

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so good!"
He whispered while beside her chair he stood,
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born:
I know some little boys must be forlorn
Because they've none like you,
I wonder wast I'd de
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma, there!" He kissed her and he smoothed her snow white

hair;
Then fixed her ruffled cap.
And nestied in her lap.
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-"When I'm a man what things to you I'll bring: A horse and carria e, and a watch and ring. All grandmas are so nice (Just here he kissed her twice). And grandmas give a good boy everything."

Before his dear grandma could reply This boy looked up, and with a rozuish eye. Then whispered in her ear, That nobody might hear: "Say, grandma, have you any more minco pie?"

The Pairy Bird and the Princess.

The Princess Amaranthe had a dove. which she kept in a golden cage and fed and tended always herself, and that was so tame and loving that it would nestle in her bosom; and all wondered at her care for the bird, for none knew that it was a fairy bird and gave the princess counsel.

Now, Prince Timour came to court to woo the princess. He was lord of six castles and one of the handsomest

men of his time.

The princess found herself not ill disposed toward him.

"But what sayest thou, my dove,"

'That cruel man will never make a kind busband," answered the bird, at which the princess wondered not a But one day she saw him beating

his hound and turned away saying: "This man shall never be my hus-

Then all the courtiers exclaimed and the king, her father, was not a little angry, and sending for her said: "Daughter, if thou dost not marry within the year thou mayest even

shift for thyself. I am weary of keeping a palace and a hundred giggling maids for a foolish wench who her right hand from her is not wit enough to accept a iTr he when it is made to her."

Algorit the princess answered never

a word, but went away and wept until the dove comforted her, saying: "Be of good cheer. It is better ther should chide you one than your husband always."

So six months passed away and there came a second prince to court. He was ugly and old, but was master of two kingdoms and twelve castles. He never rode without a hundred men-at-arms at his back, and he changed his dress three times a day, and never wore the same dress twice. He brought the princess, by way of a present, an ivory chariot, lined with satin, a dress of velvet, and a lace veil that it had taken 100 years to em-broider. Then, again, the princess asked counsel of the dove.

"If you hate him at first sight," answered the bird; "how will you hate him when you are forced to see him every day?

So said the princess:

"I will not become his wife, either. Then the prince packed up his ivory chariot, and the lace veil and the velvet dress, in a violent huff, and took himself off; and the king, her father, fell into so great a rage that he could not eat his dinner.

"Look well to thyself! The year is nearly gone!" he cried, "I want no fools about me that cannot tell on which side their bread is buttered."

The year passed on till it came to the last day, when there rode up to the palace gate a handsome young knight, tall and straight as an oak, with eyes as blue as the princess' own and a voice as sweet as that of a bird; and the princess seeing him, said to the dove:

"This one I love." "Nay, then, take him!" answered

the bird. But the whole court was in an uproar, for this young knight had only his sweet voice and his good sword; no men-at-arms and no ivory chariot.

"If thou take this man never come back to me," said the king, "unless thou canst bring a train of 1,000 e ephants laden with treasure with thee." So they went away together from

the palace, the princess riding behind the knight on his horse; and no one cried good speed; only the dove nestled in her bosom and comforted her a little. And all day long they journeyed through the forest, until they came to a poor little cottage, the gate of which stood open.

"That is our home," said the knight: and, fastening his horse, he began to chop the wood to get the supper, while the princess, who had found some flour in a closet, began to make some bread.

"How now?" asked the dove. "Have you no regrets for the twelve castles, the ivory chariot and the velvet dresses?

"No!" said the princess, stoutly; "I have something that all of them can-not bring, and that is love!" ardly had she spoken the words, the low, smoky walls shot up

the beams over their heads grew into noble arches, and the floor became marble, and the knight's poor dress turned to cloth of gold, and the princess robe to silver tissue; and about the castle stretched a splendid garden, and at the door stamped and trumpeted a thousand elephants, laden with silver; while in the middle of the room stood a splendid repast, at which the princess and her husband sat down.

into rows of mirrors and columns, and

So the princess' wiscom was proven to the king, her father, who, since he has seen the thousand elephants inden with treasure, is exceedingly fond of talking about his son-in-law.

Liberty or Death.

A few miles from the banks of the Alabama river, about fifty miles above the Gulf coast, in a lovely wooded country, is a beautiful army post, called after the home of Washington, Mt. Vernon. Several companies of United States soldiers, with their officers constitute the garrison.

A railroad runs immediately by the post, of which it is one of the stations. Travelers on this road find objects of peculiar interest in seeing there the famous Indian chief, Geronimo, and a part of his band, who a few years ago spread dread and desolation throughout Arizona and New Mexico, and kept detachments of our army in diligent and dangerous march for them for many months before they were captured. They have since then been prisoners at Mt. Vernon.
Geronimo and his braves are now

engaged in the peaceful occupation of making bows, arrows and blow-guns, which they sell to the travelers who stop on their way to see them.

A pathetic incident, showing the Indian's undying love for liberty, recently occurred at Mount Vernon. A young Indian, who had been for three years at Carlisle, Pa., after his course there was finished, enlisted in the army and was sent to Mount Vernon. His name is James One Star.

Perhaps he was over-persuaded to enlist. At any rate, he did not appreciate what a soldier's garrison life meant. After a trial of its regularity, monotony and confinement, he concluded that it was not the life for him. So one night he quietly laid down his gun and slipped away.

Following the north star, he made his way along the banks of the river till he reached an inland town, about a hundred miles away. There curiosity or need led him to stop, and there he quickly came to grief. He was arrested and information of his presence was telegraphed to Mt. Vernon.

During the interval of a day or two etween his arrest and the arrival of the sergeant sent to take him to his post, One Star reposed behind the bars of the city prison, where he was the object of much interest to the citizens, and of friendly sympathy when he gave his reasons for desert-

"I was kindly treated," he said, 'and well cared for. I had everything I needed or desired, except liberty. That I could not live without I wanted to be free and go and come and do as I wished."

When asked if he did not ishment when he returned to his post, he said:

"No. They will certainly imprison ne, with all its hardships. Perhaps they will shoot me. But I don't care to live without liberty."

Poor One Star is now suffering the penalty of his desertion. —Philadelphia

The l'arrot's Joke.

There is a parrot in Philadelphia and his name is Jim. He is right up to date so far as the grasping of opportunities is concerned, and every once in awhile he does something that serves to keep this impression firmly fixed in the minds of those about him. He gave one of his object lessons the other day.

Adjoining the house where Jim rules supreme is a coal yard. There are trestles in it on which the humpback iron horses push cars laden with black diamonds. The freight men have a peculiar cry, indicating when to shoot the cars on the tresties. It is something like "Wah-Hoo-o-Whoop," Jim's cage was moved to the side of the house where the coal vard is the other day, and through the window he heard the cries of the trainmen and saw the cars shoot, The cry wasn't in Jim's vocabulary, and he took to it like a duck does to water. That night he began to practice on the vocal signal. The imitation was a little ragged edged at first, but the festive bird soon had his vocal chords trained down to the accompani-

Then he waited for his chance. It came the following day. The window where his cage was placed had been put up in order to air the room. The coal train came puffing along. There was a little drilling and a section was taken out, part of which was to go on the trestle of the coal yard. Then came Jim's opportunity. Before the two center cars could be coupled the mischievous bird inflated his lungs

and shricked "Wah-Hoo-o-Whoop." The engineer pulled the lever and away shot the uncoupled section on trestle. It was up the incline before half the force had been expended and three of the cars jumped the guard and tumbled into the yard below. The trainmen stood aghast with astonishment, and Jim-why he just grinned.

Wisdom From the Nursery. "Papa!" cried little Willie, as the clock indicated 3 in the morning. No

answer. "Papal" cried Willie again, and again and again. Finally papa got up and walked into the nursery. rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. Well, what on earth do you want at this hour of the night?" he said. "Well, papa," said Willie, sitting up in bed, "if Grover Cleveland's first name was Jimmie, what would his last name be?"-Harper's Bazar.

## A RURAL CAMPAIGN

HOW IT IS CONDUCTED IN THE TOWN OF RED ROCK.

The Fight for the Office of Sheriff Leads to Highly Sensational Results-Journalism at Smith City-Current Humor.



HE HON. JAMES R. Smith, mayor of the city of Smith, and candidate for the office of sheriff, will deliver an address on Saturday and Sunday evenings at the town of Red Rock. He will

elucidate the silver question so that a child of 10 can comprehend it. Mr. Smith is too well known in this county to make it necessary to detail his numerous qualifications; suffice it to say, 'he is the right man for the place.' Turn out and hear the question discussed in his masterly way."

The above notice, tastefully displayed, occupied all the space on the first page of the Senator, the local pa-

Saturday noon found Smith, Jerky and myself in the town of Red Rock. The first things to attract our attention were a number of flaming posters. setting forth that one Riley Holt would reply to Smith, and demonstrate the fact that Smith was not the man the people wanted for sheriff.

The stand had been erected in the center of the town, and within easy distance of a large saloon. A big crowd had gathered to hear the discussion, and were yelling lustily for Smith and Holt just before those two worthies mounted the stand.

James R. Smith was the first speaker. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will first call your attention to the subject of free and unlimited coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one. Now every man, woman and child knows that we need free coinage in our business. The halls of congress are filled with cries for it, and congressmen are wrestling with the mighty fact to-day. The reason we want free coinage is-is-because we want it, and that is the reason we will have it. The reason why we want it unlimited, is because we want coin. The reason why we want it sixteen to one, is because every man present needs sixteen silver dollars where he hasn't got one now. I am before you as a candidate for office. I ask at the hands of the voters, the office of sheriff. I am a red-hot candidate and will make a red-hot officer, I will---"

"Allow me to ask the gentleman what he understands by free coinage," interrupted Mr. Holt.

"What do I understand by free coinage? I understand that free coinage is -is free coinage. Apaches and halfbreeds! what do you understand by it?" roared Smith.

"My platform is to do good to the people, by the people and for the people," began Mr. Holt, rising from his eat with both hands extended above

his head. "My platform is free silver and free whisky. Every mother's son of you have some at my expense while he explains free coinage to the moon. Come on!" yelled the mayor, leading the way

to the saloon. There was a grand rush. Even Mr. Holt's own delegation broke like a band of scared antelope, and followed the crowd.

Riley Holt stood with uplifted hands and open mouth, as if turned to stone, as he saw the crowd leave, until I was the only man left for him to speak to. I stepped back in the shadow of a tree to see the next move.

"Done up! By the Kilkenny cats! Caught like a dod-rotted sucker! I am a pilgrim, I am," exclaimed Mr. Holt. 'Never mind, Riley, I have a plan that will fix him to-morrow night,' said a voice from behind the stand.

"Is that you, Dave?" asked Riley. "You bet, and if I do not even up with that crowd to-morrow night my name isn't anything," he replied.

"All right, Davy, my boy! Here is with you! Now let's go over and make it cost him all we can.'

Cries of "Vote for Smith! He is our man!" "Smith and his free coinage forever," were some of the confused howls that could be heard above the din in



THERE WAS A GRAND BUSIL went to the hotel, which was as quiet as a church, and secured lodgings. Some time toward morning l thought I heard the mayor's voice clamoring for free coinage, and piti-

fully pleading for "sixteen to one."
"I feel as though I have had over forty to ope. I tell you, Jim, if this is a fair sample of the campaign I will pull out," said a voice I knew to be Jerky's. "I am as tough as the average, but I ain't made of rubber. If we have any more scrimmages I am going to use a gun.'

In the morning I learned that the meeting had ended in a row, and an old-timer at that. Guns had been

barred, with all weapons, except bare knuckles. The mayor and Holt had met in personal combat, and both sides took a hand.

"You ought ter seen Jerky swipe Dirty Dave and his crowd. It was just beautiful" exclaimed an eye-witness. I informed the mayor of what I had

overheard at the stand, but he said Dave would not be likely to show up that night. The two leaders of the respective

parties kept their rooms until dusk, and then quietly stole out, made their way to the meeting-place, and mounted the stand. The mayor had one eye that looked half-way decent, but the other was of

and lips were swollen, and his face was badly discolored. Mr. Holt had both eyes partially closed, and his mouth was twisted to one side. He had to tip back his head

no use except for ornament. His nose

to look at the audience. Mr. Smith arose, and spoke as fol-

'Fellow-citizens: The candidates for sheriff do not loom up much for beauty, especially my friend here, who is bucking me for the office. In fact, neither of us is in very good shape to have our pictures taken. Last night's discussion was a rather unsociable affair, and I am bound to say I am glad my wife isn't here. She might know me by my clothes, but that is the only way. I feel the disgrace of the affair, and I give you my word as a man who expects to be sheriff, that the next argument will be with guns and in an honorable way---

At this moment the stand came down with a crash, and at the same time the lights were extinguished. There were sounds of a scuffle, the clatter of horses'

feet, and then a rush for the stand. When the lamps were lighted, tho mayor was gone.



FELLOW CITIZENS: THE CANDIDATES FOR SHERIFF DO NOT LOOM UP MUCH FOR BEAUTY, ESPECIALLY MY FRIEND HERE, WHO IS BUCKING ME FOR THE "Kidnaped! by the eternal!" shouted

Jerky.
"What do you mean?" I asked.

"They have stolen our candidate," repeated Jerky, "and we will have to pay a good round price to get him back. or we will get left on the election. Hurry home, and run off 1,000 handbills, offering \$100 reward for information of his whereabouts. Head it 'Lost!' so that it will attract attention. Then get out an extra issue of the paper, and pour hot shot into Riley Holt. By the way, you can do it all through the paper, and save cost of the bills. Give it to him hard. Remember the city backs you.

The following is the editorial that appeared in the next edition of the lo-

cal paper: While delivering a telling speech at Red Rock, last night, the mayor of this city was actually abducted from the stand where he was making the effort of his life. The lights were put out, and the mayor was taken away on a horse. That sneaking reptile, Riley Holt, who is his political oppo-nent, and one Dirty Dave, who was run out of this city for not changing his clothes since the town site was located, and who is a fit companion for Riley, are known to be responsible for Riley, are known to be responsible for the mayor's disappearance, as they were heard forming the plot after the first speech of Saturday night, when his honor did the cowardly Riley up so badly that the crowd left the grounds before Riley had said a dozen words. This city offers a reward of \$100 for any information that will lead to the discovery of the mayor, and if the town of Red Rock had not been dead for the past

mayor, and if the town or neu-Rock had not been dead for the past decade she would do likewise. In all probability the editor of the sheet pub-lished in Red Rock will not know of the rascally abduction until he receives this paper. He is a Holt man, and is some years behind the present progres-sive era. His skull is thick, and consequently there is very little room for brain. He is in the first edition of Darwin, and his correct name is Monkey. If he can get some one to read him and his bird Riley, they may get something of an idea of its meaning during the next month, and then you will see some charging.

The Senator's people are always at home, and would drink a quart of mountain sage-tea for the pleasure of a business call from either or both of

the vermin.
We are informed that the red-headed lawyer, who, on the Fourth of July, got drunk and fell out of the stand and broke his arm, and stand and broke his arm, and threatened to sue the city for damages, is going to take the stump for Riley. He is a good sample of Red Rock's lawyers, and his step will show the height of his aspirations.

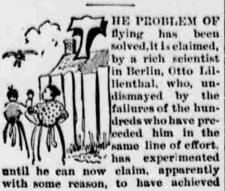
If our mayor is not set at liberty within forty-eight hours after this publication, there will be several new holes dug, and some of them will be filled with dead politicians. We mean

The mayor's wife kicked the bark off all the trees in the front yard, then took her gun, mounted her horse, and started for Red Rock. The town is liable to be aroused to activity in the near future. When villainy is so rampant that a community will steal a enndidate for office, and that, too, while delivering a speech, the line should be drawn and stealing punished by hanging. W. W. GARTNER.

## FOR HUMAN ANGELS.

A FLYING MACHINE AT LAST WELL PERFECTED.

Otto Lillienthal, A German Inventor, Comes to the Front With Wings for Everybody-Its Rudder Is Like a Bird's Tall.



The Lillienthal theory is that birds do not exercise great power in flying, but keep affoat in the air by the particular way in which they manipulate their wings. Reasoning upon these lines, a flying machine has been constructed upon a variety of angles, designed to catch the air in whatever direction it may come, or from whatever

quarter. The affair is built in almost exact imitation of the wings of a bat; the delicate ribs and body are made of willow wood, which is tough but light; the wings are covered with light sheeting, and when spread they have a circumference of twenty square yards. The entire apparatus weighs forty pounds.

Lillienthal began his trials with the new flying machine from the summit of a turret which rises forty feet from the ground. Adjusting the wings as shown in the accompanying illustration, and seating himself upon the skeleton body of the mechanism, which, unfortunately, must be imagined in the drawing, as the artist has considered it so exceedingly frail as to make it indistinguishable, the inventor pushed himself off from the tower top into space, as one would push away a boat from the bank. Working the wings with little effort, the man fluttered through the air, finally reaching a height of 200 feet above the surface, and then descended safely. After this experiment, which satis-

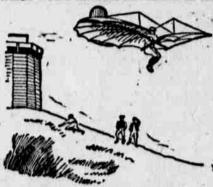
fied him of the practibility of his theory, Mr. Lillienthal resolved to gradually increase the altitude, and for this purpose he went to the steep hill of Rhinower, near Rathenow, which rises to an abrupt height of 320 feet, its side being a stony cliff almost perpendicular. On the top of this hill he built a small tower, making the entire distance from the level 350 feet.

Then he adjusted his flying apparatus and leaped off. Upon his first trial he sank perhaps fifty feet, and then commenced to rise again until he had reached 1,000 feet, and then gradually floated down, alighting gently upon

the road. DRepeating his experiments for several days, he eventually reached such perfection that he was able to stand still in the air without wings. He also traveled in circles, steering himself by the appliance which will be noticed in the sketch as a semi-circular attachment, doing the same duty as a rudder as that done by the tail of a bird.

To a moderate degree Mr. Lillienthal appears now to have accomplished the aerial movements of the bird, and it only remains to be seen whether he can sufficiently perfect his system to rise to great heights, or to remain aloft with the same endurance as do the creatures designed by nature for that purpose.

The scientist's description of the sensation while sailing through the air is certainly attractive. He says that the feeling of motion is entirely lost, so easy and free from fatigue is it. The absence also of any stationary objects, which would indicate movement in the



THE PLYING MACHINE. human being, gives the sensation that the earth, instead of the man himself,

is in motion. Electro-Chemical Effects on Magnetizing Iron-

In the proceedings of the Royal society, Mr. T. Andrews calls attention to the electro-chemical effects on magnetizing iron. From a long, finely polished rod two steel bars were cut adjacently, so that they were practically alike in general composition and structure. These bars were both weighed, and then immersed in equal quantities of cupric chloride solution, one of them having previously been magnetized. After a certain time (six to twenty-four hours) they were taken out of the solution, freed from deposited copper and carbonaceous matter, then dried, and again weighed. It was found in every case that the magnetized bar had lost more in weight than the unmagnetized bar. For instance, an average of twentynine experiments showed an increase of corrosion in the steel due to magnetic influence of about 3 per cent under the conditions of experiment. It may be mentioned that the bars were not highly magnetized.

The oldest railway in France runs butween Paris and Havre. It was built more than half a century ago.

## CASHIER MAY.

Ills Signature Is the Best Known in the World.

The office of chief cashier of the Bank of England dates from the commencement of the bank's business, in July, 1694, and Mr. F. May, latterly so prominently before the public, is the thirteenth in order of succession, but he is already the sixth in order of length of occupancy of the position.

Of his predecessors the shortest reign was that of Thomas Kenrick, the first chief cashier, who for some reason not now known-perhaps overwhelmed by his responsibilities-retired after only twelve days' service! The longest reigns were those of Thomas Madockes, forty-one and three-fourths years, and of Abraham Newland, twenty-nine and three-fourths years.

The chief cashier may be regarded almost as a head permanent official of a state department, upon whom falls the duty of perpetuating the traditions of a great and historical institution. Mr. May has been instrumental in introducing many reforms, and is well known to be a strong supporter of the policy of adapting, as far as is consistent with safety, the procedure of the Bank of England to the requirements of modern methods of business.

His name is known, most widely, outside the bank and the city, in connection with the issue of Bank of England notes, and an American puts in



FRANK MAY.

his record of a visit to the bank the following note: "A well-known New York banker had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. F. May, cashler of the bank, whose signature, by the way, is better known than that of any other person in the world, for on every Bank of England note is printed a facsimile of his name in his own handwriting; and I may say here, furthermore, that a Bank of England note is the safest piece of paper in the world. Mr. May received me courteously. He is rather a good-looking Englishman, with a high forehead, clear eyes, short, thin, eurly hair, a firm mouth and somewhat of the appearance of a student, although he was a famous oarsman in his day and a good all-round cricketer."

Wanted to Be Unmarried. A young Polish woman, whose maiden name is as unpronounceable as her married name, which is Katerouwske, appeared at the Camden city hall this morning and asked City Clerk Varney for a divorce. She declared that her husband had basely deceived her and that further union with him was martial impossibility.

"How long have you been married, madam?" inquired the clerk. "Since yesterday." came the answer. "What has occurred to disturb your

nuptial joy?"
"Why my husband told me he had
\$1,000 in bank, owned any quantity of real estate and was going to let me live in clover. I found on getting home that if there was any clover pasture for me I'd have to find it myself. His stories of bank accounts are fables, pure and simple, while the real estate yarn is a hollow mockery."

Mrs. Katerouwske was very indignant when told she could not get a divorce outside the chancery court, which would not grant such a document for the reasons detailed by her.

"Humph!" she ejaculated as she left the hall, "it's very funny that the man that married me can't unmarry me."— Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Scientific Training.

Prof. Von Helmholtz, in a recent address to the students of Columbia college in this city, said that the recognized method of scientific work now was collection of knowledge, retention of that knowledge and its communication to mankind. There has been more accomplished by science during the last two centuries than during 2,000 years previously.

Careful observation makes the artist and makes the brilliant scientist. Trace the connection between events and the laws that govern that connection until doing so becomes intuitional. Train the mind so that the strongest impressions will be made by the most important events until this also becomes intuitional. Following the advice of scientists of the last two centuries and go on by careful, accurate, complete observations to great discoveries and great successes.-Scientific American.

Whistling Fireworks.

One of the features at the Crystal

palace (London) fireworks display recently was whistling pieces, which in burning give a wild, screaming noise. There is some mystery about how this noise is produced. Messrs. Brock themselves are unable to say. and do not know anybody who can tell them. The firework consists of a stout paper tube 2½ inches in length, and with a bore of about ¾ inch. About 2 inches of this little tube are stuffed with pierate of potash, leaving 1/4 inch or so empty. When lighted by means of a fuse it does not explode, but burns away with great violence, and with the uncanny shrick which gives the thing its interest. Pyrotechnists have tried many other compositions and many other kinds and forms of tubes, but picrate of potash is the only thing that will give anything but the faintest trace of a whistle.