

TALE OF A BEAR HIDE

HIS CINCINNATI DIDN'T KNOW WHEN HE WAS LICKED.

At Least He Didn't Find It Was Until He Nearly Finished Mounting Jim There.

Was Late of It To That After The Top of His Head Was Shot Off.

"You see that bear hide?" remarked Colonel Jim Matthews, old-time Montana Jim, to the Bear man at the National. The reporter saw it. Colonel Jim was in a reverie. In a mood of some way he was stroking that fur backward and forward with his foot and seemed so much to be living in the home of the setting sun. There was something so impressive in Jim's manner when he said "You see that bear hide?" that the reporter stilled his face with the pale cast of thought, touched the skin with awe and arranged his feelings so that they would be in full sympathy with those of the colonel.

Then Jim said: "Well, sir, the spirit, the grit, the courage and the get-there-ness that once upon a time animated that bear hide came within an ace of allowing my wife, orphaning my kids and making brother lose a host of my prominent sisters. Yes, sir, that is the fur of a cinnamon bear. That bear was a whole merric in one act. As a rule, cinnamon bears ain't much good except for circus purposes and stunts; but, as the poet says, there are exceptions to all rules, and that bear was the most exceptional exception that ever got unruled. He was an all-around athlete. He could run like a streak of Blue Line lightning when the plug pulled his ear hard and makes his machine chew cinders, his blow was very much more deadly than any Brazilian warlike, he could swim like Leander when Hero was on the other side of the creek, and that bear could use up more cartridges with less wear and tear to his constitution than any pensioner on the rolls.

"When he got into a controversy, he didn't know how to quit any more than the usual after dinner Cicero. His voice wasn't tuned to cry 'enough.' I got into a dispute once with that bear, and it required the heaviest Springfield arguments I could fire off to make him admit the superiority of him who was alleged to have dominion over the beasts of the field. I'll tell you how it was. Last summer I was fishing on Kootenay lake, in British Columbia. I got tired of this.

"The fishing was all right, but there was nobody around to listen to the stories. I had a tooth at Cour d'Alene military reservation in Idaho, and I pulled up stakes with the intention of visiting him. I followed the Kootenay river in a southerly direction till I crossed over into the land of the free. I halted at the town of Hope, on Lake Penna d'Oreille, ferried Clarke's fork and struck into Cour d'Alene mountains. It was about noon-tide, and it was one of those soft, still days that occur more frequently in the pages of a novel than the pages of the weather map. The trail led through a jungle of blueberry bushes and rugged quarries of gray, lichen-covered boulders. Tall pine timber grew at intervals. About the only sound of the world that threw up any sound waves was the grinding and twisting clatter of my pony's hoofs. I reached the brink of a mountain stream that had been swollen into a torrent by late rains, and I thought it best to camp until some dove should announce that the raging waters would be calm than to attempt to swim it and get jammed by dead trees and branches that were whirling along.

"I was preparing lunch when the pony began to act curiously. He pawed the ground, raised his head in a frightened manner, snorted and did other things which horses usually do when they know that breakers are ahead. I followed the line of the pony's gaze, but couldn't see anything but blueberry bushes. I noticed one away and felt that an Indian was lurking there. I brought the hammer of my gun up and formed in line of battle, but the bush continued to sway, and I could see nothing. At last I felt sure that I could see part of a brown object, and I fired at it. It was the portehorse end of a bear that I had shot. He was eating the berries from that bush, and I had interrupted his meal.

"Hrnn wheeled round, came into the trail on the other side of the torrent and surveyed me. Bang! I hit him again, but it wasn't my duty to shoot, and the pellet lodged forward of the shoulder, instead of penetrating itself in the seat of his affections. That shot was enough for him. He snapped at the wound and spoke a sonorous growl. Then, locating me as the cause of the effect, he proceeded to remove the cause. Onward he came, down the steep decline to the water's edge. The Springfield erupted and made one more hole in the bear. He was mad. He plunged into the stream, and keeping his small, wicked looking eyes bent on me as with a whole souled desire to get there. His head was the only thing in sight, and this was my target. I shot at it, struck him between the eyes and lifted the top of his head off, so that the water which he was splashing with his paws washed into the skull and mingled with the blood and brains.

"But he didn't halt. He landed on my side of the creek and waited along the trail. He was a hideous object, with the roof of his head gone and strings of brain dangling around his face. Another shot took effect in the body. He was within 10 feet of me. He raised on his trailers and came at me. One more shot. I felt his hot, panting breath. My gun was knocked from me. I was in the embrace of the bear. His hug was terrific, and I felt my skeleton giving way.

"My whole life passed in review. If I had known a prayer, I would have prayed it, but my memory is bad on such matters, and I did not have my manuscript. I tried to get out my knife, but I felt that I was falling. I lost consciousness. When I returned from catatony, the bear was dead beside me. He had expired from his wounds just as he was about to finish me. He had taken two balls in the heart, his brain had been almost blown out of his skull pan, and yet he disarmed me and almost killed me before he died. Yes, sir, that bear hide you see there is his skin."

Washington Star.

A Simple Barometer.

One of the simplest barometers is a spider's web. Nature says that when there is a prospect of rain or wind the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread, it is a sign of fine, calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain, but if, on the contrary, it keeps at work during a rain, the latter will not last long and will be followed by fine weather.

Yankee Blade.

HE CHANGED THE TEXT.

An Incident Which Saved a Congregation From a Stupefying Sermon.

Many an interesting sermons are told of. In a famous divine, who has joined the great majority, and then is more fond of studying than of preaching, his sermons were related to him. It was always a great trial to the good doctor that such a large proportion of his congregation consisted of fashionable people. One day he preached himself, he had an immense contempt for the sermons of the day, but by so many of his parishioners, who were listening to his church, rather enjoying the sermon, he was so much gratified by the fact that his three sermons and the frankness with which they were regarded from time to time. It was the first Sunday in Lent, and as Dr. ——— ascended his pulpit and looked over his congregation with searching, piercing eyes, before beginning his sermon, there was a slight stir of anticipation in his audience. "We shall have a regular trade this morning," whispered my husband, and Mrs. Midas, who was sitting a few pews in front of me, slightly shrugged her velvet shoulders as she glanced at her nearest neighbor. There was a thump in the air, and no one felt surprised when in ringing tones that filled the farthest corner of the great edifice the denunciatory text was given out, "We unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites."

"In the pause that followed the atmosphere seemed more charged with mental electricity than ever, and the divine was evidently just about to hurl upon his fiercest investives, when a very strange thing happened. Old T., the sexton, must have slumbered at his post, for into the church and up the broad middle aisle walked timidly but trustfully a very little child, who, with her poverty stricken dress and general appearance, presented the strongest contrast to the richly clad assembly. Awake to his duties at last, the sexton hurried after her, but the uplifted hand of the rector motioned him back, and on walked the little one in utter unconsciousness, until she reached the velvet steps of the pulpit itself, where she paused, and after an instant's hesitation sat comfortably down. An indescribable change came over the face of the preacher, and pushing aside the manuscript which lay before him he looked at us with kindly, benignant eyes. "Suffer little children to come unto me," he said softly, "and forbid them not, for thus is the kingdom of heaven," and with a demeanor whose gentleness strongly contrasted with the sternest contrast to the richly clad assembly. Awake to his duties at last, the sexton hurried after her, but the uplifted hand of the rector motioned him back, and on walked the little one in utter unconsciousness, until she reached the velvet steps of the pulpit itself, where she paused, and after an instant's hesitation sat comfortably down. An indescribable change came over the face of the preacher, and pushing aside the manuscript which lay before him he looked at us with kindly, benignant eyes. "Suffer little children to come unto me," he said softly, "and forbid them not, for thus is the kingdom of heaven," and with a demeanor whose gentleness strongly contrasted with the sternest contrast to the richly clad assembly.

New York Tribune.

Throwing an Old Shoe.

The throwing of an old shoe after a newly married couple on their departure is general all over the country. In Kent the custom is accompanied by a little more detail than is usually observed in other parts of the country. The principal bridesmaid throws the shoe; the other bridesmaids run after it, the belief being that the one who gets it will be the first to be married. She then throws the shoe among the gentlemen, and it is supposed that the one who is hit will also be married before the others.

The custom of showering rice over the bride and bridegroom is a universal one, although in some parts wheat is substituted. This was formerly general in Nottinghamshire and Sussex. The practice appears to find a parallel in Poland, where, after the nuptial benediction has been given by the priest, the father receives the newly married couple at the door of their house and strews some barley corns over their heads. These corns are carefully gathered up and sown. If they grow, it is considered an omen that the married pair will enjoy a life of happiness. Grain of any sort is symbolical of plenty, and no doubt at different periods and in different countries that grain has been selected which could be procured the most easily. An old Spanish ballad of the sixteenth century, "The Old Wedding," refers to this custom, except that ears of wheat appear to have been used instead of thrashed wheat.

All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying.

Westminster Review.

He Was Inevitable.

The parents of a youth who makes things interesting for a Buffalo family were trying to instill into the young man's mind the principles of self sacrifice and generosity and all that sort of thing. He had been given some candy that afternoon and had refused to divide with a little boy who came to play with him, claiming that there was no more than he could get away with himself.

"Now, Reg," said the mother, "you must not do like that. When Johnny or any of your other little friends ask you for some of your candy, you must give them some. You must not be selfish."

Reg couldn't see things in that light. His mother labored with him for a while longer and succeeded in making no impression whatever. Finally she said, "Suppose you had two bananas, and one of them was smaller than the other and not so good. Supposing your little sister was to ask you for one, which banana would you give her, the small and poor one or the best one?"

Reg pondered for a minute. Then he said, "Go out and get the bananas and give me a chance."

That ended the lesson.—Buffalo Express.

Know the Apple.

A man of about 60 years of age went into a store on Main street and stood by the stove warming himself and listening to the conversation of the men present. Happening to glance at a barrel of apples by the counter, he took up one and bit it. He looked at the apple and then stopped reflectively. After taking another taste of the apple, he broke out: "Say, I'd almost be willing to bet a dollar that I can tell where this apple grew. There is only one tree on earth that has the flavor that apple has, and it grew back of the house where I first lived when I was married and set up for myself. Say, now, didn't that apple grow in Bowdoinham? I know full well it did." The clerk told him that a man from that town brought them in, and the stranger said: "I have not been down there for 10 years—yes, 15—but I remember this bitter sweet apple tree, and the apples here taste as they did 20 years ago."—Lewiston Journal.

Cheese.

Excavations at Sakhara in Egypt have brought to light a wall painting in which two men are playing chess in the time of King Teti, whose reign Professor Brugsch puts at the year 3300 B. C. The game evidently is thousands of years older than has been supposed. It has been supposed to have been introduced into India from Persia by the Arabs in the sixth century A. D.—Exchange.

PUT YOUR HEAD TO THE ENGINE.

A Wife Awake, Sleeping Car Porter Falls Head and Trunk Sleep on Cars.

"How will you have your feet?" the porter asked in a sleeping car coming from Buffalo. "Put 'em to the engine," said the passenger. "If you travel much, you'll have your head put next to the engine," said the colored man.

"No," said the passenger, "I am afraid there might be a collision, and then I'd be thrown with all my weight against my head." The porter chuckled.

"I beg pardon, boss," said he, "but I notice dat all the railroad men has their heads put toward the engine—and all the commercial travelers also. The biggest arguments is in favor of doing that way. In the first place, there ain't many head-on collisions. There's more danger of a rear-end collision. The reason is that every passenger train has its own right of way and runs regularly every night and is looked out for by all the trains that's running ahead of it. Therefore the most danger is from something behind which don't know when we have stopped or broke something, and which runs into us unexpectedly. There ain't any one looking out for any kind of collisions, 'cause when they come it matters mighty little which end you're putting forward—your head or your feet—but if you insist on looking out for 'em from behind—I'm a telling you."

"Any more arguments?"

"Got plenty more arguments, boss. You don't want to sleep with your feet toward the engine, because if you do the draft through the car blows right against your head, and when it gets cold at night your head and chest are exposed. Put your head toward the engine, and you feel cool without getting in no draft. It's just the same way in summer. If you sleep with your feet toward the engine, you can't have your windows open, with the screen in 'em, without getting the wind and fine dust right in your face, whereas, if you sleep with your head to the engine, you get the cool air and no draft and dust.

"Is that all you know?"

"No, boss. I hain't told you the biggest argument yet why you should have your head made up toward the locomotive. The most serious thing of all is the circulation of the blood in your body. You been having your feet made up toward the engine, eh? Well, I reckon you don't never sleep very well in the cars, do you? Your night's rest is usually broken, ain't it? Well, sir, lemme make up your head to the engine, and you'll sleep like you was a baby. Dat's because the motion of the train is so strong and steady that it sends all your blood toward the end that's furthest from the engine. Put your feet to the engine and all your blood rushes straight to your head and gives you a restless night. Put your head to the engine, and the blood goes away from your head, leaving it cool and easy so you can rest like a child."

"Put my head toward the engine and stop talking, will you?"

"Yes, sir. All right, sir. Anything you say, sir. You won't grudge me dat quarter in the morning, I'm a telling you."

A lapse of half an hour. Then a voice from between curtains. It addresses the porter.

"Solomon, Diogenes, porter! Any arguments as to what part of a train is the safest?"

"There aren't no use of arguments 'bout dat, sir. The safest place on a train is the middle of the middle car on the side furthest from the other track."

"Good night, Cleo."—New York Sun.

Eyesight and Spectacles.

The proportion of people who wear spectacles is constantly increasing. Is this a thing to be lamented? In other words, does it indicate a deterioration of eyesight under modern conditions of life? Those who may be appressed to be best qualified to answer these questions answer them without hesitation in the negative. More spectacles are worn, not because poor vision is more common, but because the eye has been more intelligently studied.

A writer says that it is the exception to find persons whose eyes are normal and perfect. Of the advance already made in this direction the writer says:

The methods of testing the defects of vision have in the last two decades been brought to a standard of accuracy and refinement previously unknown. This many troubles, disabilities and maladies hitherto suffered in patience or treated ineffectually and in vain are now traced to defects of vision, and are quickly remedied by the use of appropriate glasses, concave, convex, cylindrical or prismatic.

The schoolboy's headache, the seamstress' browache, the convergent squint of childhood, so far as they are the results of family refraction, are beginning to be erased from the catalogue of human woes."—Atlantic Monthly.

Matthews In 1878.

It was sad to think that the last of the old comedians had gone from us. The gay, venerable Charles had made his last bow and left us—the black curtain being run down. As he looked so smilingly on the audience on the last night that he performed, what if it had been whispered to him: "You will never be here again. He was certainly the best comedy performer of his time, his charm being finish and self-satisfaction, which is as difficult to assume as the air of a perfect man of the world.

A LONDON CHARACTER.

The Cheese Vendor "Baked Potato Man" and His Customers.

One of the unique street characters of London that intrigued me was a "baked potato man." He stood in front of a "pub," as a liquor saloon is designated here, calling out his wares in a shrill, inviting voice and holding off his "hot" in a reckless fashion.

He had quite a little crowd about his movable stall, which he steam whistled apart from the pavement, where those who were kept as hot as pepper. A few of the crowd were ravenously eating their hotness or penny "batter," salted and buttered to taste and consumed without forks.

A few, having eaten their potatoes, were thirsty and rounded out the meal at the "pub" with a glass of "bitter beer." And there were others, poor, hungry wretches, who, with awful paths, watched the more elegant eating their simple meal and tried to satisfy hunger's cravings on the odors arising from "the fruit of earth."

The face of this street merchant looked like a well baked, meaty potato, and there was a general air of warmth and snugness about him going well with his lined calling. My first pity was as to the success of his occupation in a peculiar sense.

"Well," he replied, "spuds" as the people generally calls later round "see, is alius a favorite vegetable. But trade 'as fell off to wot it was. Trade starts in middle o' August and ends about last o' April. A scorchin' hot summer as last was awful bad for business. I went into taters as a boy bout 15 years old. I'm five and thirty now, and I make a tidy livin' out o' it. The trade was just a startin as a regular calling when I begun, so you see it ain't more'n 20 year old—that is, done as it now is. The female sect 'akin up the line 'as 'urt us wonderful."

I have he saidly shook his head, and I felt my face flushing up in shame for my sex, who are crowding the men out of life's race in occupations of all descriptions.

"But," he continued, "his optimism coming to the rescue, 'you got to take the sweet long o' the bitter, whether it be feedin' or beer. A man has as a jolly 'ent and gives both a cheerful call needn't starve at anything he turns his back to do for a livin'. I used to carry a bigger can, fitted with a charcoal stove, and did my own baking, as a many does now. But this 'ere invention is better. You gets your spuds baked at the bakers' shop for nippence the 'undred weight. Then you pops what you wants into your pot, which hangs over your fire, close to a boiler for your 'ot water. The steam is 'ot keeps your taters 'ot. Then at one end you carries your butter and salt, at 'other end your extra coals, and there you are 'as right as rain."

The words I have spelled are pronounced by my informant. Translated into good English, it is a favorite saying of humble Londoners and reads simply "as right as rain."

I learned that customers are of all classes. Often the potatoes are purchased late at night by a good sort of bohemians for a quiet midnight supper. But the majority of customers are of the working people. The little red hot bed of charcoal seen through the holes in the fire tin was a ruddy gleam "to illustrate" the atmospheric dullness. On my asking, how many men and women, all told, sell baked potatoes in the London streets, the answer came, "Well, there's about four 'undred of us all told."—Boston Herald.

Singing Fish.

The scivevia, a little fish chub variety of the lagoons of Italy, sticks its head above the water and sings a dainty song equal to that of some species of warbling birds. Irigla hirundo (the sea swallow) is known to every fisherman of the Danube and the Rhine by the peculiar grunting noise it makes. Irigla nollans makes a whining noise like a puppy, while the scivevia gather in bands to hold regular concerts, which no doubt originated the fable of the sirens. Some naturalists have likened the note of the gurnard to that of a cuckoo. There are many different kinds of fish which give utterance to more or less musical notes. The mullu, a large sea fish, when swimming in shoals, utters a purring noise that may be heard from a depth of 20 fathoms. Lieutenant White, in his "Voyage to the China Seas," relates that his crew and himself were extremely astonished by hearing certain musical notes from beneath and around the vessel. They were various, like the bass notes of an organ, the sound of bells, the croaking of frogs and a pervading twang which the imagination might have attributed to the vibrations of some enormous harp. For a time the mysterious music swelled upon them and finally formed a universal chorus all round, but as the vessel ascended the water the sounds diminished in strength and soon ceased.—Home Magazine.

Molly Pitcher's Grave.

On a little knoll about two miles south of West Point and hardly 30 yards from the Hudson river is 30 unmarked graves. In the center of the fifth grave on the west side a tree, much larger than any of its neighbors, towers aloft and forms a monument over the ashes of Molly Pitcher. The Swim and Dennison families, whose descendants live near West Point, cared for Molly during the latter part of her life, but her ashes lie in the potter's field. Molly Pitcher, the heroine of many battles, who took from her husband's dying grasp the ramrod which drove home charges to shatter her adopted country's chains, lies alone and forgotten on the banks of the Hudson, without a stone to mark her grave. The place has passed into the hands of J. Ploripont Morgan, whose beautiful summer residence is in the immediate neighborhood. It is said that Mr. Morgan will, in the near future, erect a fitting monument to the memory of brave Molly Pitcher.—New York Press.

A French Duel.

If the French are prone to challenge each other to fight duels on the smallest provocation, they are also prone to bring them to an end with very little fighting. It is credibly related that, on the occasion of a duel between two members of the chamber of deputies, one of the combatants was taken with a fit of bleeding at the nose just as they came upon the field.

"Blood!" exclaimed one of the seconds of the other man. "Blood has been shed. The honor of my principal has been satisfied."

And the parties and their seconds thereupon gravely left the field.—Youth's Companion.

Good Rule In Most Climates.

A traveler in California finds that the climate will not be beneficial to one who seeks it for health and then shuts himself up in a room of his hotel. He must seek the air. If a little more of this theory were practiced in New England, it might save some car fare and perhaps funeral expenses.—Boston Journal.

TEXAS RAISES GREAT ANTS.

They Plant and Gather Them, Build Bees and Construct Insectaries.

The industry of the shepherd is but only rivaled by that of the farmer and, also a native of the far western Texas. These remarkable insects, according to some writers, plant each year a crop of ant rice, a cereal seemingly originated by some form of agriculturalist in bygone ages, and when the crop is ripe they gather it into subterranean granaries, always reserving a store for planting.

Somewhat resembling in occupation the farmer ant, Texas can boast many colonies of the umbrella or leaf cutting ant so common and destructive in Mexico and Central America. In the latter countries they are quite destructive, often destroying large trees, and their depredations have to be guarded against by means of wooden fillets wound about the trunks of the trees. Many notions, wholly without foundation, seem to be current concerning these strange little pests. Their method of operation, so far as I have observed in Fort Bend county, is to strip only the smaller trees and shrubs. The leaves are not cut into disk shaped pieces, as commonly supposed, but in any form that suits the artistic fancy of the ant. To facilitate progress to and from the leaf cutting grounds and nest, the ants construct or clear broad, smooth roads, often as much as 200 yards in length and from 10 to 15 inches broad. These roads display considerable engineering skill, abounding in curves, grades and even tunnels. The leaf cutters seem to be the most industrious of all the ant family, big, little, old or young seeming to be animated with an almost insane desire to do his share of the work. Nothing could be more amusing than to see a little fellow, not more than the fourth of an inch long, hurrying manly along with a huge leaf dexterously held in his mandibles. The nest of the umbrella ant is a very poor affair, and bears about the same relation to the nest tunnels of the former ant that the hovel of the squatter does to the substantial home of the prosperous farmer. Any rubble or hollow log serves the leaf gatherer as a storeroom, where he puts away his holed to hatch out the eggs deposited by the female. The leaf cutter is thus the original inventor of the incubator, although his rights have never been recognized by letters patent.

In New Mexico and northern Mexico it is found the honey ant sold as confections by the Mexicans, which are often something like grapes. Unlike the bee, the ant is unable to secrete wax or otherwise make a suitable receptacle for his gathered honey, but in the face of these difficulties he has solved the problem completely. Certain members, very patriotic ones doubtless, are selected, who act as honey jars for the workers. These members stay at home and bravely swallow the gathered honey until their gradually distending abdomens will hold no more, and as they hang suspended, like so many golden drops from the sides of the tunnel they have the appearance though not the sentiments of bloated capitalists, profiting in idleness by the labors of their fellow beings. The life of the honey keeper is no sinecure. His duties are arduous and require the greatest care. When the honey season is over, he it is who feeds the idle hands, regurgitating a drop of honey whenever a check on the larva is presented, the latter consisting of certain well defined strokes on the head and body by the hungry ant. Some malignant investigators, whose whole desire seems to be to fasten on these comaromy insects the vilest of men, claim that the ant to be found a parasitic bug in the nests of the honey ant, which, at the solicitation of thirsty members, yields an alcoholic liquor something similar to beer. The methods of the fornic topers are said to be similar to those of the enlightened Caucasian, consisting in certain winks and expressive crookings of the elbows.—Galveston News.

How to Win Literary Fame.

Literary fustian is the order of the day. Time was that when the brains were out the man would die, but now it seems it is only when the intellect is gone that a writer begins to make money. It is better, of course, never to have had any brains, so that the presumptuous process may begin right away from the first period. Here are some of the important questions which successful writers are now turning into "copy" and ducats: What frame of mind were you in when you conceived your story? "The Gentleman and the Rat"? Were you smoking a cigarette or a clay pipe when the inspiration came? Was it before or after your attack of the measles? Did you use snuff at the time, and, if so, what snuff? Did you find it a great strain on your moral nature to live up to your favorite brand?

The safe road to literary fame is to have a capacity for asking or answering such questions. The scheme is epoch making, as well as money making. It is like charity or the gentle rain from heaven—it is twice blessed. It blesseth him that puts the query and him fourfold who replies.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A Pet Tarantula.

The tarantula has never been generally utilized as a household pet. In fact, I know of only one instance of the kind. A surgeon at one of the frontier posts caught a large tarantula, and having concocted the dangerous spider carefully amputated his fangs. On regaining consciousness the insect was still surly and morose, but was as harmless as a policeman with a pull. The surgeon's little boy played with the ugly insect, which was given the freedom of the quarters. One day the surgeon, entering the room, saw a sight that made the hair of his head stand on end and froze the blood in his veins. In the room with the child were two tarantulas. Another tarantula had strolled in from the outside. There was no time to discriminate, and both spiders were dispatched without any investigation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mansions and Mobs.

Our wealthy New Yorkers are building mansions that are as strong as forts. They are as well guarded by bolts and bars as any fortress of the days of old. In case of a social revolution and an attack by a mob on Fifth avenue mansions many of them would be found almost impregnable. Steel shutters that slide out of sight are now coming in vogue to protect the windows of mansions along the fashionable thoroughfares, and the thick oaken doors would withstand a great deal of battering before they would yield.—New York World.

Only One Way.

"Porter!" said the man who finds fault, "there's a draft in my section of this sleeping car." "Well, sir," was the reply, accompanied by an outstretched hand, "dar ain't but one way to git rid o' a draft." "What's that?" "Cash it!"—Washington Star.

Bank Noncompliers.

Chattanooga has a seaboard bank, although some hundreds of miles from the water. Perhaps the name is borrowed from a like institution in New York. In Salem, Mass., an Asiatic National bank recalls the day when every tenth man you met there was an East Indian navigator. The Tombs, Weyeross, Telachapi and Bad Axe banks are curiously named by necessity of their location.

The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking corporation and the Yokohama Specie bank are not in Asia, but in San Francisco. The Butchers and Drovers' National bank, like the Hide and Leather, makes a bid for the patronage of special industries, the Riverside, Fifth Avenue, etc., for that of localities.

The most formal and ancient sounding title is that of the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks. The Bimetallio and Smelter are, of course, Colorado banks. The Irish-American Savings bank is an Atlanta institution. The Bank of Good Hope has a cheering sound these hard times. Good Hope is in Illinois.

The Chickasaw and other national banks in the Indian Territory are managed by and for the Indians.—Philadelphia Press.

Ingenious Weighing Apparatus.

A simple and ingenious apparatus has been contrived for the weighing of tin at smelting works, a device designed upon the lever and beam principle, and capable, of course, under modification, of a variety of applications. The scales, which are suspended from the beam by a center bar, are constructed of large, square plates, upon which the metal or weights can be placed with a facility. It is asserted, which the corner chains generally used do not afford. A block is also placed under each plate for the convenience of those handling the heavy material in order to obviate unnecessary stopping. The scales are hung on steel bearings, with box and swivel ends, and are, moreover, so nicely poised that, although they could if required bear a strain of five tons, a few ounces weights will depress either side. The scales are raised from the blocks by means of hauling tackle, which moves the lever with the greatest ease.—New York Sun.

Severe Burns.

The first thing to do when one's clothing catches fire is to smother the flames with a blanket, a coat or anything made of wool. If a person is severely burned, the clothing should be removed by cutting, great care being used, not to tear off the skin. Dress the burns immediately with either Carrol oil, vasoline or olive oil mixed with white of an egg. Old linen cloths saturated with any one of the above remedies must be applied directly to the burned surface. Next to the linen lay on smoothly sheet wadding or cotton batting, and bandage to keep the dressings in place. If the burns are extensive, it is important to keep the patient warm and give stimulants freely.—New York World.

A Reliable Recipe.

The following drifts over from England. It will be appreciated by every housekeeper who has ever encountered one of the "according to judgment" cooking authorities. A woman visiting in Ireland was delighted with a certain hot cake served at breakfast. From the native cook of her hostess she duly got the recipe: "You must make more than you'd think of flour, ma'am, just what you'd know of butter, the slightest taste in life of baking powder and the fill of the small jug of milk."—New York Times.

Come Home to Roost.

A student who secretly dropped a piece of paper, on which the word "Monkey" was written in large letters, in the cap of a professor against whom he had a spite, told the joke to all his classmates. The next day the professor said to the class, in a bland and polite tone, "Gentlemen, I have to thank one of your number for the courtesy of dropping his cap in my cap yesterday." That student was called Monkey ever after.—New York Ledger.

A Thief's Rogues Baby.

A shopkeeper, recently convicted, carried a bogus baby with her during her predatory excursions. The infant had a wax face and a hollow leather body. It was the thief's custom to dexterously transfer purloined articles, such as gloves, leaces, etc., to the apocryphal baby, which usually gained much in weight during these little excursions.—London Tit-Bits.

Seasonable Crops.

Ranger—How did your crops turn out last year?

Granger—Poorly. We had nearly two months of continuous rain. What do you suppose we would be likely to raise under such conditions?

Ranger—Umbrellas.—Yonkers Gazette.

The following doubtful compliment is a fragment from a love letter: "How I wish, my darling Adelaide, my engagements would permit me to leave town and come and see you! It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand recollections."

The monument to the memory of King Henry I of England ought to be a yardstick. His arm was just 55 inches long, and that is where the English and American yard got its standard length.

A few of the figures of animals that are sold for lawn ornaments are made of iron, but they are usually made of cast zinc, with a bronze paint finish.

Plant a crop of good books in your home as regularly as you do seed in your soil, and when you get old you will not regret it.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A fat man ordered two seats in a concert hall. The clerk looked him out on seat outside and the other inside.