

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

Charming Nainsook and Pique Dresses for Boys and Girls.

The first short dresses worn by children from six months to one year old (by boys and girls alike) are yoke slips of nainsook made just short enough to escape being trod on as the child walks. These little slips have a round or pointed yoke of fine tucks, with feather stitching or embroidery between, with sleeves slightly full at the wristband, and full skirt hemmed and tucked below, then gathered to the yoke. For the second year "baby-waist" dresses are made with belt, yoke and full skirt; these have very deep yoke, with short space (yet full) between the yoke and belt. A sash of the nainsook with trimmed ends may be added at the sides of the belt, and tied behind in a large bow. Girls continue to wear such dresses until they put on gumpie waists, and indeed until they are ten or twelve years old, but to show that baby boys are boys, more boyish-looking dresses are put on them when they are two and a half years old. Thus for boys are one-piece dresses of pique made with round plaited waist and skirt, with much larger plaits sewed to the waist under a belt. The front of the waist has a box plait down the middle, with six small side plaits on each side of it. A turned-down collar, open in front and back, is trimmed with curled linen braid or across the front plaits of the waist and the very large box plait of the skirt; the remainder of the skirt may be either in large kilt plaits or in box plaits. The belt and the sleeves are also braided.

The new Louis Quinze suits of pique for boys three to five years old dispense with a separate blouse of nainsook, and have instead a full puffed front (like a Fedora vest) of all-over embroidered muslin sewed on the front of the pique underwaist to which the kilt skirt of pique is sewed. The little jacket of this suit has a broad short back, with short fronts curving away from the neck to show the embroidered blouse-like front, and is also curved open by the underarm seams, with curled linen braid for the trimming. The collar is square behind, in sailor shape, and quite short in front. The sailor suit also reappears for boys of three to five years or more, made of pique, either plain white, or with tiny dots of blue or red, or with colored stripes or cross rows on either white or buff ground. The kilt skirt is sewed to a twisted cotton under-waist which is covered in front with pique to look like a sailor's shirt, the stripes being laid across, and the neck bound without a collar. Over this is the sailor blouse cut in a point low at the throat, with a deep collar, square behind, pointed in front, and finished at the point with a bow or a sailor knot of blue or red ribbon. This dress is also worn by girls, and may be made of blue gingham, flannel or serge, or of white wools or plaid or striped cotton or wool goods.

White muslins are made up with open embroidery in all-over design for wearing with gumpies for girls of three to ten years. The full round skirt is gathered to the waist and scalloped at the foot; the embroidery in wheels or lattice pattern nearly covers it. The round low-necked waist is cut out of the embroidery, and has a striped effect given it by the lengthwise box plaits of nainsook sewed upon it at intervals all around. The sleeves are half-long, with a corded edge below, and a pointed cap of embroidery at the top. The neck is simply corded. Watered ribbon, two inches wide, passes as a belt around the waist under the plaits, ending in a bow on the left side. Small bows on the shoulders.—*Harper's Bazar.*

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Odd Designs in Scarf-Pins, Brooches, Charms and Fendants.

An oxidized silver blossom, having a golden heart, is a pleasing pattern in scarf pins.

A reasonable pin is a snow-shoe of oxidized silver, with meshes and fastenings in the bright metal.

Dainty little brooches of silver filigree recently seen represented filmy lace parasols, mandolins and violins.

A pleasing pattern in garter buckles is a flat scroll of Roman gold, having a border of enameled flowers sunk into the metal.

A pin admired by turfmen is a curled horse-shoe, nail in nugget finished Roman gold, in the head of which is set a small ruby.

Coffee beans of gold or silver, tinted in contrasting shades, make peculiar sleeve links. The regular bean shape is also used.

A pretty pendant for a lady's chain is a pitcher of handsomely chased gold with designs in enamel. The lip and bottom are of silver.

A soft shell charm of silver, is a peculiar match box, and the same design, but on a larger scale, makes a tobacco box both artistic and unique.

A scallop shell of silver, the ribs represented by rows of diamonds and holding a diamond in its center, is an attractive but expensive brooch.

An odd design in a brooch is a ram's head in relief with proudly curving horns. Medallions, on which are medievall heads, fill the space encircled by the horns.

An artistic pocket charm, suitable for small pictures, is of highly chased gold and represents an open fan. The surface is studded with minute forget-me-nots in natural colors.

A flat match safe, intended to be worn as a watch charm, is of a size suitable for wax matches and has a small ring for suspension from the chain. It is made of either silver or gold, but without ornamentation of any kind.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

A LAUGHABLE RUSE.

How the Bonanza Kings Made Over Five Million Dollars.

"One of the shrewdest tricks ever played upon investors in mining securities," said Alfred B. Sawyer, of Sacramento, Cal., "was that engineered by the owners of the Consolidated Virginia in 1873. There had been a great deal of speculation in Comstock stocks, but the bottom had rather fallen out of the market and prices were low. Desiring to turn an honest penny, Flood, O'Brien and Mackay determined to make an effort to boom the stock. Accordingly Mackay one day left for Virginia City, and on arriving at that place ordered that the shafts of the Consolidated Virginia be strictly guarded, and neither ingress or egress permitted. More than five hundred workmen were employed in the different drifts, not one of whom was allowed to ascend to the surface, while no outsider was allowed to go anywhere near the shafts. The news was of course at once telegraphed all over the country and caused tremendous excitement. It was at once assumed that a great strike had been made which the principal stockholders desired to conceal from the public, and the stock accordingly began to mount skyward. Flood and O'Brien both stated in the most positive terms that no strike had been made, and advised every one not to invest, saying that the price of the stock was far above its value, and declaring that if it continued to rise they would dispose of their holdings. This only added fuel to the flames, and the stock rose from \$35 to \$500. Flood, Mackay and O'Brien unloaded all they had, and when this was accomplished withdrew the guards from the shafts and allowed the miners to ascend. Of course each one of them was eagerly questioned as to the cause of his long detention underground, and asked to give a description of the ore body recently discovered, which was assumed to be the cause of this unusual proceeding. One and all answered that there had been no strike, and that they could see no reason for their detention. They had been paid triple wages for the time they had been kept from going to the top of the shaft, but could assign no reason for this course of action. The speculators saw at once that they had been victimized, and the stock dropped in a day below twenty. The bonanza kings advised their friends not to sell, saying that the stock was worth more than the price asked, but this was regarded as an effort to bolster it up, and caused it to sink even lower. The bonanza insiders bought it up, and in less than three months from the time when the shafts were closed held more stock than ever before, and had a clear profit of more than \$5,000,000 in their pockets, gained without once telling a lie, and, in fact, by means of speaking the truth in an unusually open and unreserved manner. Their previous reputation had been such that the truth from them was the only thing that would have surprised those who had formerly dealt with them, and they traded on their bad name with immense advantage to themselves, victimizing the entire population of the Pacific coast, as they had so often done, both before and since."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

OFFICIAL RED TAPE.

The Work Caused by the Return of a Two-Cent Stamp.

A letter signed with initials and mailed at the Washington post-office was received the other day at the Post-Office Department. The writer enclosed a two-cent stamp, with the following explanatory remark for the benefit of the Postmaster General:

"I received a letter through your office yesterday; the canceling stamp failed to cancel the stamp. I tore the stamp off and used it. Now my conscience has got the best of me. You will please find enclosed a two-cent stamp to go to the 'Conscience Fund.'" As it was not money the stamp was not sent to the Treasury Department, where there is a special fund for the benefit of those who are overcome by the pangs of conscience. The letter was sent on the official round and as much ink and good paper was consumed in recording its reception in the department and its final disposition as if it had been \$10,000, instead of a sickly two-cent stamp. It was first of all recorded in the book of letters received in the Postmaster-General's office, and was then sent, as indorsed by the chief clerk, to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. When it reached the latter office it was referred by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to the Finance Division. Another record was made in the book of the office of letters received and jacketed. Then it found its way to the Finance Division. The chief of that division pasted the stamp on the letter, drew two cross-marks through the stamp with his pen and marked under it the word "canceled" and signed his name. This operation was witnessed by a clerk, who affixed his name as witness, and then the letter having reached the end of its red tape journey, was duly and properly deposited in the files, where it will remain as an evidence to future generations that this petit larceny upon the Government was regularly and officially atoned for. In case the citizen whose conscience was disturbed wishes to establish the fact that he has made restitution, he can refer to the documents in the case, which the Post-Office Department will kindly preserve for him without charge.—*Washington Star.*

The washerwoman finds her occupation almost gone through the introduction of machinery. The most interesting machine is the whizzer, which dries clothes in one thousand revolutions a minute.

CIGAR-BOX MAKING.

Why Cedar Wood Is Used in All Parts of the Globe.

Cedar is used for cigar boxes because it is the most porous wood, is easily dried, and can be cut and nailed better and quicker than hard wood. But the principal reason is because of the flavor which is contained in the essential oil with which the wood is saturated. The flavor of the oil evaporates freely and has the most beneficial effect upon any kind of tobacco.

The best cedar—the largest and finest in color and quantity—comes from the southern Gulf coast of Mexico. Lately the cedar market has been very much depressed because manufacturers of cheap cigar boxes have found it practicable to use stained and grained wood, in imitation of genuine cedar, for cheap boxes. The grain is pressed on the wood while it is running through rollers, and the imitation is nearly perfect, except the peculiar aroma.

In Cuba, Mexico, Guatemala and the Central American States cedar grows in forests, singly or in clumps of three or four trees, and these trees are very often fifty to one hundred yards apart. They grow frequently in company with mahogany. The trees being so far apart it is very troublesome to get them out of the woods after they are cut. In the majority of instances a special path has to be made through the woods, through which the timber is dragged to a neighboring creek, the water of which bears it to market.

The trees are cut by Indians or half-breeds, for which they are paid in Mexico and the Central American States, twenty-five to fifty cents a day. The monteros who engage these people generally manage it so that nothing is left after purchasing the supplies, tools, etc.; all this is deducted out of the Indians' or half-breeds' pay, and if anything is left the monteros usually gambles it away.

The chopping of the trees is generally done during the dry season. When the rainy season sets in, which is in the fall months, the creeks and rivers commence to swell, and the timber is floated down to the larger streams, and from there it is sent in rafts to the shippers near the seacoast. Advances in the shape of money, provisions, and tools are made to the monteros by the shippers. Cedar and mahogany are shipped to New York, Havre, Liverpool and Hamburg on consignment.

The cedar is now in New York. Possibly it has lain two or three seasons where it has been cut on account of the seasons not being rainy enough to float it to tidewater. It is now in rough logs, the only attempt at dressing done being simply to remove the bark and to fashion it into a square shape. How it is made into cigar-boxes is a process that can be readily imagined.

First, the log, if too long, is sawed off to a required length. Then it is hauled up an inclined plane to the mill. Here, by means of an endless band and veneer saws it is sawed into one-quarter and three-sixteenths inch lumber. The cut timber is taken to the drying-room where it is placed in racks where the circulation of the air is free and subjected to hot steam until the moisture of the wood is all dried out. The lumber is then taken out of the drying-room and planed. The seasoning and planing constitute the most important elements in a good cigar-box.

The timber is now finished, trimmed, and the edges smoothed, and it is sawed crosswise into the sides, bottoms and tops of the cigar boxes. The selectors now take hold of the cedar, and pick out the best pieces for the front and the worst for the back of the boxes. The pieces are now ready to be put together, but they must first receive whatever printing and embossing the cigar manufacturer may require. A cigar box ordinarily needs four or five impressions. Besides the brand, which is stamped and printed on the top, there are legends, such as "Conchas Specials," "Favoritas" and similar distinguishing words printed on the sides. The district internal revenue number of the cigar factory using the box and the quantity is impressed, according to law, on the bottom of the box.

The pieces are nailed into hooks first—that is, an end and side piece are put together. The hooks are joined and the box is ready for the top and bottom. The latter is nailed on and a muslin hinge is pasted on the former, which secures it to the box.

From the nailing-room the boxes are taken to the pasting-room. Here girls paste the edges, labels, etc., and the box is stood aside to dry. The box is now ready to receive cigars. Sometimes fancy touches in the way of varnishing and putting on fancy paper are desired, but the ordinary cedar cigar-box receives the treatment I have described. When it is recollected that a cigar-box fulfills its mission the moment it receives its cigars, and must be destroyed, by law, as soon as it becomes empty, the number of boxes used in this country, with the progress of the cigar industry and the law prescribing them as the only packing for cigars, it almost equals the number of hair-pins manufactured.—*N. Y. Letter.*

At Sullivan, on Frenchman's Bay, opposite Bar Harbor, they dig a shell-fish which some of the natives declare superior to scallops. It is called razor-fish, from the fact that the shell is shaped like a razor handle. The shell is of a dark blue color, and it is quite difficult to open it with a knife. These fish are found in the mud, like clams. They are very acute of hearing, and disappear quickly when disturbed, so that anybody who wants to get a mess of them has to dig pretty lively.

R. D. Blackmore, author of the "Lorna Doone," runs the biggest market garden in England.

ARCTIC COMMUNISTS.

How the Laws of Property Are Observed by the Esquimaux.

All the inhabitants of a winter station receive some share of the seals captured. Any one might fish and use the weirs made by others. Housemates, but not placemates, were fed by the families best off for food at the moment. "Virtually the surplus of any individual or community was made over to those who had less." But the property essential to each individual was secured to him by a kind of supernatural sanction, resembling the taboo. Apparently a man with, say, three coats was not supposed to have this protection extended to the third coat. If we suppose these rules, suddenly brought into European civilization it is plain that extensive idleness would be the first result. Those who had nothing would use up the property of those who had something—while it lasted. Among the Esquimaux the community checked this partly by exposing the idler to satirical songs at the meetings of placemates. In places where, as in Danish West Greenland, European influence has been felt, the old communism flourishes, but the old customary obligations to work have weakened, and "the natural consequence has been impoverishment." Capital punishment is inflicted by the decision of the community on witches and on individuals obviously dangerous to the public. Though the Esquimaux are generally regarded as chiefs, Dr. Rink in his new book says that each house or station has its chief or patriarch. A punishment as severe as burning a man out of the house in midwinter has been noticed. There is another authority—the angakok—a kind of brehon or authorized wizard and judge.

All this condition of society rests on the extreme dependence of man on man in these very small and isolated communities. To be turned out of them would be nearly equivalent to death, or, at least, to the condition of the Weendigo, the lonely ogre of Labrador. Moreover, while the development and improvement of boats and harpoons is noticed as you pass from the western to the eastern tribes, "the contrary may be said so far as regards social organization." The conditions for accumulating individual property are more favorable in the west, but there it is checked by a habit of making profuse gifts. A well-to-do western Esquimaux is like a rich Athenian of old. The gifts of the former answer to the "liturgis" of the latter. Position and influence are acquired by this gift-giving, and when position is once firmly secured we may doubt how long the giving will last. There is arising something like the system of rank which prevails among the Indians further south. The keeping of slaves, "of all habits the one apparently most at variance with Esquimaux social life," is developed. Among the Abts, a neighboring Indian people, "the person who gives away most property receives the greatest praise and in time acquires the highest rank," not hereditary, "obtainable by such means." In fact, this generosity resembles that of a person engaged in "nursing a constituency."—*Saturday Review.*

WHY PAPA CONSENTED.

How an Irate Parent Was Induced to Bless His Son-in-Law.

A friend of mine related to me his experience in reconciling a testy old fellow to the marriage engagement of his favorite daughter. My informant being a discreet and benevolent character and intimate with all the persons concerned, was persuaded by the young people to intercede on their behalf. He undertook the task with no little hesitation, and the reception which his overtures met was not calculated to raise any hopes. He began by representing to paterfamilias the exceeding cleverness of his would-be son-in-law and the brilliant future which certainly lies before him. This, however, produced not the least effect, and he succeeded no better when he fell back upon the young man's fine moral qualities and solid worth. At last the potential father-in-law exclaimed: "Now, you have told me a lot of stuff in praise of this fellow who wants to marry my daughter—be honest, and say what there is to be said against him."

Being thus taken in flank, as it were, the family friend, a ridiculously conscientious person, admitted, with some hesitation, that the matrimonial aspirant is rather unpopular, that his manners are not pleasant, that he is supposed to be sullen at times, etc., etc. "Hum!" said the old gentleman, picking up his ears, "has he many friends?" "No," the go-between confessed. "I am afraid not." "Well," the stern parent declared, unbending at last, "I don't know but what Fanny may have him if she likes. He is evidently disagreeable enough, but, in my opinion, the kind of man that you describe makes a pretty safe husband. Your jolly, popular men are always spending other people's money and devoting themselves to other people's wives. Fanny is a sensible girl, and if she wants to marry this young fellow I won't stand in the way."—*Boston Post.*

Collecting Money.

Husband (to wife)—I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it isn't fit to associate.—
Servant (opening the door)—The butcher, sorr, is down-stairs with his bill.
Husband—Tell him to call again.—
Lafe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The young fellow who has expectations finds no difficulty in sailing about on his heirship.—*Binghamton Leader.*
—Speak of a man as you find him. If you find him in Canada, forget that you knew him in the States.—*N. O. Picayune.*
—Cork is the latest material proposed for making railroad cars. The idea is that in case of collision it would simply bound off the track.
—Jones—"Fish are spoken of as the fisherman's harvest. Why is that?"
Smith—"Because the fishermen have to plow the waves to get them."—*Boston Courier.*
—A new lubricant that is coming into use in Germany is mustard oil. It remains fluid at the low temperature of fourteen degrees Fahrenheit, and will keep unchanged for years.
—The champion meanest man is the husband who placed his pocketbook in a mouse-trap, so that his wife could not get at it in the early morning without liberating a mouse.—*Baltimore American.*

—Silver, generally a very desirable metal, is a source of great annoyance to the manufacturer of white lead, for, if present in an appreciable quantity, it spoils the color of the finished product, owing to the well-known blackening effect of light upon the salts of silver.
—Generous man (on ferry boat)—"That is rich. Funniest thing I've read in some time (reads it to a sour-looking man next him.) Don't you see any thing funny in that? Why don't you laugh?"
Sour-looking man—"If you'd spent three hours scratching the hair off your head trying to rake out that joke, you wouldn't laugh much."
—"What was the biggest school of mackerel you ever saw?" asked a summer boarder of old Captain Glover.
"The biggest school of mackerel I ever saw?" repeated the captain, shifting his quid and hitching up his trousers.
"Well, ma'am, the biggest school of mackerel I ever saw was off the Banks, away back in '61. But, ma'am, that wasn't no school of mackerel. That was a university."

—A Mournful Reflection.—A Texas man was left \$2,000 by the death of an uncle in New York. He drank deeply, and went through the property in two months. While engaged in the completion of one of the railroads in Texas, he received notice that he had fallen heir, this time to \$3,000. "Allow me to congratulate you," said one of his fellow-workmen, "congratulate nothing!" said the man dismally. "It looks very much as though there was some kind of a plot on foot to kill me off."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The annual royalty exacted by the Bell Telephone Company from its business is \$14 per set of instruments. It sells nothing. In New York State, at least, in addition to these royalties it also exacts from its licensees a further consideration in the form of a donation of thirty-five per cent of the capital stock of its licensees. It also exacts a commission upon all extra territorial and telegraph business done by the licensees of fifteen per cent on the former and fifteen per cent of the latter.

—An easy-going couple live in Springfield, Mass. They are young, have been married about four and a half years, and have three children. The husband has left his family three times, and each time the wife has sold the goods and returned to her parents, taking back her spouse every time he returned, and helping refurbish. Furthermore, she left him twice, when he in turn sold their common possessions. They are now living together again as if nothing had occurred out of the usual way.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

Valuable Suggestions for Fond Young Mothers and Fathers.

If you have any regard for the future health of baby do not fall into the habit of giving him "little tastes" of every thing. It not only disarranges his stomach, but makes him easily dissatisfied with his own food. A child who has never been allowed to eat of this and that just to see whether he likes it or not, when weaned will sit up to the table and eat his piece of bread contentedly while the puddings and pies are passed around him. He does not associate these articles of food with himself but with the larger people and remains satisfied with his own limited bill of fare. We know this is so from experience, and also that the first piece of cake or doughnut given the child will surely be remembered. The little one who visits much can never be regulated in regard to diet, sleep or in fact any of his habits. We are strongly in favor of keeping babies at home; even visits to grandparents are not always satisfactory. It is much better for grandma to take the little outing which she needs and will enjoy, and visit the baby in its own home. A glance through a railway car will usually furnish a type of a mother's enjoyment in visiting and traveling. The memory of several such undertakings is yet fresh in our own mind and we can not refrain from advising young mothers to keep the babies quietly at home. Then if sickness comes there will be no vain regrets that the home and its comforts had been left. But visiting with excitement, unfamiliar surroundings and changes of diet are one thing, and healthful out-door life is another. Every baby should get a breath of fresh air each day unless the weather is severe. In that case it should be wrapped up and the air in the living room entirely changed. Bear this in mind unless your child has grave disease, the longer you can postpone giving drugs and medicines, the better it will be for the child.—*Babyhood.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"A friend in need" is doubtless a good institution, but too many needy friends keeps a fellow continually broke.—*The Colonel.*
—A man who exercises a profound influence over the Czar is Ivan of Cronstadt, a hermit priest, who is said to perform miracles and whom the Czar frequently visits in his monastic cell.
—Old man (at the head of the stairs)—"Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara?"
Daughter—"No, papa; are we disturbing you?"
Old man—"Yes; the silence down there is oppressive."—*N. Y. Sun.*
—A New York physician says that the guillotine is the most comfortable death. Every doctor should have one in his office and thereby save his patients much suffering.—*Manchester Tribune.*
—McQuillen—"Vanderbilt's French cook doesn't know how to make a mince pie."
Curtis—"What does Van pay him?"
McQuillen—"\$10,000."
Curtis—"He's worth it."
—Philadelphia Call.
—Police Judge—"Young man, you are charged with vagrancy."
"Yes, and it's an outrage. I'm merely out of employment after having worked on some of the best papers in the country."
"O, you're a newspaper man, eh?"
"No, sir; I'm a journalist."—*Live-o'n-Journal.*
—The claimant of the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" also claims to be the inventor of roller skates; but people have long ago become reconciled to the fact that the claimants of the much-claimed poem will claim about every thing and any thing.—*Buckeye.*
—A man went into an editor's office in Boston, Mass., one day last week, transacted his business in half a dozen words, and left without offering any advice whatever as to the conduct of the paper. At last accounts the editor was very low.—*Tid-Bits.*
—A square minister.—After one or two gentle efforts on the part of the collector to awaken Deacon Jones, the minister said from the pulpit: "Now, mind, Brother Layman, as Deacon Jones has not heard the sermon, perhaps it would not be right to expect him to pay any thing for it."—*Epoch.*
—A Congressman dead against women's rights was talking to a delegate to the International Council of Women.
"Why," he said, "you women can't be men, you can't vote and you can't fight."
"Can't fight, can't vote," she said, with a cold glare in her eyes.
"You are a bachelor, ain't you?" He was.—*Critic.*
—She—"My! wasn't that a dreary play? Not a gleam of humor in it. But don't you think some of the serious speeches were most effective?"
He—"Why shouldn't they be? The author has had the best training in the world for serious and tragic writing."—*She.*
—"Indeed?" He—"Yes; he was editor of an English comic paper for three years."—*Detroit Free Press.*
—She—"My darling, it seems such a little while since we entered this house to begin life together. The glad spring-time had just begun, the air was vocal with birds and fragrant with flowers; yet just think, it's almost a year." He—"That's so. I received notice from the landlord this morning that if I wanted to stay in this house I'd better come around and renew the lease. He's going to raise the rent on me, too. Yes, it's nearly a year."
—"You accepted a story last week," he said to the editor, "sent you by my little daughter, aged fourteen. As she is very uncertain in her spelling, and very sensitive on the subject, she asked me to look in and correct it before you print it in your Children's Department. I see you have it before you on your desk.—'Redd Hed Gim.'"—*Corrected Children's Department* shrieked the editor. "Why, man, that's the best dictional story we've accepted in a year!"—*Puck.*

THE COWARDLY CYCLONE.

It Never Tackles Any Thing of Its Own Size and Strength.

"I see," said the old fellow who is much a quainter with the ways of the West, "that the cyclone has been talking a turn in the South. Do you know that there's nothing more cowardly than a cyclone?"

"Cowardly?"
"Yes, cowardly. Did you ever know a cyclone to tackle any thing of its size? Did you ever know a cyclone to make a dash at a great city? No, for that's not the nature of a cyclone. When is a cyclone happiest? When it can slip up on some little weather-boarded town that has just gone to sleep. Then it dances a jig of furious glee. It dashes at the court-house and scatters it about the public square; seizes the Methodist church and slams its life out against the town hall; wrenches the groaning windlass from the town well and kills the mayor with it, and then enters upon the frolic of general destruction. But how does it act when it strikes a great city? It is like the cowboy who, having shot out the lights of a frontier saloon and made himself master of the place, goes to a big town and piteously begs for a drink. It gathers up dust and throws it in the eyes of the people, but it does not demolish the chamber of commerce. It howls with cowardly rage, and then dozes in a vacant lot. 'Never mind,' it says to itself, 'I know what I am doing. Yonder is a countryman with a blanket about his shoulders. He lives in a little village out in Iowa. I'll follow him out home, and after he has gone to sleep, I'll pick him up and beat his life out against the ground. Then I'll go into the village park and tangle the maple trees like ocean weeds heaped on a surf-beaten shore.' No, sir," the Westerner continued, "there is nothing more cowardly than the cyclone."—*Arkansas Traveler.*