

HORSE MEAT WAR IN PARIS.

Amusing Complications from Using Flesh in Sausages.
An amusing warfare has been carried on in Paris between the Government chemists and the makers of sausages in which horseflesh has been used.

Some time ago the Butchers' Association of Paris strongly advocated a law rendering it compulsory to designate by a label of horseflesh or in which horseflesh had been mixed with other meats. The authorities, while perfectly willing to make regulations enforcing this practice, declined to do so on account of the impossibility of punishing offenders. To punish the violators of a law it is necessary to detect the violation and also to show proof of it. In the present state of scientific knowledge it is not possible to satisfactorily determine the difference between flesh of the horse and that of any other animal when they are both chopped fine and mixed together. A chemist finally discovered that if the meat were treated with iodated water a reddish-brown reaction would be apparent if horseflesh were present. Pork or beef does give this peculiar tinge. The pork butchers rejoiced and prepared to push the wished-for legislation.

The horsemeat men had a card up their sleeves, however, and commenced adding a little flour to their sausage meat. When the iodated water was applied contact with the starch of the flour immediately produced a brilliant blue, which effectually masked all traces of any other color. This blue, of course, would point to the likelihood of horsemeat being present, but it could not be sworn to. Supposing the meat to be pure beef and the flour added, the blue would be the same when the test was applied.

The chemists again went to work and discovered that if the starch was separated by maceration and subsequent filtration, and the residue treated with two or three chemicals, the horsemeat would be detected. So far the victory rests with the chemists, and the law will probably be passed unless the horsemeat men make another discovery. In 1892 20,000 horses were slaughtered in Paris, three-fourths of which went into sausages, so that the importance of the industry may be realized.

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A FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

The Glorious Fourth has come, Beat the loud-resounding drum, pound the tom-tom, sound the hewgag, blow the horn and

Let her come! Shoot the cracker, fire the pistol, punch the eagle, make him scream, Loudly scream!

Day of powder and torpedoes, lemonade that knows no lemon, ginger-pop devoid of ginger, ice cream Innocent of cream!

The Glorious Fourth has come, Bang the hollow-sounding drum, sound the tocsin, raise the war-whoop, clash the cymbals.

Let her come! Tintinnabulate the fire-bells, raise the small boys' ululation, crack the canopy with speech,

Roaring speech! Hear the eloquence compounded of unmixable ingredients, one per cent. of thought original, ninety-nine Per cent. of screech.

The Glorious Fourth has come, Whack the loud, reverberant drum, pound the tin pan, beat the boiler, blow the fish horn,

Let her come! Tune the fife and blow the bugle, shoot the rocket through the spheres! Dodging spheres!

Let the rapid-mouthed declaimer pour his cataract of verbals, eloquence divorced from meaning, words Unmarried to ideas.

The Glorious Fourth has come, Beat and pound and whack the drum, plunk the banjo, shoot the rocket, fire the cracker,

Let her come! Search your whiskers, shoot your arm off, blow a large hole through your head, Swelling head!

Fire the cannon, crash your ribs in, break your leg and save your country, Then be carried off to bed.

—New York World.

THE FOURTH AT RED BUD.

ECKON it was lined out to be the biggest an' most joyous celebration ever pulled off west of Sent Loocy," said Tom North. He sat on the shady side of the Transit House. "It was a case of force. Red Bud, which had started on its bounding corporate career aimin' to be known as the metropolis of Cowley County, Kansas, an' figurin' at some future day to move the county seat over from Winfield, was on the hog train. This was in '89. The boom towns had just struck the tobaggan, Jarvis, the real estate sharp which had invented Red Bud an' laid out to sell the limitless prairie at \$10 a front foot, made a final despit' effort to put sand on the slight an' stop the journey to financial ruin, but it wa'n't no use. Red Bud was done bust then; they was no more left to it than a toy balloon which has set on a tack. Jarvis wouldn't admit it; he dasn't. He had too much into the pot to go to the discard then. Whereby he fixes up this Fourth of July celebration, an', my boy, the programme was a bird. They was to be racin' on the flat in the mornin', an' a whole lot of Injuns an' half-breeds from over near Arkansas City was in it. Then Jarvis was goin' to sell off some of his landscape at auction, after which I mysef, havin' agreed to act as chaplain for the occasion, was to read the grand old Declaration of Independence, which, read proper, catches a Western crowd every time. This was to be followed by Charley Siringo from Caldwell a-singin' of his justly celebrated production, 'The Ranger's Lament,' which it goes like this and is calculated to fetch tears from a cyp-sure, an animal not much given over to weepin' a rule:

Far away from good old Texas I lays me down to die, My saddle for a pillar, My windin' sheet the sky.

"There's a song to move your heart an' Siringo had it.

"Barkeep," called Mr. North through the window, "bring me another lemonade an' one for my friend. Siphon seltzer, an' let it be lemon juice out of the fruit. I'm dead leery of lemon juice poured ready made out of a bottle. It always looks like givin' in the house the age; they can loco on you too easy.

"I have come to look on it as a good thing, 'special on a warm day. An' it was needed in Red Bud on that Fourth I'm tellin' you of. They ain't no thermometer yit stuffed with mercury that can reach the top of warm weather in Southern Kansas. But they don't mind weather down there.

"The afternoon was to be devoted to wild Western sports, an' in the evenin' it was allowed to make the heavens blaze with various kinds of glory, Jarvis havin' sprung himself on the fireworks an' brought down a car load.

"The afternoon sports was to be the feature, Jarvis had arranged for a

whole lot of possible land buyers to come over from Wichita, an' had a train load comin' from as far as Kansas City. These gangs, with the critters that was always campin' around them parts a-waitin' for the Cherokee Strip to open, would make quite a herd of tender-feet, an' it was figured that the cowboy sports would vastly entertain 'em an' get 'em enthused to a point where they would go agin Jarvis's real estate proposition.

"Pawnee Pete was to have charge of the exercises. He'd been projeekin' around for three weeks hirin' cowboys an' Injuns for a Wild West show. He saw Buffalo Bill a-rakin' in barrels of money an' havin' long hair it seemed as if he oughter get some of the dough his own self. His hair was about his strongest point. He was the son of a Sedgwick County farmer, an' he'd got his name in the paper in connection with Oklahoma, an' knowin' a larist from a nosebag why wouldn't he make a hit? Pawnee Pete, of course, wasn't his real name. He knew Spotted Horse, Eagle Chief, Left Hand, Good Chief, an' maybe a few more Pawnees, an' so when his hair grows long enough he baptizes hisself Pawnee Pete an' let him go at that.

"On the day of the celebration everything seemed to come Jarvis's way. It looked first as if the Red Bud affair would have to be pulled off without no music. The only brass band loose in Wichita had been signed

"Hello, I says, 'Harry! I thought you all was up Kansas City way?"

"So I was, but I had business down to Winfield an' hearin' of the doin's over here I rides over to help swell the rejoicin' over the Nation's livin' to see another birthday. An' right yere's the man I've rode thirty mile flat to mingle with."

"He runs Pawnee Pete into a saloon an' lands on him like a hawk on a June bug, an' he says:

"You're a long haired fraud an' a imitation. Yere's a maverick I'll run my brand on so all men may know who he belongs to."

"Don't shoot, Harry, I an't fixed, hollers Pawnee Pete, 'be a good feller, be social now, Harry, an' don't bust up these social arrangements."

"I an't goin' to shoot nobody, Pawnee Pete, says Hill a-thron Pawnee Pete down and sittin' on him. 'Don't be alarmed, gerts,' he says to the crowd a-pullin' his knife, 'don't misconstrue me. I an't goin' to break up no arrangements you've made for the proper observance of this holiday, but I aims to trim this critter a lot.'

"So he don't do a thing but cut the critter's long, wavy hair off short. He was the ragedest lookin' Pawnee Pete that a boss ever shied at when he sneaked off to the corral an' rode away. You can't do a good clean job of barberin' with a bowie knife no matter how much pains you take, an' Hill wasn't none too careful about his work.

"Then I climbs up an' reads that bluff about all men bein' born free an' equal an' entitled to the pursuit of life, liberty, an' happiness with no strings on 'em. Oklahoma Hill carried out the Wild West programme himself in the afternoon.

"Why did he trim up Pete? Well, it seems Pete, in startin' in his Wild West show, thinks it's a good play to queer Hill, an' Hill bein' in the East he thought it was dead safe backappin' of him. Some newspaper man up at Kansas City told Hill that Pawnee Pete said he was a counterfeit of the most pronounced kind an' nothin' but a cross between a wheat farmer an' a country store keeper. It made Hill some hot this and other reports of Pete's scandalous doin's, so he left his show with Frank Albright an' p'inted straight to Winfield to kill off this gossip. He concluded he'd let him live though an' just shear him. Hill explained this to the crowd an' they told him no apologies was needed. Of course Pawnee Pete's show busts right there. A wild wester with close out hair wouldn't have much luck, an' Pete has to lay low for three years till his hair kin grow."

Summer on the Declaration.

Among America's latest statesmen no one entertained a more exalted regard for the Declaration, or more persistently emphasized its important relation to legislation, than Charles Sumner. He always held that the Constitution should be interpreted in the spirit of the Declaration. He said: "The Declaration of Independence has a supremacy grander than that of the Constitution, more sacred and inviolable, for it gives the law to the Constitution. Every word in the Constitution is subordinate to the Declaration. The Declaration precedes the Constitution in time, as it is more elevated in character. The Constitution is an earthly body, if you please; the Declaration of Independence is the very soul itself."—Washington Star.

A Liberal Father.

"Now, Bobby," said Mr. Meanest-man to his son, "if you'll be a real good boy, on the Fourth of July papa will let you take five cents out of your bank and buy your little sister a package of torpedoes."—Harper's Bazar.

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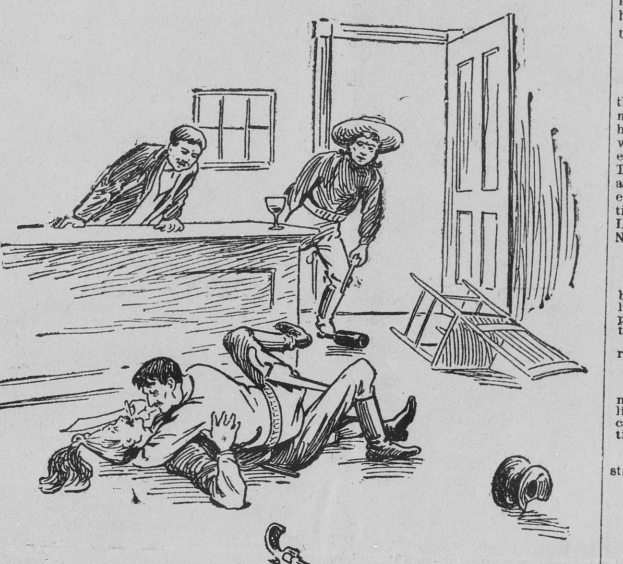
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"SO HE DON'T DO A THING BUT CUT THE CRITTER'S LONG, WAVY HAIR OFF SHORT!"

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