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The two great material conquests which mark the nineteenth century are the building of the Pacific railroads and the digging of the Suez canal.

The war department reports that there are now 10,343,152 American citizens eligible for military duty. These figures are enough to make the entire European menagerie pause and ponder before tackling.

More than 13,000 Michigan farmers raised sugar beets on the first time last summer, the result being a crop large enough to keep ten factories busy, and it is expected that the state will soon be able to produce all the sugar it needs.

Whatever may be said for vivisection as practised by learned and skillful surgeons who experiment for the benefit of humanity, there can be no possible defence for introducing vivisection into any school or college for purposes of mere physiological instruction, observes the Christian Register.

The names of habitual drunkards are posted in public places in Kenosha, Wis., and the other day the common council passed an ordinance providing that habitual drunkards who have been posted "have typewritten or photographic of themselves attached to the poster, and that unless the parties so posted are able to pay for said photographs, then the relatives be required to stand the expense. In case there are no relatives, then the city is responsible for the cost.

Girls employed in a New Brunswick department store have organized an anti-slang society. Fifty girls have joined it. The girls do not bind themselves not to use slang. In fact, they each will encourage the other to use such expressions, for the more slang the more money there will be in the treasury at the end of the year, and the better time can be provided. Members bind themselves to pay into the treasury one cent for each slang word or expression used in the hearing of another person. There probably will be some disputes as to what is slang and what is not, but these are to be settled by vote as they arise.

A party of veteran newspaper men were talking the other day about three Albany reporters who became members of the cabinet of the president of the United States: the late Daniel Manning, secretary of the treasury during Cleveland's first administration; Daniel S. Lamont, secretary of war during Cleveland's second administration, and Charles Emory Smith, now postmaster-general. It was less than 25 years ago that they sat side by side reporting the proceedings of the New York legislature. Colonel Michener of Indiana recalls an even more remarkable combination which appeared in the United States court of Indiana some years ago. Walter Q. Gresham, the presiding judge, afterward became secretary of state. Benjamin Harrison, who presented the case, afterward became president of the United States, while Thomas A. Hendricks, was afterward vice president. Joseph E. McDonald and David Turpie, who afterward became senators, were on the other side. That group, for distinction, was probably never surpassed in a single state: one president, one vice-president, a secretary of state and two United States senators.

A Banquet Underground. Lord Beauchamp, the governor of New South Wales, has had a novel experience. While on a visit to the collieries of Newcastle he was entertained at a banquet in a coal mine 300 feet below the surface of the earth. In a chamber 90 feet long, 15 feet wide and 7 feet high, 70 guests sat down to dinner. The novel dining room showed no signs of what it had been, for electric lights, flags, evergreens and carpets had transformed it into an elegant apartment.

Deducting dubious vessels, the completed battleships of England now number 36 and those of France and Russia 38.

TO MY OWN.

BY EDWIN L. SAGIN.

The squirrel hid in his hollow tree,
All wrapped in his long, soft tail;
The rabbit is stretched as snug as he
In his home beneath the old fence rail;
The partridge is only a bunch of down
Where the thicket the arching brush—
They in the forest and we in the town,
Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field-mouse curls in a velvet ball
Far under the dead swamp grass;
In his hole by the frozen waterfall
The mink dreams off of the bass;
And every chick of the ground and air
Is cuddled in heaven deep—
So here, in the glow of the freight fair,
Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep.

The north wind roams with the whirling snow;
Sly Jack Frost noses about;
But wood and field are abed—for no,
Not even the owl is out.
And here, where the motherkin's breast is warm,
And motherkin's arms are tight,
Safe from the snow and the frost and storm,
Good-night, honey-boy, good-night.
—Saturday Evening Post.

Two years before her uncle had made a will making her, his only living relative, his sole heiress.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

YOUTH is impatient and the twelve weary months that had crept by since I had passed my trying examination and been admitted to the bar seemed an eon of time. I hired a cozy little office in a building filled with scores of prominent law firms. After arranging my well-stocked library, I nailed up a new sign among the rest and waited for my clients to appear. It soon became a sad trial of patience.

Among the many brilliant lights of the day my own name passed unnoticed. Day after day, and month after month, I attended the courts or passed the time in perusing celebrated trial cases. Like Micawber, I was waiting for something to turn up. The small capital with which I had started was dwindling away at an alarming pace and, as yet, I saw no prospective fee.

One pleasant afternoon Stanley Ferris, a young lawyer, who, like myself, was unwillingly idle, dropped in to see me. "What news, Jack?" he asked. "Same as usual," I replied, despondently. "I've a notion to pack off in the wilderness for a few weeks. Everybody is out of town, and there is little prospect of picking up a fee until they return."

My friend was about to reply, when there came a low tap at the door. "Come in," I said, carelessly, thinking it some chance acquaintance.

As the door opened my heart gave a great bound. I felt that my long-looked-for client had arrived at last. At a single glance I took in all the details of my visitor's appearance. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in plain costume, and with a seemingly good-natured face. Most men would have set him down at once as a jolly, open-hearted individual; but I did not. My constant attendance at the courts had taught me much. There was something underlying his oily smile and obsequious manner that made me distrust him.

"Is this Mr. Burns?" he asked, blandly. I bowed in the affirmative and requested him to be seated. Stanley left the room at that moment, and the stranger continued:

"My name is Brown, sir—Martin Brown. I have called upon you in a case of emergency."

"In what way can I be of service?" I asked.

"My friend, who is in a dying condition, wishes you to draw up a will at once."

I seized my hat and hurriedly followed my visitor. In the elegantly furnished room of a hotel we found the man.

Owing to the heavily darkened room, I could distinguish nothing of his features. He lay with his face turned toward the wall, and in feeble tones dictated the terms of his will, as I drew it up.

I accomplished my task to his satisfaction, and placed the document before him to sign. As he did so I noticed a deep red scar running across the back of his hand. The whole of the dying man's property—an immense one, by the way—was left to his dear friend, Martin Brown.

Two of the servants had been called in to witness the signature, and everything was performed according to law. As I left the house the smiling Mr. Brown handed me my fee. It was a beggarly amount—the more so from the fact that Mr. Brown was soon to become wealthy. The man's wily smile, too, while his friend lay at the point of death sickened me, and I was glad to hurry away. On my return I met Stanley, and in answer to his inquiries I related the circumstances.

"A beggarly miser," he exclaimed, indignantly. "I'd never believe it was his appearance."

It was nearly a week afterward that a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me. This time I had a case in reality. She was not more than twenty, but her beautiful face bore the impress of deep grief. In a few words she stated her business, retaining the names until she had heard my opinion.

Her story was as follows: Three weeks before her uncle had left home in company with a man he called his friend. While in the city he had been taken suddenly ill and died. She had received no information of the fact until her relative was buried.

Two years before her uncle had made a will making her, his only living relative, his sole heiress.

On her arrival in the city, however, she had been shown a will drawn up by her uncle on his death-bed, in which he left his entire property to his friend.

She could conceive of no reason for such a strange act, and, distrusting the friend, had sought out a lawyer. Luckily she was unacquainted with the names of our distinguished lawyers. My glaring gold sign had been the first to catch her eye, and so she called upon me.

"The case certainly looks suspicious," I remarked. "I think I will be able to make a fight in your behalf. Now, will you kindly furnish me with the names of these parties?"

"My uncle, sir, was Andrew Thurber. His friend calls himself Martin Brown."

Involuntarily my pen dropped from my spurred fingers. It was the very will I had drawn up myself.

She turned pale as I related the circumstances and arose to leave. "I see I have made an awkward mistake in calling upon you," she said, sadly.

"Wait one moment," I replied, quickly. "This Martin Brown is a total stranger to me. If he has been engaged in an act of villainy I shall not shield him."

We entered into a close conversation, at the end of which I said, confidently: "Leave the case to me. If I fail it shall be through no fault of mine."

She accepted my offer with thanks and left me, thinking deeply.

During the interview I had learned that the deceased had no near upon his right hand. Now, certain of villainy in the affair, I set to work diligently to find it out.

Working cautiously, I found the man who had lain the body out for burial. From him I learned that he had performed his task on the morning of June 23, just ten hours before I was called upon to draw up the will. The will had been already offered for probate, so there was no time to be lost.

Andrew Thurber's body was disinterred and the contents of the stomach analyzed. It was found to contain poison.

By some means the sly wretch got wind of my movements and attempted to fly. At that moment the detectives seized him. Confronted by the terrible proofs, he made a full confession.

Before his trial came off he ended his life by swallowing a quantity of the same deadly poison with which he had killed his victim.

Miss Thurber met with no further obstacles in regaining her rights.

Something still more important happened to me from my connection with the case. I wooed and won the beautiful girl for my wife. As Stanley Ferris remarked afterward, I "gained fame and fortune with a rash."

His Scheme to Win a Girl. "He was a good fellow," said he, "but young and without much capital. The girl was a beauty and loved the boy, but the father objected, and he wanted that the boy show that he was capable of supporting a wife. This was in St. Louis about ten years ago, and the boy came to me with his troubles."

"Never mind," said I. "I'll fix it up all right. By the way, how much will you take for your right leg?"

"He looked at me as though I were crazy, but made no answer."

"I'll give you \$10,000 for it," said I.

"No, I won't," said he. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, I knew the girl's father; he was a merchant, and I called to see him. We finally drifted around to talking about this young fellow, and the old man flared a little, stating that he wanted some one who could support a wife to have his daughter."

"Support a wife," said I, in surprise; "why, he certainly can do all that. Only a few days ago he refused \$10,000 for a piece of property."

MEDICINE IN NEW YORK IN 1800

Dr. Carney Describes Quaint Remedies and a Cure for Leprosy.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jr., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800."

There were ninety-four physicians in New York in 1800. "They all used," Dr. Carney said, "that staff of medical propriety, a gold-headed cane. These canes formerly had within the heads aromatic vinegar, which had its uses. 'Small clothes,' said Dr. Carney, "were rapidly disappearing, and pantaloons were covering a multitude of shins."

There were five medical schools in the United States in 1800, at Columbia College, at Philadelphia, at Cambridge, Dartmouth and Lexington, Ky. The chair of chemistry included study of the natural bodies, scientific medicine, rational and experimental agriculture and other things. "No doubt the rational and experimental agriculture instruction was duly appreciated by young medical men going to practice in the country," said the doctor. In 1798 sixteen doctors here had lost their lives trying to mitigate the sufferings caused by the plague. The pay of doctors at Bellevue was then twenty shillings a day. The hospital was three miles out of town.

The propagation of disease by specific germs was not then a fact accepted by all. The yellow fever was brought here from the West Indies then as now, and conditions here favored its spread. Yet a Philadelphia doctor writing to one of his New York brethren said: "Yellow fever, so long as the laws of nature endure, cannot be imported, but is the outgrowth of existing conditions."

There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmeg and brandy and the yolk of an egg to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself."

A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician was to crush a lady bug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's tongue and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the coppers of George I. and George II. being preferred, of which compound a teaspoonful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure 180 grains of verdigris and half an ounce of calomel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in the century the State Legislature bought the secret for \$1000.

For a visit the fee charged was \$1, for a visit and a dose \$1.25. Pills were twelve cents. Doctors got \$1 a mile for going out of town. It cost \$3 to get one to Brooklyn and \$10 to have one visit Staten Island. For bleeding a charge of from \$1 to \$5 was made.

Tadpoles figured in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont in a season of scarcity almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tadpoles.—New York Sun.

Facts About Russian Generals. Herewith are presented some interesting particulars regarding the present status of the entire staff of the Russian generals. The facts were secured from a conversation with an army officer, and are undoubtedly authentic.

Three times every year the Russian general staff at St. Petersburg prepares a register of the generals, listing them according to seniority. These lists are never printed, however. According to the last register, the whole number of the generals of the imperial army is 1248. The ages of these officers range from forty to eighty-nine years, and of the number 101 are full generals, 355 are lieutenant-generals and 782 are major-generals. The generals receive in salaries an aggregate of 7,000,000 rubles a year.

Of the full generals three are field marshals, general, thirty-seven are aids-de-camp, and of these four are foreigners, but, notwithstanding this fact, hold this high rank and are attached to the household of his Imperial Majesty. The remaining fifty-seven full generals are in command of infantry, cavalry, artillery or engineer corps. The age of the full generals varies from fifty-four to eighty-nine years.

As to their education, five have received instructions at universities or at the higher military academies. Two have passed through both the common academy and the general staff academy, the highest in the empire. Forty-seven have passed through only one academy, and forty-one have received their education outside these institutions. The ages of the lieutenant-generals ranges from forty-five to eighty-five years, and of the major-generals from forty to seventy-eight years.—Moscow Correspondence Chicago Record.

Raising Pigs on "The Bottle." Charles Crox, of Moon Township, who some weeks ago was compelled to raise a number of little pigs by the time-honored means of the bottle, has achieved a complete and signal success. The whole twelve grey fat and hearty and have all been sold. They were all fine animals, and a number were above the average.—Beaver Falls (Penn.) Review.

ANN PURKIN'S TRAGEDY.

A WOMAN OF STRONG MENTALITY HELD DOWN BY ECCENTRICITY.

An Ohio School Teacher Whose Mind Was Full of Brilliant Plans For Reforming the World—Sold Papers in Grotesque Garb in Cleveland.

WITH the brain of a Mme. de Staël, the determination of a Charlotte Corday and the luck of Cyrano de Bergerac, all twisted, mayhap, but still so pronounced that they made their possessor almost a beggar instead of a queen. Ann Purkin, seller of newspapers and writer of poems and essays, died in a bed of charity at St. Alexis Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, a few weeks ago, aged fifty years. For a score of years she had been the most picturesque figure of Cleveland streets from the fact that she wore the clothes that it pleased her to wear. For most of those years she has been hungry, at least part of the days, simply because she would not use her wits as the world wished her to use them. She was a crank, but a brilliant one. Her love of letters was ideal, passionate and unrequited—she died for her opinions.

Ann Purkin died with a trunk full of poems and essays, half of which are so good that many writers of poetry and philosophy would have been glad to have written them. But she was not only a dress-reformer but a reformer of everything else almost. Years ago she addicted herself to spelling reform, and, as in all things, she went to the utmost extreme of it. She would not allow a line she had written to be printed otherwise than she had written it, both as to spelling and punctuation. She would rather starve. This kept her out of print and made rubbish of what would have been otherwise available matter, for in whatever she wrote there was more or less of the force and brilliancy of the pen that has a right to write for print. She made one exception to this last manner when, during the street-car strike, she used to take to the newspaper offices articles urging the cessation of violence in the fight against the company. With a tone in her voice which a Hindu mother might have had when she sent her girl child to the husband that had bought her, she would say, "You may change it if you want to," for she had gone over the ground often enough to know no newspaper would print what she wrote as she wrote it.

DRESSED LIKE A BOY. Ann Purkin's death was the only kind of a death her life could have brought her. All winter, when she was not ill, she was at her usual corner on the busy square, selling the afternoon papers. Her voice was a shrill squeak as she cried out the names of the papers. To almost all the newspaper buyers she had ceased to be a curio, they had known her so long. If those who did not know her stopped to gaze she saw that in her face which kept them from laughing at her clothes. Her dress consisted of a boy's woollen shirt—for she was a very little creature, less than five feet—a coat over it that looked as though it had been made by the wearer with the disregard for it that she showed for all the other things that seemed to her unessentials, and a pair of short trousers-like garments that reached to her knees. The breeches were made of what looked like pieces of horseblanket, and were shaped not unlike an ordinary pair of trousers cut off at the knees. Her stockings were white and her shoes heavy ones such as working boys wear. Anything in the way of head covering would do, and there was not in the whole of her costume any attempt at ornamentation or care.

Funny as her clothes were, one forgot them in looking into her face. The eyes were clear, small and expressive and there was in them, when one talked with her, the look of the soul that thinks it has never been understood and has grown hopeless of ever being.

But there was not a prouder spirit in the breast of any woman. It is not known that she ever had a penny that she did not earn. People who offered her charity were rebuked with a severity they never forgot. If one gave her a nickel for a paper and walked away she ran after him and made him take his change. Once she was ill for a week or two and the city relief department sent her a ton of coal, piling it up in the one room where she lived, against her protests. It was in the dead of winter and she was forced to use about a quarter of the ton of coal. Then she carried what was left of it down the stairs and threw it out into the street, from where it was quickly taken by the less scrupulous women of the tenement. Then she went to the city hall, made her way into the Mayor's office and handed him a dollar, saying: "That is for what I used out of that load of coal you sent me, and I threw the rest of it into the street, but I want to pay for all I used and I want you to take the money so your thinking clerks can't say I didn't pay it."

REFUSED CHARITY FOOD. A week before she died the other people in the Detroit street tenement in which Ann Purkin lived remembered that she had not been seen for some days. She never locked her door, and when they went into her room they found her alone in the cold, there being neither fuel nor fire in the room, only her trunkful of manuscripts. There existed between her and the poor people among whom she lived something of the feeling that made the sums of Paris worship Verlainé. The refusal of the world to give the poetess what she deserved and them what they wanted made a bond of sympathy. They brought her

food, which she would not eat, and built her a fire, which she could not prevent. For years she has eaten nothing but fruit and such other food as she could eat uncooked. That was a part of her belief, that only uncooked vegetable food should be eaten. For years she ate nothing but fruit, raw oatmeal and raw rice soaked in water. She hated a doctor as she did correct spelling and skirts, and was a hydropath. When the other people in the tenement called a doctor she refused to even allow him to talk to her, and she was taken to the hospital against her violent protests. She was too small and weak and too nearly starved to resist particularly, even in words. At the hospital she said she had not a friend in the world or a relative, and it was here that she displayed the only thing that seemed at all like womanly weakness that is known of her. She said she wanted to be buried in the old cemetery at Berlin Heights, a country village twenty-four miles from Cleveland, where the graves of her father and mother are.

WAS AN OHIO SCHOOLTEACHER. Berlin Heights is a small country community. There was once a wave of free-thinking sentiment there, and later the "bloomer" craze. Ann Purkin had been a schoolteacher there and was the star of the woman's club. She donned bloomers and wore them ever after. It is told that she was married at that time and that her husband told her she could not be his wife and wear bloomers, too. She chose the bloomers; and they separated amicably. This the dead news woman denied, insisting that she had never been married. She said her family name was Perkins, but that was not the way to spell it, and as there was but one of her, her name must be singular instead of plural.

All her young life in the country she had been writing poems and essays, but the editors always changed them and thereby harrowed her soul. So, twenty years ago, she went to Cleveland. She was determined to make the world hear her. She lectured on dress reform and wrote more poetry. The poetry and some essays she had printed in a pamphlet and sold it in the streets in her bloomer costume. While the novelty lasted she did fairly well, but Cleveland was not then large enough so that it offered a permanent market, and as soon as she had made money enough out of one book she would get out another. Sales dropped off, though, and she went to Chicago thirteen years ago to work on a woman-suffrage publication.

After remaining in Chicago six months, sometimes learning and sometimes working as a servant, she came back to the Cleveland streets and newspapers. The newsboys came to recognize her as a judge for their differences and advisor for their troubles. One of her principles was that when one had made money enough for his necessities he should stop and give others a chance. When she had sold a certain number of papers—and she sold them rapidly because of the attention she attracted—she would stop and go home.

WANTED TO REFORM THE WORLD. Her mind was always full of brilliant plans for reforming the world and making it a heaven. A lifelong vegetarian of the strictest sort, not using milk or eggs, the scheme that filled her mind during her last days was a magazine to be devoted to vegetarianism. The simplicity of her mind is shown in the fact that she was going to call it "The Pig Leaf" and edit it herself. In her delirium in the hospital she bemoaned her inability to find a backer for the magazine.

She refused to take any medicine at the hospital, refused food and would not even allow the hospital doctor to take her temperature. When any one approached her bedside she would ask "Are you a doctor?" and if the answer was "Yes" she would insist that he go away from her. Her attitude toward all humanity was hostile, save that she took a motherly interest in newsboys, and toward reporters showed a disposition that was a quaint mixture of friendliness and adoration, so strong was her love of all that pretended to be the guise of literature. At the last, before she died, the hospital doctors got to telling her that they were reporters in order to do the little that was possible in her aid.—Chicago Record.

Is His Too Great. A stable lad was taken ill on a visit to London, and a friend gave him the address of a doctor to whom to go. The lad came back shortly and reported progress.

"I've got some medicine," said he "but I've blown it I went to that doctor of yours!"

"Why?" asked his friend.

"Well," replied the boy, "I was just about to go in when I saw on the door plate his name, 'Dr. X.' and below it '10 to 1.' When I saw that I said to myself, 'I'll be hanged if I take any such risks as that!' So I went two doors further, and saw another plate, with 'Dr. Y.' and below it '3 to 5.' The odds were shorter, and I went to him."—Pearson's Weekly.

Antediluvian Boyard. Phosphor rock is mined in South Carolina and converted into a flour. In the mines have been found many queer substances which give evidence of life before the deluge. These antediluvian relics have attracted the attention of scientists of two worlds. There are monster tusks, teeth of all sizes and shapes, fish bones in great quantity, all of which is ground up and made to produce the great Southern staple—cotton.

Japan to-day has 2500 miles of railway, 11,720 miles of land telegraph, 587 of submarine, and 1114 telegraph offices.

MAKES WONDERFUL KNIVES.

A Secret of Tempering Steel by Which He Will Not Profit.

Dan Stockton has the secret of tempering steel that was believed to have been lost with the death of the makers of the famous Toledo blades, writes the Fort Atkinson (Wis.) correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle. And this secret will die with him, for he cannot tell how he does it. It is all in his head and finds expression in his work, but if he wished he could not tell his process. Dan makes carving-knives, not swords, but the knives are of a quality so rare that the old Toledo sword is the only thing that is a fitting comparison. A few people in Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and Milwaukee have knives made by Dan which they would not exchange for the weight of the knife in gold, if another could not be procured, and the knife is not light either.

These carvers are marvels. Their temper is so fine that they will keep a razor edge for years, with nothing but a steel as a sharpener, and they are a source of constant delight to those fortunate enough to possess them, and a perpetual guarantee of good nature in the head of the household who does the carving. But the knives are not on the market and money cannot buy them. That is to say, he does not make them for every Tom, Dick and Harry who comes along with the price and wants a knife. He only makes them for his friends and for those who are fortunate enough to get a friend to intercede for them to have Dan make them knives. To these people he charges a nominal price, which is not in the least commensurate with the value of the knife.

Dan is about fifty-five years old and has spent his whole life on these waters. He is a blacksmith by trade, knocked around the West for a while, was with the army during the Civil War, acquiring in military service so much rheumatism that he cannot follow his trade, though very expert at it. He can temper steel as no other man can and has plenty of work tempering tools to cut stone, which is a great industry here, but he never has work enough to interfere with his going down on Koshkonong every Saturday for two days of shooting and fishing. He will make the seven miles down to Sim Card's place if he has to pull a boat all the way, and when he is there he is in his element, no matter what the season of the year.

Dan has been making these wonderful carving-knives for a great many years, and he can make any kind of knife you may draw him a plan of better than any one else in the country, but he cannot make a business of it. He would no more think of having two wives to make at the same time than he would of dying. It would disturb him so that he could not make any to have three to finish at once. He has a proper pride in his work, and the knife, when finished, bears "D. Stockton" in bold letters on the blade, and epicures who do daintily and artistic carving are proud enough to show a knife with that imprint.

Dr. Franklin H. Tower, of Milwaukee, had a knife made from a special design he drew himself that is the envy of all his friends, but they cannot get similar ones because they do not know Dan Stockton. Postmaster John A. Childs, of Evanston, has made all his club friends jealous by showing them one of Dan's carving-knives, and Mr. Loudon, of the Skinner & London firm in Cincinnati, has done the same thing in the Queen City, while George Taylor is boasting of their wonderful quality around Marinette.

Dan takes proper pride in making such knives as no one else can make, but if he should make any money out of his knives he would be miserable.

Do Not Drink Water. There are at least two individuals in this country who have lived without water. Dr. John Haddon, a medical man at Hawick, in Roxburghshire, states that there is no difficulty in doing so if a strict vegetarian diet is adhered to. "We get," he says, "plenty of fluid in a cup of tea or in fruit and other foods; and I find it a great advantage, more especially when traveling, to be able to do without drinking either water or milk, the well-known vehicles of so many diseases." The second abstainer from drinking water—Mr. John W. King, a wholesale jeweler at Clerkenwell—says there is nothing wonderful in doing without water for drinking purposes, and he stated: "I have not drunk any water since the cholera visited London, I am afraid to think how many years ago, and for the last fifteen or twenty years I have been an abstainer."—Tit-Bits.

Contraband of War. Many old stories are told with regard to the difficulties in detecting contraband of war, but there is another side to the question. During the Franco-Prussian War a lady in a carriage was stopped on her way through the Prussian lines. A search was instituted to see whether she had been playing the spy or had suspicious papers. Nothing was found until the Prussians came to a certain black box, which the lady positively refused to give up or allow to be opened. She was told that she must. She refused, abused the soldiers as cowards and screamed loudly. Eventually the box was opened by force in spite of her resistance, and then it was found to be full of toilet accessories—contraband of the tournament of flirtation. She was passed on with apologies and smiles.

When He Is at Rest. A clever man always likes to sit next to a clever woman at dinner, because a clever woman never expects a man to be.—New York Press.