Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John H. Ream, - - Publisher

The man with a full dinner pail carries a fortune with him.

Some look and do not see, but no one sees who does not look.

Health may be wealth, but that isn't what makes the doctors rich.

It appears that Teddy, Jr., has been weaving something more than a carpet.

Another good thing about the Rockefeller Foundation is that it will be founded on rocks.

Young John D. Rockefeller is going to have a nice job. Giving away money should be pleasant work.

In advising women to learn to cook Dr. Wiley has reference, of course, to those who do not know how.

King Edward remains in his apartments whenever he catches a cold. He is never docked for failing to show up at the works.

The District of Columbia is to have an inheritance tax, but it will not affect the men in public life, as "few die and none resign."

Professor Charles Zueblin declares that women are not people. How the professor dares to go home nights is what surprises us.

"Too many deer," says a headline. From the record this season we thought sportsmen believed there were too many hunters.

Russia leads the world in the raising of wheat. Judging from the pictures we have seen of her male citizens she also leads in the whisker output.

The Ohio hen that laid fourteen eggs in nine days and established a record, is dead. The dispatches don't say what caused her death, but it may have been a case of nervous prosperity.

The discovery that the egg was the symbol of eternity of the ancient Druids is received with scrambled emotions, as it were, by those who have been eating cold-storage eggs all winter.

The apparent success of the storage-battery surface car makes it possible for New York City at last to lose its distinction as the only town of over two thousand inhabitants where horse-cars are still run.

A Boston physician says "woman has no stability of purpose, no discrimination, does not and cannot understand, that she is woefully incompetent." That is a poor opinion for a man to have of his mother.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, etc., in her magazine, the Forerunner, which is trying to make trouble between the sexes, says:

A woman by the river's brim
A wife and servant is to him—
And she is nothing more.

If turn about is fair play, why not this:

A mere man by the river, sir,
A simple doormat is to her—
And he is nothing more.

Conservation of natural resources is highly desirable and the movement deserves all the popular support which is behind it; but why not also a movement for the greater conservation of artificial resources. The waste and extravagance of most people in the matter of dress, for example, is little less than a national evil in its effect upon the increasing cost of living. The decree of fashion which alters the cut or color, the material or style, is blindly followed by millions at the cost of discarding garments, hats and shoes which are almost as wearable as when purchased.

Three and a half thousand years ago, more or less, Joseph, the prime minister of the Pharaoh of that day, "cornered" the wheat crop of Egypt, in anticipation of seven years of famine. The famine came, and not only Egypt, but other lands as well, were fed from Joseph's store. So much may be read in Scripture. Extraordinary as it sounds, some of that wheat is now in the United States, having been bought by a dealer in antiquities from the officials of the Cairo Museum. Explorers in the service of that museum recently uncovered a storehouse dating from the dynasty, and sealed with the seal of the Pharaoh who had been identified as the patron of Joseph, and it contained, among other things, an odd bushel or two of grain, brown with age and the grime of the storehouse floor. Experiment has shown that the kernels have entirely lost their fertility.

He who has never called a country town his home has missed much. He who had not his first look upon the world from some little village which at the dawn of consciousness spelled all the world to him and held in its bounds all the people, will always lack something in his sense of his proper adjustment to creation, says the Denver Republican. It is in them that the truest friendships are formed, the closest studies of human nature provided, the most lasting hold given on the eternal truths. Only as a little child can the kingdom be entered, and that is as true of the kingdom of earth as of that one of which it was first said. Go closer into the records of these boys off the farms and you will find that it was from the country towns, rather than the farms, they came; that it was some country village that lit the dreams, fired the hopes and prepared for that flight to broader fields. And they go back laden with gifts, not to the farms, but to the country towns to which they feel they owe so much.

An able commission, appointed by Governor Hughes has been sitting in New York and taking testimony on the question of industrial accidents and the existing law as to employers' liability for injuries sustained by workmen. The hearing developed a remarkably strong, enlightened sentiment in favor of fairer and sounder accident compensation legislation. Even moderate lawyers agree that the old doctrines in regard to contributory negligence, fellow servants and the voluntary assumption of risks by employment-seeking persons, whether anything is said about risk or not, are irrational and unjust. The existing system practically places the whole burden of industrial accidents on labor. Even where employers are held liable, owing to their clear responsibility for the injury, the law's delays withhold compensation from the victims for many years—in some cases forever, for men are mortal. As a result of the injustice, self-respecting workmen become beggars, paupers, drunkards. The modern theory is that the cost of industrial accidents should be paid neither by employes nor by employers, but by industry. That is to say, each trade or industry should consider compensation for injuries—and at best they are unavoidable—as part of the "cost of production" and charge it on the consuming public. Of course, the employer pays in the first instance, as in England, where an act for "universal compensation" has been in effect for about a decade. But the employers insure themselves against this burden with accident companies, and small premiums amply protect them. In the United States such legislation may not be constitutional, but it is possible to modify the doctrines of the common law and get rid of much of the wrong and cruelty which they beget. The federal employers' liability law points the way, for it abolishes the fellow servant rule, the assumption of risk theory and other survivals. Contributory negligence is no bar to recovery of damages under it, though it may affect the amount of the damages awarded.

WOMAN EDITOR OF "EAST SIDE."

Zoe Anderson Norris Has Office in Top of Tenement in New York.

Do you know the East Side?

No. Not that great tangle of wretchedness east of 5th avenue and north of hades, as somebody said, but a little periodical called the East Side, because it is the epitome of all the humor, philosophy and misery of the people among whom its author lives and loves.

The editor of this magazine, Zoe Anderson Norris, whom I interviewed, says Viola Justin in the New York Mail, has her home and office at the tip-top of a tenement which looks out upon the "court of a hundred windows," as she calls it in her magazine.

It is an airy little flat. The windows were opened and the sunlight poured into the room and enveloped the little editress like a benediction.

"How did I start it? Oh, I took an East Side story to a magazine about a year ago and it got back before I did. This same magazine has since been writing frantically for my East Side stories. One periodical preferred to make an editorial out of one story—using my experience, but not offering me a cent for it! That started the magazine, and I published the story before the periodical could get ahead of me with the editorial."

Miss Norris insisted on showing me all the sights—the delft kitchen she has written so much about and the "court of a hundred windows."

"When I want to write a story all I have to do is to pull up the curtain—and there you are!" she said. "Does it seem sad?" she added, and the sunshiny eyes grew tender. "People ask me why I write about such sad things well, life is sad. I see such beautiful stories from my bedroom windows.

"It is the East Side women who have learned the lesson of husbands. They could tell the women of the West Side a thing or two if they could speak the language."

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND?

Story About Teutonic Waiter Recalls Japanese Butler Scare.

The "menace" with which Americans became familiar during the "threat" of a Japanese-American war and which generally took the form of Japanese butlers who were really spies is now getting in its same old deadly work in England. Over there the "threat" is of an Anglo-German war, so the "menace" naturally becomes a Teutonic waiter.

Under the heading "A Real Menace," a man writes to the Gentlewoman as follows:

"I must confess that without being in the least a scaremonger the presence of such crowds of foreigners in our midst does not tend to make one feel altogether comfortable. Most of all does the German waiter flourish in all the restaurants, whether smart or otherwise, all over this great London of ours, and in case of an invasion from oversea what part would these gentry play in the general commotion?

"By way of answer I will repeat a story that is now being told in the clubs on the best authority. A gentleman of English birth, but possessing in a marked degree the gift of tongues, entered a well known restaurant with the air of being a German. He was soon on easy terms with the Teuton, who, of course, attended to his creature comforts. Before leaving he requested a few minutes' private conversation with the kellner, who by that time had become expansive.

"'Have you,' quoth the linguist in most fluent German, 'your orders for when the great moment arrives?'

"'Oh, certainly!' replied the waiter. 'We all know exactly where to go and what to do.'"

Ever Faithful.

"He's always wanting to borrow money from me."

"A fair-weather friend merely."

"Oh, no; he has also borrowed several umbrellas."—Louisville Courier Journal.

There is one time, at least, when stinginess is admired; the stinginess of the girl on the program who refuses to respond to encores.

We suppose we have wretched taste; anyway, we don't care for Scotch dialect

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

VALUE OF SMALL ECONOMIES.

TO THE high cost of living nowadays is added the expense of shaves at barber shop, shines at the bootblack stand and cigars at the tobacco store. Formerly these were listed in the cost of high living, to which few men aspired. Perhaps the housewife is entitled to her part of the blame for to-day's high cost of living (not now regarded as high living), on account of her poor management of household expenses or bad cookery, but the husband who buys shaves, shines and cigars is hardly qualified to complain or pose as a model.

A man in New York, who for thirty years shaved his own face, shined his own shoes and eschewed cigars, tells the Sun, of that city, that in that time he saved $2,500 through these economies. With this money he, three years ago, purchased for his adult boy the business of the boy's deceased employer and the son has wholly repaid his father out of the business and is on the road to fortune. This is the way the father figures his thirty years' savings:

Shaving, three times weekly, at 15c, 45c; a year, $22.50; thirty years ....$ 675
Shoes, three times weekly at 5c, 15c; a year, $7.50; thirty years 225
Cigars, three a day (box price), 15c; a year, $52.50; thirty years 1,575

Gross saving $2,475

Therefore, when figuring the high cost of living, or the cost of high living, do not forget the shaves, the shines and the cigars. A great deal of money goes into these unnecessary luxuries, and they are not less wasteful than automobiles, which many thoughtless persons who buy shaves, shines and cigars foolishly imagine are the acme of extravagance. Also should be included the cost of shampoo, massage and tip at the barber shop. Many men are throwing away fortunes every day, without stopping to figure their waste. And yet they think they are skimping along without enough to live on constantly. A good many of them talk about extravagance of their wives, when they, poor things, are buying fewer luxuries than their lords and masters.—Portland Oregonian.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

IF THE American farmer went out of business this year he could clean up $30,000,000,000; he would have to sell his farm on credit, for there is not enough money in the world to pay him half his price. He earns enough in seventeen days to buy out Standard Oil and in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the Steel Trust off the industrial map. One American harvest would buy Belgium, king and all; two would buy Italy, three Austria-Hungary, and five would take Russia from the Czar.

With the setting of every sun the money box of the American farmer bulges with new millions. Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise, agricultural exports) have brought in enough of foreign money since 1892 to enable him, if he wished, to settle the railroad problem once for all by buying every foot of railroad in the United States.

Our new farmer, instead of being an ignorant hoeman in a barnyard world, gets the news by daily mail and telephone; and incidentally publishes 700 trade journals. Instead of being a moneyless peasant, he pays the interest on the mortgage with the earnings of a week. The railroads, trolley, automobile and top buggy have transformed him into a suburbanite. The business now swinging the whole nation ahead is not the traffic of the stock exchanges, but the steady output of $20,000,000 a day from the fields and barnyards.

The American farmer has always been just as intelligent and important as anyone else in the republic. He put fourteen of his sons in the White House, and did his full share of the working, fighting and thinking all the way down from George Washington to James Wilson. He got no rebates, franchise, subsidies. The free land that was given him was worthless until he took it; he has all along been more hindered than helped by meddling of public officials.

To-day farming is a race—an exciting rivalry between the different states. For years Illinois and Iowa have run neck and neck in raising corn and oats. Minnesota carries the blue ribbon for wheat, with Kansas in second place; California has shot to the front in barley; Texas and Louisiana are tied in rice, and New York holds the record for hay and potatoes.—American Review of Reviews.

THE CURSE OF NOVELTY.

OF ALL the fads that humanity adopts, perhaps none is more detrimental to modern life than the unreasoning passion for the new, simply because it is new, and not because it is one whit better in any respect than that which is discarded to make way for the novelty. This restlessness, without any basis of reason, without any sense of conviction, with no real feeling in the matter except a craving for something new and uncommon, is dangerous to the health of the individual and harmful to the community.

The fearsome freaks which fashion annually invents to cater to this spirit among women illustrate in a homely way the tendency of the times. But fashion is not alone in its craving for the unknown. Art, literature, music, the play, law, business, every phase of life is affected. Religion, morals and even the home do not escape. Everything seems to be in a constant state of transition. Everywhere and at all times turmoil and unrest exist. Comfort, quiet, friends, the joy that comes of familiar friends, old books, surroundings that give one the comfortable sensation of acquaintanceship, all these are lacking.

The American nation is losing its sense of location, its feeling of the permanence of conditions, the sense of home, which exists in the brain of the carrier pigeon and the family cat. Those who hope to enjoy life to the full should have a care lest they mistake unrest for progress, and the temporary and superficial things of life for those that are abiding and real.—Chicago Journal.

MARK TWAIN'S WATERMELON.

Story of One of the Humorist's "Monkeyshines" in Hannibal.

"Going to Bermuda, is he? Well, I can tell him a plan that'll beat that. Let him come over here and climb up and down the old hills, chop holes to fish in Bear Creek and smoke some Old Fisherman cigars and he'll forget he ain't feeling peart."

Thus spoke Joe Tisdale Sunday morning when told that his old friend and playmate Sam Clemens had gone to the southern islands for the benefit of his health, a Hannibal (Mo.) correspondent of the New York Sun says. Mr. Tisdale had been out walking since 7, without gloves, enjoying the keen wintry air, he said. It was then 11, and everybody but Mr. Tisdale seemed to be wearing a heavy outer coat and thick gloves.

He is a small man, a trifle bent, but active and vigorous as a school boy. There is only a few years' difference between his age and Mr. Clemens'.

"Are you the man who used to make those long three for a nickel stogies for Sam?" Mr. Tisdale was asked.

"I made cigars, sir, not stogies," replied the old gentleman with some indignation. "Began down there where Tom Foster kept drug store alongside the printing office. That was long before the war—the big war, you know. I guess it was in 1852. Sam came in there now and then and bought smokes; used to say they were the best he could get. He was a bit particular about what he smoked, even when a youngster."

"What did the people think of Sam in those days?"

"They thought he was a darn fool."

The response was made with such promptness that no one could doubt the old cigarmaker's sincerity.

"He was a joke, Sam was. I remember one time he got a big watermelon, the Lord knows how, but anyway he took it upstairs and laid it on his stool near the window. I was coming around the corner and as I looked up I noticed Sam spying up and down the street.

Presently John Meredith comes along and when he was directly under the window Sam drops that big melon right square on John's head. Gee, but it smashed him. I think John's first idea was that some building had fallen.

"John saw me grinning and came in my direction like he was going to take it out of me, but when he looked around the street and saw everybody was laughing I guess he thought it too big a job to lick us all. Of course Sam wasn't nowhere in sight, but John found who did it and he never spoke to Sam from that day till they met years after at Pike's Peak.

"In talking about it Sam said he studied a long while which would be the most fun, to eat the melon or drop it on somebody's head, and he flipped a nickel to find out which he ought to do. The head won.

"About twenty years after Sam had left us he came back. I met him and told him when he wanted an old-time smoke to come around to my shop. I got up a box of the Old Fisherman, and when he and John Garth came in I made Sam a present of the box.

"There were forty-six big cigars in it. John Garth told me before he and Sam went to bed that night they smoked the entire contents of the box except two, which they saved for morning. I don't guess there are many fellows who could smoke like Sam.

"That's the way he did about everything he went at. It was no trouble if there was fun at the end of it. We never supposed he was training for a funny writer, though. If he'd have stayed in Hannibal and wrote all them pieces that's made him a great man the people wouldn't have paid any attention to him. They'd just say, 'Oh, that's some more of Sam's fool nonsense,' and let it go at that. He sure showed good sense by getting out of Hannibal if he wanted to turn his monkey-shines into dollars."

POLICE PROTECTION IN CITIES.

Atlantic City, Washington and St. Louis Have Greatest Amount.

Interesting facts concerning the police in the 158 largest cities in the United States, each having a population of over 30,000 in 1907, are comprehensively assembled in the United States Census Bureau's special annual report on the statistics of American cities for that year.

The police protection afforded the inhabitants of different cities is indicated by showing the number of police per 10,000 inhabitants, per 1,000 acres of land area, and per 100 miles of improved streets.

It is stated that the number of police to each unit increases with the size of the city. In cities of over 300,000 population the number of police per 10,000 inhabitants was 19.4, as compared with only 10.5 in cities of from 30,000 to 50,000 population. The cities with the greatest protection, according to this unit of measure, were Atlantic City (25.1), Washington (23.4), St. Louis (23.2) and New York (21.5).

The compensation of patrolmen was much larger in the cities of over 300,000 population than in the smaller cities. The average annual pay of patrolmen in cities of over 300,000 population was highest in San Francisco ($1,464) and New York ($1,228), and lowest in New Orleans ($780) and Buffalo ($900); in cities of from 100,000 to 300,000 population it was highest in Portland, Ore. ($1,200), and Newark ($1,176), and lowest in Grand Rapids, Mich. ($796), and St. Paul ($858); in cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 population it was highest in Oakland, Cal. ($1,200), and Houston, Tex. ($1,161), and lowest in Kansas City, Kan. ($780); in cities of from 30,000 to 50,000 population it was highest in Butte and Sacramento ($1,200), and lowest in Kalamazoo ($699) and Oshkosh ($709).

COLDEST CITY ON EARTH.

How People Live in Winter in Farthest Siberia.

The coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than 3 degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of 85 below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude 67 degrees, on the great arctic plain, scarcely more than 150 feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian government purposes to have an administrative center for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-trading "Jews of Siberia," carry on their operations.

All its inhabitants, save a few officials and other Russians, are Yakuts. This does not prevent its being a place of some importance, for the Yakuts are the most progressive people in northern Siberia, excelling the Russians themselves in enterprise and adaptability to Siberian conditions of existence.

The average temperature of the winter in Veryhoyansk is 53 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The rivers freeze to the bottom and the small trees have been known to snap and split from the force of the frost.

Yet, with all this, Verkhoyansk is, it is claimed, not a disagreeable place of residence, and is preferred by the Russian officials to many more southern and warmer posts. Its atmosphere in winter is always clear, and for the little time that the sun is above the horizon its beams are unobstructed. The air is still, too; no blizzards or drifting snowstorms make life a burden to the inhabitants.

The Siberian dress completes the comfort of the citizens of this arctic city. It consists of two suits of fur, an outer and an inner suit. The inner suit is worn fur side inward, the other fur side outward. With his hood down, and just enough space left to see out of and to breathe through the Verkhoyansker is vastly more comfortable in a temperature of 80 below than many an American, in his cloth overcoat, in a temperature of 5 above zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoyable than the summer, which is hotter than might be expected. The average temperature of July in Verkhoyansk is 59 above zero, and very hot days are not uncommon. The earth becomes green and vegetation thrives, though only the surface of the ground is thawed. At Yakutsk, which is farther south than Verkhoyansk, but not much warmer in winter, the mercury rises in July to 100 degrees.—Harper's Weekly.

INDIANS TO KILL WOLVES.

How Colorado Cattle Men Expect to Put an End to the Past.

Tough times for timber wolves are looming up in the future. The latest scheme for ridding the White River cattle country of these four-legged marauders is to let the Indian do it. And this appears to be the best notion yet.

When it comes to trapping or shooting wolves and locating their dens an Indian knows what a white man would never find out, the Denver Republican says, so now the plan is to invite the Utes up from the reservation in the southern part of the State and their cousins from over in Utah and turn them loose to start the wolf massacre in Rio Blanco and Garfield Counties.

The idea originated with Charles T. Limburg of Leadville, a prominent cattleman and banker. He has taken up the matter with the office of the State game and fish commissioners, where the possibilities of his suggestions were recognized at once. Various schemes have been devised for getting rid of the big gray wolves which slaughter so many yearling steers in the White River country every summer and so many deer in the winter.

The wolves of the White River timber country are exceptionally large and fierce. A head of one of them shows them to have heavy, capacious jaws and long, keen teeth which look as if they could snap a dog's backbone in with a single crunch. It looks as if it were up to the Indians, and it is believed that they will enjoy the outing with great pleasure, particularly since it means getting all the food they want while they are away from home, with the chance of bounty money thrown in.

"People think I'm smart because I never say much," said a man to-day.

Old Favorites

Do They Miss Me at Home?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
"Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "I wish he was here;"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam.
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That is ever sacred to song,
Does someone repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's miss'd when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm, azure sky?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent and waft me
A whisper'd "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

THE EARTH AS A MOON.

Our World as It Appears to Venus and Our Own Moon.

If we could be transported to the planet Venus a peculiar set of views could be obtained of our earth which would enable us to see ourselves, to some extent, at least, as others see us. Venus is about the same size as the earth, is somewhat closer to the sun and has more atmosphere than the earth. When the earth and Venus are nearest together they are, of course, on the same side of the sun, and in consequence of this the earth does not see more than a very small part of the Venus illuminated, but Venus, on the other hand, sees all of one side of the earth illuminated, and consequently is able to claim she has something that takes the place of a moon anyhow, for the earth to Venus at this time looks very large and bright, almost as much so as our moon does to us.

If we could see all the illuminated surface of Venus on these occasions we should have quite a distinct second moon. When we do see all of her illuminated surface she is on the opposite side of the sun from us and consequently at an enormous distance, yet she is so brilliant as to keep us from seeing her surface distinctly.

But to our own moon we appear in the best light as a moon. A full earth as seen from the moon, according to Prof. Todd and other astronomers, is a very inspiring sight on the moon's surface. It can at once be seen why this is necessarily true. The earth is several times larger than the moon and would appear in the heavens as a disk about fourteen times the size of the moon. It would shine with probably a variable light, due to the shifting clouds on the earth, though the light, of course, is reflected from the sun, and the reflecting is done in part by the upper surface of the clouds.

The outlines of the continents of the earth appear very clearly to the moon as if they were formed of papier mache on a globe. Cities of comparatively large size could be made out with ease in case people were there to make them out. The intensity of the reflected earth light would be as much as fourteen moons and would enable the Selenites, if such they are, to read or work in comparative daylight.—St. Louis Republic.

POSTOFFICE MASCOT DOG.

Had Headquarters at Albany, but Now Poses in Washington.

Inclosed in a large glass case in the gallery of the dead-letter department of the Washington postoffice is the stuffed body of an unattractive mongrel dog, whose history can but interest every one, especially those who appreciate the wisdom and fidelity of these almost human animals.

"Owney," the railway postal clerks' mascot," is the name by which this dog was known during its very eventful career, proofs of which may be seen in the hundreds of tags and medals that are attached to the collar and harness which almost cover the body and the space around him.

During the winter of 1886, this dog, a half-breed fox terrier, blind in one eye, cold, starving, made his way into the postoffice at Albany, N. Y. The clerks took pity on his forlorn condition and arranged to feed and house him. He became devotedly attached to his uniformed friends, and one day followed a mail wagon to the station, where he boarded a mail car, in which his presence was unnoticed until after the train started. Eventually he returned on another train to Albany.

Having once learned the trick, he made frequent trips to different points, turning up again in course of time at the home office. His travels became so extensive that the Albany clerks provided him with a fine collar bearing the inscription, "Owney, Albany P. O., N. Y." At the next postoffice he visited the clerks attached to his collar a metal tag bearing the name of that office.

This attracted the attention of all the clerks whom Owney visited, and tags of all kinds, metal, paper, leather and cloth, bearing the names of places he visited, were added. On his periodical returns to Albany these were detached and preserved. Owney continued to travel from one place to another for eleven years, always using the mail cars, looking upon every man who wore the postal uniform as his friend. At times he was assisted in his selection of a route by the clerks, who from one end of the country to the other knew him and always gave him a hearty welcome and a tag to prove where he had been. From New York to California, north and south, he gathered these tokens of interest, and many are the curious kinds. From the western mining regions are chunks of silver rudely molded and inscribed, and there are original devices in leather and the bark of trees and scraps of cloth.

During this time he also followed the mail pouches on board ocean-going steamers and visited many points in Canada, Europe and Asia, as well as other parts of the world. The Mikado of Japan presented him with a silver medal having the Japanese national coat of arms. This medal occupies a conspicuous place in Owney's glass case.

Owney met a sad and untimely fate at Toledo, Ohio, in 1897. He had been chained to a post in the basement of the postoffice to await the arrival of a photographer who was to take his picture. He became impatient at this unusual restraint, which he could not understand, and made noisy and desperate efforts to release himself, and when a clerk tried forcible means to quiet him he showed the first sign of temper he was ever known to display, and sprung at him and hit his hand. The clerk spread the report that the dog had gone mad. Thereupon the postmaster summoned a policeman, who ended with a bullet the career of this most remarkable animal. The news at once reached Owney's home office in Albany, where it caused much grief, and a demand was made for the lifeless body in order to have it preserved.

THE TWINS' SAMPLER.

It Was Begun by a Girl and Finished by Her Brother.

There is often comedy and pathos, as well as family or historic interest, attaching to the quaint samplers of old-time children, cherished now with so much pride and care by their descendants. The impossible roses, the birds as big as cows, the cows that may be dogs, the dogs that perhaps were meant for horses, all intermingled with numerals, the alphabet, family facts, meaningless flourishes, a text or a moral verse—there is no other needlework quite so fascinating to a retrospective and imaginative eye.

A sampler which a lady much interested in antiques recently reported discovering in a remote farmhouse is perhaps unique; for it is the work not of one child, but two, and one of the two a boy. It is not especially interesting in design, although carefully executed, but it has a story.

It was begun by little Mary Holme, aged 11, who brought it, indeed, near to completion. There were but a few lines more to fill, and on the first of these she had already wrought the "Mary," which was to be followed by her surname, and date of birth.

She was seated before the blazing hearth, busily stitching, when a spark flew out and ignited her dress. There was on one else in the house but her twin brother, Stephen, who sprang to her rescue. But the poor child, frantic with terror, struggled with him as he strove to beat out the flames, so that both fell and rolled together into the hot embers. Mary died that night. Stephen was so cruelly burned—he was barefooted—that he was for two years a crippled invalid, and limped for life.

During the boy's long and slow recovery his elder sisters, to keep him occupied, taught him to knit and sew. Tradition declares that he knitted a pair of stockings for every member of the family, and made a patchwork quilt for his own bed; but the only specimen of his work preserved is the sampler, which he completed. Its last lines, in faded blue and brown, are still easily read:

"Mary and Stephen Holme, born Aug. 9, 1768. Mary died Oct. 2, 1779, and Stephen finished this. In Memoriam."—Youth's Companion.

Dignifying Her Guests.

One suspects the "first lady of the State" who figures in the little story below of a rebuke tempered with humor. While Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, was discharging the functions of an executive he was waited upon one day, in an official capacity, by several gentlemen from Albany, New York. The visitors were of the well-to-do class, and were accompanied by their wives.

At noon the hostess summoned the workmen from the fields and seated them at table with her fashionable visitors. When the ladies had retired from the dining-room to an apartment by themselves, one of them said to her hostess:

"You do not usually have your hired laborers sit down at the first table, do you?"

"Why, yes, madam," Mrs. Chittenden replied, simply, "we have thus far done so, but are now thinking of making a different arrangement. The Governor and myself ha[illegible] been talking the matter over a li[illegible]e lately, and have come to the conc[illegible]on that the men, who do [illegible] hard work, ought to have [illegible]e, and that he and I, who do [illegible], should be content with the second. But in compliment to you," the lady concluded, "I thought I would have you sit down with them to-day, at the first table."

The Food Topic.

The lady from Boston looked bored The hostess noticed the fact with some anxiety.

"My dear Mrs. Fannel," she said, "I want the Honorable Mr. Bobstay to meet you. He's such a gifted conversationalist."

The lady from Boston failed to look interested.

"I have met seven gifted conversationalists this evening," she said, "and their only topic was the financial altitude of the edible animal tissues."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tender Spot.

"I acknowledge, your honor," said the prisoner, "that I punched this man in a moment of indignation."

"I wouldn't have minded the moment of indignation so much," put in the complainant, "had he not also punched me in the face."—Baltimore American.

Do men who have cork legs go to bed with them on?