

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Climate and Food on Wool.

In a recent article the Western Rural says that climate has an effect upon wool, and to prove it, cites the fact that the New England mills pay a higher price for wool that comes from Southern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and portions of Western Virginia than for wool which comes from any part of the United States.

Beets for Stock.

No succulent food is more greedily eaten by pigs at any age than beets. They may be fed any time from the first thinnings during the growing season to the fully grown roots in winter.

Water for Trees.

All plants and trees consume water in large quantities. Sir John Laws discovered that an acre of barley will take up 1,094 tons of water in two days.

A Bad Practice.

It is a serious mistake to stall pigs at any season, but the more so in the fall. Spring pigs with an abundance of succulent grasses hastily received from the blunders made by their owners in feeding, but the fall pigs have not this great system renovator to aid them, and suffer in consequence throughout the winter.

A Few Delicacies.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Cream one cup of sugar with a piece of butter the size of an egg, add two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one and two-thirds cups of flour, and two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layers.

ROCK CREAM.

Sweeten one cup of boiled rice and put in a deep dish; lay on it, in different places, small squares of jelly; beat the whites of six eggs to a froth with a little powdered sugar; add one tablespoonful of cream and pour over the rice.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD PUDDING.

Three-tablespoons of tapioca soaked in a cup of milk one-half hour, yolks of four eggs, one pint of milk; boil ten minutes, then add the whites of three eggs; flavor with vanilla and serve cold.

STEAMED PUDDING.

One cup each of flour, sugar and sour milk, two cups of raisins, two eggs, one teaspoon of soda and a pinch of salt; steam one hour.

FOAM SAUCE.

One cup of sugar, one tablespoon of flour; beat to a cream, place over the fire and stir in quickly three-fourths of a pint of boiling water; flavor with nutmeg.

Barred Treasures.

"His true my later years are best, With all that riches can bestow, But there is wealth, wealth cannot buy, I learn the worth of some long ago."

A Horse's Memory.

I happened to be the witness of an odd scene the other day which, when recounted, may possibly amuse the reader, says a writer in the Boston Post. One of those not infrequent, but I must confess usually fictitious, necessities had arisen which take me to a stable—on this occasion to a large establishment in the vicinity of Charlestown street.

Dressing Grass Land.

Some farmers top-dress their grass land directly after haying. Others prefer to wait until late in the fall. Those who have tried both methods prefer to top-dress late in the season.

Catching Hawks.

If there is some predatory enemy of the poultry that diminishes their numbers by day it is probably the hawk. He will pounce down at the most unexpected times and swoop up chickens, tearing them to pieces for his bloody feast.

The Value of Beans.

Farmers who live near flouring mills can buy bran and other ship stuffs more cheaply in August and September than at any other season of the year. The demand for this is less now than it is later in the season, when other feed becomes scarce.

Feeding Fall Pigs.

The most convenient and the easiest way to feed fall pigs is to give them whole corn. While this is true, it is a most hazardous way to start them, for they are liable to come to winter quarters burned out, lacking in vigor and digestive powers, which makes it exceedingly probable that they will go through the winter without a paying gain.

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER.

An Envelope That Caused a Father's Hair to Turn White. It was a few evenings ago that an ex-congressman sat with a couple of newspaper correspondents and a government official in the latter's room in a big hotel in this city, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Extraordinary Religious Ceremony of an Arizona Indian Tribe.

When we reached the top of the mesa, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat recounting a visit to the Moqui Indians, we found the Indians in holiday attire, which in most instances consisted of a breech clout of gaudy-colored stuff, and a bunch of eagle feathers fastened in the hair.

A SNAKE DANCE.

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Remarkable Feat of Railroading in Colorado. Among the recent invigorated liars of the town is one who has just returned from a session with ozone in Colorado, says the Omaha World-Herald. It was his first trip through the mountains and he was much affected by the feats of engineering skill there manifested, as witness the following: "I had heard of the curve on the Pennsylvania, where, according to the time-card schedule, the engineer is obliged to lean out of his cab and exchange tobacco with the brakeman on the rear end, so as to give the passengers something to talk about, and I now believe it. There was an old, honest, horny-handed miner rode over the road out of Denver with me and he told me several things. Once while we were being jerked around the edge of the mountains and could look out from under the roots of our hair at the track opposite in the valley he told me a tale. Said he: "That yore track down yare is the one we're onto, but we won't teach it fer an hour. We run up the ravine an' down the side of the mountain an' double back. Down thar is wher' Sim Lyle saved the paymaster o' the road."

WINGED MISSILES.

Prinzins was introduced in England, by Caxton, in 1471. A charter has been granted for the first railroad in Liberia. The Pope has a full set of pearly white teeth well preserved. Alaska cost the United States government 9 cents a acre. Of the English church of bishops, twelve are pledged ascetics. The United States purchased Florida from Spain, Feb. 22, 1819. Machinery has not yet entered the manufacture of French jet pipes. The spawn of most fish sinks, but that of cod rises to the surface of the water. A buried city, containing relics in profusion, has been unearthed in Honduras. A Londoner advertises that he is "Porous Plaster Manufacturer to Her Majesty the Queen."

Buffalo Bill is spending considerable money in making a collection of French paintings of value.

It is a curious fact that there are 23,000 people in the United States who have artificial legs or hands.

A well in the south, from which a strong breeze rushed for years, has suddenly taken to spouting water.

Miss Lincoln, daughter of Minister to England Robert Lincoln, has become an acknowledged belle in London.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter bays for purposes of recreation.

The finest diamonds visible at the Shah's visit to the Paris exposition are said to have been worn by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone, Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe and Lord Houghton were born in the year 1805.

It is estimated that a major-general in citizen's clothes deteriorates fifty per cent, more especially if he smokes common cigars.

Out of 346 men passing along Main street in Cincinnati on a recent afternoon 210 had lost one or more of the hind buttons of their coats.

There are still over 10,000,000 square miles of unoccupied districts in various heathen lands, where missionaries thus far have never entered.

A London journal states shirts of chain armor, which cost about \$50, are now worn by more than one distinguished person on the continent.

A San Francisco jeweler has sold twenty-five years ago, the purchaser was honest but he had bad luck.

A brakeman on the Chicago & Alton locked three murderous tramps in a refrigerator-car. They have an ice way of doing things on that line.

The drivers of Boston ice wagons suffered more from the heat last summer than the draymen, although having a temperature of 91°.

George Johnson, of Ulton, paid \$1,200 for a trotting horse, and he hadn't owned him a week when a rat frightened him so that he jumped and broke a leg.

The prize pumpkin at the county fair may consider itself handsome and popular, but it is not so strong a favorite as the prize onion on the next shelf.

Hombay has a serpent thirty-six feet long in its zoological garden. Let this reptile be seen carrying him to the suspicion that it would be called a liar.

Some one told a South Carolina negro that if he would drink a gallon of strong vinegar right down that he would never have headache again. He never will.

Fish have been caught in the Gulf of California at a depth of 1,400 feet. It must be fun to pull in a half a mile of fish line and find a three-ounce perch on the hook.

The formation of an orange trust in Boston is announced. The number of spinners in that city stands at the suspicion that an orange-blossom trust has long existed there.

A Chicago alderman whipped two citizens Sunday night for standing on a street corner. It is hard to say what he would have done if they had been standing in the middle of a block.

It is estimated that the amount of gold and silver coin on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is \$75,000,000, and it is further estimated that most of it will stay right where it is.

The Japanese are learning how to eat meat. In 1855 only 20,000 head of cattle were slaughtered in all Japan. In 1896 the number increased to 150,000; in 1897, to 130,000; in 1898, to 200,000.

Col. North, who began life in England as a humble laborer, is now the nitrate king, and says that \$7,750,000 per year export duties on nitrate produced by one of his works in that country.

A burglar who was captured by a woman at Elizabeth, N. J., says he could have broken loose from two men. She got him by the hair and hung on, and nothing he could do would shake her loose.

The Queen Regent of Spain has caused advertisements to be published in all the leading newspapers of her dominions offering the two prizes, \$5,700 and \$2,850, for the two best essays on the life of Christopher Columbus.

A Memphis policeman, who was called on to shoot a dog, managed to hit a boy in the leg, a man in the foot and a horse in the head, and while he was scattering two or three more bullets along the street, the dog trotted off.

William O'Hare, of Williamsburg, N. Y., was denounced in public by Charles M. Myers as a pious old fraud with the instincts of Satan, and a jury assessed the damages of \$3,000. Mr. Myers said he supposed this was a free country.

A West Virginia trapper a tiny stream of water to fall drop by drop on a rock, and in five years it has worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.

"Can the mosquito be exterminated?" is a question which some people seem to think difficult to answer. Yet any man who has experimented vainly with one mosquito from bed-time to the breakfast hour can give the proper reply with his eyes shut.

There was never so great hope for Mexico as now. An editor has been chosen as president of the Mexican Congress, which means vice-president of the republic. The only thing necessary to absolutely insure the prosperity of the country is that some disability befall the president.

The Queen Regent of Spain and her family were weighed recently at San Sebastian, King Alfonso weighs 135 pounds; his mother, the Queen Regent, 115; his eldest sister, the Princess of the Asturias, 48; the Infanta Maria Theresa, 45. The whole family, therefore, weighs three pounds less than ex-Queen Isabella, who tips the scales at 260.

Emperor William has but recently honored himself with any high military rank. Though as Kaiser he is the "War Lord" of the German army, he remained but a brigadier until a short time ago, when he rose to be a major-general. Since Queen Victoria made him a general, Moltke has urged him to come up to the first rank, and he is now a commanding general.

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER.

An Envelope That Caused a Father's Hair to Turn White. It was a few evenings ago that an ex-congressman sat with a couple of newspaper correspondents and a government official in the latter's room in a big hotel in this city, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. They were discussing politics, and the ex-congressman was talking when he was interrupted by a knock at the door. In response to an invitation the door was opened and a messenger boy stood at the entrance. In his hand was an envelope with a heavy black border. It was such as those used to enclose a death message or to indicate deep mourning. The boy paused for a moment, evidently speculating in his mind as to the proper person to receive the letter.

Finally he tendered it to the ex-congressman, who was nearest the door. That individual turned pale and trembled, but extended his hand as if to take the message. He hesitated an instant and his hand dropped nerveless. A second time he essayed to take the message from the boy, and again he failed. It was only after the third effort that he was apparently able to reach it, and by that time the government official for whom it was intended had come to the door, read the address and took the message from the trembling hand that had received it.

"Ah," said he, after opening and reading it, "it's only a note from an office seker. Why it should be in mourning I don't know. As the office seker is a woman, I presume it is merely a feminine frolic."

Everybody had noticed the strange demeanor of the ex-congressman, and observing that an explanation was expected, he finally said: "I think the use of black-bordered envelopes ought to be prohibited by law. The very sight of one unnerves me. When I tell you why you may doubt the truth of the tale, but it is true, nevertheless. Ten years ago I was making a political canvass in my district. At the close of a speech one afternoon I received a telegram from home stating that my boy, the idol of my life, was dying, and that if I wished to see him alive I must come at once. I went immediately to the hotel, took my satchel and started for the depot. There was no passenger train due for some hours, but a freight train was pulling out, and I jumped aboard. It was late when I reached the little town on the river where I could take a boat for home. I hurried to the wharf and found that the steamboat would not pass until after midnight, and that I would thus be delayed many hours. I was undecided whether to wait for the steamboat or hire a boat and leave at once. While I stood on the wharf hesitating a messenger boy suddenly appeared before me. Before I could say anything he thrust into my hand a white envelope with a heavy black border. A strange feeling came over me, and it was only by the greatest effort that I was able to open the letter. The apprehension I felt in the few moments was awful. For I knew it must contain dreadful news. I finally looked at the letter there appeared in a strange hand the single sentence: "You must come quick."

I knew that I must hurry if I would see him alive. The messenger decided me, and at once I sought a boatman, and securing his services, started down the river. He reached home some hours ahead of the steamboat upon which I had originally intended to come. I rushed to the house and was ushered into the presence of my dying boy. As I approached the bedside he recognized me with a smile, and then said: "Papa, I've been waiting for you."

"Those were his last words, and in a moment he was gone. I then learned that the messenger I had received had come from him, and that he had been waiting for me. None of my family or friends had seen the messenger nor did they know anything about it. Afterward I made the most searching inquiries at the town where I waited for the boat, but nobody had seen the messenger or ever heard of him. Not the slightest trace of him was to be found, and I was led to the conclusion that the messenger had never appeared to any one but me, and that I alone had seen the message.

"You can understand now why a black-bordered envelope always fills me with the greatest dread and apprehension, and why it was that I turned pale and trembled when the messenger boy who just appeared in the door tendered me the ominous looking message intended for you."

"You will observe that my hair is white, although I am yet a young man. Before that eventful night my hair was black, my eyes were blue, and as the best was particularly docile he had taught him the true sense of the question the sudden asking of which brought the animal to a standstill. It is well known that horses never forget a person or place, and scarcely an event. No matter how much time has elapsed or how greatly the horse may have changed in position, one word from a former master will establish immediately the old relation between them."

A Card That Speaks for Itself.

Adjoining the Weston farm I had a piece of land, writes Geo. Hubbard in the Flint, Mich., Journal. On the land was a barn, a well and some tile ditching. In the barn was some farming tools suitable to conducting scientific farming. The last time I inventoried my agricultural assets I was short two potato bug sprinklers, one half-dozen clevises and two cotton binder covers. They have been secured by some accumulating cuss, and if any friend should notice a chap decorated with a log chain, six clevises, two potato bug sprinklers and two canvases, each 9x17 feet in size, I wish they would tell the fellow he forgot to steal the drive-way, 200 yards of blind ditch, 197 stamps, and the mortgage covering the property. But if he will come back by appointment, divine or otherwise, I will fill his skin so full of bird shot and other thinking that his mother can't tell the seat of his pants from a colander.

The Grave of Daniel Webster.

The tomb of Webster occupies the center of a large lot surrounded by a high iron fence. The vault is entirely covered by soil and is only opened on the death of one of the family. The tomb was last opened in 1862 to receive the remains of Fletcher Webster, who was shot and killed at the last battle of the war. In the tomb are the bodies of children and grandchildren. Not a drop of Webster blood now remains in existence. The last living member of the family is the wife of Fletcher Webster. On her death the tomb will once more be opened to receive her remains, and will then be closed and sealed forever.

A Tomtit's Queer Nest.

In the letter box at the farm of Whitepark, Castle Douglas, says the Pall Mall Gazette, there was to have been seen a week or so ago a tomtit's nest, containing five young birds. Though when building the nest the mother bird was frequently removed, the mother bird by its perseverance gained its way; the nest was built and five eggs safely hatched. During the incubation letters were frequently found right over the little dame, and at other times it managed to push some of the letters out at the aperture by which the postman had put them in. If Mr. McAdam happened to open the box himself it would raise its wings and hiss, as if angry at the intrusion. When his notes were generally the same, it was quite pleased and allowed her to stroke its plumage.

Ghosts Superfluities.

An old Maryland colored man once remarked to a Baltimore American writer: "These yere hants ought to be ashamed of themselves. We've got trouble enough in this world without being bothered with 'em, and 'long as we pay pretty smart for givin' 'em sleeping places in the graveyards they ought to have sense enough to stay there." This philosopher was right. Ghosts are entirely unnecessary. The earth is living. The ghosts have the unmeasured vastness of the universe for a picnic ground, and they ought to stay there. But in spite of abundant stories, it can be said of ghosts what the old major said of woman haters, "There aren't any."

A SNAKE DANCE.

Extraordinary Religious Ceremony of an Arizona Indian Tribe. When we reached the top of the mesa, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat recounting a visit to the Moqui Indians, we found the Indians in holiday attire, which in most instances consisted of a breech clout of gaudy-colored stuff, and a bunch of eagle feathers fastened in the hair. The children ran about entirely nude, and it was wonderful to see them playing on the very brink of precipitous hundreds or feet high. They are climbers from the time they learn to crawl, for houses are generally entered by means of a ladder leading down into the interior from an opening in the roof. The Moquis have a host of gods, the principal one of whom is Omuauw, or cloud god, the deity who sends moisture and rain. It is to him that their supplications are generally addressed, but, strange to say, they locate the abode of the gods in the underworld instead of above the earth. They believe in the existence of the "Snake People," a supernatural race, who hold direct communication with the gods, and it is through them that all messages from the earth are delivered.

Snakes of all kinds are supposed to have sprung from the "Snake People," and to hold constant intercourse with them. For this reason they are regarded with superstitious awe. The snake dance is a festival in which the snakes are shown the greatest reverence, and songs are sung which are intended to express all of the wishes that the people have for the snakes, to particularize species is regarded as profane. After the dance the snakes are turned loose and are supposed to start immediately on their journey to the underworld, where they deliver their messages to the gods. The first preparation for the snake dance is the capture of a large number of all kinds of snakes, of particular species is required, but the rattlesnake is the kind usually taken, as they are abundant among the rocks and sage-brush of the mesas and plains. The snake dancers, some fifty in number, are made up of two mystic orders, the "Antelopes" and "Snakes," or snake men. The mystic order of the antelopes and the snake men are secret, and the only information which their members will impart is that their souls have been transformed into the souls of antelopes and snakes. A Moqui of these orders will tell you with the greatest assurance, "I am a snake," or "I am an antelope," and he really seems to believe it himself.

The dance began with a low chant, in which the blessings of the gods were invoked, and the only musical accompaniment was the incessant shaking of rattles, and a low buzzing sound made by some of the men. After the first chant had ended the antelope and snake men separated, the former drawing the former up in a line to the right of the snake tent, and the latter moving in single file in a circle in front of them. One of the snake men next entered the snake tent and in a moment came out carrying a great rattlesnake in his mouth. The snake was held firmly between the jaws of the reptile, and the head of the Indian carrying the snake in his mouth, closing his eyes and allowing himself to be led around the ring by one of his companions, who continually stroked the head of the rattler with the eagle feather which he carried in his hand.

After the other the snake men entered the snake tent and bringing out the reptiles until the last one had been removed. Some of the dancers took as many as five or six small snakes in their mouths at one time, while others danced around with several in their hands. While the dance was going on the antelopes kept up a continual shouting of their rattles, and chanted messages, which they wished the snakes to carry to the gods. After all of the snakes had been removed from the tent the dancers gathered around a ring which had been marked on the ground by a circle of sacred meal, and at a given signal all of the snakes were drawn up to the center in a heap. For a moment there was a quivering hissing mass in the ring, and then the dancers fearfully thrust their hands in among the snakes and boldly grasped as many as they could hold. Each man, with both hands full of snakes, then dashed away at full speed, and did not stop until he had made his way down the slope of the mesa into the valley below. Here the snakes were turned loose, some heading toward the south and others toward the remaining points of the compass.

Alpine Funerals.

A clue to the origin of the Irish wake and other funeral pompousities, which are sometimes inclined to regard as relics of barbarism, may be found in the funeral customs of some of the Alpine regions. The circle of acquaintance of the more prosperous people of the villages often extends over miles of country; and the friends of a deceased proprietor will make long journeys to attend his funeral. The duties of hospitality require that their physical wants be provided for, or, if not, they will meet at the inn and naturally have something very like a feast. In some districts, even before death occurs and the patient is in his last agonies, all around are informed of the fact, and expected to make a ceremonial last visit. They enter the sick room, take a long look at the dying man and go their ways. After death, when the body has been prepared for burial, a table is spread covered with refreshments, and upon whose held till the funeral.

Grant's Gallantry.

When the honors came upon the Grants, says America, the mistress of the white house began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross-eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise a president-elect, Mrs. Grant decided to try the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and, woman-like, gave way when she saw her husband, and confided in his her secret. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said, in his simple way, "My dear, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they would seem strange if altered." No Lancelot, nor Romeo; nor lover of any clime or age, ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry.

Jim Fisk on Cemeteries.

Denman Thompson, it is reported, has built at his own expense a solid cut-stone wall in front of the old cemetery in West Swanzey, N. H. Apropos of cemetery walls, they used to tell a good story of Jim Fisk and his attitude toward such structures. A delegate from the country town, in which he had resided for a time when a boy, waited upon him in the height of his prosperity, begging for a subscription to put a wall around the old cemetery. "Not a cent," said Fisk, "I won't give you a cent. It's a useless expense. Nobody in the cemetery wants to get out and nobody out of it wants to get in."—N. Y. Tribune.

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"How?" I inquired. "It were this way. The paymaster's car was hitched onto the hind end of the freight train, his own engine havin' had a little trouble with her runnin' gear an' bein' abandoned fer awhile up the road. Well, the train was sportin' and crawlin' aroun' the mountain when all of a sudden the back brakeman comes a runnin' up an' yells to Jim: "Pull out! Pull out! They's a gang o' rustlers has caught the engine an' are humpin' after us! Pull!" "Well, Jim Lyle noticed that. He seen at wunst that the engine had been fixed up an' that the rustlers had took her to ketch him an' git the dust in the paymaster's car, so he pulled out right beart an' tried to outpace 'em, but it wan't no go. They kept gittin' up on him.

"Pretty soon he struck the beginnin' o' this yere curve. He didn't slack a breath an' the conductor come rishin' up an' belled: "For God's sake, what kin we do? If we run this we'll climba rail!" "Sallright," said Jim Lyle. "If I calculate rightly that car's saved, an' he gave another pull out an' jerked her wide open. Then we see what was that. Lookin' back, I bein' on the train, seen the last coach go up in the air, there was a jerk, an' away over into the canyon she went." "Well, where does the salvation of the coach come in? I asked. 'I didn't see any particular advantage in being spilled over a mountain-side and being shot by train-robbers."

"Now don't get frisky," said the old man. "I'm tellin' this yere an' I ain't done. Thar there comes a train as pulled over on the track just like the hind by did when you used to play "crack the whip" at school. It floated down as nice as you please an' lit on the track below in the valley an' with the force it was slung rolled ten miles to the next station. When we got there it was on the side an' we pulled by an' when the light engine load o' rustlers come bullin' along the townspeople was waitin' fer 'em an' the new cemetery was started in good shape."

How a Missouri Legislator Got the Floor.

Silvan Hutchins a well-known newspaper man of Washington, D. C., says Henry George's Standard, used to live in Missouri, and at one time represented his district in the legislature, of which body he was elected the speaker. There was in the same legislature a member from another district—a man Hutchins had conceived a prejudice against. This man wanted to bring up a bill in the interest of his constituency, but he never seemed able to catch the speaker's eye. Day after day he would wait until routine matters had been cleared away, when he would rise in his place and, in the peculiar Missouri high treble, address the president officiating, without which no member of a parliamentary body can proceed. The member finally became tired of such treatment and one morning after the hour had been called to order he marched in with a rifle on his shoulder, which, when he reached his seat, he leaned up against his desk. He sat there quietly until he thought the routine business was about all disposed of, when he picked up his rifle and cocked it. When the last motion had been put and disposed of our friend arose, placed his rifle against his shoulder, drew a bead on Speaker Hutchins, and drawed out, "Mr. Speaker." There was a silence as of death in the assembly chamber for a few moments, when he was finally broken by the speaker himself, who slowly and distinctly said: "The gentleman from — has the floor." The member lowered his rifle, uncocked it, and then, as if nothing had happened, proceeded to lay his bill before the legislators.

Cure for Rheumatism.

It costs only a few cents to cure the worst case of rheumatism, says a New York engineer. Let the afflicted part be exposed to the heat of a stove, until the skin begins to redden and smart. Then rub the spot with the hand until the heat is distributed over a large surface. Continue for ten or fifteen minutes, and bearing as much heat as possible without blistering. Have ready at hand a mixture composed of one teaspoonful of finely pulverized table salt, thoroughly mixed with one tablespoonful of molasses-golden syrup. Apply this mixture as a salve to the affected part after the skin has been well reddened and rubbed with the hand. No matter how long the inflammatory rheumatism may have existed, almost instant relief will be felt. Continue the treatment every day and at the end of a week a permanent cure will be effected. Meanwhile the patient should take internally four times a day a mixture composed of two drams of wine of colchicum, two drams iodide of potash and one pint of water. The dose is one tablespoonful before meals and on going to bed. It is not absolutely essential that the internal remedy should be taken, but it helps. I was on crutches four years and cured myself in seven days.

Foot-Cramming in China.

Our esteemed Chinese contemporary, Hu Pao, says the N. Y. Sun, has been investigating the origin of foot-cramming by Chinese women. The practice is of very ancient date. Some affirm that it arose in the time of the five dynasties—that is in the tenth century A. D. Jao Niang, the mistress of Li Yu, the last emperor of these dynasties, tied up her feet with silk into the shape of the crescent moon, and all the other beauties of the time imitated her. The literature of previous dynasties does not allude to the custom. During the reign of King Hi (1664 A. D.) an edict forbade foot-cramming under various penalties, the local officials being held responsible in some degree for violation of the law by people in their district. But the fashion was too strong, and in 1668, at the instigation of the board of censors, this edict was withdrawn. It is still universal in Kuantung and Kuangsi.

The Grave of Daniel Webster.

In the quaint, grass-grown old burial-ground just back of his own farm is the last resting-place of this great man. His tomb occupies the centre of a large lot surrounded by a high iron fence. The vault is entirely covered with soil and is only opened on the death of one of the family. The tomb was last opened in 1862 to receive the remains of Fletcher Webster, who was shot and killed at the last battle of the war. In the same vault lie the bodies of children and grandchildren. Not a drop of Webster blood now remains in existence. The last living member of the family is the wife of Fletcher Webster. On her death the tomb will once more be opened to receive her remains, and will then be closed and sealed forever.

WINGED MISSILES.

Prinzins was introduced in England, by Caxton, in 1471. A charter has been granted for the first railroad in Liberia. The Pope has a full set of pearly white teeth well preserved. Alaska cost the United States government 9 cents a acre. Of the English church of bishops, twelve are pledged ascetics. The United States purchased Florida from Spain, Feb. 22, 1819. Machinery has not yet entered the manufacture of French jet pipes. The spawn of most fish sinks, but that of cod rises to the surface of the water. A buried city, containing relics in profusion, has been unearthed in Honduras. A Londoner advertises that he is "Porous Plaster Manufacturer to Her Majesty the Queen."

Buffalo Bill is spending considerable money in making a collection of French paintings of value.

It is a curious fact that there are 23,000 people in the United States who have artificial legs or hands.

A well in the south, from which a strong breeze rushed for years, has suddenly taken to spouting water.

Miss Lincoln, daughter of Minister to England Robert Lincoln, has become an acknowledged belle in London.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter bays for purposes of recreation.