

Matches have not yet displaced the tinderbox in the rural districts of Spain and Italy.

The Queen of England has never set eyes on any of her colonies, nor upon any part of Asia, Africa or America.

A Kansas court has ruled that "a man who calls upon a woman regularly and takes her to entertainments occasionally is legally engaged to marry her."

Count Tolstoi, the Russian philosopher, has moved into Moscow to live, but says that he is sorry to feel compelled to stay there, for country life is better for soul and body.

About the most surprising thing to the Philadelphia Times in an X-ray picture of a shad or herring skeleton is that the bones are several millions less than was popularly supposed.

Bennington Centre, Vt., with a population never exceeding 300, has furnished four Governors to the State, and the inhabitants think the good material is by no means exhausted.

The addition of Russian to the curriculum of Harvard College is a proof to the New York Sun of the strides that have been made by the literature of that people in a comparatively short period of time.

An advertisement appeared in a scientific paper the other day in the following terms: "Wanted, a few enterprising individuals with capital to join in an expedition to search for relics of Noah's Ark."

In order to prevent his wife from going to church a Texas man burned her Bible and prayer book. A few hours afterwards, relates the Atlanta Constitution, he was thrown from his horse and nearly killed, and now all the preachers in that vicinity are holding him up as a terrible warning to the unregenerate.

For several years the number of lost children reported to and by the New York City police has remained about 2500 per annum. Two-thirds of them are boys, and the largest number are lost in the poorer quarters of the East side. Very few New York children are deserted.

Vienna is to lose the Wien, the little river from which the city derives its name. It had for some time been used as an outlet for sewage and often caused damage by overflowing, but will now be covered over. Reservoirs have been built to which the water will be drawn during freshets.

The papers related the other day how a valorous Kentucky colonel slew an enormous devil-fish on the coast of Florida. It turns out that the horrid beast was only a big stingaree, which leads the New Orleans Picayune to remark that "Kentucky is an inland place—and its inhabitants do not know much about water, anyway."

It is not generally known that the United States Government is building a ship railway. It has under construction around The Dalles of the Columbia, in Oregon, a ship railway to accommodate boats weighing, with cargo, 600 tons. The canal will be between eight and nine miles in length, and the rise at the lower end will be from fifty to eighty feet, according to the state of the tide, and it will require about an hour and a half to transport a boat from the river to the river again.

"The finest collection of temperance texts and precepts I ever saw is in a saloon in my town," said Henry T. Thompson, of Iowa City, Iowa, to the Washington Star. "The proprietor of the saloon is the son of a very wealthy man in the East, who formerly traveled for his father. Whisky was his bane and finally, at the close of one of his speeches, the father discharged him, sent him \$10,000 in cash and told him that it was the last cent he would ever get. The son sobered up and made up his mind to two things, that he would get back the money he had spent and he would discourage drunkenness. He fitted up an elegant bar, over which was inscribed, 'Wine is a mocker,' and elsewhere are mottoes, 'At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' At one end of the room is a handsome painting portraying with wonderful vividness the drunkard's fate. Along the bar are inlaid the words, 'A drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' If a man is intoxicated he cannot buy a drink in the saloon at any price, and the saloon keeper claims to be doing a temperance work. Incidentally he has stopped drinking and is getting rich."

TRAINING CIRCUS HORSES.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN TRICK AND RING PERFORMERS.

Tutors Never Punish for Blunders—The Green Horse Gets Giddy—Spotted Animals Rare.

WHEN we visit a circus and find ourselves witnesses of the surprising intelligence manifested by the equine race, we have wondered at the patience and perseverance that it must have taken to train the animals. The horse, which justly claims our affectionate gratitude for the many duties he makes to our comfort, happiness and pleasure, is capable of much under the training hand of a kind and patient teacher, who must be likewise firm and masterly.

Trainers begin the education of a "green horse" when he is two years old. Should he be older, he will not be so tractable, but will probably sulk, go off his feed and lose condition. Some horses, like some men, can be taught nothing, while others are quickly impressible, and show great delight when brought into the training ring. As soon as the youngster is mounted and lunged, his training in "tricks" commences. The trickmaster must have unquestionable patience, perseverance and resolution, with a perfect command of his own temper, and quick perception of individual equine idiosyncrasies. Kindness and perseverance alone are successful.

At every forward step, however insignificant, the pupil is encouraged and rewarded with a few pieces of carrot, which the tutor carries in his pocket. An intelligent animal soon begins to guess what is required of him. He must never be punished should he make blunders. The tutor gently, firmly and kindly continues the practice in hand until the blunders are no longer committed, the instructor always keeping the mastery. If the horse turns sulky, the lesson must be persevered with till he comes out of his sulks; but if he is good and amiable, short and frequent lessons are the most effective, say, half an hour at a time, and, perhaps, eight or nine lessons in the day. A horse is never struck unless he proves vicious.

Spectators in a circus often wonder how the horse has the intimation of what he is desired to do. The most careful watching may fail to detect the "one," if one does not know what the "one" is, but, nevertheless, it is always given, and by it alone the horse is directed in his performance, and his concentrated attention when in the ring is easily discernible. The professional phrase is "giving the office." In teaching, the "office" is given by touching the horse sharply on particular parts with a light whip. The general "offices" are, for marching, to touch the horse on the front part of the shoulder, on the off or near side, according to what leg he is to march with; the "office" for crawling is a touch on the under side; for kneeling down, a tap between the knees, and so on. There are many other "offices," according to the taste of the individual trainer, who must, in the course of training many animals, discover idiosyncrasies and accidental intelligence, which, if he have the necessary tact himself, he can make available. A complicated trick, such as firing of a pistol, takes a long time to teach, and should the animal take fright at the sudden noise, he will never be able to accomplish it. The horse has a remarkable memory. When a step in his instruction is once acquired, he never forgets it; and even if he should not be called upon to practice it for years, a very small effort is sufficient to recall it, and he will be as expert as ever at it.

The office of trick master is a branch profession of the circus, the same teacher seldom undertaking to teach "trick" and "ring" horses; likewise all "trick horses" are not "ring horses," and comparatively few "ring horses" are "trick horses."

The "ring horse" does not require so much intelligence as the "trick horse"; his qualifications must be steadiness of nerve and tolerable sagacity. The first lesson consists in walking round, to enable the animal to overcome the giddiness which affects men and horses alike on the first entry into the ring. Some are wholly unable to conquer it, however they try. A giddy horse staggers, and ends by rolling over the edge of the ring.

After the animal has "felt the ring," as it is called, the lessons in cantering begin. The horse is taught to strike off with the inner legs to whichever hand he is working. If he cannot be relied on to do this, he is not safe for a single round. It is very difficult to train a horse to canter courageously under objects held close above him. The object is to get the horse to that slow, collected, equable canter which is an artificial pace, but indispensable for circus work, so that he may not yield to the impulse to stop dead or to swerve while the acrobat is expected to jump over banners or to crash through paper globes and slight ones more on the horse cantering placidly below.

A horse comes into the ring full two months before the acrobat mounts him. Some time elapses before the horse adapts himself to the lateral sway which comes from the heightened center of gravity in the rider standing on a pad instead of sitting on a saddle. In professional phrase, the artist "rolls the horse"; but the horse generally acquires a compensatory style of carrying himself and his burden.

With "trick" and "ring" horses alike, when they "come out" their education does not cease, neither does it ever do so until their life closes. The circus horse, when out of his apprenticeship, acquires the suggestive title of "improver."

Circus horses are carefully kept and

nurtured—witness their docility; and some of their feats, with those of their riders, are pieces of exquisite grace and agility, while others are revolting when they point at torture endured to obtain perfection, the effect of which, on the amiable and well-disposed, can never be desirable.

Horses of rare and eccentric markings were first adopted in circus work by the elder Astley. The circus proprietors have agents all over the country picking up horses suited to their needs, with remarkable "spots" or markings. In England, Norfolk and Suffolk produce the greatest number of spotted horses, the peculiarity of color in those counties being inherited from two stallions, Spot Harlequin and Leopard. The leading circus proprietors, however, breed their own horses, and they by careful study and attention, have brought the color and markings of the horses produced in their studs to scientific perfection.

It is found that a union between a black and a gray gives either a black spot or a piebald; the offspring of a gray and a bay is generally a skewball or a red spot.

Marked horses are so rare that they fetch a high price. In England a young horse, of ordinary color, for which \$150 or \$200 would be a reasonable price, fetches readily \$350 to \$300, if his markings make him an eligible circus horse.—New York Ledger.

CLERK TURNS COBBLER.

History records that many cobblers have been philosophers, but Mr. T. C. Flynn, whose cozy home in this city is at Lexington avenue and 100th street, at times becomes a cobbler because he is a philosopher. Mr. Flynn, having had a commercial training, is a bookkeeper in a downtown house, but although he is in the possession of a fairly good salary he sometimes finds it necessary to economize in order to maintain his interesting family of seven children, who represent seven different ages and sizes. It is for this reason, and because Mr. Flynn possesses a natural mechanical aptitude, which enables him to "tinker" successfully, that, after his day's work as a commercial man is over, he becomes the cobbler at home and succeeds admirably in making the shoes for the entire family.

"The expense of shoeing a family of seven energetic children," said Mr. Flynn to a Journal reporter, "makes a large hole in a salary such as mine. As I take pleasure in all kinds of mechanical pottering, it occurred to me one day that I might as well make my children's shoes, and I have done so successfully ever since. Although I do not pretend to compete with the more fashionable bootmaker, you will see, by looking at the children's footwear, that it compares favorably with, and I can guarantee it superior in durability to, the store-bought article, wherever manufactured. My attention was first called to the possibility of this economy, which is now a real pleasure to me, by observing the employees in factories, who, when their shoes are down at the heels or in need of repair, take out their knives, whip off a piece of old belting, tack it on their shoes and trim it up in a jiffy. In this way they save themselves annually considerable expense."

Having thus laid down the preamble and resolutions of the art of shoe-making at home, Mr. Flynn summoned before him the small army of little flyns, who proved to be not only substantially but handsomely shod. "You see," said the philosophical cobbler-clerk, smiling, "it is quite true that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives."—New York Journal.

TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF PLANTS.

The following simple method of taking impressions of plants is due to M. Berio, of the French Academy of Sciences. A sheet of paper is first lightly oiled on one side, and then folded in four, so that the oil may filter through the pores and the plant may not come into direct contact with the liquid. The plant is placed between the leaves of the second folding, and in this position is pressed, through other paper, all over with the hand, so as to cause a small quantity of oil to adhere to the surface. Then it is taken out and placed carefully upon white paper, another sheet is placed above (as two impressions can be taken out at once), and the plant is pressed as before. Upon removing it an invisible image remains on the paper. Over this is sprinkled powdered black lead, which causes the image to appear. With an assortment of pigments the natural colors of plants may be reproduced. To obtain fixity, resin is mixed with the color in small quantity. The impression becomes fixed when it is exposed to a heat sufficient to melt the resin.

THE IRON GATES DUANE.

The Iron Gates of the Danube have been broken down by the recent completion of the navigation canal cut through the solid rock on the Serbian bank from Orsova downward, into which the waters of the river have just been admitted. Vessels will not be admitted till the obstructions in the river bed below the rapids have been removed. The formal opening will be made by Emperor Francis Joseph on September 27 during the Hungarian Millennium festivities.—New York Sun.

A NEW RUSSIAN PORT.

After 1899 Sebastopol will no longer be a commercial port, and the new port of Theodosia, built by the Russian Government, and just completed, will take its place. It has a jetty 2044 feet long, and the quays within the port are 3900 feet long, with twenty-four feet of water. The port has a superficial area of 2,500,000 square feet, of which over 500,000 are paved.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

ORGANDIES OVER SILK.

Organdies this season are veritable dreams of loveliness, but must, alas! be made over silk! However, the summer girl who has two or three of those diaphanous trilles need have no fear as to the success of her coming campaign.—New York Advertiser.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE REVERED.

Mollie Pitcher, the Revolutionary heroine, is buried at Carlisle, Penn., and the Philadelphia branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution is trying to persuade the people to permit the removal of the remains from that city to Gettysburg, where she is to have a monument.

A FEMININE JACK TAR.

The first woman who ever circumnavigated the globe shipped with the famous Bougainville expedition in 1766. She was disguised as a man, and was known as Charles Thomas Barr. She was a servant to Philibert de Commerce, the botanist of the expedition. Her true name was never learned.

SHE IS A CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

Mrs. Alexander H. Kayser, of St. Louis, has been appointed Captain-General of the National Guards of Missouri by Governor Stone. During the interstate military encampment last year Mrs. Kayser was sponsor for the Kansas City Zouaves, and with her maids of honor accompanied the Zouaves to the field. It was suggested to Governor Stone that he recognize Mrs. Kayser's services, and he promised to give her a commission. She has redeemed his pledge and announces that he will present to Mrs. Kayser a sword and epaulets.

PAIR FLEMISH WOMEN.

A recent traveler in old Flanders says that the Flemish women are tall, and that they possess great beauty. Their eyes are usually blue, their hair is like burnished gold, which they wear as did the German girls.

"The Flemish woman is simple to excess; not because she has poor taste in her toilet; on the contrary, a Flemish woman never goes out on a Sunday without a heavy silk dress, with soft iron-fron marking her step. The Flemish woman has preserved intact the admirable naivete of the woman of the middle ages. She is an ideal mother of a family; she has no ambition, no love for art, for music or for poetry; not a whisper of rebellion against the domination—often brutality—of her husband, who, in her eyes, represents power, and for whom she cherishes an admiration which cannot be shaken."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE GERMAN WOMAN IN REVOLT.

The German woman is beginning at last to assert herself. The Berlin correspondent of a morning paper states that a great protest is being made against certain clauses of the proposed new civil code. The position of women in Germany has long been unsatisfactory, and there were hopes—fallacious, as it has turned out—that the new code would redress some of their grievances. The German married woman, according to the Berlin correspondent, has, unless a special contract has been made, no right to dispose of her own fortune without the permission of her husband, who is, besides, solely entitled to administer and to have the usufruct of her money, even of that which she earns. Should a woman enter upon any financial transaction without the knowledge and consent of her husband, it can be canceled; women are also excluded from family councils. No wonder that they are discontented.—Lady's Pictorial.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOWNS.

Lilian Bell discusses "The Philosophy of Clothes" most interestingly in the Ladies' Home Journal. She declares that "there is a hollowness about having a man praise your gowns when you know he doesn't know what he is talking about. When a man praises your clothes he is always praising you in them. You never will hear a man praise even the good dressing of a woman whom he dislikes. But girls who positively hate another girl often will add, 'But she certainly does know how to dress.'"

"And so the experienced woman wears her expensive clothes for other women and produces her 'effects' for men. She wears scarleton a cold or raw day, and the eyes of the men light up when they see her. It makes her look cheerful and bright and warm. She wears gray when she wants to look demure. Let a man beware of a woman in silvery gray. She looks so quiet and demure and gentle that she has disarmed him before she has spoken one word, and he will smuggle down beside her and let her turn his mind and his pocket wrong side out. A woman couldn't look designing in light gray if she tried. He dotes upon the girl in pale blue. Pale blue naturally suggests to his mind the sort of girl who can wear it, which is generally a blonde with soft, fluffy hair, fair skin and blue eyes—appealing, trustful, baby blue eyes."

In Roumania women both study and practice medicine.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Alone With a Lunatic—A Handspring On a Precipice—Disciplined Under Fire, Etc.

As a Star reporter was walking along Pennsylvania avenue with a well-known Washington correspondent, the journalist, out for an airing, drove by.

"I can't say that I am greatly enamored of that kind of folk," commented the correspondent.

"Nor I," responded the reporter; "but I have great charity for their misfortune."

"Surely, and so does everybody, but I had an experience once that has always affected my charity and made me suspicious."

"Tell it," said the reporter.

"All right," and the correspondent proceeded. "About a dozen years ago I worked in a Western city, and among my friends was an attorney who had as his stenographer a strapping big fellow who had a reputation as an athlete and somewhat of a crank. In any event, he had an ugly disposition, and when he was drinking, as he was at times, he was not a pleasant party to have around. It was through me he had secured his position in my friend's office, and while he and I were on the best of terms, he did not like his employer a little bit, but he kept at his work faithfully and held his place because he was a most skillful man. One day as I dropped into the lawyer's office I heard the two men quarreling, and as I appeared on the scene the big fellow made a rush for his employer with blood in his eye.

"I jumped and caught him around the middle, calling to the lawyer to get out of the office as the man was drunk and not accountable, and the lawyer got out in a hurry. I thought it would be an easy thing to quiet him, but in a minute I discovered that I had made a serious mistake, for he turned on me, and as I caught his eye, I saw he was not drunk, but crazy, and the wildest kind of crazy. Then, instead of trying to soothe him, I tried to follow my friend, the lawyer, but the lunatic, with a blood curdling kind of laugh, caught me in his arms and began to slowly squeeze the life out of me.

"I was as helpless as a baby, and though I tried to make a fight, I could only kick, and he laughed at me, with his face so close to mine that he almost smothered me. I yelled once, but only once, for with a sudden turn he threw me around, tripped me and fell upon me with his hands clutched on my throat so tightly that my breathing stopped. After that I didn't know any more, my last consciousness being that horrid, grating, crazy laugh, until I opened my eyes and found myself on a sofa in the private room of the office.

"The crazy man was gone, but the lawyer, a physician, a policeman and three or four other people were standing around, and though I did not ask 'Where am I?' after the prescribed fashion of people under such circumstances, I must have looked it, for my friend said: 'You're all right, old man, and I found pretty soon that I was, but it took me a long time to get over the shock of it. My friend, the lawyer, explained that when he got out, he waited at the door until I should have quieted the man, but when he heard the struggle and yell for help, he hustled after a policeman and got back just in time to save me. The crazy man never recovered and within a year had butted his brains out against the wall of an ordinary cell, where he had been placed for an hour or two while some repairs were making in his own padded cell."

Hard Tussle With Bruin.

J. C. Hearing, who is hunting and trapping in the Blue Mountains, a few miles west of Elgin, met with a little adventure with a bear the other day that might have proved rather serious to him had it not been for the timely intervention of one of his dogs. He was engaged in setting traps, and as he had no weapon with him except a jackknife, and on his rounds his dogs discovered the winter quarters of a bear in a big hollow tree. The bear was at home and was pretty much alive, as subsequent events proved. As bear pelts are quite valuable, Jake was anxious to secure this one, but was afraid that if he went to camp, a mile and a half distant, Bruin would escape, so he lashed his pocketknife to the end of a stick and attempted to cut the animal's throat. He only succeeded in inflicting some painful flesh wounds, which so enraged the brute that it suddenly came out of its hole, and was almost upon him when one of his dogs made a sudden onslaught on the animal's rear, which diverted his attention long enough to enable Jake to dodge behind a tree, and the dogs soon made it so tropical for the bear that it was glad to take refuge in a tree, where they kept it until the gun was procured from camp, when the animal was quickly dispatched.—Portland Oregonian.

A Handspring on a Precipice.

Fancy standing on your head on the very edge of a precipice 3000 feet high, and kicking your feet in the air. It's a will feat at the best, but that is what Robert Edgren did in the Yosemite Valley, just raised the hair on the heads of his camping companions. They were all muscular, athletic young fellows, and throughout the trip each one tried to outstrip the others in some venturesome prank. But Edgren's feat on the edge of Glacier Point capped them all. That daring risk of life sobered the others, and thereafter they were content to tell stories and exercise their superabundant vitality with racing and vaulting.

There is an abutting rock on Glacier Point, in the Yosemite, about five feet broad and about fifteen feet long, which overhangs in a perilous fashion the valley below. Edgren coolly walked out to the end of this rock, sat down with his feet dangling over the edge, and began to take a friendly interest in the filipitian objects 3000 feet below him. At that height, men in the valley looked like dots, the big Stone-house was no bigger than a card house, and as for cattle, they looked as small as ants. It was a sheer drop below. Nothing intervened to break the straight descent. Most people would have fallen off the point through dizziness, but Edgren didn't mind it any more than sitting at a table and looking at a stereoscopic view of the valley. He tried to think of all the daring feats that could be done on such an eerie point. That led him to thinking of doing some hair-raising feat that should dazzle his companions and force a "dare" that would hold the record on the trip.

"I'll try standing on my head," he said. So he turned over, with his knees resting on the perilous edge of the cliff and his feet pointing out into the blue air overhanging the valley. With his hands spread out, and close up to knees he began to elevate his

feet and body, slowly, very slowly. One elbow was crooked considerably more than the other, on account of the slant of the rock. Upward his feet slowly went till his body was straight as an arrow. An instant's dizziness, the giving of an arm muscle and it would have been all up with the venturesome fellow. Had he even fallen backward there would have been no hope, for his body would have rolled off the shelving rock before he could have righted himself. His only safety was in coming down as carefully and accurately balanced as he went up.

He was still in the air when his companions came over the trail and caught sight of him. They were half scared out of their lives on account of the too evident danger, but they did not dare shout, didn't dare run to his assistance, did not dare move for fear they would do something that would startle Edgren and make him lose his balance. So they stood like statues and saw his feet descend slowly, while the knees crooked and edged carefully toward the spreading fingers on the rock. A moment more and Edgren, now red in the face, began to creep in on the shelving rock.

Disciplined Under Fire.

At Sebastopol, during the siege, says Pearson's Weekly, a Captain Samoiloff, desiring some wine, ordered an officer to send a man after it. The man, a young soldier, took the money and started on the errand. Just then, however, a French battery had concentrated its fire upon the very spot where the young man must go outside the works. He stopped and then turned back.

"I wouldn't go out there for the world!" he said.

The officer, of course, reported the act of disobedience to the Captain. The Captain, in a rage, ordered the man into his presence and demanded why he had not obeyed his officer's orders.

"I beg you to pardon me, Captain, but I was terribly afraid."

"Afraid!" cried the Captain. "Wait a minute. I will drive the fear out of you. Come with me."

The Captain led the way to a rampart, mounted it, and there, with the bullets raining around him, began putting the man through some military exercises. The lookers-on in the fort held their breath. If a bat was put on a bayonet and lifted above the walls the bullets came that way in an instant. Not many minutes elapsed before a bullet struck the Captain in the arm. He did not wince, but kept on with the drill, while the blood dripped down his hand to the wall. Next a bullet went through the tail of the soldier's coat and another through his knapsack. Then suddenly the firing ceased. The soldier begged for grace and promised to go wherever he was sent. Still the Captain continued his drill. When he thought the lesson had been learned, or perhaps, when his arm grew too painful, he dismissed the soldier and went himself to the surgeon and had his wound dressed. The French explained afterward that they ceased firing out of sheer astonishment at the sight of two men exposing themselves so recklessly.

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Kentucky Curiosity.

A curiosity which is attracting the attention of the folks around Crofton, in Marion County, Kentucky, is a calf covered with a fine coat of wool in the place of hair. It is the property of O. E. West, a former policeman in Lebanon. The mother of the curiosity, a small Jersey cow, has no unnatural characteristics. The calf, too, has the appearance of any commonplace calf with the exception of the coat, which is as woolly as that of a sheep. It is perfectly healthy, and Mr. West has been offered a good sum for it, but refuses to part with it for the present.

Another curiosity of another sort is reported from Livingston, in Rockcastle County. O. Mullins, a merchant there, has a four-year-old son who has developed quite a propensity for preaching, and conducts religious services every now and then, utilizing the centre of his father's store as a pulpit. He takes especial delight in lecturing to the drummers that come in, and warns them, in true ministerial style, to quit their meanness and start into the straight and narrow path. He also takes up a collection at the end of the services.—Cincinnati Inquirer.