Upon the grave of him who dies
In Wales they plant some flower, in
By nature or hue, to symbolize
The life that now on earth is ended.

Of blameless deeds and fame unspotted, Her history is clearly read In the white rose to her allotted.

Or, is it one whose every day
Was full of love's unselfish labors,
Thered rose doth his life portray,
Placed on his grave by grateful neigh

And sometimes, though but seldom so,
For man is everywhere forgiving,
Are worthless weeds allowed to grow,
Their tale to tell and warn the living.

Ah, reader, scanning now these lines, What would men plant—thy past disc

ing
Thus through such sure though simple

signs—
Where thou shalt lie so soon reposing?
—[Vick's Magazin

Heard in His Own Defence

"Have I your honor's permission to make a statement?"
"Your honor!" cried Lawyer Lang, springing to his feet; "your honor, befor you pass on this request I, should like to make a statement myself."
"What is it, Mr. Lang?" asked the judge.

for you pass on this request I should like to make a statement myself."

"What is it, Mr. Lang?" asked the judge.

"It's just this," said Mr. Lang, with something more than his usual accrbity, "you remember, of course, that when this man, Cephas Love, was first brought to trial he was without counsel; that he refused to secure any, and that you therefore peremptorily appointed me as such. The appointment was useless, for the defendant has absolutely and unconditionally refused to say a word to me concerning his case. I wish it to be distinctly understood, however, that this silence of the defendant's has been maintained in the face of my most diligent efforts to break down his reserve, for while I first accepted your honor's injunction perfunctorily, I ended by becoming deeply interested in what is certainly a unique case—so far as my practice goes. What I wish to state with particular stress is, that I am absolutely and entirely ignorant of the nature of the statement which Mr. Love has asked permission to make. In fact, sir, all I can officially claim to know of this man is, that on the 14th of this month of August, 1890, he was found in the very act of throttling another man to death at No. 803 Pine street, in this city and county of San Francisco; that he was arrested in flagrante delictu by Officer Thompson; and that he has been confined in the dity prison ever since. He is no more a client of mine than is your honor, and it would be a gross misuse of terms to style him a 'defendant.'"

As Mr. Lang sat down, the man referred to as Cephas Love shook hards with him cordially, and repeated his request for a bearing.

"It is a rather unusual proceeding—at this stage of the trial," said the judge, "for a person in your position to make a statement, but the whole proceedings in this case have been unusual. Moreover, I have not the right to deny you. Do you wish your statement to appear as evidence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take your place on the witness-stand then and be sworn."

idence?"
"Yes, sir."
"Take your place on the witnessstand, then, and be sworn."
He repeated the clerk's mumble-jumble of words with slow emphasis, and
laid an intonation upon the concluding
words, "So help me God," that gave
them a reverential effect not often heard
in that court room.

them a reverential effect not often heard in that court-room.

The sketch which the artist of a morning paper was at this moment making, showed a tiny, neat man, sitting primly with crossed legs and smoothing out the folds of a red silk handkerchief spread over his knees. His hands, face and scalp were of a false ruddiness that was caused by a net-work of small veins in the skin, and that was made all the more vivid by the contrast of a fringe of flaxwhite hair and two patches of close-triumed whiskers that lay on each cheek like small powder-puffs. His eyes were light-blue and moist; his lips were thin and straight; and the rest of his features ordinary and inexpressive. He was dressed in a suit of dark-gray clothes, and looked something between an upper servant and a small lawyer. There had been even more than the usual interest felt in the case, the court-room was crowded, and when the prisoner began there was a strained attention to hear what he had to say, made all the more necessary because of the low and rather thick voice in which he spoke.

"My name is correctly given on the documents in the case, I believe," he began; "besides which, it has been on the city directory for the past thirty-two years. It is Cephas Clavering Love, although the middle name is very seldom used. I am sixty-three years of age, and was born at Memphis, Tenn, on the thirteenth of April, 1827. I came to San Francisco thirty-three years come years thereafter I was a clerk for the law firm of Kitridige & Shaw, as I believe your honor well knows. For the past twolve years I have been engaged in the law stationary department of Messrs. Rocker & Coe. These gentlemen, together with many others, I understand I have the right to summon as witnesses to the sity as to my general good character, but I shall put none of them to this inconvenience—"

testify as to my general good character, but I shall put none of them to this in-

onvenience—"
"Proceed, Mr. Love," said the judge,
or the witness had stopped and was
nervously rubbing the palms of his small, for the witness had stopped and was nervously rubbing the palms of his small, withered hands with his handkerchief.

"Thank you, your honor," said the old man, "Th not used to making long speeches. All I need further say in any preliminary way about myself is, that I am a widower, with one married daughter living in Norfolk, Virginia; that I am a member of Dr. Wall's church; that

"Your honor," exclaimed Mr. Lang, once more springing to his feet, "I must insist that the witness be instructed. Your honor knows that a plca of not guilty was entered in the court of ex-mination, and a similar plca has been formally entered in this court of arraign-ment. This man is on trial; he has not been convicted, and I call upon your honor to instruct the witness that he must not use such terms of self-accuse.

of the witness."

"The witness is thoroughly conversant with legal practices, I believe, Mr. Lang," said the judge, "and fully appreciates the gravity of his position and the necessity for carefully weighing what he has to say. Nevertheless if—"

"Excuse me, your honor," said the old man Love, gently stretching out a somewhat shaky hand toward the judge: "you need not caution me, your honor. I am, as you say, thoroughly aware of the gravity of my words—and position. What I say is simply the truth, and the truth can injure no one. I am a murderer, and I purpose telling the stry of my crime without attempting any palliation."

truth can injure no one. I am a murderer, and I purpose telling th at by of my crime without attempting any palliation."

There was a stir in the court-room, and a veiled woman—the mother of the victim, it was said—leaned forward is her chair and sobbed.

"Your honor," cried Mr. Lang, again on those ready feet of his; "there is an attempt at sensationalism here," with a vibrating forefinger pointed in the direction of the sobbing woman, "and I ask that it be stopped."

"Well, now," said the prosecuting attorney with hot sarcasm; "we must say we like that. During the whole of these proceedings we haven't said a blessed word. We've allowed you to put your man on the witness stand with all the stage-effect you wanted and without a boo; and now, because this poor, bereaved woman—this heart-stricken mother—gives way to her natural grief when the terrible crime that robbed her of her darling is brought to her mind, you—you, sir, who should be the last man to make a sound, go to blabbing about sensationalism. Why, sir—"

"That will do, gentlemen," said the judge, quietly but firmly, for Mr. Lang was actually bounding about in his anxiety to make his retort. "(Go on, sir," he added, turning to the defendant, who during the discussion had busied himself folding his red handkerchief into a neat, square package.

"Since working for Messrs, Rocker & Coe," Cephas Love continued, "I have been in the habit of walking down to the store along Pine street each morning from my boarding-house, at the corner of Larkin and James' streets. On the sixteenth of June last, or it might have been the seventeenth, I noticed that No. 863, after having been vacant for many months, was about to be tenanted. The next morning, and it was a Friday, I remember, my attention was again attracted to No. 863, and this time by a very secular incident. The two windows on the ground floor, where the parlor was evidently situated, were draped with heavy curtains of some maroon-colored stuff, after a fashion which used to be in vegue for dining-rooms when

"Pears." "
"Describe it, Mr. Love," said the at-

dreams."

"Describe it, Mr. Love," said the attorney Lang.

"I can not," said the witness, putting out both hands in a gesture of repulsion that was strangely energetic in a man seemingly so placid and undemonstrative; "it was more of a mask than a face. Not one of these grotesque masks, you understand, but one of vacuity—a blank, an emptiness, a soulless nothing. The eyes were big, wide open, with the white showing all around the pupil between the fixed lids. The checks pale and flabby, the nose a line, and the mouth half open, with the lower lip drooping."

Here a strange thing happened, for while the prisoner described the face, his own took on that of the creature he was delineating, until in the place of the little old gentleman of semi-clerical aspect there appeared the doddling head of a mowing idiot. The red handkerchief had been snatched up from where it lay smoothly folded over on his knee, and was now grasped in both hands like a ball.

"I could only see his face," said Love.

the that deep statement up from where, and was now grasped in both hands like a ball.

"I could only see his face," said Love, dropping back, so to speak, into himself, "because he brought the curtains close up about his neck, like a garmentlike a dressing-gown. After I had moved on a few paces, I turned around, for so strange was the impression produced on me that I can liken it to little less than fascination. The face had not moved, but the great staring eyes were still fixed on me as theeyes of a portrait done in oil painting always seem to be, no matter where the observer may move. More than once during the day I found myself thinking of this vacant, fatuous face, and then toward the afternoon I managed to dismiss it with the resolution that it belonged to some poor, unfortunate being, whose friends preferred to take private charge of him rather than to send him to an asylum, and that his presence at the window was due to the temporary absence of those whose duty it was to look after him. But with all this common sense view of the matter, I found myself stupidly excited and nervous as I drew near the house next morning. Well, sir—I mean, your honor—the fellow must have been watching for me, for as I came opposite the windows again, a thin, white house next morning. Well, sir—I mean, your honor—the fellow must have been watching for me, for as I came opposite the windows again, a thin, white hand parted the curtains and the vacant face was turned once more upon me. This time, I thought that the eyes, though fixed and wide open, had the light of a nasty smile in them and that the drooping lower lip was shot out in a grimace of contempt. I had a stout walking-cane in my hand," said the witness, jumping up, "and I threatened the fellow with it in this way." Here he shook out the red-slik handkerchief and waved it rapidly toward the jury-box as though it were a danger-signal. One of the jury-men drew back, with a little nervous start, and the judge looked curiously at the defendant-witness.

"Control yourself,

sible."
"I will, your honor," he replied, with meekness and an instant change of demeanor, although it was noticed that great beads of perspiration had broken out on his forehead, and that, now and then, those merged themselves one in the other and than ran trickling down his

then, these merged themselves one in the other and than ran trickling down his face like an overcharged raindrop on a window-pane.

"For two or three days I changed my way to the office," he continued, "and took another street, so as to escape the sight of this oppressive face. It was a useless precaution, however, for what had been a day-horror now became a nightmare. For the first time in my life, I became the victim of insomnia. The horrible blank features covered the walls like a patterned paper;

in this way, and was going to cut my throat, when the idea entered my head that I would first go and squeeze the ife out of my tormenting devil, and then come back and make away with myself. Dressing hurriedly, I ran down stairs and into the street. I was in front of 863, like a flash of double-greased lightning. Quick as I was, the monstrous villain was just as quick. Back went the curtains, as though jerked by red Zamiel himself, and out shot the face—a scarecrow that would frighten the very blue-birds of heaven. No doubt about it, the ghost-like thing was mocking me now—mocking my misery, mocking poor old me, who had been cursed by it for forty million years. I don't know what I said. Call them black, bad words. All the blood rushed to my head, until my ears rang like the seven bells of Kingdom Come. With a one, two, three, I was in the house; and with a four, five, six, I was squeezing his wind pipe—like this:

"Look out, judge!" yelled Mr. Lang, while a cry of horror rose from the people.

The judge had been gently swinging

"Look out, judge!" yelled Mr. Lang,
while a cry of horror rose from the people.
The judge had been gently swinging
himself around in a quarter-circle on his
f chair, looking keenly now at the curious
witness, and now inquiringly at the
prosecuting attorney. As he swung
around the last time, the prisoner leaped
out from his place, as though moved by
a steel spring, and flung himself upon
the judge like a cat. The shock threw
the judge out of the chair, and both
went down together. There were snarls
and screams from behind the desk, and
when the bailiff leaped in, the prisoner
had wound the red slik handkerchief
around the judge's neck, and was tugging at it like a demon. A dozen other
rescuers were on hand the next minute,
but it took nearly the whole of their
misdirected strength to tear away the
shricking, frothing maniac and carry
him down-stairs to the safer accommodation of the "tanks."—[San Francisco
Argonaut.

Making Artificial Ice.

The process of making artificial ice is interesting, the machinery and appliances simple when understood. Anhydrous ammonia and brine are the direct agents which make the ice. In immense tanks, which cover nearly the entire floor of the large building of the factory, numerous coils of pipe are set four feet apart. Through these pipes passes the anhydrous ammonia. The tanks are filled with brine of the required strength, and two large engines pump the ammonia through the pipe, absorbing the heat in the brine, cooling it down to a temperature of 10 to 14 degrees above zero. Galvanized iron cans filled with distilled water are then lowered between the pipes into this brine bath, and the freezing process commences. It takes about forty hours to freeze the water in these cans into a solid cake of ice. The cans when frozen solid cake of ice. The cansed in hot water for a moment, and the cake of ice is released from the can ready for market. Clear as crystal, these cakes are stored in warehouses for use as occasion demands.

These tanks hold seventeen hundred cans, each can when frozen producing a block of ice weighing 300 pounds. At

These tanks hold seventeen hundred cans, each can when frozen producing a block of ice weighing 300 pounds. At one end of the tanks two centrifugal pumps keep the brine in continual agitation, necessary to throw off heat and keep the bath at the low temperature.

By reason of the agitation of the brine all cans freeze alike in the immense bath. The tanks, when once filled, furnish a continual supply of ice every twenty-four hours. Rows of cans drawn are immediately replaced with fresh cans as soon as those frozen are taken out, the present ice product of this plant being 240,000 pounds of ice daily.—[Chicago Herald.

Wit and Satire in Wills

Wit and Satire in Wills

Wit and Satire in Wills.

One might suppose that will-making was anything but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old fellows have left behind could hardly be surpassed. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of she will be the bed of the same of

was discovered to be ten thousands thanks. What a wet blanket for "great expectations!"

Just as odd was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area enclosed by the track of the center of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be twenty-one thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a mean distance from the property all their lives.

The hat, in its origin, is a thing purely ornamental. Except in arctic climes, where as much as possible of the body must be covered to keep out the cold, savages have never thought of protecting the head. With us it is a matter purely of cultivation, the necessity for a head covering growing out of the habit of employing it. The beginning of the hat was what you find it among savage peoples to-day—a tuft of feathers, a bunch of porce vine quills, or what not. Every race take the manner of its head covering from whatever ornamental material is from whatever ornamental material is produced naturally by the country it inhabits. Thus you find South Americans using for the purpose the bright colored plumes of the birds which find in the tropical portions of that continent their habitat. Perhaps the most beautiful of all beed coverings are deviced is that han ran trickling down his overcharged raindrop on a let of the continued, "and office," he continued, "and or street, so as to escape the soppressive face. It was a caution, however, for what a day-horror now became the continued of the continued in the continued of the continued on occasions of ceremony with a sort of turban set with a crown of eagle's feathers, which not only encircle his caution, however, for what a day-horror now became the continued in a fringe at right was the continued in a fringe at right was the continued in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the ground in a fringe at right was the continued of the c

Sound at Different Angles.

in my life, I became the victim of insomnia. The horrible blank features covered the walls like a patterned paper; they were as visible in the darkness as in the light; they kept my eyes open and stared into them; and they covered me like waves rolling over my bed. The void meaningless face was with me in a hundred fantastic and distressing shapes, and I felt that I could have strangled the beast of a possessor had he come within my grasp.

The little man's voice rose into a screech, the dull blue eyes flashed like a moving mirror, and his chest heaved, while he twisted the red-silk handker-ties chief into a scarlet rope.

"On the morning of the third sleep-less night," he went on, sinking his voice into a hoarse whisper, while the crowd in the court-room leaned forward as one man to hear what was being said of the man to hear what was being said determined to put an end to it all. I took out a razor, threw back my collar, it could be heard only 3 feet away.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Man of Business-Nearing th Homestretch—The Next Question—He was a Clever Waiter, etc. Tom—What a bright girl Blanche is. She seldom opens her mouth without pearls dropping therefrom.

Eva—Where did you get that idea?
Have her teeth been falling out again?—
[Terre Haute Express.

Singleton (singing)-Oh, there's must

Singleton (singing) in the air, music—
Benedict—Please don't sing that. It's an unpleasant reminder, "Of what?"
"Of how my two-year-old heir howls when he wakes up at night."—[Lewrence]

Jolliboy-I wish I had \$100,000. Mrs. Jolliboy-Why, what would yo lo? Jolliboy-Nothing.-[Bazar.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

Teacher—Willie, can you name the ve senses?

Tommy (from back seat)—I can tell.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, what are the very Tommy—A half dime.—[New London Telegraph.

JUST LIKE HIS IMPERTINENCE.

Old woman presents herself at the

ticket.
"Where for?" inquired the clerk.
"That's my business!" was the reply.
—[Dictionnaire Universel.

Employer (sternly)—You were absent without leave yesterday, Mr. Challie. Clerk—I am sorry, sir, but I was sick. Employer—O that's all right! How did the fish bite?—[Epoch. ACCOUNTED FOR.

"How do you like your new minister,
Cora," asked her father.

"Oh, he's just splendid. He draws
twice as large congregations as the Rev.
Mr. Oldwun, whom he succeeds,"
"I suppose he is much more eloquent
and impressive than Mr. Oldwun."

"N-no. He is rather an ordinary and
tiresome speaker, but he's young, handsome and unmarried."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said her
father. "The increase in the congregation is made up wholly of young women."—[Norristown Herald. ACCOUNTED FOR.

Just she and I alone were there beneath
the stars so calm and bright.
I told her that to me her cheeks were
like twin lilies, pure and white;
But in the morning as I brushed my
powdered vest for half an hour
I realized the lilies must have been
some other kind of flour.
—[Chicago Evening Post.

BY FLOOD AND FIELD

Wings—I had an awful experience with sharks off the coast of Maine.
Wangs—I had a narrow escape fron them in Kansas.
"Kansas?" "Kansas?"
"Yes. Real estate sharks."—[St. Joseph

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school,
Johnny (with far-away look)—Yes'm.
Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?
Johnny—I carried home th' Sunday-school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale.—|New York Weekly.

NEARING THE HOMESTRETCH.

NEARING THE HOMESTRETCH.

He was taking her home after the theatre and a little supper at Delmonico's.

"Darling," said he, suddenly, as he
gazed dreamily at the silvery disc overhead, "why am I like the moon?"

"It isn't because you're full, is it?"
she asked, as she edged away from him.

"No," said he, sadly, "I'm on my last
quarter."—[Our Society Journal.

HE WAS A CLEVER WAITER.

HE WAS A CLEVER WAITER.

In a restaurant. A frightfully bald customer has just begun his dinner, when he suddenly calls the waiter and points to a hair in the soup.

"Where did that come from?"

"It must be monsieur's."

The customer, evidently much flattered, replied:

"No doubt, my good fellow, no doubt."

—[Fun.

"What's the matter with Jimpson that he has taken to his bed?"
"His wife persisted yesterday in reading some old love letters he sent her before marriage."—[Epoch.

KIND-HEARTED BRIDGET.

Cooking-school Girl—Bridget, what did you do with that cake I baked yesterday? Mr.Finefello is here, and I want to give him some.

Bridget--Wull, mun, I'll get it fur ye if ye say so; but sure it isn't me wud be discooragin' a noice young mon like that.—[New York Weekly.

THE ONLY KIND OF BEAU SHE HAS.

"I do love archery so well!" exclaimed
Miss Elder, enthusiastically.
"Yes," replied Miss Amy; "it gives
you a chance to have a bow."—[West
Shore.

WHAT HE MEANT.

"I understood you to say that your charge for services would be light," complained the client when the solicitor handed him a big bill. "I believe I did say my fee would be nominal," was the lawyer's reply, "but——" "Oh, I see," hastily interrupted the client, "you meant phenomenal."—[Chatter.

WHY HE CAME. Landlady (delightedly) — And Dr. Curenone advised you to come here?
"Yes; I'm under treatment and he said I must avoid overeating."

The greatest zoological garden in the world, is that in London, being situated in the very heart of the city, and a public street running through it which divides it into two sections. Walls are erected along the street, and visitors go from one section to another by means of a tunnel passing under the street. The grounds comprise about sixty acres, and are well filled with buildings, ponds, etc. There are real beaver ponds, aviaries, bear pits, monkey houses—in short, a place for everything in the animal line. This park was opeaed in 1828, and during the last five years the annual number of visitors has averaged about 700,000, while in 1886 there were added to the collection of animals 1,538.

The Berlin park is ranked by naturalists next to the London, and the two in Paris, if combined, would make one as extensive as any in the world.

In the United States the Philadelphia "Zoo" is the most extensive so far as buildings and collections go, and the inclosure FATAL OBJECTION. Uncle Ned—I've brought you a nice little dog, Johnny, the best one you ever

matter?
"Thar ain't tail enough to tie a can to."—[Binghamton Republican.

"Cyrus, I want you to go down town with me. I want to pick out a new necktie for you."

"Have we time enough before the shops close, Emily?" replied the capitalist, consulting his watch.

"Yes, if we hurry. It's only a little after one o'clock."

"All right, my dear. Go and get ready. I've got to step around the corner and buy a railroad. I will be back in ten minutes."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

sady. I've got to step around the corer and buy a railroad. I will be back to minutes."—[Pittsburg Chronic ledgraph.

A MEMORY AID.

Goodfello—Here's your health, old fel, y the way, what is that knot in your andkerchief for!

Jollifello—Hem! That is to remind that the heating of damp hay to a temperature swificient to cause the spontaneous combustion of it is due to a fungus. He first studied the heat-generating action of Asperyillus Funiquatus, which has de hard that the sworn off.

Goodfello—But you just this minute book a drink.

Goodfello—But you just this minute book a drink.

Jollifello—Y-e-s. Fact is I never see he knot till I take out my handkerchief be wipe my mouth.—[New York Week.

THE ONLY INCUMBRANCE.

"I am going to marry a mansion on Tabash avenue," remarked one Chicago toman to another.

"Any encumbrance?" asked her iend.

"Only a husband."—[Pittsburg Chroniele. Goodfello—Here's your health, old fel.
By the way, what is that knot in your handkerchief for?
Jollifello—Hem! That is to remind me that I've sworn off.
Coodfello—Rut you just this winste. Jollifello—Y-e-s. Fact is I never see the knot till I take out my handkerchief to wipe my mouth.—[New York Week-ly.

"I am going to marry a mansion on Wabash avenue," remarked one Chicago woman to another. "Any encumbrance?" asked her

LASSOING A BEAR.

A NOTABLE DOLLAR.

"This is a very remarkable coin," said Gilroy, producing a dollar. "How so?" asked Larkin. "Why, in the last twelve years the Government has coined just 349,938,001

FEMININITY.

TRAVELING OUTFITS.

THE NEXT QUESTION.

A FADING FLOWER.

A LEGAL OPINION.

ALEGAR OFFARM.

Irate Visitor (in Attorney's office)—
What is your opinion of me, anyway?
Attorney—Professionally?
Irate Visitor—Of course, sir.
Attorney—Well, you are a liar and scoundrel; \$25 please.—[New Yor World.]

Profit-Sharing.

Zoological Gardens of the World,

"Zoo" is the most extensive so far as build-ings and collections go, and the inclosure comprises thirty-three acres of Fairmount Park. The Cincinnati zoological park embraces sixty-five acres of suburban

"Well?"
"Well, this is the odd one.

A COWBOY'S SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Bruin was Fond of Fat Yearling Cattle—An Unarmed Cowboy Catches the Monster With a Rope —Dragged to Death.

TRAVELING OUTFITS.

Trunk Dealer—I see. Wants omething for a six months' tour abroad. Well, madam, in the adjoining building I have a trunk which I'm sure you will like. Can't get it in the store-room; double door is too narrow. I thought of remodeling it and using it for a sea-shore cottage, but if it will suit you I will let you have it cheap.

Dame—I'm not the one who is going abroad; it's my husband.

"Oh! George, show the lady one of those vestpocket hand-satchels."—[Good News.

Catches the Monster With a Rope—Dragged to Death.

The finest rope-swinger in all the Southwest, rays a Fort Davis (Texas) letter to the San Francisco Chronicle, is Bud Carraway of Reeves county, Tex. It was my good fortune to be with a round-up party of cowboys last week who were out after stray steers, and among the number was Bud Carraway, the prince of lariat throwers. One night while sitting around the camp fire smoking and telling stories the subject of bears came up.

"Tell us of the best true story you know, Bud," said one of the boys, "and don't be modest about it. Give us a yarn." "I'll do the best I can," answered Bud, "and what's more I'll not stretch it a bit, but give you straight facts." He filled the bowl of his pipe, lit it from a live coal and settled back for the story.

"Last fall, you know, I was working for the Mill Iron Ranch Company on the south folk of Red river. There were a great many nice fat yearlings on the range, and every day or two one would be missing, but as he had our brand on his hide we thought of course that he would be found at some one of the round-ups. The round-ups came, steers and cattle were gathered in, but only a very few yearlings were among them. After awhile the foreman set a watch by staking out a calf on the praire over night, and next morning we discovered bear tracks, and big ones, too. Our boarder was in fact a big black bear, who required a yearling at least once in two days, and what was more, he preferred to do his own slaughtering. He was an old customer, for we had loard of him before in some of the adjoining counties. He had scorned all attempts to shoot or trap him, and actually fattened on lead, winked at pitfalls, sneezed at traps, and cunningly turned up his nose at poisoned meat.

"We did not know what to do. The fellow was cautious enough to keep out of sight, and every attempt or expedition against him failed until, at last, by Mr. Glum—I really believe your nose turns up. I never noticed it before. Mrs. Glum—I presume it has got to turning up since I married you,—[New York Weekly. A SUFFICIENT REASON.
"I shall never marry," said Mr. Hicks.
"Why not?"
"Because I am already married."

Three years ago the Campbell's Creek Coal Company, in the Kanawha Valley, commenced the sharing of profits with its men, and on the first occasion divided something over \$6,000. Last year the amount was much less, because the profits were smaller. The result this year is shown in the announcement that on September 20 the company divided \$4,500 among the men. The money is given out in proportion to the amount of wages the men earn, and the last distribution gave each man an average of about \$60. Besides sharing the profits the company does a sort of insurance business among the miners in a novel and commendable manner. In that district the miner is "docked" or forfeits a certain amount of his wages when the coal he turns out has over a fixed per centrain amount of his wages when the coal he turns out has over a fixed per centrain amount of his wages when the coal he turns out has over a fixed per centrain of the company, is put into a fund for the benefit of the men. From this fund the men are entitled to draw \$4 per week when sick. On several occasions, when through numerous demands this fund has become exhausted, the firm replenished it temporarily. In another way this company and its employees have moved together for the common good. In that locality the public schools are open only about four months in the year. To continue the schools for nine months each year the miners pay each 20 cents per month into a private school fund. The effect of this plan of sharing profits, and the mutual good feeling between the men and their employers is plainly apparent. The men are contented and steady; they have improved morally and physically.—[American Manufacturer.

sneezed at traps, and cunningly turned up his nose at poisoned meat.

"We did not know what to do. The fellow was cautious enough to keep out of sight, and every attempt or expedition against him failed until, at last, by pure accident I managed to catch him myself when I least expected such a piece of luck. One afternoon in September I was out on the range horse hunting, when, as I was passing near a thick bunch of chaparral, I saw a monster black bear jump out of the bushes, knock a young heifer down with his powerful paw and draw the carcass back into the bushes again and out of sight. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Fortunately my mustang was a good one, and would not stir or move until I gave him the signal. I had no weapon; I was alone and miles from the home ranch, and only my pocket-knife and a trusty lariat with me. I rode around the bushes two or three times, feeling sure in case of danger that my mustang was fleet and quick enough to keep me out of trouble, but, to own the truth, I did not know what on earth to do. Unslinging my rope, I got it ready anyhow to use should an opportunity offer, determined to give him a toss if he dared show his snout. Would you believe he actually did that very thing? Well, he did. He saw me, poked his nose out to get a better smell, and then shoved his whole head out, I suppose to get a better rismel, and if the topposite direction."

"Other than the signal was no better off than before. I waited some time and was about to go away when I heard a crashing and rustling some distance away. Looking to see what it was, blamed if the bear hadn't stolen a march on me and was racing off across the prairie in the opposite direction."

"What a fool!" ejaculated one of his listeners.

"Well, I should say he was a fool. You fellows know that on the open."

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"What a fool." ejaculated one of his listeners.

"Well, I should say he was a fool. You fellows know that on the open prairic, with no tree or stump or hole to hide in, a big animal, be he steer, a bear, or anything else, has no show, and that a rope is the best weapon on earth to have. I left Nance go, and before many minutes was within reaching distance of the black old sinner. Swinging the rope again, I let her fly, and caught him the first cast right around the neck. He couldn't get it off this time, for it was range work with Nance and I, and she never let a slack or kink get into the line; so we had him fast.

"Now, you fellows know how to throw a steer, so you can imagine I had no trouble with the bear. I raced around him until the lariat trailed from the neck, and when I had it about the height of his knees I gave a short, quick jerk and pulled his feet from under him. Down he went like a cyclone, rolling over and over in the dust. You never saw a more surprised bear in all your life. Every time he rose up and started tor fun, I did the same thing until at last he got very time he rose up and started to run, I did the same thing until at last he got very time do the performance. The fun soon came to an end. He got up for a last run and started off like a steam engine. I let him go and waited until he was doing his level best, and then I gave him a good one which nearly broke his neck. He ay there stunned and quiet, and I could see the breath had been knocked clean out of the old rascal's carcass. Cautioning Nance to hold taut, the same as for a see the breath had been knocked clean out of the old rascal's carcass. Cautioning Nance to hold taut, the same as for a steer you are going to tie, 1 approached carefully and with my jack-knife gave him a dig in the throat which settled his case for good. I went back to the ranch and got a team and hauled him in. When dressed he weighed 740 pounds. That's all."

The Fattest Girl of Her Age.

The Fattest Girl of Her Age.

The fattest girl of her age ever known the lives now at Blairville, Penn. Her name is Della Beck. She is the daughter of a miner, is 16 years old, and weighs 450 pounds. She is one of eight children. Her parents are both of ordinary size, and none of her brothers or sisters show signs of exceeding average limits in point of physical development. One sister reached the weight of 145 pounds at the age of five years, but died at that period. Some of the measurements were as follows: Sixty-one inches round the waist, 34 inches round the bust, 12 inches round the neck and 31 inches round the fleshy part of the arm. Her height is about 5 feet 4 inches. Her feet are not long but are abnormally broad, so that it is impossible to procure any ordinary pair of women's shoes to fit her. Della's chair is a curious piece of furniture, specially made for her, and a settee intended for two people. Her bed is furnished with extra supports. Della was asked if she experienced any difficulty in walking. "No," she said, "but in going up stairs I puff a little." Considering her enomous size she is wonderfully light and active on her feet. She has had many offers from exhibitors, all of which she has hitherto refused.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A VENICE IN SIAM.

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The Great City of Bangkok With Canals for Streets.

It is no wonder that travelers have so much to say about the capital city of Siam, for of all strange cities it is the strangest. Covering an enormous amount of ground, it stretches for eight miles on both sides of the Menam River and has a population of from 500,000 to 600,000 people. So hard is it to take a census that the government has not as yet taken the number of its people since 1870, but good authorities who have lived for years in the city place the number approximately as above.

There is not a single street in all the great city of Bangkok leading into the country. No, nor even a trail that an elephant could follow. In the city proper are many good streets, however, and of late years the natives have taken to driving horses and ponies, and now almost any afternoon one or more of the numerous princes can be seen driving about the city in stylish turnouts with a half-dressed groom standing up behind. In place of streets the Siamese have great natural waterways and canals leading to all parts of the kingdom.

The Menam River, running through the centre of the city, is the great business street and thoroughfare. On both sides are hundreds of stores and shops where you can buy verything from a needle to a steamboat. Leading into the country, at right angles from the river, are the great canals of Bangkok—some of them being over a hundred miles in length. They lead everywhere, and upon them is brought to market the great rice croy of Siam, as well as the entire product of the land. Some of these canas are not more than ten feet wide, while every few hundred feet smaller ones lead through the bambos and low-growing banana trees to the homes and grounds of the natives.

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Many of the larger canals, however, are almost rivers in size, and the largest steam launches tow as many as a dozen grain boats fifty and sixty miles inland. Bangkok being so near the sea, the tide leaves these canal-boats high and dry at least once a day; but, strange as it may seem, the tide here has a way of acting not in secordance with almanac rules and regulations, and sometimes there is no tide at all at Bangkok for the entire twenty-four hours.

The people use the canal waters as public bathing places also, but the natives do not now, as formerly, go into the water naked, a late order of the king compelling them to wear at least a small garment. Along these canals are located many of the great wats of the city, where all day long hundreds of lazy, yellow-dressed Buddhist priests can be seen loafing about, while near many of these places of worship are sacred hogs wallowing in mire and filth, says a writer in the Kansas City Times. Wat Chang, one of the great sights of Bangkok, is located on the river bank, nearly opposite the king's grounds.

It is an immense affair, towering nearly 100 feet into the air, and is surrounded by spacious grounds, but all parts of the main temple as well as the smaller ones and the hundreds of stone images of Buddha throughout the grounds are falling to pieces, and in a few years many of the now celebrated wats of Siam will be simply tumbled-down ruins. About all the Siamese wats is a singular mixture of dirt, fifth and gold. Somehow in this country one always goes with the other.

The King of Siam lives in a handsome palace within a walled enclosure inside the double city walls, and he lives and enjoys life as much as any of the kings of history. At the present time his wives are said to number not fewer than one hundred—his queen and second wife being his half-sister. In fact the queens of history. At the present time his wives are said to n

New Theory of Hailstones,

It is a problem yet unsolved to account for this suspension in the atmosphere of hallstones, which frequently weigh over an ounce. A recent theory, which seems to carry some probability with it, supposes that in the heart of every hall cloud there is a whirlwind, or what is usually but erroneously termed a "tornado." It is well known that such disturbances exert a predigious lifting do." It is well known that such dis-turbances exert a prodigious lifting power, raising heavy objects, such as carts, house roofs and even trees, and transplanting them to considerable dis-tances. The theory is that when a drop of water in such a cloud is congealed it is carried round in the vortex and lifted up, more moisture being condensed and frozen upon it at each gyration, until at last it is thrown out and falls. This would account for the alternate layers, but will not account for the formation of crystals, a growth which usually requires a considerable time.

Oysters in London,

In a recent interesting article upon oysterculture, the marquis of Lorne very cogently asked why oysters cost \$1 or \$1.25 a dozen in London while they can be purchased for about half the price in Paris? The explanation, as Lord Lorne pointed out, is that our English oyster beds produce only a fraction of the consumption, although our own shores, properly prepared could produce oysters in enormous quantities. Hitherto British enterprise has not been directed toward this remunerative industry, says St. James' Budget, but has left it in the hands of a few fishermen and ancient corporations on the Essex and Kentish coasts, who lack both capital and scientific knowledge. How profitable oyster breeding may become when well managed may be imagined from the fact that the only outlay consists in preparing a a stretch of suitable foreshore with tiles, bricks, shells, etc., to provide a resting the only outlay consists in preparing a a stretch of suitable foreshore with tiles, bricks, shells, etc., to provide a resting place for the spat or baby oyster. It is estimated that one oyster produces from one to three million young, so that if only a very small proportion be secured the labor expended is most bountifully repaid. The average wholesale price of native oysters this year has been \$3 per 100. Taking the value of the product of one tile at the lowest figure the result would be \$2.25, and the tiles being laid one on the other in semblance of an open wall, 30,000 tiles per acre is not an exaggerated number. It would thus seem that with capital and enterprise the national production of oysters would largely increase, while the price would naturally fall.

Pineapple Culture in Florida.

Pineapple Culture in Florida,
The pineapple thrives in southern
Florida, and it is reported that its cultivation is being extended very rapidly,
and will soon become an important industry, especially in the region known
as southeastern Florida. Where the
pineapple is said to be very profitable.
There are limited areas in southern California where the pineapple will thrive,
but we have no report of its extended
cultivation in that state. The plants
will not bur them, provided they
do not freeze.—[New York Sun.