

# Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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## TABBY AND TOM.

Out in the night, on the high broad seas,  
Singing the song of their love intense,  
Are Tabby and Tom.  
What though the shot and bricketts fly?  
What though the neighbors for slaughter cry?  
They dream wrapped up in each other's arms,  
Nor think of time as it onward rolls.  
'Tis no occasion for fear or strife,  
'Tis a romance—a scandal of feline life.  
They seem to dodge the projectiles hurled,  
They are monarchs of this great midnight world.  
They sit all night on the high broad seas  
And sing the song of their love intense—  
Do Tabby and Tom.

## FUN.

If the young ladies of this great and glorious country were not so attractive as they are, a great many young men would never go to church.—Somerville Journal.

The line must be drawn somewhere Mr. Woolly. If a man insists on wearing a flannel shirt, he is lucky if it isn't drawn around his neck.—Puck.

It is stated that our naval force at Samoa "consists of one Admiral, two officers and five men." The Navy Department should send on two more of officers, so that in case of mutiny the forces will be equally divided.—Life.

He knew.—Mr. Hibred.—What do you suppose the bard referred to when he wrote of the "slipped pantaloon"? Mrs. Slapdash.—Really, I have no idea.—"I bet you know!"—"My son you were not spoken to."—Truth.

Seasonable.—Wife.—"Can you give me some money, John, dear?"—"H—What do you want it for?"—"I want to buy a new switch at the hair store."—"I see; you want me to make a contribution to the fresh hair fund."—Boston Courier.

Refreshing names.—Old Soaker.—"Can you recommend some beach where I can go without striking a nickel, dry, prohibitory, desyrt?"—"Friendly"—"Lee's sea. Juniper, Ryer or Bar Harbor would seem to offer you a choice of evils."—Lowell Citizen.

"See here, Mr. Grocer," said a Hartford housewife, "if you are going to bring me any more goods I want them to be of the very best."—"We keep none but the best."—"I presume so. But you sell the worst in order to keep the best."—Hartford Post.

Would-be purchaser.—These cigars are much smaller than usual.—The Cigarist.—"Yes; you see, the cigar manufacturer noticed that the last two inches of the cigar are always thrown away, so he makes them now that much shorter."—Boston Gazette.

A Moving Plaintiff.—George.—"Will you—Alice—Oh, George, this is so sudden." George.—"Not a bit of it. That hairpin of yours has been sticking into my shoulder for the last twenty minutes, and I can't stand it any longer. Will you please move a little?"—Lawrence American.

Twisted history.—Sunday school teacher.—"And now, Johnny Haggood, it's your turn. What did his father do when the prodigal son returned?" Johnny (who can't help reading the sporting editions of the daily press).—"Please, sir, he jumped on his neck and kissed him."—Puck.

Young Harduppe.—"But don't you think you could learn to love me? Is there no hope?" Ancient heiress.—"I am afraid not, Mr. Harduppe. My heart was lost when I was but a young girl." Mr. Harduppe.—"But you couldn't count what happened before the war."—Terre Haute Express.

Reason Dethroned.—Judge.—"Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the deceased?" Witness (a member of the Legislature).—"Well, once, when he was a member of the Legislature, he introduced a bill that wasn't a particle of interest to anybody—except taxpayers."—New York Weekly.

"And I want to say, 'To my husband, in an appropriate place," said the widow in conclusion to Slab, the grave-stone man. "Yessum," said Slab. And the inscription went on: "To my husband, in an appropriate place."—Chicago Liar.

Not Her Size.—Customer from Seedville.—"Do you keep the best make of shoes here?" City Dealer.—"Yass our shoes are all A. No. 1." Customer from Seedville.—"Then you can't suit me. I take B. No. 5."—Munsey's Weekly.

Miss Hortense (of Boston).—"Indeed, I can hardly look into the deep, opalescent amethyst of the star-spangled midnight sky without recalling Rosetti's thin, blue flames of soul on their way to Heaven." Then, too, the soulfulness of inner mentality is grand! Have you ever read "Sully's Psychology"? Mr. Charles (also of Boston).—"No; but I think I shall first chance I get, since he did up Kil rain in such great shape!"—Light.

A Capitalist.—"Where did you spend your vacation, anyway, Smith?" asked Jones casually. "Spent it at home," replied Smith. "I couldn't afford to go anywhere this year."—"Is that so?" said Smith, promptly. "You're in luck, old man. I send my five dollars, will you?"—Somerville Journal.

## THE PASHA'S BIG GAME

### HOW VON MOLTKE CHECKMATED HIM.

#### A Game of Chess Between Two Notable Men.

On a summer afternoon almost fifty years ago, Sulejmann Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, sat at a cafe on the Nile terrace in Cairo. At tables near him were many soldiers who had helped him fight the armies of Sultan Mahmud not many months before. Several of them had been with him in the battle of Nizib when he routed the Turkish army under Hafiz Pasha and Col. von Moltke, then in the Sultan's service. But Sulejmann was not thinking of the soldiers about him, nor of Hafiz Pasha, nor Col. von Moltke, nor the battle of Nizib. His whole attention was concentrated on a chessboard before him.

Sulejmann Pasha was a famous chess player. In the first few weeks after his return to Cairo he had beaten dozens of times Ulema Reschid Aga, formerly the champion chess player of northern Egypt. He regarded his reputation as a chess player as something akin to his reputation as a warrior. He considered chess to be pre-eminently a soldier's game, and never tired of making elaborate comparisons between strategy on the chessboard and strategy on the field of battle. Every afternoon he met Ulema Reschid Aga on the Nile terrace and beat him two or three games.

On this particular afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Ulema Reschid Aga was a little late in coming to his Waterloo, and Sulejmann Pasha was having a preliminary skirmish with himself while awaiting his opponent's arrival. His diversion was interrupted by the appearance on the terrace of a long-gaited, bony young stranger. The stranger strolled right up to the Pasha's table, and after making a half-military salute, said so loudly that every one on the terrace could hear:

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess."

All the officers on the terrace sat quite still and stared at the thin, pale young man who stood before their great commander. The Pasha looked him over curiously.

"I am at your service," was his answer, after a long pause. "How high do you usually play?"

"You fix the stakes, Pasha."

"Well, a hundred ducats will not be too much."

The stranger nodded and sat down. The lots were cast. The game was begun. All the officers in the cafe left their coffee to crowd around the players. The first few moves convinced them that the long bony fingers of the stranger had moved chess many times before. At the end of twenty minutes the Pasha's eyes suddenly brightened and he smiled. He had an invincible combination. He placed his queen before his opponent's queen. The officers began to grumble, for they thought their commander had lost his head. Only Reschid Aga, who in the mean time had joined the crowd of spectators, looked happy. He had guessed his friend's combination, and he, too, was sure that it was invincible.

"He will take the queen," commented the spectators.

"Then he will be checkmated in eight moves," whispered back Reschid Aga, his eyes fixed on the board.

"And if he doesn't take her?"

"He will lose his own," said the ex-champion.

The stranger moved a pawn. Sulejmann took his queen. The officers thought it was all up with the gaunt young man, and started back to their coffee. They were called back, however, by the first words the Pasha's opponent had spoken since he sat down to the table.

"Pasha, in twelve moves you will be checkmated."

The interest of the Pasha's friends became intense. They counted each move aloud. One—two—three—four and the Pasha was already hard-pressed. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—and his men were hemmed in on all sides. Ten—the Pasha tried in vain to break the blockade by sacrificing his queen. Eleven—he drew back his king into a corner. Twelve—"Checkmate."

There was a dead silence, all stared at the Pasha. He thought hard for several minutes, and then he looked searchingly at the stranger and said:

"Once before I have seen chess played as you play it. Your strategy is not new to me, although I cannot cope with it. The game that you are playing reminds me of what was much finer than this. It was played with cavalry and infantry and heavy artillery, till the ground shook under our feet. The great chess player from the North who was then against me had 150,000 men. In his hands they were invincible. The mad and envious interference of Hafiz Pasha ruined his combinations, however, and, happily for our side, gave us the game."

The Pasha stopped a moment to scrutinize the stranger's face. It was expressionless. Then he said:

"Young man, you remind me of that great chess player from the North who all but routed us at Nizib. You would be better for these—"

routed me here. Only one man in the world can play chess like that. He is Col. von Moltke."

"You have it," answered the stranger, reaching the Pasha his hand across the chess-table, "I am Moltke."

## CROWS AS STREET CLEANERS.

The city of Omaha has in its service a force of thousands of scavengers, who draw no pay, report to no official, but are protected by law from molestation. They are the crows who flock into towns as regularly as cold weather comes, stay during the winter, and vanish in the Spring. Each evening as the shadows fall, legions of crows wing their way in a seemingly endless flight to the willow copes and clumps of small cottonwood trees on the banks of the Missouri, where they roost for the night. A favorite haunt is at the bend of the river between Cut Off and Florence Lakes, where the banks shelter them from the northwest wind. The air is thick with sable wings and resonant with hoarse caws there after sunset each night, as the scavengers settle down among the branches to dream of back area lunches and carrion scraps.

With the break of day the sable cock bestirs itself. Each member hops to warm its chilled legs, stretches its shiny wings, and heads back towards the city. The vast flock breaks into small groups, and they alight here and there on the tree tops and survey the back yards and alleys until they can pick out foraging places. Then they descend, and in short order the remains of the breakfasts, the scraps of meat from markets, and the rats killed by household dogs and cats are robbed up.

Some crows do scavenger work about the residences. Others slight cautiously in the alleys, and others are attracted to the stock yards and packing houses.—Omaha World

## Receipt Preferred to a Personal Voucher.

There was a commotion at the clerk's desk in the Essex Market Police Court. The clerk was holding a discussion with a blue-eyed maverick.

"Now, what's the matter with that man?" demanded Judge Duffy sternly.

"If you please, your honor just paid me \$10 for getting drunk. I've said me hard-earned money and I want a receipt."

"You don't need a receipt," replied the court. "Your discharge is receipt enough. No one could hold you on the charge again."

"Yes, your honor; but I hope to go to Heaven some time, and on judgment day when the recording angels come to this charge against me he may not be willing to take my word for it that I paid for my sin to you."

The court was disconcerted for an instant; then the reply came: "Oh, I'll vouch for you!"

"Ah, sir, but I fear you will not be here, and they will not grant me time to go down and look over the directory of the bad place to find your address."

"Give that man a receipt and take him out," shouted the court, lustily, and the shattered fellow shambled away, hugging the paper to his ragged bosom.—New York World.

## Esquimaux Tobogganing.

The Esquimaux on land journeys often encounter hills where it would be very dangerous to attempt a descent with a heavily loaded sled drawn by dogs. When such a place is reached they unhitch the dogs and let the sled descend by its own weight. All the men act as brakes to prevent, if possible, a descent so rapid as to land the sledge a complete wreck at the bottom. The two strongest of the drivers take their places on the sides at the front of the sled, and the others hold on where they can; all pull back as strongly as possible when the speed increases. Some plant their feet in front of them and send the snow flying as if from a snow plow. Others find themselves taking leaps that would astonish a kangaroo, are dragged furiously along, or, maybe, come rolling to the bottom after the sled. The dogs regard the whole affair as a joke, and with their trices tied together come dashing along in the wild chase, some barking joyously, others yelping distressfully, as caught in the traces, they are dragged to the foot of the hill by their reckless companions. It often seemed a wonder when, even with all our exertions, we could land sled and party at the bottom in safety.

## Do Horses Reason.

A friend thinks his horse. He drove him to a watering trough the other day into which some one had thrown the stump of an old broom. The horse held back his head in disgust, but presently took the unoffending broom between his teeth and threw it from the trough. Then he held back his head and waited for the water to run clear. Presently he smelled it, but still not being satisfied he waited again, and yet again. Finally he put his nose into the water and swished it around, apparently to stop up all impurities before he consented to drink. How now did the horse know that the water would run pure? It must have been the result of observation and memory. All horses know enough to refuse to drink impure water. If men were as particular as to what they drink it would be better for these—"

## AN ENGLISH EDITOR.

### Something About Editor Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette.

In England the editor of a newspaper has no such interesting personal life as he has here. Nobody takes the slightest interest in him. No matter what the influence or circulation of a journal, the name of the editor is rarely asked for. The two notable exceptions, who prove this rule, are Sir Edwin Arnold, of the Daily Telegraph, and W. T. Stead, of the Pall Mall Gazette. Of these two, Stead is by far the most notorious, for he has the most striking personality regarding the public horizon for more than a week at a time. No one gave such attention to the Maybrick case, or managed to gratify a public interest in a sensational item regarding the Stead, as he has never dropped below the public horizon for more than a week at a time. No one gave such attention to the Maybrick case, or managed to gratify a public interest in a sensational item regarding the Stead, as he has never dropped below the public horizon for more than a week at a time.

A man of social standing who finds himself on the verge of being implicated in an unsavory scandal, thinks shiveringly of the Pall Mall Gazette, before he does of the witness stand. Stead has a motive in sensationalism aside from love of notoriety and the sale of his paper. He is a religious man, fanatically so, and is powerfully impressed with the idea that he has a mission in life. That mission is to expose sin and promote virtue, and he "makes for righteousness," to quote his own pet expression, for all he is worth. His energy and enterprise are phenomenal. No celebrity living has ever put his name so far in front of him without being interviewed by Stead, and there are few in Europe whom he has not managed to meet some time or other. He may never print these interviews, he may not even read them, but a room kept for the purpose, but sooner or later they have their value. He works ten hours a day. The first to reach his office, he is the last to leave it, and during that time he superintends the printing of his paper, writes every leader, reads and replies to a correspondence which flows in like waves of air, and receives innumerable visitors.

In appearance he is short, wiry, active, with a fine head, and bright, restless, china-blue eyes. When a visitor is shown into his private office in the little alley off the Strand, he makes a grab for his hand and rattles along like a steam train. He is a strict subject to another, haranguing, preaching, laying down the law, advising, reproving, that the bewildered visitor forgets his errand—which is probably what Stead intends. He is a man of blue eyes dart needles right into one's very soul. Stead thus knows his man, without being obliged to hear him talk. Suddenly he springs to his feet, grasps his hand again, and then he is in one of his more inexplicable moods. He bursts into peal after peal of laughter, which echoes after you as you grope through the labyrinthine corridors, as you stumble down the rotting staircase, and into the street. He is a man of ideas, original with himself, will assuredly be like no other of which the world has ever dreamed.

## Sen Forrest's Last and Lucky \$10.

Sen Forrest, Gen. Forrest's killed ally hero of the war, who killed more men with his sabre than any other one soldier on either side, he returned to Memphis after the surrender with his wife, and with only a few dollars in his pocket. Mr. Forrest was a lady of the most quiet, amiable Christian virtues, and the only person, by the way, who had any control of the "wizard of the saddle" while in a passion. One ton of her gentle hand, one soft, tender word, would calm his most tempestuous moods.

Sitting alone together the night of their return to Memphis, Gen. Forrest said to his wife, "I know of a strict church member, and have always opposed cards. But this \$10 is all there is on earth between us and the poorhouse. Won't you consent to my going out tonight and hunting up a game of draw?"

In vain the good woman protested. It was a sin in the sight of God, she said, and sin could not finally prosper. He went, found the party he wanted, and began the game. The cards ran his way from the first, and his winnings grew so large that he set his beaver on the floor beside him and used it as a depository. About two o'clock in the morning he lifted his tie, bent his head down, and faced the bed carefully on it, retaining the money in it. Reaching home he emptied his winnings. "Mary," Forrest's lap, saying, "Mary, count it."

## A Millionaire Union.

One of the interesting developments of late is the so-called "millionaire Union." It is a book from a mercantile environment. William Waldorf Astor has a story by Milan, published by Scribner, has put out a most excellent piece of literary work. It tells of the chivalrous days in Northern Italy and the plot swings along between such fascinating chapters as "The School of the Sword," "Between Red Pillars," "The Hall of the Signoria," and "Lago Lario. It is of virtually the same atmosphere as "Valentino," a Brother of the Borgias by the same author, published in 1886, and which reached a sale of over 3,000 copies. Mr. Astor is tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, blue eyes, light hair, and heavy mustache. He is in the prime of a perfectly beautiful life. He is interesting and animated in conversation, has a smiling and expressive face, and unlike the average New York millionaire, is companionable and always approachable.

## TIME'S REVENGES.

Years, years ago, when I was young,  
I loved a fair and gentle maiden;  
Her praisings day and night I sung,  
My heart with deepest passion laden;  
But, learning that she loved me not,  
I did not drop a tear or quaver,  
But bowed to my unhappy lot,  
And wooed another sweet enslaver.  
How quickly time doth turn the scene  
With wonders strange and changes pleasy  
My pretty girl is just eighteen,  
My first love's boy is four-and-twenty.  
Her child loves mine. How merrily  
I'll lead his hopes unto the slaughter!  
His mother would not marry me,  
And I'll not let him wed my daughter.  
—Nathaniel M. Levy in Harper's Bazar.

## COOK AND COUNTESS.

Patty Cowslip, the only daughter of Rev. Peter Cowslip, vicar of Muddesworth-in-the-Marsh, was a pretty girl. She was so pretty that she might have actually aspired, though she hadn't a penny in the world, to marry a fashionable curate. But though Patty was penniless, she was ambitious, and she hadn't the slightest idea of marrying the most fashionable of curates.

It is not necessary to describe what Patty was like. "Rather above than below the ordinary height," as novelists say, rich chestnut hair with a glint of gold in it, an excellent figure, small ears, brown eyes with dark eyebrows, peevish teeth set in the rosy frame of a pair of lips arched like Cupid's bow, a round and dimpled chin, a swan-like neck.—Bah! we have all once in our lives met somebody as charming as Miss Patty Cowslip; but, as a rule, the experience has not been repeated. We must not forget, though, that Miss Patty's arms and hands were her strong point; a queen might have envied them, for they were absolutely perfect.

Miss Patty Cowslip had had a decent education, but beyond the annual subsidy of £10 a year which the parish paid her for playing the organ, she hadn't a penny in the world.

Rev. Peter Cowslip was as poor as a rat. With considerable difficulty he managed to pay his tradesmen at the year's end; but Rev. Peter dined every day much better than many millionaires. And why? Was it on account of the poor clergyman's wicked extravagance? Not a bit of it. The fact is that Patty was a splendid cook—a born genius for the noblest of the arts.

Many modern young ladies, having purchased a terra cotta jar and rendered it hideous with dabs of paint, compel their friends to fall down and worship it, and call it art; other girls torment us with the piano, violin, banjo, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music; other girls sing. All these people work their wicked wills upon us with impunity. We grin; we say "Oh, thank you so much," because we are obliged to do that; and our politeness is treated as an encore, and then our sufferings recommence. And pretty Patty Cowslip did none of these dreadful things; but she could cook like Ode, Francatelli and Soyer rolled into one. And pretty Patty went up to town, entered the school of cookery, and came out as the senior wrangler of the year. It was Patty first, the rest nowhere. M. Caramel, the professor of ornamental pastry, proposed her for a once; but Patty refused him, for, as we have said, she was ambitious. And then Miss Cowslip issued a neat little advertisement, took modest lodgings in a modest West end street, and began to teach on her own account.

Lord Fleeshpots was a widowed solemite. He had three unmarried daughters—the Ladies Gwendoline, Erynnyrude, and Erynnyrude Casserole. His lordship was a great sufferer from indigestion, and he was dying of sad dinners. No cook ever stayed more than a month in his house; each of his daughters ruled the roast for a week, and generally the particular young lady who happened to be responsible for the dinner on any given evening left the room in tears before the lesson was put upon the table. If Lord Fleeshpots would only have dined at his club, all might have been well; but he persisted in dining at home, and the lives of his daughters were slow martyrdoms.

It chanced one day that they saw Miss Cowslip's advertisement in the St. James Gazette. Lady Gwendoline pointed it out to her sisters. They ordered the carriage early the next morning, and they were ushered into Miss Patty's neat little sitting room in Park street. "We don't want to take lessons, Miss Cowslip," said Lady Gwendoline. "We're too stupid," said Lady Erynnyrude. "And it would be no use," said Lady Erynnyrude. "But oh! Miss Cowslip, could not you come every morning and give us a few hints, for pa is wasting visibly!" cried the eldest girl.

"Its novelty that poor papa requires," sobbed the youngest daughter.—"refreshing novelty and perpetual change. Those are his very words, Miss Cowslip, his cruel, heartless words."

"Has Lord Fleeshpots ever tasted apple dumplings?" asked Patty Cowslip solemnly.

"It's a plate never heard of," exclaimed Lady Gwendoline.

"They were a favorite dish with His Majesty King George the Third," remarked Patty the historian.

"And we've never even heard of them!" sighed Lady Erynnyrude.

So it was arranged that Patty was to come the next day and teach them how to make apple dumplings, for which she was to receive a fee of one guinea; and as a personal favor she wrote them a charming little menu, in which among the sweet dishes appeared the item "Apple dumplings a la George Trois."

At 2 o'clock the next day Miss Cowslip was shown into their ladyship's boudoir. A clean white cloth, by Patty's direction, was laid upon the round table in the centre of the room; flour, water, a dish of apples, some brown sugar, some cloves, a pastry board and a basin were brought in by Adolphus John, the six feet footman, and then each of the six Ladies Casserole, provided with a silver knife, began to peel an apple.

Poor things, they couldn't even do that properly. But Patty Cowslip, who had taken off her hat and gloves, laid aside her jacket and donned a natty little Swiss apron trimmed with Russian embroidery, rolled up her sleeves and displayed her magnificent arms, and demonstrated the proper way to peel an apple, to the delight, astonishment and admiration of the Ladies Casserole; and when she was in the middle of the process the door opened, and Lord Fleeshpots entered the room.

"Pa," said Lady Gwendoline, "allow me to introduce to you Miss Cowslip, who has kindly consented to give us a few lessons."

"My dear young lady!" cried his lordship, "do I speak to the talented authoress of the charming menu I hold in my hand? Ever since I met my eyes I have felt a new sensation. I've eaten no lunch. I am reserving myself for your most delectable little dinner. But you have aroused my curiosity as well as my appetite. What on earth are apple dumplings a la George Trois? It is a dish I have never met in the whole course of my vast experience."

"She's got the most lovely arms and hands," he thought, "that I ever saw in my life!"

Patty smiled. "What teeth?" thought his lordship.

"You shall see them made, Lord Fleeshpots," said Patty, "if you care to look on."

"If I care! It will be the proudest privilege of my life. My dear Gwendoline," said the earl, "I could watch the movements of your charming friend forever."

"Pa!" cried the Ladies Casserole, in an astonished and indignant chorus.

And then Prof. Patty divided her apples into quarters, and then she made the paste and cut it into the requisite-sized squares. And Lord Fleeshpots looked on with respectful admiration; for he couldn't take his eyes off her magnificent hands and arms. "If," he thought, "that shapely creature would only prepare my meals forever, life would still have charms. I can't ask her to be my cook, for she's a lady. Gad! when I look at her I feel myself growing young again."

Just then Patty completed the first dumpling.

"What do you think of that, Lord Fleeshpots?" she said, as she displayed the little white sphere on her extended platen.

"My dear young lady," said Lord Fleeshpots, gazing at her arm and hand, "it's a dream of loveliness."

"Your lordship is laughing at me," said Miss Patty.

"I'm not, I assure you!" burst in the enamored peer; "I could eat it raw."

And then the three ladies Casserole simultaneously began to hate Prof. Patty with a deadly hatred.

But Miss Cowslip hadn't come to Eaton square to waste her time. She turned out the rest of the apple dumplings with the celerity of a practised hand. She took no further notice of his lordship, but she pocketed her guinea, which lady Gwendoline tendered wrapped in the conventional piece of tissue paper, and took her leave.

The dinner that evening in Eaton square was for once a success, and Lord Fleeshpots was helped three times to apple dumplings a la George Trois.

The next day, when Miss Cowslip arrived at Eaton square, she was shown into his lordship's study.

"My dear young lady," cried Lord Fleeshpots, as he advanced with extended hands. "I'm delighted to see you! Words fail me," he added, in a broken voice, "to sufficiently express my appreciation of your beauty and accomplishments. The crispness of the crust, my dear madam (if they were baked dumplings), was indescribable. I have one question to ask you, Miss Cowslip. Will you be my wife?"

Patty Cowslip felt as if the room was going round with her.

The enamored peer dropped upon his knees.

"If the devotion of a lifetime," he began.

"Don't, Lord Fleeshpots!" said Patty.

"You've found the way to my heart, my darling!"

The second Lady Fleeshpots is a very popular person, and her dinners are celebrated. She has married off her three step-daughters to Mustard, Cass and Furniture, respectively, and

she takes the most dutiful care of a husband.

His lordship's bill, the British cork compulsory education act, comes for first reading at an early date; and the young Countess of Fleeshpots is promised to give evidence at the royal commission which is expected to be appointed upon the subject.

## How Hair-Cloth is Made.

Many people understand, of course how hair-cloth is made, but for the edification of those who do not, we will explain the process. In the first place horse-hair cannot be dyed. It repels coloring matter; so to make blue hair-cloth it is necessary to secure a natural black hair. The horses, in many cases, absolutely wild, running unstrained, are regularly corralled in shorn. Of course black hair is preferable, but sometimes grey hair is utilized. Not only the tails, but also the manes are cut; the hair is bunched. These bunches seldom contain hairs less than two feet long, some as even three and three and a half feet, and the thickness of the bunch is usually two or three inches. The hair-cloth looms are provided with what we may call a nipper, in place of a shuttle, and the nipper is so finely actuated that it travels across the warp and seizes from the bunches one hair at a time, the jaws of the nipper being fine to grasp more than one, and carries it across the weft threads, dropping it into its exact place. The action of the loom mechanically forces the hair next to its predecessor, the warp crosses upon it, snugly holds it in its place, the nipper travels back and seizes another, and so on and on. The delicacy and almost human accuracy with which each separate hair is placed between the warp threads is really incredible.

Death Rather Than Unhappy Marriage.

The coroner held an inquest a Jeffersonville, on the remains of Miss Annie Berry, who, on account of disappointment in love, ended her life Tuesday night. The affair is one of the saddest, in all its details, that ever occurred in this city, and the whole community was shocked by the tragedy.

Young John Veeley states that he and Miss Berry were to have been married this week, but the union was prevented by the parents of the young lady, who had determined to make her marry the old man, John Bowman. The lovers were together on Monday night, and Miss Berry told Veeley then of her intention to take her life. The young man reasoned with his sweetheart, and before they parted that night, obtained from her a promise that she would not harm herself. When he next saw her she was in the agonies of death.

A letter has been found, addressed to her lover, in which she tells him of her good-by, and acknowledges taking the poison. The letter continues and says: "Mrs said she would follow me to the grave rather than see me marry you, and I guess she will have a chance to see my body placed beneath the ground. I will never marry Bowman. I desire that you attend my funeral, and request that your photograph be buried with me."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Excellent Joke.

Years ago a Naval chaplain with a tall hat was passing through the dock-yard gates at Deronport, when one of the policemen on duty noticed that he had a piece of tobacco sticking out underneath his hat. The chaplain was requested to remove his head-covering for examination; but he refused.

"I am an officer in the navy," he said, "and I consider your request an insult."

The officers were polite but firm. They were very sorry to put so distinguished a gentleman to inconvenience; but their orders were explicit to search every person whom they suspected of carrying out articles liable to duty.

"I have no contraband," said the chaplain, in a rage; "but as you doubt my word, I will take off my hat."

He did so, and there was nothing inside. On the day following the chaplain passed out again.

"Well," he said with a grin, "would you like to have me take off my hat to-day?"

"Oh, no, thank you, sir," said the police, with effusion—"not to-day! He, ha, ha!"—and they all laughed at what they considered an excellent joke.

But the joke the police did not see in its entirety; for the chaplain this time had several hundreds of cigarettes within his hat.

Rather Different.

Chicago Merchant (scowling at book agent)—I have no time to look at your Bibles. I have forty at home.

Book Agent—But you have none like this. This has a whole page in the family record for divorces, and—

Chicago Merchant—Oh, that's different. Why didn't you speak up in the first place? You may leave me a couple.

A Matter of Build.

A little girl of this village was crying bitterly the other evening about something that had happened, when her mother endeavored to soothe her. She told her to "shut up" and "never mind" and "stop crying," when the little one answered between her sobs: "I can't, mam, 'cause I ain't built that way."—A. J. Blyden.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The anatomist is the man who can give the surest "inside information."

—Wedding rings bearing counterfeit "half marks" are becoming prevalent in London.

—From twelve to eighteen suicides on an average have been registered daily at the Paris Police Office.

—The ex-Emperor of Brazil is occupying himself chiefly with studies in Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic and Greek.

—A Russian Lieutenant, 22 years old, has just completed a trip by bicyde from St. Petersburg to Paris inside of thirty days.

—A Chicago paper says that George A. P. Willman will build a \$1,000,000 hotel at Hyde Park in time for the World's Fair.

—Mrs. Oscar Wilde is a plainly dressed, sturdy little woman with an immense Gainsborough hat, heavy with drooping plumes.

—A Clarion (Ill.) has unearthed a cabbage that weighed eighteen pounds, measured three feet in circumference and was of wide, yellow satin ribbon and had the three Dutch variety.

—F. H. Sackett of Healy, Fla., says that he has sold his crop of coffee for this year, which will be about five pounds from one tree to the Agricultural Department at Washington, for \$5 a pound.

—A New York is a plain sheet of paper on which the figure of some animal has been traced with an invisible fire-proof solution. The paper is set on fire and burns away, leaving the figure intact.

—On the occasion of the recent fete at the country seat of a wealthy woman all the cows on the estate were necked with wide, yellow satin ribbon and had their horns tied with narrower ribbon of the same color.

—The municipality of Genoa has, it is reported, consented to restore the house in which Christopher Columbus lived. It is now in a state of ruin, and has long stood in need of repair.

—Henry M. Stanley will begin his lecture season in this country next month. He will not, as is sometimes here, "The Great American pocket-book is waiting impatiently for him to explore it."

—A New Haven gentleman has a couple of tame wasps. They have built a nest in his parlor and live undisturbed and unobtrusively. This is the third season the insects have occupied the same quarters.

—While passing Blue Canon, Cal., the other day, a gentleman was driving a piece of coal from an engine, killing a lady leader. The authorities have released the railroad man declaring that the death was accidental.

—An ordinance in Sterling, Conn., exempts blind persons from taxation. Farmer Barbour claims exemption under the law, and proved to the satisfaction of an intelligent judge and jury that, though he could not see, he could load hay on a cart, he was stone blind.

—Jacques Firon, a drum-major in the army of the late Napoleon, died recently in the French town of Lausanne at the age of 101. He was in nearly all the battles of the great emperor, and was awarded thirty medals. Through a mere piece of surgical patchwork he was always in good humor and good health.

—During September 27 certificates of major illness were granted to sailors by the British Home Secretary. The foreigners came, eleven from Germany, six from Russia, three from Austria, two from Denmark, and Turkey, and one each from Rumania, Poland, Spain and Sweden.

—Dr. Koukharoff, a professor of medicine in St. Petersburg, completed a lecture on acids, and then poured some drops from a vial into a glass. He said to his class: "Attention, young men! In two minutes you will see a man die! Good-by to you all!" He drank the liquid, looked at his watch and counted the seconds