Delicate Baby.

ee points to be consid- a delicate baby, writes son Scovil.

food.

given at once.

een the meals.

food must, of course, e child; what agrees be taken by another, uits a third. A good ablespoonful of cream uls of lime water, led water, sweetened ch of milk sugar. rm, and the food is This is sufficient for one ordinary sized baby onths old; after that rease the quantity ing the proportion of

are Growing.

man has a curiosity map of the United n 1856, Colorado, the Nevada, and Arizona it, Kansas takes up aska spreads over the on and Washington Utah takes up Nevada since been taken off New Mexico. There d in Iowa, Nebraska nning from St. Louis Kansas is now third in railroad mileage.

Himself.

that man you were go an occulist?

e's a lawyer. Why as an occulist?

l, he had so much that I thought he onal.—Detroit Free

d Lost.

hose mother severely of his choice)— w much I will lose so far below me in Clara; but then just h she will gain, and the family.—Harper's

the Rod.

e American Angler a ear captured with a on in as many days total length of the ighty-three feet and total weight 1,774 hours and fifty-three pent in actual play. eighed 205 pounds.

of Rattlesnakes.

d men, engaged in he Decker plantation, y, Ark., recently, dis- erful den of rattle- ne of the rattlers was lar space, which has of an old well filled men set fire to the few moments the lly covered with rep- es killed the entire ir hoes in dispatching ere fifty-two slain, from two to seven feet.

In the Mountains.

The Southern papers are telling about the wonderful miracles preformed by Teresa Urrea, who lives on a ranch in the heart of the Sierra Madre mountains.

The nearest town to her home is Trinidad, some fifteen miles away. She cures by the simple laying on of hands, and is called a saint by the thousands of Mexicans and Indians who have learned of her wonderful powers.

The scene at the humble ranch baffles description. Living in improvised jacals and tents all along the mountain side from Trinidad to the woman's home were thousands of decrepit, diseased and haggard-looking Mexicans, who were patiently awaiting their turn to be cured of their afflictions. St. Theresa as she is called, is 17 years of age, has a strikingly beautiful face, straight black hair, and dresses in the plainest kind of a woolen garment. She said she was first made aware of her wonderful power last summer, and, while she firmly believes it is a Divine gift, yet she is at a loss to account for it being given to her any more than to any one else. She performs her cures by merely laying her hand on the head of the person afflicted, and giving the command to arise and depart in health. A stream of unfortunate sick people poured through her room during the correspondent's visit, among them being men and women afflicted with rheumatism and many cripples. Every one who has submitted to her treatment claims to have been instantly cured. Three cases of leprosy and seven of small pox are among those which the woman says she has cured. She will accept no money or gift of any kind in payment for her services.

Love and War.

Myram, a Bedouin beauty and Boae, in Algeria, was loved by two men called Belkassem and Lahmri. She has been living with the latter and seems to have been desirous of making a change. She advised Belkassem to kill Lahmri, which was done. She again changed her allegiance and went to Lahmri's family advising them to take their revenge upon Bekassem. Both families then looked about among their friends and mustered a fighing party each. The encounter was bloody. Four men were kiled outright and not one it seems, escaped without wound. The brother of Belkassem and the son a boy of only 9 years, were among the killed. The guilty parties were tried according to French law. Bellkassem was sentenced to die and Myram was condemned to forced labor for life. The combatants in the battle were sentenced to six years in the penitentiary, [Beauteous Myram is beside herself at the dignity inflicted upon her innocent person and tried to commit suicide, but was prevented.

He Stood High.

"How about that young gentleman who comes to see you and your sister so often, Millie?" said the old gentleman to his daughter.

"Why he is very nice and entertaining papa. I'd like to have you meet him."

"Very likely. But what is his position? Does he stand high in society?"

"Oh, yes, indeed papa, he is six feet tall.'—Texas Siftings.

In a Barber Shop.

Barber—If my plan was adopted there would be no more bald heads.

Customer—I have tried a number of preparations and they are all humbugs.

"My idea can't fail."

"Wear a wig.—Texas Siftings.

Coffee bleaches and improves with age, but old coffees, which used to be highly esteemed, are now no longer obtainable, as the prices of coffee have been so high that the planters have hurried their product to market instead of keeping it, as was often the custom in the olden time.

No people in the world are more dependent upon the boats than the natives of southers Alaska. They live in a region where the coast line is broken into many channels, straits and by the numerous islands of the Stitkan Archipelago.

Was the Goose Murdered.

Old widow Barbara Sellers has the finest flock of geese within a radius of five miles of Williamsbridge, declares the Toledo Blade. She supports herself and educates two grandchildren on the product of the birds, all but one of which contributed, either with eggs, feathers or flesh, to her income. The exception was a goose known to be twenty years old, and with a possible claim to much greater age, for nobody could say when it was hatched.

It long ago ceased to lay, and its age protected it from slaughter. After it was plucked, five years ago, its feathers did not grow out again, and every winter it suffered severely from the cold. Its companions insulted it with derisive cackling, stole its share of the food and occasionally assulted it with their broad beaks. Life was a burden to it, and one morning before Williamsbridge awoke to the fact that it was freezing hard, the old goose died.

Mrs. Sellers was in doubt whether it committed suicide or was murdered. Long before daylight she was awakened by the cackling of her geese, and, though it was too dark to see them by looking out of her bedroom window, she knew by the direction of the sound that they were in and around the duck pond, a sheet of water about three feet deep at the reer of the house. At intervals, she says, she could hear the querulous complainings of the old goose, but its voice, after being several times cut off, at last ceased entirely.

At dawn Mrs. Sellers saw that the pond was frozen over, and in the center was an old goose with its head under the ice. The other birds were around it on the slippery surface. They were watching it closely, and had it moved they would, no doubt, have forced it back It was quite dead however, and Mrs. Sellers thinks the younger geese beat its head below the water and made it stay in that position until the ice formed around it. She admits, however, that it may have grown weary of its life and bent its neck while the water froze it in.

Frank Leslie's Husband.

It all happened because Mrs. Frank Leslie tried to make a blooming journalist out of her her husband, and Mr. Wilde didn't see it in that light.

Mr. Wilde has many of the attributes of a newspaper man. For instance, he breakfasts at 1:30 p. m., takes his meals at his club, spends most of his night there and keeps up his acquaintance with his wife by meeting her at four o'clock in the afternoon and taking a drive through the park.

After studying Mr. Wilde's characteristics for awhile Mrs. Leslie came to the conclusion that he ought to be a reporter or have something or other to do on a newspaper, so that he would have some reason to stay away nights. The fact is, Mrs. Leslie can't get used to his buisness hours and wants to drive him to work or to drink, or else get him to live like a Christian. When this happy couple went West recently one took a section in the Pullman and another a stateroom, because of this disturbance in their domestic arrangements, and Mrs. Leslie, according to her own confession, has to eat most of her meals alone. Mrs. Leslie is not going to get a divorce or put her hubby on an allowance of $25 per week She is going to keep at him until he braces up and makes a name nearly as famous as her own, when she will assume it. Her faith is big enough to move a brickyard.

The Drum-Fish.

At a meeting of the Berlin physiological society Prof. Moebius described a most peculiar specimen of the finny tribe—the drum-fish. They are found only in the waters of the Harbor of Mauritics, the St. Louis Republic states and when caught and held in hand they emit a most "striking" noise—a sound resembling that produced by tapping the head of a tenor drum. A careful examination of this strange creature fails to reveal any movement of the mouth, the only motion obserable being just behind the gill slit, where a continuous vibration of the skin may be seen. The portion of the skin which vibrates stretches from the clavicle to the bronchial arch. This is provided with four large bony plates and lies just over the air or "swim bladder." Behind the clavicle is a curiously shaped long bone, which is attached by the middle to the clavic muscle in such a manner as to form a lever with two arms. The long arm of this horney lever is imbeded in the ventral trunk muscles, and is capable of easy movement to and fro. The short arm slides, during this movement over the rough inner side of the clavicle which gives rise to a cracking noise which can be plainly heard at a distance of twenty feet. Naturalists are of the opinion that the grating noise is intensified by the near proximity of the air bladder, the latter acting as a reasonator. Be this as it may, the "drum-fish" is a natuarl curosity of the most curious kind. Especially does this strike home when we consider the maxim of the older naturalists: "All fishes are mute:"

Paid His Way.

Hotel Porter (to traveling salesman in wash-room)—Excuse me boss but dem towels are for de use ob de guests.

Traveling Salesman—Well, where are the towels for the boarders?—Cloak Journal.

Concerning Inventors

"While the path of the inventor is generally strewn with rocks instead of roses," said a well known-patent lawyer to a New York Advertiser reporter "sometimes he strikes an idea that in sporty language, lands him on Easy street for the present, and eventually locates him on Plush avenue. And the strange thing about these ideas is that they areal ways so painfully simple that every other man when he heans of them kicks himself for not utilizing the same idea when it occurred vaguely to his own mind several years before.

"One instance of this fact is the invention of the sand blast.

"The inventor, while on a visit to the seashore, noticed that the glass in those windows which fronted the beach of the place at which he was stopping was dulled in some peculiar way. He made inquiry and found that this was caused by the clouds of sand which the winter storms drove against the exposed panes.

"The sand blast resulted from this little bit of trivial information, and the man who utilized it is at present sporting purple and fine linen and possesses numerous ducats.

"A second example is that of the rural gentleman who found his watch-key plugged with dust one afternoon. After scraping it out he sat down to think of some way to stop future annoyances in that line. By way of experiment he bored a hole in the key near its end and found that he could clean it at once by simply blowing through this orifice.

"He patented the idea, and realized a big sum of money on it. But ideas like these don't occur every afternoon."

A Very Young Bachelor.

The effects of red tape on the official mind seem to be experienced by all who are brought under the influence of the circumlocution office. A Parisian flaneur has picked up the following particulars of a conversation which passed in an emigration office. The father of a family presents himself and asks for tickets.

"How many are you?" asks the agent.

"I my wife and my child."

"Good: your age, your profession?"

"Thirty years carpenter; my wife twenty-four needlewoman."

The boy?" asks the agent.

"Seven months."

"His profession?"

The father's eyebrows formed Gothic arches on his forehead.

"His profession I say?"

Repeated the agent, angrily. "We have no time to lose."

"The father reflects, and at last replies—"Bachelor!"—London Tit-Bits.

It Depends.

Willie—"Papa it it swearing to talk about old socks being darned?" Papa—"No, my son, Why?" Willie—"Cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned socks out of my drawer."—Chicago Tribune.

Augurs? she queried wearily, is that what they bored people with?