

### Railroad Time Tables.

#### BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper city region.

On and after June 10, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

**7:00 A. M.**—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Painesville.

**10:05 A. M.**—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Edgeway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Cayuga, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, etc.

**10:36 A. M.**—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Painesville.

**1:20 P. M.**—Bradford Accommodation—For Brockwayville, Edgeway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Cayuga, Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, etc.

**5:10 P. M.**—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Painesville and Johnsonburg.

**8:22 P. M.**—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Painesville.

**9:20 A. M.**—Sunday train—For Brockwayville, Edgeway and Johnsonburg.

**6:13 P. M.**—Sunday train—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Painesville.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. J. H. BARRETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Bradford, Pa. Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

#### ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday June 18, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5.
Red Bank	10 45 4 40
Lawsanham	10 57 4 52
New Bethlehem	11 30 5 25
Oak Ridge	11 38 5 33
Maysville	11 46 5 41
Summersville	12 05 5 50
Brockwayville	12 13 5 58
Bell	12 31 6 26
Fuller	12 43 6 38
Reynoldsville	12 51 6 46
Painesville	1 08 7 03
Falls Creek	1 26 7 21
DuBois	1 35 7 30
Sabula	1 53 7 48
Winterburn	1 59 8 00
Penfield	2 05 8 06
Glen Elder	2 13 8 14
Benezette	2 21 8 22
Grant	2 29 8 30
Driftwood	2 37 8 38

  

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5.
Driftwood	10 45 5 00
Grant	11 17 5 30
Benezette	11 28 5 41
Glen Elder	11 36 5 49
Tyler	11 55 6 08
Penfield	12 05 6 19
Winterburn	12 13 6 27
Sabula	12 22 6 37
DuBois	1 05 6 50
Falls Creek	1 20 7 05
Painesville	1 30 7 15
Reynoldsville	1 42 7 27
Fuller	1 58 7 43
Bell	2 09 7 54
Brockwayville	2 20 8 05
Summersville	2 30 8 15
Maysville	2 38 8 23
Oak Ridge	2 46 8 31
New Bethlehem	2 54 8 39
Lawsanham	3 02 8 47
Red Bank	3 10 8 55

Trains daily except Sunday.  
DAVID McCARROLL, GEN'L. Supt., PITSBURGH, Pa.  
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Agt., PITSBURGH, Pa.

#### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 21, 1893.

#### Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table.

Trains leave Driftwood.

#### EASTWARD.

**5:04 A. M.**—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 P. M.; New York, 9:35 P. M.; Baltimore, 6:45 P. M.; Washington, 8:15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

**3:29 P. M.**—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 A. M.; New York, 9:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M. Pullman Parlor car and passenger coaches from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred in Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

#### WESTWARD.

**7:35 A. M.**—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Edgeway at 5:30 P. M. for Erie.

**9:10 A. M.**—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

**6:27 P. M.**—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

**THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.**

**TRAIN 11** leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Williamsport, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Washington, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

**TRAIN 13** leaves New York at 8 P. M.; Philadelphia, 11:20 P. M.; Washington, 10:40 A. M.; Baltimore, 11:40 P. M.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 5:30 P. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

**TRAIN 15** leaves Reno at 6:25 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:35 A. M.

#### JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

**TRAIN 19** leaves Ridgway at 9:40 A. M.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 A. M., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 A. M.

**TRAIN 20** leaves Clermont at 10:35 A. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 A. M. and Ridgway at 11:55 A. M.

#### RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

#### SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.
12 10 9 40	Ridgway	1 30 7 60
12 18 9 48	Island Run	1 39 7 51
12 22 9 52	Mill Haven	1 43 7 55
12 31 10 02	Croyland	1 52 8 05
12 38 10 10	Shorts Mills	1 59 8 13
12 42 10 15	Blue Rock	2 03 8 18
12 44 10 17	Vineyard Run	2 05 8 20
12 49 10 22	Carrier	2 10 8 25
1 00 10 22	Brockwayville	2 28 8 36
1 10 10 22	McMinn Summit	2 39 8 47
1 14 10 25	Harveys Run	2 43 8 51
1 20 10 35	Falls Creek	2 50 9 00
1 45 11 05	DuBois	3 25 9 30

#### TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward.	Westward.
Train 8, 7:37 A. M.	Train 1, 11:30 A. M.
Train 6, 1:45 P. M.	Train 11, 3:50 P. M.
Train 4, 7:50 P. M.	Train 11, 8:25 P. M.

J. H. McINTYRE, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

### A DREAM.

I dreamt that over the winter world  
The winter winds were sighing,  
And into the oracles empty nests  
The flakes of snow were flying.  
The vines along the garden wall  
With crystal ice were gleaming,  
And in the garden dull and bare  
The summer flowers were dreaming.  
The snow lay deep over withered grass,  
The skies were cold and gray,  
And slowly the dreary night came on  
To end the weary day.

I woke. High up in the orchard boughs  
A hundred birds were singing,  
And in the birch trees' pleasant shade  
The oracles' nests were swarming.  
Along the river, tall and green,  
I saw the rushes growing,  
And daisy petals white as snow  
Among the grasses showing.  
The flowers held the sunshine bright,  
The breezes were at play,  
And swiftly the dreamy night came on  
To end the happy day.  
—Angelina W. Wray in Harper's Bazar.

### BIGNESS AND SENSE.

#### NOT ALL INTELLECTUAL PEOPLE ARE COMPANIONABLE.

The Art of Entertaining Should Be Studied by Many People Who Think They Are Treading the Higher Planes of Life. Leaving Children.

Bigness is not the same as size, at least not always, and it is not to be estimated by weight. "The people," says a generous woman, "whom I most dread as guests are those who have no capacity for small pleasures." I, too, have the same trouble. John has a bulky friend who never plays a game or romps with children, and I do not know what to do with him. When we go out to play croquet, he stalks up and down with his arms crossed under his coat tails and has not the least interest in our sport. Then John has to leave us and go off to discuss the resurrection of the body or settle some other high and mighty problem that neither of them knows anything about.

John doesn't like it, but he feels the obligations of a host—and, as for me, I don't think any guest ought to disrupt a family and become a distracting element. Why can't the man get off his horse and try to see what other folks need and like? This is all the worse because, if we propose a walk, he sees nothing to interest him; doesn't notice the trees or the flowers and strikes in with a disputatious tirade about Dr. Briggs or the higher criticism. When theology runs dry, he goes into politics, and we must discuss tariff and silver or be impolite. I like hospitality. It makes me miserable when I cannot be sure of pleasing my guest. I simply have to wish that Edward Knox would stay away.

Women as a rule are made up for smaller things, and it very much pleases me that Emerson decides genius to be capacity for small things. But I know a few women who are terrible characters to get on with. Mrs. Jane Geary comes in to talk over the last book by a woman author. A pleasant topic this. But how unutterably silly this wise woman is when she tries to please children—for she really tries. Think of asking a 7-year-old if she knows "what the analysis" of candy is. When she walks with me, she pokes a hollyhock and calls it a geranium.

I do not know whether the ancients meant the sun and its rays when they talked about Samson and his long tresses of hair, and I do not much care. But Samson was and is interesting for this reason: He was a physical prodigy, with a gentle capacity for very human feelings. He could be cajoled into a frolicsome mood and was terrible only when he must be. David is a better sample of the great big body full of small and pleasant ways. "I," said a certain great preacher, "learned my first love for the childlike of my brave father, who never despised small things, and then I learned the same lesson of Jesus. I am a Christian because real Christianity is greatness in small things."

One of Jules de Gouvet's novels, "The Woodman," saves its hero, who is a poacher and always ready for killing and eating and little else, by means of a little child. The child kills out the man's furious passions, and the sight of the little one converts him to a new sort of life. That is the mission, is it not, of our children to keep us from growing old and hard in our emotions? But what can a woman do with visitors who either frankly say they do not like children, or who manifestly are very indifferent to them? It becomes a necessity at once to create two households, to keep the children busy somewhere while we attend to our guests.

We are all fond of trifling discoveries. We like our rambles in the woods and excursions to find new flowers. John gets as excited as one of the boys when he finds a rare flower. We talk it over, and it is added to some one's herbarium with pride. Indeed I cannot see that there is any other way of making life very enjoyable or livable even but by the trifles. The Japanese Romeo makes love by calling on the object of affection, carrying in one hand a flowerpot with a pet plant. We ought, I believe, to cultivate these simple ways. Those who cannot be happy without noise, display and excitement are on the road to being incapable of happiness at all.

Dr. Bremer says: "Basing my assertion on my private practice and at St. Vincent's, I will say that the boy who smokes at 7 will drink whisky at 14, take to morphine at 20 or 25 and wind up with cocaine or other narcotics at 30 or soon after." Above all things have a homely

way of living, so childlike, simple, fresh, that you will never be blasé or any of your household lose the capacity for being pleased. I have heard of dead moral natures and of intellectual powers arrested in the way of development and have seen cases of both sorts, but there is quite as much danger of loss of faculty for pleasure.

I went to church yesterday and heard a clever discourse on the Christian obligation of loving. The preacher said to us, "Just love, only don't love yourself—that is all there is to the law of religion." But I do not believe that preacher was doing anything more than retailing wares he had bought in the lump and did not know anything about, for he went on with illustrations of all sorts to emphasize and explain love, but all his examples were of a showy sort. The real Christian love is in trifles of the commonest sort. The grandest exhibition of bigness is in doing small favors. There is something wonderful in a big man's arms. The habit of taking a man's arm is the finest little exhibition of honor a woman could have bestowed. Your arm, sir, is stout and full of soul. It is the very ideal of defense and protection. You give it to me, and if I have confidence that your soul is as muscular as your body I take the arm. Woman gives the hand; man gives the arm. But it is not all arms that are worth taking. —Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### The Midway Is Weak and Vapid.

Henry Watterson, who is at the Richelieu, has been studying the various things to be found in Midway pleasure. He tells the story thus: "I had heard several remarks made about the terribly wicked things to be found in Midway, and in the interest of mankind in general I concluded that it was my duty to see them, and if necessary raise my voice and wield my pen in saying things about them. Well, I 'have saw them'—as an old friend of mine in Louisville says—and the verdict I have reached is that the Midway pleasure has no right to be connected in any way with such a wonderful show as the World's fair. There is nothing of interest there to me except the types of people. The so called shows are frauds and 'fakes.' Those that are advertised as being obscene and vulgar are weak and vapid. There is nothing terrible about them at all, and the mysterious whispered comments upon their broadness are unnecessary. There is no vulgarity about them. They are insipid."

"One woman, who poses as a Persian, was asked by a friend of mine what she was doing. No answer was expected, as we didn't suppose a Persian could understand English. To our surprise, however, she looked at us, and in good Eloquent French said: 'I am knitting. What do you suppose I am doing?' Then, with a downward, horizontal movement of her hand, she inquired if we saw."—Chicago Tribune.

#### A Burglar Who Tried to Take Everything.

C. A. Collins, who says that he is a clerk, but who is said by the police to be one of the shrewdest burglars in the city, is confined in one of the tanks in the city prison. He was arrested Wednesday night by Detectives Silvey, Cody and Crockett.

On the 25th of last month, according to the police, he broke into the flat of Mrs. Knox at 2542 Howard street while she was absent in the country and for two days devoted his time to carting away every movable object in the house. Nothing seemed to be beneath his notice, and in the various trips he made in and out he took away all the silverware, clothing, bedclothes, etc., that belonged to Mrs. Knox, and then took down the curtains and portieres and the pictures on the walls. The carpets and rugs also came under his observation, and he took the choicest.

All these things were disposed of to a Fourth street furniture dealer, and Silver says that he not only received the cash for them, but made arrangements with the furniture man to go and get the piano and the rest of the carpets, and had negotiations under way with a Market street real estate agent to put a mortgage on the building.—San Francisco Examiner.

#### Cameras to Check Cruelty.

At the monthly meeting of the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals President Angell exhibited pictures taken with kodaks. He proposes to use the kodaks to show not only high checkreins and horses mutilated by docking, together with owners who drive and ride them, but also all kinds of cruelty that can be found on cattle cars, in cattle yards, slaughter houses, markets, horse racing, polo games and otherwise.—Boston Transcript.

#### Were All the Bridesmaids Colonels?

It is said that there were eight marriages in Washington county recently the same day, and that six of the brides were sisters, one was an aunt of the brides and the other a cousin. There were also three marriages near Tennille the same day, and the brides there were distantly related to those at Sandersville.—Atlanta Constitution.

#### A New Message.

It was not without meaning that the hilt of some swords were put into the metals of the Columbian Liberty bell, which is to ring in the victories of peace and international brotherhood. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," is the inscription around its rim.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Bought Him When a Savage.

"Here is the best investment I ever made in my life," said C. Gentile as he took the extended hand of a stalwart young man with the features of the American Indian and introduced the gentleman as Dr. Carlos Montezuma. "One would not think I bought the doctor for \$30. He was but five years of age then. It was in the summer of 1871. I was prospecting in Arizona, taking photographs of Indians and Aztec ruins and gathering curiosities. One day a band of Pimo Indians came into my den with this handsome fellow here, but he was not handsome then. He was painted in glaring colors, with rows of beads around his neck. I took a fancy to him as a genuine live curiosity. The Pimos wanted \$30 for him. I tried to beat them down, but they insisted upon their price, and I gave it. The little chap cried for a day or two, thinking I was going to kill him, and he laughs now when he explains that he took me for the devil."

Dr. Montezuma is in the government service and is now on his way from the Colville reservation of Washington to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where he will enter upon the duties of school physician. The doctor was partly educated in Chicago in the public schools, where he spent five years, and later took the course in the Chicago Medical college, entering the Indian service of the government after his graduation. He says his life will be dedicated to the service of the Indians, and he will never be perfectly satisfied until the government properly educates the young of his people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

#### A Turkish Priest in the Tolls.

In the Turkish village on Midway pleasure there is a muzzin named Drenar Effendi, a priest, very zealous in the performance of his religious duties. Yesterday afternoon he was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and given a ride in the patrol wagon to Woodlawn station.

The trouble arose from a growing disposition on the part of the Turks to treat the duties of their religion with indifference. When Drenar Effendi called the Turks to prayer yesterday afternoon they did not respond with what seemed to him a proper amount of alacrity, and incensed at their slowness he seized a club and began to beat them over the head. This attracted a large crowd at once, and a guard arrested the priest. By the time he reached the station the Turks began to be very much frightened at the thought of their priest's being locked up like a common criminal in a Christian jail, so a delegation was sent over to Woodlawn to bail him out in time for the sunset service, attendance upon which was secured by moral suasion instead of a club.—Chicago News-Record.

#### A Rare Blossom.

A rare flower can be seen in the garden north of the fountain in the northwest section of the public square. It is a yucca gloriosa, commonly known as glorious Adam's needle, and it is stated this is the first time the plant has bloomed for 30 or 40 years. Fears are entertained that the blossom may kill the plant, and an effort will be made to preserve it. An authority on botanical subjects says that the yucca can be seen to best advantage by moonlight while in bloom.

#### Canned Goods Will Be High Next Season.

A. E. Wetmore, representing a syndicate of California fruit canners, was in Helena yesterday. He came to judge how much fruit the Montana market would take at low prices this season. In explanation of his trip, he said: "The Pacific coast canneries will be able this year to can very little fruit. Money is so tight that it is impossible for them to get the cash to buy tin, sugar and other necessary supplies and pay their labor. They have already contracted for the growers' crops, and these they will have to take. The peach and other crops will be large, and the canners will try to ship all the fresh fruit possible. What they do not ship will be dried. Naturally California fruit will sell at low prices this year, but canned goods next season will be high."—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

#### A Temperance Man's Awful Experience.

There was an utter collapse of a Springfield man visiting the World's fair recently. He went into one of the Chicago hotels and innocently called for a bottle of apollinaris water, only to be told in withering tones by the clerk, evidently a fresh importation from a blue ribbon district, that that was a strictly temperance house, and no intoxicating liquors were kept. And the depraved Massachusetts citizen felt that the best thing he could do was to come home and take the Keely cure.—Springfield Graphic.

#### The Australian Case in a Nutshell.

The people of Australia made the mistake, repeated on a small scale in Toronto, of thinking they could live forever by trading lots and borrowing. When new purchasers ceased to come with their savings and lenders wanted their own, it became evident that industry was essential to comfortable maintenance.—Toronto Globe.

#### AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

#### Showing How Unpleasant People Can Make Themselves by Their Talk.

I stepped upon a Broadway car at the lower end of Broadway and rode in it along that fast changing highway as far as Nineteenth street. At the corner of Chambers street and Broadway a man of perhaps 40 and a woman not more than 25, he carrying a huge portmanteau, a collection of wraps, two umbrellas and a cane, she leading by the hand a 3-year-old baby, joined the partially crowded patronage already seated. A cloud of dissatisfaction rested upon the brow of the man. The frown of an already born rumpus fast unfolding into fruitage made forbidding and ugly the comely countenance of the woman. Her nervous disposition made itself known to every one in the car and particularly to the little boy as she yanked the child by the arm into the seat beside her. After a moment's silence the woman said, "You might have known how it would be," to which he responded, "Well, I might have known, but I didn't, so shut up!"

Another passenger entered the car at that moment and stumbled over the portmanteau.

"Hang that bag!" said the man.

"If I were you, I would keep my cursing for home," said the woman, and so on and on and on.

The ensuing half hour was passed by these two in a strain which would have done credit to the most pronounced hag in the dirtiest quarters of a third rate fish market. The little boy, thank heaven, went fast asleep. Much of the conversation between the two was inaudible save to the three or four people in immediate contact with them, but every once in awhile the shrill voice of the female bird soared into upper altitudes of defiance, making discordant the entire atmosphere and attracting the attention of nearly a score of people. They got out at the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway and entered a cafe—he sullen, ejaculatory and profane; she keyed up to G in alt, defiant, shrewish, chock full of scold.

Well, what of it? It is not such a very uncommon thing for man and wife—for lovers even, for daily intercourse—to quarrel and to vent serpentlike hisses from the unruly members that wag with curious motion as they distill poison from bitter and jaundiced hearts. It is not so uncommon, I admit, but isn't it always suggestive? I thought as I looked at the man, with a good, square, clean forehead, well marked brows, a clear skin and an air of self poise, that he was hardly doing himself justice. Save that his hands were rude and rough and that his boots were country made, that his portmanteau was considerably older than the ordinary hill and that his umbrella looked as though it might have been utilized by Mrs. Noah when she came from the ark, he was a man of the world in appearance.

And the woman had a pretty face. Her hair was parted in the middle, as women's hair should be, and revealed in its old fashioned brushing a tiny ear, not so small as to indicate utter selfishness, but, on the other hand, not so large as to rival a genuine Saddle Rock oyster in its vulgarity. Her eyes were brown, soft at that; her teeth were regular and clean; her dress was neat, her hands and feet well clad, and an occasional pat upon the boy's shoulder as he lay nestling against her, fast asleep, indicated the feminine nature, the affectionate tenderness of the mother.

Listening under the circumstances was not rudeness. It was compulsory. I sat next the boy. Some of his banana skin ornaments my coat sleeve until this moment. As he lay seething up I noticed the copper nails in the bottom of his shoe and the copper toe upon the same. The group was easily and perfectly without my vision. As word after word fell red-hot I thought: How odd this all would have sounded in that shell-like ear five years ago. How strange it would have seemed to the lover had he heard it or had it been suggested to him that ever it could be possible for him to hear such language from such lips.—Howard in New York Recorder.

#### Satisfying Vanity.

"It's lovely to have a small bit of vanity," said a little woman, tying her bonnet strings before the glass.

"That's a very unorthodox sentiment, my dear," laughed the looker on.

"Do you think so? I am not so sure of that," meditated the little woman, beginning to put on her gloves. "I should not be able to face the people I have to see today nor accomplish the mission I have in hand if I was not sure that my hat is becoming, my gown well fitting and the other details of my dress irrefragable. I know I do look well, and therefore people like to see me. So I can please them and get what I want. Candidly, is that vanity? There may be some other name for it."—Exchange.

#### The Work of a Higher Being.

He (after the proposal)—I hope you don't think I've made a fool of myself, Miss Penelope?

She—Oh, no. (A pause.) You know I am not an atheist.—Truth.

A colony of bank swallows some years ago taught a young but observing engineer how to build a tunnel which his more learned superiors had refused to undertake.

Scientific cooking is no longer a name. It is a recognized necessity, and its dyed-in-the-wool substitute is not to be much longer put up with.

#### Helping the Government.

Now that the civil war is a long way in the past it is safe to relate certain cases of the cutting of red tape which at the time were winked at and kept as quiet as possible. Military routine often left men without what civilians would regard as the commonest necessities of life, and to endure these deprivations when they were unnecessary was hard anywhere, and especially so at Washington, where supplies were abundant enough.

One day in the summer of 1861 a Maine regiment was encamped in Washington. The rations were poor, and two soldiers, privates, resolved to see if they could not get something better.

They went, in their uniforms of course, directly to the White House, and entering by a side door managed to evade the guardians of the executive mansion. In one of the passages they met a very tall man. They had no doubt it was President Lincoln. They bowed to him, and he bowed to them, but they said nothing. Their business was not with him, but with his cook.

They went on and found their way to the broad kitchen. The cook was there at work.

"Look here!" the Maine men said to him, "we've sworn to support this 'ere government, and fer two weeks we've been a-doin it on nothin but salt junk. Now, if you'd spare us a little of this 'ere stuff, we think it would put this war along amazin'ly!"

They selected what they thought would "go round" among their particular friends at the camp and carried it off, no one saying them nay.—Youth's Companion.

#### An Awful Possibility.

It is a great deal more sensible to travel comfortably than to throw away money for nothing. I would prefer to have a cabin to myself, even if I had to travel on a second class ship. I do not see why I should have a stranger in my room. It is a dreadful lottery, and he is apt to have very unclean habits. Imagine this in a close, stuffy atmosphere, filled already with the odors of the ship and the stench of the machinery. You cannot ask a man for a guarantee of his position. He is apt to belong to the middle class, and think how perfectly horrible it would be to inhabit a room with a being who has very uncertain notions about the complete change of linen every day and whose rule of cleanliness has been a tub once a week, on Saturday night.

And then, even if cleanly, he might not wear the right kind of underclothes, and he might persist in sleeping in night robes instead of pajamas, and he might do a hundred other dreadful things. Think of watching such a creature dress—it would be an awful fascination with me—and find that he changed his collar and his cuffs and not his shirt, which, still glazed and shiny from the manipulations of a Chinaman, would have its dirt spotted bosom concealed by a made up scarf with—it is too horrible to think off.—Cor. Vogue.

#### Queer Tastes in Eating.

In a popular restaurant the other day at lunch I took up what I supposed was a saltbox to sprinkle my roast beef and was startled by the sudden exclamation of the waiter, "That's sugar." This led to a conversation in which the waiter said that in an establishment where he had been employed an old gentleman came in regularly at least three times a week and ordered a sirloin steak well broiled, upon which he always poured a liberal portion of New Orleans molasses. Another waiter said that on one occasion a young man had ordered powdered sugar and two dozen oysters and that he had liberally sprinkled the sugar on the oysters before he ate them. A companion accompanied him and watched the performance, and the waiter said he believed it was the result of a bet. I myself recall a lad who attended boarding school with me, and who invariably put powdered sugar on his soft boiled eggs.—New York Press.

#### Money in Wall Street.

New Yorkers are noted for being scramblers after money. But they are just as remarkable for the risks they take with it when they get it