanese officials, the men in the black evening dress of convention, and the women in the proper costume of Europe and America.

Nearly every one of those who make up this interesting human collection finds somewhere in the moving throng a friend or comrade who will save him from that terrible isolation of an evening party which most persons have felt, and which is often as depressing as the solitude of a great city. There is little need to be alone, and the object of a wondering gaze that freezes the warm blood, in a crush at a Washington reception.—Harper's Magazine.

The Vegetable Fly. One of the most curious productions of the West Indies is the famed vegetable fly, an insect about the size of a drone bee, but without wings. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the beginning of June a sprout has issued from the creature's back and made its appearance upon the surface of the ground.

By the end of July the tiny tree (known on the island as the fly tree) has attained its full size, being then about three inches high, but a perfect tree in every particular, much resembling a delicate branch. Pods appear on its branches as soon as it arrives at its full growth; these ripen and drop off in August. Instead of containing seeds, as one would naturally suppose, these pods have from three to six small hard worms upon the interior.—Rural Cultivation.

TALK'S CHEAP.

There's lots of quaint old sayings Frolics in my day— Big truths and solid principles Told in the shortest way. My father us't have one, 'Talk's cheap, my boy,' he us't to say, 'But money buys the loaf.'

I own the sayin's homely, Undignified and rough; But then it tells just what you mean, An' tells it brief enough. An' when you git to thinkin' How short is life's thin span, It's well to min' 'that talk is cheap, But money buys the loaf.'

'Twas't do to boast an' bluster An' brag an' try to bluff; An' don't you git to thinkin' This world 'ain't up to snuff.' It is; an' while you're blowin' Your own away, my man, There's some one smoozin', 'Talk is cheap, But money buys the loaf.'

—Chicago News Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An unostentatious gift—A loan.—

Mistress of the situation—The servant girl.—Life.

Consumed with curiosity—Unfamiliar viands.—Truth.

Gets down to work—The pillow-maker.—Truth.

A man never finds how dull he is till he tries to live by his wits.—Life.

Carrier—"I'm but a hewer of wood," Marine Painter—"And I but a drawer of water."

She—"Are these flowers all nature!" He—"Yes, all except the price."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In a fight between a porcupine and a bull dog recently, the latter was severely outpointed.—Puck.

She—"Diamonds are like women's hearts—the richest jewels in creation." He—"And the hardest."—Fun.

Ethel—"How did George like your awn's-down ball?" Maude—"He was tickled with it."—Newport News.

One of the times when a man begins to cry and sigh that all men are not honest is when he gets the wrong hat.—Ran's Horn.

"Well, I've been making a goose of myself," said the hen, when the eggs on which she had been sitting hatched into goslings.—Truth.

"Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?" "Yes. Got two suits from him. One dress suit. One law suit. Very expensive man."—Walf.

It is curious how much faster a street-car bumps along when you are running after it than when you are riding on it.—Richmond Record.

"Goodness me, Johnny! What are you crying about now?" "Cause Tommy dreamed about eatin' pie last night and I didn't."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why did your hired girl leave you?" "She didn't like the extra work."

"What extra work did she have to do?" "Collecting her wages."—Harper's Weekly.

Merchant—"Now here is a piece of goods that speaks for itself." Uncle Hayscock—"Well, that wouldn't suit. Mind, she likes to do her own talkin'."—Inter-Ocean.

Father—"A hundred dollars for a suit of clothes! I never paid that for a suit in my life." Son—"Well, you'll have to begin now, father; here's the bill."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Bingo—"Dear, after this you must wear a dress suit down to dinner." Bingo—"What for?" Mrs. Bingo—"Our new girl has been used to it."—Clothing and Furnisher.

He—"Do you love me, darling?" She—"Sometimes I think I do; and then again when you have that hideous, baggy new overcoat on, I doubt the strength of my affection."—Tid-Bits.

Trotter—"I hear that Grace Willoughby is engaged to a real live lord." Barlow—"Well, they claim he's alive, but I've seen him several times and I'm rather sceptical."—Vogue.

"Now we can fix him in this way," said the lawyer. "Oh, talk is cheap," said the client. "Well, will you talk through with this and see whether talk is cheap or not."—New York Press.

"Don't you find him just as I represented him?" Lady (indignantly)—"No, sir. You said he was a bird dog, and he hasn't sung a note yet, and I've had him two weeks."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

At the Chemistry Exam: "Which is the best-known insulator?" The Candidate (a young student, pale and thin, with a bilious complexion and a savage look about him)—"Poverty, sir!"—Le Monde Illustré.

Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—"How many more times will I have to tell you to keep out of the preserve jar!" Small Boy (sobbing)—"No more, mamma; they're all gone."—Detroit Free Press.

Sport—"My watch loses something every night and seldom makes it up during the day. What ails it?" Jeweler (reflectively)—"Evidently it is trying to conform to the habits of its owner."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Prisoner—"Yes, your Worship, I committed the theft with which I am charged entirely through the instigation of my medical adviser." Magistrate—"You mean to say that in carrying out an experiment in hypnotism he suggested the crime to you?" Prisoner—"I don't know about that; but one thing is certain, he told me to take something before going to bed."—Agenda Printing.

Reports from New Orleans show that the Louisiana sugar crop reached last year 189,500 tons, upon which the bounty will be \$7,885,000, as against \$6,882,500 paid in bounties last year.