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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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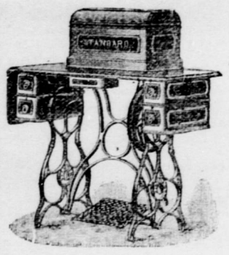

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PARSON BOYLE'S LIMIT.

(FROM THE BALTIMORE SUNDAY NEWS.)

In some parts of the South it is the custom to preach the funeral of the deceased long after the deceased had been buried. In fact, nearly all of the preacher's work consists of funeral orations. Sometimes a new circuit rider, to endear himself to the people, will first announce himself by declaring that he will entertain his beloved hearers with a few remarks on the life, character and death of old Anderson Lipscomb, who surrendered to the demands of the great high sheriff of death, just forty-three years ago yesterday. Then, assuming a serious expression of countenance, he hauls off, strikes the pulpit a jolting blow and for two hours and a half he rants and roars over the virtues and abilities of a man of whom he never heard until a few hours previously.

Recently, Simeon J. Boyle, a circuit-rider of the old school, was appointed by conference to take charge of the Black Sulphur Springs circuit. He was known as a powerful agonizer, a man who could raise the soft hair of luxurious sin into the stiff bristles of fear. The day after Boyle had arrived in the neighborhood of his new charge, he was called upon by Wiggs Baily. Wiggs is a well-known character of the community—a man of untrembling nerve, of strong arms and an appetite that had never been known to fail.

"What can I do for you?" the preacher asked, when the visitor had introduced himself.

"Jes' called to pay my respeck an' to tell you that of you ever need my sarveses jes' call on me."

"Are you a preacher?" the circuit-rider asked.

"Oh, no."

"Then how can you ever be of any service to me? My work, as you know, is with the Lord, and a man whose work is not directly in the Lord's work can't do me any good."

"Wall, all your work in this here community mout not be with the Lord. You'll find some putty tough fellers 'round here, and I 'lowed that they mout want to pull an' haul you about one of these times; an' ef they do, w'y you jest call on me an we'll make 'em so hot that they could stand under a peach tree and make it bloom in January. Understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand, but don't give yourself any uneasiness on my account."

"All right, but that is not all the business I've got with you. I 'preciate the position you hold as worker fur the Lord, and I wanter ask a favor of you."

"All right, brother."

"I want you to preach the funeral of my brother Ike. Best feller you ever seen in your life—died about ten or fifteen years ago. Great, big feller, whipped old Oscar Miles once, an' Os was a power in the land, I tell you. Now you preach his funeral an' I'll make it all right with you."

"I will do it, brother. What was the cause of his death?"

"Lack of licker."

"What, was he so addicted to the use of liquor that when it gave out and he couldn't get any more he died?"

"Oh, no, he never was much of a hand to drink."

"Then how did he die on account of the lack of liquor?"

"W'y, he was bit by a rattlesnake an' as he didn't have no licker he jest nachully died."

"And you want me to preach his funeral?"

"Yes, an' you ken git git in some powerful work when you git down inter the facks of his lyin' thar sufferin' fur licker. You ken fetch the tears outen mighty nigh ever' eye in the house."

"I see, but a description of his death, no matter how vivid, will not be quite enough. Tell me something of his life."

"Wail he was the powerfullest feller in the country. Reckon he could lift more at a handspike than any man about here."

"But what were his strongest points?"

"Rasslin', brother, rasslin' with the ketch as ketch can rule."

"But had he not some moral quality?"

"Oh, yes. He didn't swear 'cept when he couldn't help hissest."

"Well, I will do the best I can. Will next Sunday do?"

"Yes; suits me all right. Thar'll be a big crowd out, specially this is your fust 'pearance, an' I want you to paint Ike as bright as a rose."

"Yes," said the preacher, scratching his head, "I'll do that. Your brother was a—a—a popular man, was he?"

"Popular as a basket of ginger cakes at a county fair."

"All right, brother. I'll be on hand next Sunday."

The house was crowded on the following Sunday. Wiggs took a seat near the pulpit, and, taking out an immense handkerchief—it must have been the half of a table-cloth—made himself appear as a man of deep-seated sorrow. The new circuit-rider preached a powerful sermon—he painted a pathetic picture of a man, wallowing on the ground, wringing his hands and crying, in an agonizing voice: "Licker, oh! bring me licker or I will perish!"

After services were over, Wiggs shook hands with the preacher, and then, breaking down with the weight of his emotion, wheeled about and disappeared in the woods.

On the following Saturday Wiggs called on the preacher again. "I have come," said the visitor, when the minister had shaken hands with him, "to tell you that not only me, but everybody, is delighted with the brother Ike sermon."

"I am highly pleased to hear it."

"Not at all. Say, I've got another favor to ask."

"What is it, brother?"

"I want you to preach the sermon of my brother Ike next Sunday."

"Why, that wouldn't do at all."

"Why not?"

"Because I preached it last Sunday."

"Brother, let me tell you that I come mighty nigh runnin' this here community. I put five of the main logs in that church you preached in last Sunday, and unless you preach Ike's funeral again next Sunday, w'y, I'll take the logs that b'long to me an' split 'em for fire-wood. Oh, don't you think the folks will take your part. They know me—know that it won't do to fool with me. What do you say?"

"Oh, rather than have any trouble, brother, I will do as you suggest."

"Will you make it as powerful as the other one was?"

"I will try," the preacher answered.

"All right, but mind that you do try."

The next Sunday the people were some what surprised to hear another sermon on the virtues and graces of brother Ike, but no objections were raised. Wiggs was again deeply affected, and again with overpowering emotion he disappeared in the woods.

Early the following Friday morning, the preacher was surprised to receive another call from Wiggs.

"What can I do for you thist ime, brother?" the minister asked.

"Nothin' only to preach the funeral of my brother Ike next Sunday."

"Absurd," exclaimed the preacher. "I have set up the sermons twice and think that I have done my duty."

"Look here, cap'n—call you cap'n because you air about to go inter a war—my brother Ike has been lyin' thar for ten or fifteen years with nary a funeral sermon till the other day, while lots of old fellers that never done nothin' fur the country have had more funerals than they knowd what to do with, so I think it's time fur Ike to have a chance. Hear me?"

"I hear, but I do not hearken. The fact that your brother has been neglected is no fault of mine. There are hundreds of men that never had a funeral, but am I to be held responsible?"

"In regard to other folks, no; in regard to Ike, yes."

"But I refuse to preach his funeral again."

"All right. I'll wallow you awhile and then I'll go over and take them logs out of the church. Wanter be wallowed?"

"I don't want any trouble with you."

"Then agree to preach about Ike or I'll give you the wust wallerin' a white man ever seed."

"Brother—"

"Goin' to preach that funeral?" The visitor began to take off his coat. A distressed expression settled upon the preacher's face.

"Brother, I do not wish to have any trouble with you. I am a man of peace and gentleness."

"But I ain't," Wiggs replied. "I am a shorter from B'ar Holler! I ain't the man that butted the bull offen the bridge, but I am the man that rid the bay steer through the saft ooze of the swamp of despair. Ef you don't wanter git that coat dirty, w'y, off with it."

"Brother, at the risk of displeasing the people whom it is my duty to please, I will make another venture. I will preach for you again next Sunday."

On the following Sunday the people were still further surprised at the great virtues of Brother Ike, but, being indulgent, made no complaint. Three days later Wiggs rode up to the preacher's house, and, seeing the minister in the yard, dismounted.

"Come out here a minit," Wiggs called.

"What you can possibly want with me now?" the preacher asked, as he climbed over the fence.

"I have come on mighty distressin' business. You know that you preached my brother's funeral three times?"

"Yes, and you could not possibly want me to preach it again?"

"No; fur frum it. I have jest found out that Ike wa'n't nothin' but my half brother, and I don't propose to do so much fur a feller that ain't no more kin to me than that. So, brother, we'll have to fix it."

"But how can we? The funerals have been preached."

"I know that, an' that's why I have come. I want you to go to the church next Sunday an' take them sermons back. I ain't hayin' no half brother puffed. Thar ain't none of the half way business about me. Will you take them sermons back next Sunday?"

"Such a thing would be ridiculous, my friend. I cannot comply with your wish."

"Then I'll have to waller you."

"I have accommodated you three times and now I beg you to go away."

"I lowd that I'd have to waller you."

"I tell you I am a man of peace and gentleness."

"Lowd that I'd have to waller you."

"Well, come on then, you trifling scoundrel."

The preacher took off his coat and hung it on the fence. Wiggs looked up and down the road. The preacher rolled up his sleeves, and turning toward his house, lifted his hands and said: "Lord, Thou khowest that when I killed old Lige Moore, and Sam Tilletson, and Calvin Green, and Dock Vance, that I prayed that all such cups might forever pass from me, but Thou seest that I am compelled to defend myself."

The preacher turned about. Dust was rising down the lane. Wiggs had taken to his heels.

OPIE P. READ.

Sherman's March.

"Let me relate to you a little episode of my famous march to the sea. One day I halted with my staff at a house on a large plantation and asked the gray-headed old planter sitting on the piazza for a drink of water. He called to some of his colored men, then slaves, and ordered a bucket of water, which was brought with a gourd to drink from. While I and my officers were drinking from the gourd the old planter sat and eyed us inquisitively. He, of course, knew that I was an officer from my dress and staff, but did not know my rank of office or name.

"Hearing one of my staff address me as 'General,' he turned quickly with a look of surprise and said:

"'Are you a General?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'What is your name?'

"'Sherman.'

"'Sherman; you Gen. Sherman?'

"'I suppose I am.'

"'How many men have you got?'

"'A million.'

"'Now, I'd just like to have you answer me one question more. Where are you going from here?'

"'Well, now, that is considerable to request of an entire stranger, and under the circumstances.'

"'But I promise to keep it a secret.'

"'Are you sure that you can keep a secret if I impart it to you?'

"'Certainly, certainly, I will, on my honor as a gentleman.'

"'But there is a risk, you know. What if I should tell and my intentions become publicly known?'

"'I promise that I will not tell your secret to a single human being. You can trust to me implicitly.'

"'You are quite sure I can trust you?'

"'Most certainly, I am, with the utmost safety,' (said eagerly).

"'Well, then, I will tell you. I am going where I d—— please. Good day.'

"The expression of that man's face can better be imagined than described on his being informed of my intentions."

If Nobody Else Does.

Roland (admiringly)—"How beautifully and becomingly you are dressed, sweet one. And with such taste in colors."

Ruth—"Glad you admire me. I always choose the shades. For instance, I like to have my hat and gloves correspond."

Roland—"I'm going away, you know. May we—be hat and gloves?"

Ruth (softly)—"Yes—often."

And the Postoffice Department profits there by.

—The man who wipes his nose on his sleeve, picks his teeth with a fork, squirts tobacco juice on the cookstove hearth, rides to mill with corn in one end of the sack and a stone in the other, drives with hickory bark lines, deposits his money in his last winter's sock, insists on paying his taxes with coon skins and wild honey, fastens his one gallus with a wooden peg and wears "possum belly" pants, is the same old rooster who has no use for the home paper, and his brother is the fellow who tries to do business in town without a line of advertising.

A Strange Case.

Miss Ida Tucker or Mrs. James Moran, as she calls herself, was arrested in Beaver Falls, last Thursday, for the murder or suspected murder of Palmer Rich, a wealthy farmer of Chenango Co., N. Y., a year and a half ago.

On October 10, 1888, Rich left the farm of his widowed mother, with whom he lived, and drove into the little town of Norwich, to bank several thousand dollars in cash which he had received in payment of a mortgage he held. He stopped in front of the only hotel in the place, and throwing the reins to the hostler, told him not to stable the horse, as he would be back in a few minutes. Rich then started down street, and was seen to enter a little two-roomed frame house, about a block away. He was never seen again.

The house Rich entered was rented by Mrs. Fox, a young woman whose husband had left her, it is said for cause. With Mrs. Fox lived her husband's cousin, Ida Tucker, a very pretty, black-eyed, black-haired woman of 23 years.

When Rich failed to return for his horse and buggy the next morning his mother was communicated with, and a search for him at once instituted. A Deputy Sheriff went to the Fox house house, and, showing a photograph of the missing man, asked the women if they had lately seen the original. They both declared they had not, and a rigid search of the place failed to discover any trace of Rich. Suspicion still pointed to the women, the rural police holding the theory that Rich had been chloroformed and robbed, and his body cut to pieces.

Ida Tucker bore the innuendoes of the townspeople for three weeks, but they finally became irksome, and she went to Utica. When she took her trunk to the depot the authorities searched it again, the rumor having spread that it contained the body of the victim, but nothing was found to confirm the suspicion. Miss Tucker left and the matter rested for two years.

Last Wednesday night Sheriff McCandless of Allegheny Co., received the following telegram:

NORWICH, N. Y.

Arrest and hold Ida Tucker. I have warrant from Governor Beaver for her arrest. Crime, murder. She is with James Morran, teacher of athletics, at some Casino Museum. Answer.

W. W. BROWN, Under Sheriff.

This was supplemented by a telegram to Inspector McAleese stating that Ida Tucker left Utica about the last of March.

Superintendent O'Mara and Detectives Shore and Robinson at once started in on the case. They found that Miss Tucker had appeared at the Casino about three weeks ago, and that James Grady, who is now performing there, had been on intimate terms with her. Mr. Grady was aroused from his slumber in his room over Miller's restaurant, and he stated that Miss Tucker had gone to Beaver with James Morran. The officers took the 11 o'clock train for Beaver and Grady was taken along.

Miss Tucker, or Mrs. Morran, as she is known at Beaver, was found at a house on Main street, preparing dinner for her husband, who was employed as a striker in a blacksmith shop. She was not the least surprised at the announcement of the officers' errand, but calmly prepared to accompany the detectives to Pittsburg. She said she had been arrested for the crime before, but no evidence had been produced to implicate her. Her husband took the same unconcern, and was firm in his belief in his wife's innocence.

After Mrs. Morran was arrested she acknowled to Inspector McAleese that she lived with Mrs. Fox, at Norwich, and said she saw Rich drive up to the hotel the day he disappeared, but denied that he entered the Fox house, or that she ever saw him again. She stated further that on two weeks from next Monday she and her husband were engaged to open the season with a small circus in Virginia in a double club swinging act.

The Sheriff of Norwich was notified of the arrest, and replied that officers armed with extradition papers would take the woman back. He does not state what additional evidence has been obtained in the past two years which has led to Mrs. Morran's re-arrest.

A reward of $500 is offered for the recovery of the missing man's body, dead or alive, and $500 for the arrest and conviction of his murderer.

Will They Ever Wear It?

Lady Florence Dixie, who, riding man fashion, galloped all through Patagonia, and has given the world charming sketches of her journeyings, has begun an earnest crusade against the wearing of long skirts by women for a walking costume. She speaks of the changes that have taken place in woman's garments in the last few years, and then adds:

"Yet still the bugbear skirt remains, hampering to the limbs, the spouse of mud and dirt, the tyrant which practically declares that a woman's lower limbs shall be muscleless and weak from lifelong inactivity."

She does not want woman to adopt man's costume, because it is so ugly, but she says:

"I know my remark will be received with shouts of horror by many—of derision by a few—but I unhesitatingly declare that the day is fast approaching when the hideous and senseless long skirt will die a natural death. I am not an advocate of trousers for women—unless it be the zouave pattern—for I think trousers are hideous at any time; hideous on men, much more so on women. The difference in man's appearence in the kilt to what he presents when in trousers is very marked. The former is graceful and becoming, the latter neither one or the other.

The ideal dress for women, such as Lady Florence wears in Scotland, she describes as follows:

"It consists of a flannel shirt, knickerbockers, kilt and loose jacket. In it I am free; in it I can walk twenty, thirty miles a day if need be, over the roughest ground; but put me in the hated skirt and I am at once feeble and unable to move.

—An exchange says: It's no longer good form for a gentleman to raise his hat when he meets a lady on the street. A courteous wave of the hand, not unlike a military salute, has been substituted for the old custom in London, Paris and Vienna. It is not a fad but a conviction that uncovering the head in the open air caused a number of cases of influenza. To see a man go along the street and with a spasmodic grab yank his hat off and bring it down over his face so he can see the inside of a crown, is amusing. Fools often do the same thing, and sapheaded dudes always. In future keep on your hat if you wish to be in style. Make a semi-military salute, just touching the rim of the hat

—An excellent and quick way to mend broken plaster casts and impressions is to paint the broken surfaces over two or three times with very thick shellac varnish, and at each application to burn out the alcohol over a flame. When the shellac is sufficiently soft, press the parts together, and hold in position till cool. It will be as strong as before broken.

Archie Campbell's Courtship.

Many good stories have been told at the expense of Archie Campbell, the Irish tavern keeper who for many years prior to his death, on account of his odd characteristics, was the most unique and conspicious figure in Reynoldsville, and among the best of these anecdotes was one frequently related by the late Garner Wilson. It told how Jimmy Waite, a genial and witty old Irishman from the "backwoods," assisted Archie in securing a wife.

At appears that when Archie was a young man, he came to the conclusion that he needed a wife, and having previously devoted all his talents to the acquirement of a few thousand dollars, he had found no time to learn the gentle art of love. Consequently he set about the task of getting a wife in a purely matter of fact, business like way, unmixed with tender sentiment and glorious day dreams. Although the stars had never shone through Archie's soul, and no bright visions of an angel form, dwelling with him in the "soft palaces of a fary future," ever haunted his mind, yet he wanted a wife.

He consulted Jimmy Waite about the matter, and Jimmy informed him that Mary Ann Kile was just the girl he wanted. He agreed to take Archie to the Kile homestead and introduce him, and assist him in his courtship. Together then they went. When they arrived at the house Mrs. Kile invited them to come in and sit down, and Jimmy introduced their delicate mission in his characteristic style.

"Thus uz Muster Cummell, Mussus Kile. He wants to marry yer dauther."

"Och!" exclaimed Mrs. Kile, "Mary Ann is the only garl we've got, and sure we can't spare the garl."

"Mussus Kile," said Jimmy, assuming a confidential tone and sideing up closer to her, "Musses Kile—Muster Cummell has more money than all of ye's can carry."

"Indade," said Mrs. Kile, "thin I suppose we'll have to spare the garl."

That settled the matter, and Archie and Jimmy started for home highly elated.

"Archie," said Jimmy, as soon as they got outside the house, "Archie," and he chucked him in the ribs with his thumb, "Wuth your money and my slack tongue we could sejuce the word!"

"Egad, that's so," said Archie, and they went on their way in high favor with themselves.—Punxsutawney *Spirit.*

Bismarck on the Labor Problem.

In a recent interview with a press correspondent on the probable effect of the great May Day demonstration to take place throughout Europe on the first of May, Prince Bismarck, the great German statesmen, gave his views on the labor question. "The antagonism between labor and capital," Bismarck says, "is the result of the natural law, and in the course of nature can never come to an end. We will never reach the situation where the laboring man will say, 'We are satisfied both for ourselves and for our children and for those who come after us.' It may be considered an axiom that the desire of the laborer to improve his condition and to get on will last as long as he sees anyone whose condition is better than his own." In this eternal struggle between labor and capital labor has scored the most victories. Such will be the case whenever the laboring man has the ballot and should there ever be a final victory it will be his. But if this struggle ever does come to an end human activity would come to a dead lock and human struggles and striving come to an end, which is not, I think, the intention of divine providence. Where, as in thousands of islands in the southern oceans, the consequences of climate and production is food without effort, and there is no necessity for working, men might live and be content, like sleek, good-natured animals, but in our life the strife and the struggle that accompany it produce progress and civilization by the friction of human competition. No, this conflict of classes will never cease, and to solve it, like trying to solve the problem of squaring the circle, is the utopian dream of a thousand years. The millennium is to be realized only when men become angels."

Notes For Your Album.

The following form for the arrangement of pictures in the family album has been copyrighted. Persons adhering to it will have the stereotyped explanations usually given to callers as they turns the leaves:

No. 1.—"Understood to be 'my father,' you know, now in his seventieth year. Nice old man but rather sot in his ways."

No. 2.—"That's grandma — sixty-five years old and as spry as a cricket. Coming out to see us next Fall. Didn't turn gray until she was sixty."

No. 3.—"Oldest sister, Minnie, lives in Cincinnati—five children—keeps three servants—cataract in the left eye."

No. 4.—"That? Oh, that's my brother Ben. Taken just after he got well. He's out in Denver now. We think he is engaged."

No. 5.—"My sister Jessie's four children in a group. Aren't they cunning? Jessie lives in Chicago. We don't think she is happy with her husband, but she never lets on, you know."

No. 6.—"My Cousin Bella—lives in Wisconsin—rather conceited and uppish. We used to write, but don't now."

No. 7.—"My Uncle William, of Massachusetts. He's rich, and we expect he'll leave us his money. Queer old duck, and we have to use him tenderly."

No. 8.—"Oh, yes! That picture doesn't belong in there. That's my Aunt Sarah, but she's dead. Been dead five years, but we kind of keep the pictures around. She didn't amount to much. Just ordinary, you know."

No. 9.—"One of my girl friends. She thinks she's good-looking, but she isn't. I'm mad at her just now, and I keep it in here for spite."

No. 10.—"One of my fellers. The picture isn't near as good-looking as he is. We were engaged, but his mother broke it up."

Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15.—"Aunts, uncles, cousins and other folks who don't amount to much, but have been put in to fill up."

Parents cannot be too careful in guarding the health of their babies. Only a good and reliable medicine should be given to them; Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is known not to contain anything inquirious.

If your skin is yellow, or if you are troubled with pimples and boils, cleanse your blood with Laxador, the golden specific. Price only 25 cents.

—The recent decision of the Supreme Court, which renders nuggatory all laws prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquors into a Prohibition State, and gives a man, even without a license, the privilege of carrying on an inter-State liquor traffic, is pretty generally condemned by the press. Justices Gray, Harlan and Bewer dissented from the opinion of the majority, alleging that it was the undoubted right of a State to protect its inhabitants against the evils, physical, moral and social, attending the free use of intoxicating liquors. The decision is a severe blow to State prohibition.

Facts About False Teeth.

From Boston Herald.

"How long do false teeth wear?" an experienced dentist was asked the other day.

"You might as well say: 'How long does a suit of clothes wear?'" was the reply. "It all depends upon the quality of the teeth and the person who uses them. If a woman bites thread with her artificial molars, they are likely to be ruined in a week. On the other hand, I know persons who have worn the same sets for twenty years, and have never been compelled to have them repaired. Sets made of the best material and in the best manner should last a lifetime with proper care."

"What is the proper care of false teeth?"

"Both the plates and the crowns should be removed from the mouth and cleansed every night and morning."

"Do artificial teeth decay?"

"No. They are all made of porcelain, which is not subject to decay as the natural bone is. But at the same time porcelain is more brittle than bone, and hence an artificial tooth will not stand many hard knocks."

"What is the difference in the durability of high-priced and cheap teeth?"

"That is a difficult question. Cheap teeth are made of a material that bears the relation to that of the best teeth that a common stone china plate does to a Sevres vase. Cheap teeth look like glazed china, and that is about all that some of them are. Now, so long as the glaze lasts the teeth are as strong as those made of the costliest material, and I have known a set costing next to nothing to perform service for many years. They are not quite so brittle, in fact, as those made of the finest porcelain. But the chief superiority of the latter lies in their shape and in the exactitude with which they are fitted to the gums."

"What is the best sort of plate?"

"One made of gold. But black rubber is just about as durable, only it is harder to keep perfectly clean."

"Are complete sets of artificial teeth not uncommon?"

"Partial sets are more frequently seen, but complete sets are by no means unusual."

"Who wear the most false teeth—men or women?"

"Women, by long odds. I don't think the result is due alone to vanity, however, although that may have something to do with it. The chief reason is that the natural teeth of women are not as good and strong as those of men, and, therefore, have to be more frequently replaced by artificial teeth."

He Didn't Understand.

To prevent mistakes in transmitting, the grain and commission men have a well established cipher in which words that are not liable to be mistaken by the telegraph operator are used in the place of the quotation figures. Some of the Kansas City firms use the cipher in corresponding with their out of town customers, and others do not, as the general run of customers are not familiar with the cipher.

A Kansas man was in Kansas City last year and made a large purchase of wheat with a leading commission house on a ¼ per cent margin, says the *Star* of that city. He requested the firm to telegraph him the quotations the next day, and a clerk in the firm was instructed to present him with a cipher key, but neglected to do so.

The Kansas man now tells the story of his speculation with great gusto.

The next morning he received a telegram:

"Opened, disgust."

He was somewhat surprised and failed to make any sense out of the message. A little later he received another message:

"Disgusted."

He did not know what it meant, but it was signed. He telegraphed back to the commission firm:

"So am I."

A little later came a telegram:

"Disgusting."

By this time he was getting mad, and sent back another message:

"I should say it was disgusting. What do you mean?"

Before he had fairly got his answer on the wires there came another message:

"Disheartened."

So was the Kansas man; so he waited and did not answer. But when another message came in "Dishonest," he sent word back:

"I won't dispute it, and I think you are crazy also. Sell all my wheat at once."

A little later he received a message:

"Sold just in time. Now disgorge."

To say that the Kansas man was mad would be putting it mildly. He took the train that night for Kansas City to see what it meant, and when he found out he treated all around.

Disgust translated is 99⅘ cents; disgusted, 99⅘ cents; disgusting, 100 cents; disheartened, 100⅕ cents; dishonest, 100⅕ cents, and disgorge, 99⅘ cents.—Kansas City *Journal.*

Bowstringing.

An article going the rounds of the papers gives the methods of execution in all the civilized and half-civilized countries of the world.

The death by the bowstring is described as follows:

While executions in Turkey are commonly conducted by the sword—except in military circles, where the gun is used, as in England and in this country—the bowstring is not neglected. This is an institution peculiarly Turkish, and although often talked and written about, comparatively few outside the Moslem dominions know anything at all about it. The executioners with the bowstring are generally deaf mutes. They work in pairs and are very expert.

Many of them are dwarfs, ugly, misshapen people, creatures who seem to have been formed by nature expressly for their hideous work. The condemned man or woman sits on a divan, while the two mutes approach behind, bearing with them a stout bow. One of them, bends the bow almost double with his strong sinewy arms, while the other, with a dexterous motion of the wrist, casts the loop of the bow-string around the victim's neck, which has been considerably bared for the occasion. It settles across the larynx, the bow is released, and the mutes each grasp a hand of the victim now struggling in the throes of strangulation. Motion ceases in a few seconds, and a moment or two later the spasmodic action of the muscles tells that the life has gone out.

The bowstring finds a fitting companion, as far as refined Oriental cruelty is concerned, in death by strangulation and the sack, which is yet practiced in some parts of Turkey, Persia and Syria, and which was a common method of punishment in ancient Greece and Rome. The victim, half or wholly dead, is sewed up in a sack, weighted, and cast into the river.

—Pharisee—I thank God I am not as other men.

Publican—And so do they.

"Sweet maid," said he,
"I ask of thee
To fly, to fly, to fly with me.'
"Young feller," said she,
"Now don't you be
Too fly, too fly, too fly with me.'