B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 34.

The Wite's Kiss.

there's the kiss pressed on the lips of the of lovers when parting at night; Of lovers when parting at night;
The kiss of a mother our sorrows begulied,
Making the face cheery and bright;
The kiss so silly of girls who meet,
Who so blisslessly kiss in lieu;
But the kiss that lasts and makes life sweet, is the kiss of the wife that's true.

Kisses in kinds as countless as sands-Of friendship, betrayed, deceit; The kiss on the eye, the forehead and

hands, The kiss that is awkward and neat; The kiss that's given—the one we steal. The kiss that awakes us all through; But the sweetest kiss that lips can feel fa the kiss of the wife that's true. There's the kiss of youth and the kiss of

And the kiss we lay in the grave; The kiss we press in sunshine and tears— The kiss for the brow of the brave; But the kiss that is the kiss of life, To him who the gamut runs through-That brings surcease to anguish and strife, Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

STORY OF AN ENGINEER.

"This is about it," said John Scott the engineer, as the train slowly crested a long gradual grade. "You're atop of the Rocky Mountains, ma'am." Emily Vaughn looked to left and to right, and was conscious of a feeling of intment. She had pictured the top of the Rocky Mountains as something quite different from this. Here were no frowning heights or sudden gulfs, only a wide rolling plateau, some istant peaks which did not look very high, and far ahead a glimpse of lower levels running down into plains. It

seemed hardly worth while to have come so far for so little. "Really!" she said. "But where are the mountains? They don't look nearly so high as they did yesterday!"

"Naturally, ma'am," responded the engmeer, "things don't appear so high when you're as high as they are. We're stop you know, 31

"But there's no look-off, no wonderful distance, as from the top of Mt. Washington. I confess I am disap-

"It's kind of queer," said John Scott, with a dry chuckle, "how folks from the East keep alluding to that 'ere little hill as if it were the standard of measurement. We don't think so much of it this way, Why, ma'am, you e about 2,000 feet higher this minute than If you was at the top of that little shuck of a Mt. Washington that they all think so much of.'

Miss Vaughn smiled, but she experienced a shock nevertheless. The New England mind does not easily accustom itself to hearing its sacred mountain thus lightly spoken against. "Have you ever seen Mt. Washington?" she

"Oh, bless you, yes," replied John ott, cheerfully. "I was raised over to Fryeburg, and grew up alongside of it. I thought it was a pretty big con-cern when I was a boy, but now-" He closed the sentence with a short, ex-

pressive laugh.

Miss Vaughn changed the subject. She was not offended. She had grown to like this rough, good-natured engineer in the course of the three days' journey, during which, favored as a relative of one of the directors of the road, she had several times been priviieged to ride, as now, in the engineer's cab for a better view of the country.

"Have you been long on this road?" she asked. "Pretty near ever since it opened. I run the third through train that came out from Chicago, and I haven't been off the line since, winter or summer, except for three months when I was laid up with a broken leg."

"This must look very different in winter," said Miss Vaugh, noticing the treeless distances, and the snows glinting on the higher peaks to the left. 'You may well believe it does! The first year, when the snow-shed wasn't built, it was terrible. I was running that train that was stuck in the snow seven days-perhaps you'll remember about it, it was in all the papers; I

shan't never forget that, not if I live to be as old as my grandfather, and he didn't die till he was 90 odd." "Tell me about it," said Miss Vaughn, persuavely, seating herself on the high bench of the cab, with that air of attention which is so enticing to the story-teller; amusements are few and far between in the long monotony of the overland journey to California; be-sides which, Miss Vaugnh dearly loved

a story. "There ain't much to tell," said John Scott, with something of the feeling which prompts the young vocalist to complain of hearseness. "I ain't any hand at telling things, either." Then won by Miss Vaughn's appealing eyes,

he continued: "We ran all fair and on time till we was about 200 miles beyond Omaha. Then the snow began. It didn't seem much at first. The women-folk in the train rather liked it. They all crowded to the windows to see, and the children hurrahed. Anything seemed a pleas- graphed both ways, and the snow had ant change after the sage-brush, I suppose. But as it went on coming, and

the snow drifts grew deep, and the cars had to run slow, the older ones began to look serious, and I can tell you that we who had charge of the train felt so. "We was just between two of the

feeding stations, and we put on all the steam we could, hoping to push through | coals left for any of the fires, let alone to where provisions could be got at in the engine.' case we had to stop. But it wasn't no about ten minutes no one could see out out. It's no matter if we are a little of the windows. The train would have crowded,' says she, been clear buried over if the brakemen and the porters hadn't gone the entire | thing to do, as we seen at once when it and swept it off with brooms and car the sick lady was in, so's she'd not We had a lot of shovels Shovels. aboard, by good luck, or else nothing could have saved us from being banked up outright. But it was terrible hard train hands and all. It was a tight work, I can tell you. "There wasn't squeeze, but that didn't matter so no more laughing among the passengers by the time it come to that, and the awfully cold.

children stopped hurrahing." poor little things! What "Oh, the did they do? Were there many on

"That was the worst of it, There wasn't plenty for any one to eat. We had stuck just undway of the feeding passengers had in their lunch baskets. bables—there was 10 of 'em—and so they got on pretty well. But there was about five other children, not bables, but quite little and I don't have the same that the mean cusses who wanted to blame some one besides the soothing ministrant in the chamber of sorrow. The best sympathizer is one there wan't no use for any of them to One lady she had a tin of condensed but quite little, and I don't know what try to hide themselves any more than sufferings.

they would have done if it hadn't been it was the other kind. The women, for the young lady."

Scott arswered the question.

looking up with some surprise, for with the words a curious tremble had come into the engineer's voice, and a dark flush into his bronze face. "What young lady was that?" It was a moment or two before John

"I don't know what she was called," he said slowly. "I never knew. She was the only one on the train, so we just called her the young lady. She her. She was going out to some relative of hers-her brother, I guess, who was sick down to Sacramento. That was

how she came to be there." "No, ma'am; she was all alone, as I told you; but she took them under her care from the first. They had their fathers and mothers along-three of them had, at least, and the other two had their mother and a nurse girl-but somehow no one but the young lady seemed to be able to do anything with them. The poor little things was half starved, you see, and there wasn't anything to amuse 'em in the dark car, and ne of them, who was sickly, fretted all day and 'most all night, and the mother didn't seem to have no faculty or no backbone to her; but whenever the young lady came around, that sick one and all the rest would stop crying, and seem just as chipper as if it was summer time outdoors and the whole

train full of candy. "I don't see how she did it," he went on, meditatively, throwing a shovelful of coal in at the furnace door. "Some women is made that way, I suppose. As soon as we seen how things were going, and how bad they was likely to be, that girl kind of set herself to keep along. She had a mighty gentle way with her, too, You'd never have guessed she was so plucky. Plucky! By George, I never saw anything like her pluck.'

"Was she pretty?" asked Miss Vaughn, urged by a truly feminine

curiosity. "Well, I don't know if you'd a called her so or not. We didn't think much how she looked after the first. She was a siender-built girl, and her face looked sort of kind and bright both to me. Her voice was as softwell, as soft as a voice can be, and it kind of sang when she felt happy. She looked you straight in the eyes when she spoke. I don't believe the worst man that ever lived could have told the girl a lie if it had been to save his lite. Her hair was brown. She was different from girls in general, somehow."

"I think we may say that she was pretty," observed Miss Vaughn, with a little smile. "I ain't so sure of that. There's pleuty of ladies come over the road since that I suppose folks would say was better looking than she was. But I never see any face quite like hers. It was still, like a lake, and you seemed to feel as if there was depths in it. And the farther you went down, the sweeter it got. She never made any rustling

kind." Another pause, which Miss Vaughn

was careful not to break. "I don't know what them children would 'a done without her," went on the engineer, as if talking to himself. Then, with sudden energy; "I don't know what any of us would 'a done without her. The only trouble was that she couldn't be everywhere at once. There was a sick lady in the drawing-room at the end of one of the Pullmans. She had weak lungs and was going out to California for her He is a frequent visitor at the palatial health. Well, the cold and the snow mansion of Judge Peterby. Dutton is health. Well, the cold and the snow brought on hemorrhage. That was the a special pet of Mrs. Peterby, and is second day after we was blockaded. suspected of having designs on the af-There wasn't no doctor on board, and fections of Miss Mollie Peterby, the second day after we was blockaded. He came through to the front car to her on this fatal journey?

"Perhaps the young lady'll have some remedies," suggested one of the porters, for we'd all got into the way al-

"Well, I went for her, and you never seen anyone so level-headed as she seemed to be. She knew just what to do; and she had the right medicine in with you, and on your way back bring her bag; and in less than an hour the me my dinner from the restaurant on poor lady was quite comfortable, and the corner, and be quick about it." her husband the most relieved man that ever was. Then the young lady came along to where I was standing-there wasn't nothing for me to do, but I was waiting, for I didn't know but there might be-and said she: 'Mr. Scott, I am growing anxious about the fuel. an ordinary dinner, and here you bo you think there is plenty to last? brought me a dinner fit for a king. Suppose we were to be kept here a

'Now just think of it! not one of us dumb fools had thought of that. You see we were expecting to be relieved from hour to hour, for we had telestopped by that time, and none of us had any notion it was going to be the job it was to dig us out. Only the young lady had the sense to remember that it might take longer than we was

calculating on. "Says I. 'If we are kept here week, there won't be a shovelful of

" 'Then don't you think,' says she, use. The snow kept coming. I never in her soft voice, that it would be a seen it come so. The flakes looked as wise plan to get all the passengers tobig as saucers, and the drifts piled so getner in one car, and keep a good fire quick that, when we finally stuck, in up there, and let the other stoves go

"Well, of course, it was the only length over the roofs every half-hour, was put into our heads. We took the have to be disturbed, and we made up beds for the children, and somehow all the passengers managed to pack in, much, because the weather was so

"That was the way I came to see so much of the young lady. I hadn't any-thing to keep me about the engine, so Was there plenty for them to I kind of detailed myself off to wait on her. She was busy all day long doing things for the rest. Its queer how people's characters come out at such times. We got to know all about each stations, and there wasn't a great deal other. People stopped sir-ring and of anything on board besides what the ma'aming and being polite, and just showed for what they were worth. The selfish ones, and the shirks, and the

"The young lady!" said Miss Vaugh, It comes natural, I suppose, for a as a rule, bore up better than the men. woman to be kind of silent and pale and patient when she's suffering. But the young lady wasn't that sort either. She

was bright as a button all along. You'd have supposed from her face that she was having just the best kind of a time. "I can see her now, standing before the stove roasting jack-rabbits for the others' supper, Some of the gentlemen had revolvers, and when the snow got was traveling alone, but her folks it, they used to shoot 'em. And we had asked the conductor to look after were glad enough of every one shot, for "There are dead loads of provisions were so scanty. The last perstitions—enough to fill a big book two days them rabbits and snow-water melted in a pail over the stove was all

we had to eat and drink." "I suppose there was nothing for you at all for me to do but help the young lady now and then. She let me help her more than the rest, I used to think. She'd come to me and say, 'Mr. Scott, tor,' She never forgot anybody-exnever seemed to have enough of her.

"Well, how did it end?" said Miss had gradually grown lower and more

dreamy, came to a stop."
"Oh? What? Oh!" rousing himself. 'It ended when three locomotives and a relief train from Chevenne broke through to us on the eighth morning after we were blockaded. They brought provisions and coal, and we got on firstrate after that. Did the sick lady die? No ma'am, she was living when I last heard of her, down to Santa Barbara, Two years ago that was," "And what became of your young

hady?" "She left at Sacramento. Her brother or some one was down to meet her. I saw him a moment. He didn't look like her."

never heard her name?" "No, ma'am; I never did."

The engineer's voice sounded gruff and husky as he said this. He shoveled in coal with needless energy. "Are you a married man?" asked Miss Vaughn. The question seemed abrupt even to herself, but seemed rele-

vant to something in her mind.

"No." John Scott looked her squarely in the face as he replied. His countenance was grim and set, and for a moment she feared that she had offended him. guess, " He pulled the cord which

into their burrows.
"This is a feeding station we're coming to," he explained. "Twenty minutes here for supper, ma'am; and it ain't a bad supper either. I reckon you'd like to have me help you down, wouldn't you?"

hung ready to his hand, and a long

screeching whistle rang out over the

Dutton's Dinner.

Certainly Jim Dutton was a dude. He was a dude clerk in a Texas store.

her husband he was mighty scared. belle of Austin, who is also wealthy, A few days ago Jim was invited to find the conductor, looking as pale's a dine at 8 o'clock at the Peterby marghost. 'My wife's a dying,' said he. sion, but he heard during the morning 'Ain't there no medical man on the that a prominent sheepman would be train?' And when we said no, he just at the store about that time to purgave a groan. 'Then she must die,' he chase a big bill of goods, so Jim had to said. 'Great heavens! why did I bring forego the pleasure of dining with the Peterbys. A little after 3 Jim said to the col-

ored porter, Sam Johnsing: "Sam, I want you to go to Mrs. ready of turning to the young lady Judge Peterby, give her my compli-whenever things were wrong. Judge Peterby, give her my compli-ments, and tell her I regret my in ability to be present at dinner."

"Yes, sah."
"And, Sam, take my dinner basket In due tame Sam returned with the dinner basket, which he opened and spread the contents on the table in the

office, when this conversation occurred: "Why, what is this?" said Dutton in amazement, "I told you to bring me "I jess tuck what Mrs. Peterby guv

"What! Mrs. Peterby put up this dinner?"

"Yes, sah, I told her what you said," "What did I say?" "You told me ter tell Mrs. Peterby dat you couldn't come ter dinner, and for her to put your dinner in de bask-

"Oh, my God!" said Dutton, sinking back into his chair. It was some time before he recovered. Then he sollio-"How can I re-establish myself in

manage it. Here, Sam," "Yes, sah." "Take this \$2 bill, go to the florist's, buy a handsome bouquet and take it to Mrs. Peterby, with my compliments. Do you understand me?"

her good graces? I know how I will

Yes, sah." In a short time Sam returned with a broad grin on his face.
"Did you give those flowers to Mrs.

Peterby?" "Yes, sah. She tuck de flowers."
"What did she say?" She said she was eber so much obleeged, and she wanted ter gib me a quarter, but I told her yer can't come lat game on me; dem flowers cost \$2." As Sam passed over the back fence

Dutton got a fair shot at him but

missed him. An intelligent colored

porter can get a job by applying on the premises. -Southern countries-Italy, Spain, Greece-have the largest number of revolutions; northern countries-Russia, Sweden, Norway-have the least. The heart that has passed through the deep waters of tribulation is the most tender. The voice that has itself cried with pain is the most gentle; the hand that has suffered is the most TALES OF BLACK CATS.

They Bring Good Luck to the Hom or Business House Where they Locate.

"Show me a man who says he don't I'll show you a liar." The speaker took an old, time-worn

"There are dead loads of popular su-

that are known to everybody who can to do but wait," said Miss Vaughn. thing about a black cat that's sure to bring good luck. I never pass along see a man. thing about a black cat that's sure to reporter hurried around the corner to the street without looking out for 'em, and I'd as soon set fire to my house as walk in front of one. I just give it the right of way and wait till it's passed by. this rabbit is for you and the conduc- You always want to make friends with The Funny Bet Made by Two Strange a black cat, and, anyway, you never cept herself. Once she asked me to want to offend one. If you ever get a hold the sick little girl while she took a black cat 'onto' you, just throw up your sleep. It was mighty pretty always to hands, for you're 'done.' I knew a see her with them children. They feller who killed all the cats he could, just to show that he didn't believe in All of them wanted she should put the notion of seven years bad luck. He them to bed, and sing to them, and tell | killed lots of 'em. Sort of reveled in it, them stories. Sometimes she'd have and seemed to get on just as well as all five swarming over her at once. I though he was patron saint to catkind, One day he happened on to a black cat when he was in the killing mood, and Vaughn, as the engineer's voice, which | he laid it out. Never had a day's luck since. He was a steady, clear-headed fellow, and a hard worker, but every position misfortune's sledge-hammer fell on him, and he retired on the first whirl,

"Get a black cat to like you, though, and you can tackle anything on eart and make it go. I'll bet that the men who have made big fortunes out of othing had a black eat in the house, Yes, sir! I knew a young fellow who was in love-in over his head-and result of an affliction is inhuman, didn't know enough to play it easy. It was his first offense, and he wasn't posted. His girl was a thousand miles away, and he used to write her letters—

The old man tur three of 'em would make a book. evening a black cat walked into his "And you never saw her again? You office just like it owned the place, and sized up on everybody. Then it came to my young lover and climbed up on his knee while he was writing, cuddled down and commenced to sing. It was in operatic cat and sang like a prima on his knees. doma. It kind of pleased the young fellow, and he petted it. After that it used to come around and sit on his knee every evening while he wrote to his girl, and the way that girl warmed up was amazing. She was sort of indifferent before, but she became terribly affectionate as soon as the black cat came into the game. But the blamed young he reassured her with a swift smile.

"No, ma'am, I ain't; and I never shall be as I know of," he added. "Second for wouldn't satisfy me now, I apagain and married the man who is the pallid face of the lifeless man. Lige clown didn't do anything for the cat but figures in novels—A. Nother. This is a true story. I'll swear to it. But if old man did not cough any more.

plain, and sent the prairie-dogs scutting I know it, 'cause I'm a little tender about it vet. "There's a saloon over on West Madison street that I noticed was for Anyway, it didn't prosper, and it climbing around in the window over the mixture to the glass which is d and that good luck came in with it and

him away. I do, by jingo! "Whenever I see a black cat in a place of business I always look into the restaurant window on Clark street, 1 emembered the place when it was a very modest institution. A few years ago it occupied only one store-room, and old oyster stews for fifteen cents and a story. The cat came into the kitchen one day and proceeded to make itself at One day it was fooling around the room king. You can see it there any day.

"But you ought to see the way gamblers cotton to a black cat. What gamblers don't know about luck of all kinds wouldn't fill much of a book. There's a is no longer needed. iouse on Clark street, between Washington and Randolph streets, that used to be one of the prosperous banks of the town, They had a black cat, It happened in one day-nobody ever knew

"Black cats are peculiar. You never

That's what I like about 'em. They CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING. just quietly stay at home and sing their old song and let the other cats howl, which is very sensible, according to my

notion of things. "Have I got one? Of course I have, But it isn't a simon-pure black; it's got Graphology is the art of reading charafew spots of white on it, and I reckon a few spots of white on it.

THE GRAVEYARD COUGH.

Individuals.

Old Sandy Meek had a dry cough, performance which the boys termed a grave yard communication.' A stranger hearing his sepulchral gobble would not have bet on his living three days longer, but men who had been born and bred in Cage's Bend had heard that cough from toddling infancy to sturdy manhood, Sandy's ailment, indeed, became a joke among the boys. Recently Sandy went to the cross roads to attend a political meeting. He sat down with his back against a tree and the boys gathered round to hear him

cough and to bet on the result, 'Bet ten dollars,' said Lige Thompa, 'that the next round kills him.' 'Put up your money,' replied young Sam Peters,

'Boys, said an old man, 'you ought to be ashamed yourselves. Betting on the "We are only in fun,' rejoined Lige Thompson. 'Old Sandy will outlive all

The old man turned away and th boys 'put up' the money and walked around and enjoyed the joke.

'She's a long time coming on, Sam. 'Yes; but we'll strike him hard pretty Old Sandy sat with his head resting

on his clasped hands and with his elbows 'Don't believe he's going to be bought any more, Lige,

Don't 'pear like it. Keep your eye on the stakeholder.' 'Oh, I'm here, said the stakeholder. and then all the boys laughed.

'Say, Sandy,' called Lige, The old man did not move. 'We've got a funny bet upon you,' advancing and placing his hand upon the old man's shoulder.

Imitation Ground Glass

Very many housekeepers of limited means and a desire for making the best sale about a year ago. It didn't seem of things, will be very grateful for the right, making an acute instead of an obto catch on -a queer thing for a saloon, following. A pretty and excellent imitation of ground glass may be made in looked pretty dingy. Somebody hought the following simple manner: Dissolve two or three tablespoonfuls of Epsom lar mint. Why? Just pass along there salts in a quantity of lager beer, and any day and you'll see a black cat with a common paint brush apply the bottles of extra dry, or stretched out on look as if it were "ground," When the the cigar case taking a snooze. The proprietor told me that the cat walked frosted, in beautiful chrystaline forms, in the third day be had taken the place, imitating the real ground glass. Paint the mixture upon the inside of the glass, just settled down on everything. He or that at least which will not require wouldn't let go of that cat for thou-sands. Why, I believe that if the bar-both soluble in water, would of course tender tried to knock down an honest dollar in that house the cat would give "Ground glass of this mexpensive variety will be found to be useful for a good many household purposes where one wishes, without going to the exase. The other day I saw one in a pense of the real article, to produce the effect which it gives, and, without shutting out the light, screen what is beyond the glass from observation. This you could wish. When a horse is loaded mixture may be applied with satisfactory you can yoke him or do anything with mixture may be applied with satisfactory results to the transoms above and perfect gorge for a quarter. Now it is around hall doors, and to rear windows, an immense establishment and has a where light was required, but from run of patronage that is making its which the view was unsightly. By its owners rich. When I saw the cat I use plain glasses, goblets and bowls, eswent in and made some inquiries. Same pecially when cracked and no longer serviceable for table use, may be converted into pretty recepticles for winter home. The cook treated it well, and it boquets of dried grasses and pressed stayed. After awhile it got to loading ferns, and the blain glass doors of bookferns, and the plain glass doors of bookaround the dining-room, and would sit on the cashier's desk by the hour. The for the folios of magazines and pamph cases be made into a handsome screen proprietors gave it the best in the land. lets which will accumulate there. Many other uses will suggest themselves to when the rush was on and one of the any ingenious woman, wherein this waiters gave it a kick. He was imme-imitation will answer every purpose of diately fired out and orders were issued to treat that cat as though it were a favor, that when its use as a screen is only required temporarily, the solution is as readily removed from the glass as it was applied to it by simply washing it off with soap and warm water when it

A Red Baby on a Board.

There died at Lapwai recently an old ow, and tramped around over the rou- Indian, who was known by the name of | waiters in cases, conductors and drivers lette and hazard tables as though it George. He has always been a stanch on street and other railroads, bootblacks, knew all about the double O and red friend of the white people, and trusted laborers on the streets, and mechanics and black and high and low. It used to sit on the lookout's knee at the faro entered this country, in July 1804, only persons whom I did not see smosit on the lookout's knee at the faro entered this country, in July 1804, only persons whom I did not see smotable and watch the game, and no one George was a babe and was carried lash-king were nuns, and they doubtless ever dared to bluff the dealer then, you ed upon a board upon the back of his smoke in private. can bet. The house won all the time, mother. At the time Lewis, Clark and the cat was reckoned as good as party emerged from the timber on their due to the purity of the leaves, and the four aces in a 'show down.' The em-ployes wouldn't play a cent in the house Shoshone county, George's mother, with I can smoke twice as many cigars as at used to carry their salaries over to the other squaws and Indians, were engaged | home. other houses and play. It stayed there on the prairie digging camas. When for months, and then disappeared just as they first saw the white men they were it had come. Would you believe it, the police sailed in the next night, collared of them; but when they saw the two negro servants of the party became 'pinched' a big mob of players. The frightened and fled to the woods. other houses weren't touched. The George's mother, finding that she could haleyon days and she read it to him: same house is running now, but it isn't not run fast enough with her babe on popular, and if it keeps even that's all it her back, stood the board, with the babe 'Sweet idol of my lonely heart, if thou wilt place thy hand in mine and es. The dealers used to look for the lashed to it, beside the first tree she say, 'Dear love, I'll be thy bride,' we'll cat every day they came on duty, and came to, where she thought it would be the summy Italy, and 'neath soft ceruwhen it didn't show up they knew someeasily seen, and continued her flight lean skies we'll bask and sing and thing was going to drop on them. Some with the other squaws into the timber, said the house was going to burn down. and from the cover of the timber they Others thought that some duffer would watched the movements of Lewis and adorn the walls of the castle I'll give break the bank. But all expected had linek, and it came.

Clark's party who moved across the prairie in the direction of the Clearwawant to try and capture one and drag it | called the Oro Fino Creek. After they want to try and capture one and drag at land ground of their own ger to the sqaws they cautiously returnaccord if you expect 'em to bring good ed toward the prairie from their hiding luck. If they come in at the door, and show a disposition to settle there and be him safe and unmolested as she had left contented, you're fixed; but if they come him lashed to the board beside the tree. In through a window your name's Den-They're awfully affectionate when month of July, 1804, and George was they take a notion to any one, and don't then a board baby, and consequently he

One of the Most Fascinating Studies One Can Find-Some of the Signs.

that detracts a little from the good luck. | most fascinating studies one can find; believe in any kind of superstition and Oh, I've had half a dozen at one time or absorbing one's attention; making one another, and I've always had good luck while they stayed with me. But they tances in one's friends and acquaintances in one's search for bits of writing. buckeye out of one pocket, caressed it a wander away sooner or later, and it The poorest writing is as good to study crusted over, so's they could walk on moment and put it in another. It was isn't any use trying to stop one if it gets as the best-better, in fact. The good a notion that it ought to be on the writing—the writing that is still as the march. It's got to be contented and writer was taught by the teacher-shows happy or the charm is lost. Oh, a black a character without any originality. But cat is a sure mascot, you can bet," and what is graphology? Well, in brief, it talk. There's the black cat, for instance. the believer in feline magic paused to is the art of character in handwriting, Now, I wouldn't be without a black cat pick up a pin which he spied in his path and enables one to study his friend or any way you could fix it. There's somewith the point toward him, while the enemy at a distance—and as friendly letters are the least unstudied, the least formal, they reveal more of one's character. It is not necessary to read the words; but from the manner letters are made, how they are joined, how placed on the line, and many points, one can decide the character of a person wholly unknown. There is not a bit of prophesy about it, as in palmistry, phrenology and other so-called arts, moral and mental characters of the person who wrote and at the time of writing, Comparing writings of persons at different periods, the decline or advance in character can be told.

> Preller, and could have also letters written by him this past week, I could tell whether he has lost confidence or not, In our druggists' windows are portraits of two great artists, Adelina Pattı and Mary Anderson. Take a good 1 ok at their signatures. There is no equal to a Patti, and none of the Pattis can compare with Adelina! But it is a gracion graceful pride, shown by the graceful underlining of the name. See, too, the old-time womanliness of the writer. now turn to Mary Anderson. She beongs to the new generation. Less, far less of womanly grace or charm, more, far more of the age. She was a born business woman, one might say a business coquette. She could hold her own on 'change among our best and keenest merchants. The flourish to her name shows she can "draw trade," and what s more, can keep it She is a poserosing ever and always. One who wishes to keep in her good graces must praise

her. She is cold blooded, Now find if you can the signature of Ade aide Neilson. What nobleness! What graciousness! What power and range of impression and expression One of the regrets of my life is in never having seen and heard her. Since I began studying graphology I have not found a writing so essentially noble in all ways as is Adelaide Neilson's-what! I'm talikng too fast, and haven't given you any proof of what I claim for graphology! Well, you know that two signs of graphology have passed into proverbs. The careful person is one who always "dots his i's and crosses his t's," who always "minds his p's and q's," Let your readers take a bundle of letters, spread them out and look for small f's, and they will soon find some that are not taught, but are barred back of the down stroke, That is stubborness, Now look further and find some t's that are barred with a down slant from left to tuse angle on the under right-hand side. There is the mark of an opinionated, con-

How Horses are Trained

As for Rarey, the most of his business was trickery done by locusting and loading. Horses are awfully fond of locusts and carrots, and they will do almost anything for them; but loading is the

great trick. "What is loading?" "Loading is slipping about an ounce weight of lead down the ears of the horse. You slip a load, to which a small riece of string is attached, down the horse's ears, no matter how vicious the beast may be it becomes dazed and stupid when the load plugs its ears. The horse does not understand what has happened in the world when he cannot hear well, and he becomes as docile as himhe will not object. It is a thousand times more merciful and far more effective than the horrible plan of putting a twitch upon the ear or upon the nostril, a practice still indulged in by some horse coupers. Leaden weights are made for the purpose. Any small weights will do, but it is better to have one made to fit."

The Flavor of Cuba Tobacco.

I have never heard it explained why the cigar made in Cuba lacks its peculiar me flavor after having been imported. But certain it is, that after crossing the salt water, in a few months its original flavor has departed. Stranger still, it is rise too near him and look so large that asserted and believed that when taken it does not look possible to miss a bird, back to Cuba the original flavor in time returns.

sible, men, women, and children smoke, The black women smoke great long cigars; some Cuban ladies, small, delicate cigarettes.

All public officers—in their offices-

the soldiers on duty, clerks in stores, That it does not kill

Funny Old Love Letters. A lady was looking over a bundle of old love letters recently and chanced upon this one from her husband in his "Sweet idol of my lonely heart, if dream naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by old masters shall ter, at or near the mouth of what is now mand, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of music shall still thee at eventide, and warbling ing slumber. Dost thou accept? Say 'Yes,' and fly, oh, fly with me."
"And I flew," said the wife; but if I had been as fly as I am now I wouldn't have flown."

seem to have such a terrible hankering must have been over 80 years of age to the dark cloud of death, and we for back fences as other cats have. when he died.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Their Habits, Haunts and the Way to Hunt them.

Houston boasts of quite a large numper of Nimrods who go out almost daily hunt prairie chickens and other game Prairie chicken shooting has the preference over most hunting sport, for the reason that it requires carefully trained logs and a sufficient practice with the gun to "shoot upon the wing" without moment's warning. The prairie chicken is an accomodating bird, and may be hunted in pleasant weather; this fact may partly account for the ardor with which it is pursued. Chicken shooting, however, is a fascinating sport in itself, the same being very strong of wing and, exceedingly patatable. Day light finds the hunters—for they general-, like their dogs, bunt in pairs-leaving the farm-house where they have passed the night. At the word of command the dogs leap into the wagon, and a few moments' drive brings the hunters to a "likely field." The hunters alight, slip a cartridge into each barrel of their guns and turn into the field. The dogs are eager for the sport to begin, and at the words "Hunt 'em up" and a wave of the hand spring out into the stubble at full speed, one hunter and one dog to each side of the field. The dogs work from the edge of the field to the center, If I could have Maxwell's letters to cross, keep on to the other edge, return and cross again, covering the field in ever varying and irregular circles. Not nd then one pauses and snuffs the wind blowing down the field, or turns quickly aside from his course and follows up for a few yards an old scent in the hope of finding it stronger.

Suddenly one of them running at full speed in long elastic bounds, with ear and tail waving as he leaps, falls tlat on his belly as if paralyzed and remains motionless as a stone. Quick as is the movement, the other dog has also crouched and is pointing at the first dog, "backing him up" with implicit confidence, though the scent may not have reached his keen nostrils. sagacious animals turn their heads and look back at their masters with intelligent eyes, as if to say: "Hurry up; here they are!" They move rapidly and noise lessly up to the first dog. The intelligent animal, who has not moved a musscle, except to turn his head and look back, rises slowly and crouchingly to his back were used in old Rome for clipfeet, and with nose extended steals slow- ping sheep, hair and hedges. y forward, infelligence and wary cauion expressed in every movement of his eloquent body. His feet are lifted and to be used as hat decorations. put down like paws of velvet, and his

carefully close behind, guns cocked and ready for use. Down goes the dog as though shot dead, and this time he does not dare to look back, tremer of his body giving ake one, two steps birds rise—two to the left, one to the right. Bang! bang! The man on Brooklyn are compelled to commit to left kills with the first barrel and misses States. with his second barrel. Neither hunters nor dog stir a step. The left hand by 65 per cent, the fares of all dog-bitged shells and slips fresh ones in their at Paris. While he is loading up rises a ourth chicken, this time to the left. The right hand man knocks it over, and at the discharge of his gun the chickens inches in size, rise on all sides. The left hand man gets in both barrels and knocks down two birds. They reload, and the dog is

told to "hunt 'em up."

If the birds are plenty and the stubbles in good condition, the chances are hat a covey will be in each stubble field. Hunters often "draw a blank," as they term it, and sometimes two coveys are found in one field. The coveys vary widely in size; sometimes as many as thirty or forty birds are found together, and sometimes an old cock is found alone with a field all to himself. The chickens in different coveys also Ga., with a beautiful beard nearly a behave differently. At times they will foot long. She is well to do and thus get up singly, and in such a case two escapes the dime museum. shooters will get nearly the whole covey. At other times the whole covey will rise together, and it requires quick and skillfull shooting to make each of the four barrels count. If the country and flight of the birds allow, it is sometimes possi ble to "mark down" a covey and follow them from field to field, unless they fly into the corn, when pursuit is hopeless.

To a novice the sport is wildly exciting. The intelligent and admirable working of the dogs, the intense excitement of the moment when the birds are rising with the noise and speed of a skyrocket from the stubble beneath their very feet, and the exhileration of a suc cessful shot give it a fascination hard to describe to those who have not tried it. The novice, although he may be a good shot at other kinds of birds, is very apt to miss his first half-dozen birds. The and he is very apt to shoot without aim. After a few misses however, he finds Smoking is as nearly universal as pos- that they fly like an express train, and must be covered by the sights of the worthless husband carried to a liquor gun, and quickly too. After that his luck improves, and he finds that, like everything else, it is easy when you know how, and one of the most fascina- Krevlanen reports that he had been ting of all field sports.

The human family living to-day on

earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 in

dividuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000, 000 densely crowded; on an average, 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile; not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over-popula ted. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and the Norman Conquest sold themselves small, probably 10,000,000. tremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaing 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race 500,000,000 are well clothed-that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,060,000 are semi clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or Paris Academie des Sciences recently aves with no furnishings; 260,000,000 "On Sounds produced in Vibrating mye nothing that can be called a home. Plates by Discharges of Static Electri are barbarous and savage. The range city." To hear these sounds the metal is from the topmast round—the Anglo- plate must be fixed to the end of a Saxon civilization, which is the highest known-down to naked savagery. The resurrection is the silver lining postion of the race lying below the line become more acute as the discharges of of human condition is at the very least electricity succeed each other more three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000. rapidly.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-It is said there was boycotting in China long, long ago. -Philadelphia has a saloen that took in \$325,000 last year.

-When a house is not rented in Mexico it is not taxed. -Thistle green is a new tint tha goes well with dark blue.

-Miss Adele Grant wears the costly jewelry given by Earl Cairns.

-A Hamilton, O., girl graduated one day and married the next. -In the Island of Java there are

twenty letter-press printing offices. -An English firm has at last succeeded in making a colored water mark. -Burdette, the humorist, has a tal-

ented sister who can make addresses. -Corn eight feet high is reported from the southern counties of Kansas. A newspaper has been discovered at Pekin that was started in the year 911. -San Francisco has about fifteen Chinese carpenters; they have a union. -By the decision of a Philadelphia

-A Methodist missionary has been appointed chief physician of the Chinese army.

Dogberry an ink-eraser is a deadly

-Japan is to have a national assem bly hall medeled after the German Reichstag

-All the railroads in Louislana are run at a loss so far as local traffic is concerned.

-An Athens, Ga., firm offers \$4000 for the exclusive privilege to sell liquor in the county. -The Boston Postoffice yields the government an annual net revenue of

over \$3,060,000. -The vein of iron ore discovered at Negaunee, Mich., turns out to be 150 feet in thickness.

-Philadelphia grave diggers, it is reported, have organized a branch of the Knights of Labor, -George Bristol, of Plano, Ill., sneezed so hard the other day that he frac-

tured one of his ribs. -The Russian authorities admit that there are 884 penitentiaries in the country, with 94,915 occupants. -Shears with two blades and a spring

-A Florida firm is shipping 2,500 bird-kins a month to Newark, N. J.,

-There are now published in the progress is noiseless and as true as the needle to the pole. The hunters follow united States 14,160 newspapers, an increase of 600 newspapers, and increase of 600 newspapers. increase of 666 over last year. -Some of the Western newspapers have been printing a cut of Lydia Pink-ham as that of Miss Folsom of Buffalo.

-Last year 19,067,180 imperial galwarning that he can go no further with- lons of beer were exported from Muout walking into the covey. The men nich, an increase over 1884 of 33 per -The girls in the public schools of

the right kills his bird, the man on the memory the constitution of the United -Italian railroads, it is said, reduce

man breaks his gun, draws out dischar- ten persons who go to consult Pasteur, -El Telegrama, of Guadalajura, Mexico, is the smallest paper published

on this continent. It is five by three -A cargo of Norwegian ice has been imported into New York; but the profit is so small that such ventures are not

likely to increase. -A Flint, Mich., physician recently received eighty-four bushels of horseradish in payment for a bill for professional services.

-Cincinnati policemen who served in the war will wear on their left sleeve a red tape, to distinguish the soldier element of the force. -There is a woman in Union Point,

-The French are about to celebrate at Montdidier, his native town, the

centenary of Parmentier, who introduced the potato into France. -A woman by the name of Johnson was severely bitten by a cat at Larned,

Kan, The madstone was applied to the wound and it adhered three times. -Measles have closed atl the schools at Brattleborough, Vt., where about half the pupils and some of the teachers have been down with the complaint. -In London last year there were

2851 alarms of fire, or an average of 8 a day. Of these 2270 were veritable fires though only sixty resulted in serious damage, -A Gale's Ferry, Conn., man killed with his gun the other day five rattlesnakes, the largest of which was nearly

eleven rattles, -Mrs. Jennie Wright, of Indianapolis, has brought suit to recover the value of her sewing machine, which her saloon and raffled off,

the size of a man's wrist and had

-a neares in erestayl died lately at the given age of 117 years. The arranging to marry for the ninth time shortly before his death. -Politeness could not be carried fur-

ther than it is at a certain coal mine in Belleville, where a notice warns all and sundry in the following terms: "Please do not fall down the shaft," -To visitors at the Edinburgh Exposition Mr. Lloyd's exhibit of five

miles of "News" paper in an unbroken web is one of the most striking examples of modern paper making. -It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of paper are manufactured in Europe annually. The value of the materials used is placed at about £20,000,000,

and the value of the paper at £40,000, -Thousands of Britons in times of famine during the first century after into thralldom. Children were even

sold by their parents to escape extreme poverty. -A society has recently been formed Manchester for the purpose of collecting and preserving material of historical interest relating to the town, the 250th anniversary of which will oc-

eur in 1896, M. E. Semmois read a paper before the sound conductor of ebonite, which The must be held near the ear. The sounds