THE TRIBUNE.

NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA

WE suppose that green goods sharps will continue to ply their trade as long as they can find people who are green enough to buy their goods.

A SAN FRANCISCO attorney has thrashed a witness who had insulted him. If the rule can be made to work both ways there can be no objection to its adoption.

CAPTAIN HOWGATE'S success in living six years in New York undetected is another reminder that hunted men are often best able to conceal themselves in a crowd.

According to late reports Li Hung Chang has lost all of his feathers, his under-jackets, yellow and otherwise. and his job at the same time. It's a hard year on incumbents.

The shipment of a large consignment of corn from Alabama to Chicago is something of a novelty in the movement of grain, but it isn't sending coals to Newcastle this year.

RESIDENTS of Vienna made a demand for universal suffrage, and so far seventy of them have gone to jail. while a free and enlightened govern ment has hopes of eatching the rest.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons paper orize fight goes merrily on with not the slightest sign of a knock-out on either side. If the two pugilists use their fists with as much facility as they do their pens the mill between them, if it should ever come off, would have to be a pugilistic continued story.

LICENSE is always to be concelled to a poet who engages in the work of describing a beautiful painting, but the writer who says: "Her chestnut hair is neatly braided down her back." has not improved upon the more familiar line of the vaudeville song: "And her golden hair was hanging down her back."

OVER 600 men entered the freshman class at Yale: the real class, not the specials. This is equal in number to the entire lot of students in the college, say twenty years ago. It is extremely unlikely that the old-fashioned class feeling, which has always

THE YOUNG. Suggestion and Rules for the Boy Who Would Like to be an Archer-A Wonderful Fowl-A Brave Girl-The Dog and the Doctor.

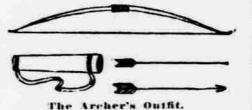
USEFUL INFORMATION FOR THE

polish it with oil, or, better still, with For bringing into play all the musa mixture of oil and wax. A good bow cles of the body there is scarcely any requires even more attention than a outdoor sport equal to archery. Then, rifle. It will do better service if kept too, there, is a fascination about it which wrapped in oil-skin or green baize. few persons, after having once learned The object is to prevent all moisture to shoot accurately with the bow and arrow, can resist. If blunt arrows are wood. used there is little or no danger of personal injury, while for hunting if the

bow is used with pointed shafts, it is, at close range, fully as effective and almost as accurate as the rifle. Bows are of various "weights." By

this is meant the number of pounds in strength required to bend one-not the weight of the bow literally. A thirty-pound bow is about right for : boy of ten or twelve. Girls should use one somewhat lighter. A lad of sixteen or eighteen will find a fifty-pound

bow quite heavy enough. There are higher weights, running up to eighty and one hundred pounds. These are powerful weapons sufficient



to bring down a deer, a bear, or other large game, and entirely too heavy for target use. The old English rule that a bow's length should equal the height of the person using it is a good one to follow

Arrows vary in length to suit the bow. from sixteen inches to three feet. The point or head is called the "pile;" the shaft is termed the "stede;" the notch at the feathered end the "nock."

Not only the bow, but arrows, quiver and entire outfit may be made at home. For the bow choose a straight, well-seasoned springy piece of wood free from knots.

It is not necessary to use any one particular kind. Mulberry, hickory and red oak are all suitable, and good bows sandslide I ever want to come acrost. have been made from hazel, white maple, and even poplar. The writer once Took us a good hour and a half to shovel it off down the hillside."

got an excellent one out of the broken tongue of a mowing machine, which was of tough white ash; another from an old sleigh shaft, which was either oak or hickory, so old and brown it was hard to determine which.

Trim down the stick selected, making the back of the bow flat and the

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. puch firmly with the left hand until THE CAFE OF DEATH. finger. Look straight and hard at the center of the target, but do not try to THE "DRINKING SHOP OF NOTHsight along the arrow. Direct it entire-

INGNESS." ly by the sense of feeling. Let go. The first few shots will probably fly wild, but very little practice ic neces-A Grewsome Development of Fin sary to learn to shoot, and shoot well. de Siecle Effort, Where Coffins Do When through shooting, even for an Duty as Tables and Walters Are hour, unstring the bow. Allow it to Dressed to Resemble Indertakers' rest. Never put it away strung. Men at a Funeral. After each day's shooting rub and

On the tough, artistic Boulevard de In the Chamber of Transfiguration. Clichy, a few blocks north of the great benlevard and half way up the Montmartre Hill-the quarter of the Mou- into a black, vaulted passage. Here entering the grain and fibre of the lin Rouge and the Rat Mort, of journal- women often have attacks of nerves; ists and artists and models-is located

the Cafe de la Mort, says a writer in "It was just a year ago," said the the New York Sun. The front is paint- the far-off perspective underneath the old engineer to the reporter of a West- ed black. A boy in mournig stands arches and between the pillows, vague ern paper, "that I was running my upon the sid-walk to distribute invita- glimpses of gray skeletons engaged in

commodation train on the Knoxville tice cards: & Jellico, down in North Carolina. Ever been there? Guess ye don't know, corrupted and rotted by passion and is a voice: "What do you seek, my then, how the tracks snake round the vices of all kinds! Wretches, tremble! Carolina mountains. Too steep to ran And if there be still time. Come to die." There is a ratiling of chains, straight down, ye see-land ye in day Me, and perhaps my spectacle, by its and you are in the Chamber of Transafter to-morrow-so ye have to crawl Reality, may make you better and down from the Swannannoa divide, open to you the only horizon, the sole in an' out, half a dozen loops on one | end of all things here below - and that hillside. And ye dassent run any too is Nothingness. I wait for you. -Death.

fast, neither, 'count o' the Sand slide The door is hidden by black hangthat's may be waitin' fur ye just round ings sown with silver tears. You push the hangings by and step into the spa-"Well, it was a nasty kind o' day,

and not the sweetest temper, you can tables. It is the Cafe of Death, the bet. Towards evening I was whizzin' lafest thing in Paris of the fin de siecle her along, thinkin' about Round Knob order. Thursday nights are reserved and a hot cup of coffee, when, some for the grand monde, each glass of beer long vista, brightly lighted, is seen an ways ahead, I spied a sheep in the cut. | is 2 frames and you may kiss the under-There she lay, right across the track, taker free. On ordinary nights the ask a Maccabee de bonne volonte to with two lambs snuggled und r her. bock is 13 sous. There are well-to-do sacrifice himself for the others. I whistled, but she never budged. Well, and worthy people living in the quar-I was in a hurry, and I wouldn' 'a' ter, but, nevertheless, the atmosphere grave-digger, "is lost in the dim shades mit ded the old sheep so much, but is that of touchness. The Boulevard them little white lambs som how put de Clichy is both wide and shaded.

50-

for the morgue, where bodies are "hung of the dirty shum-life, which they served up." because it is in the Mout-da Piete up in pictures on their "Re, in songs. or pawn shop of dead bodies, where in verses, and in recitations. The pubthey are put on deposit, just as we say, lie taste will soon revolt against the "I have hung up my watch." So here Cafe de la Mort; and when it disapin the Cafe of Death, after five min- pears the others will have disappeared utes' sitting in the twilight by the before. coffins, you will hear a voice call from

the black hall in the corner: "Come, now, you consumptives and tuberculous morgue slabs, unredeemed tickets, descend from your hooks, heap yourselves up in the charnel-house, the one great equalizer."

With your beer you have received a ticket for the other world. The crowd moves onward underneath an archway for as the alley widens into what looks like a burial cellar underneath a church, there strike upon the vision scenes in conversation or the dance. The pass-

age narrows and there is the door. Ho, Clods of Dust! blinded by pride. You knock. A bell strikes three. There brother?" You respond: "I wish to tiguration. The attendants are clothed in monks'

robes, with hoods. You take your seat. The master stands before a curtain, saving:

"Kings, pork butchers, journalists, artists, cures, ministers, deputies and day laborers, all you who, having aranyhow. Sleetin' and blowin', and the cious darkened room, where a few rived at the age of reason, continue on clouds hung down in front of me like candies give an impressive twilight. A your crazy courses, your more or less curtains. I lost time, too, at Asheville, great voice calls: "Soyezle bienvenu a chimerical ambitions, who live on like waitin' fur a pesky freight to get out ha Mort Maccabee!" A dozen coffins animals, who know nothing, forgetting o' the way; so I was in a tearin' hurry on supports replace the ordinary cafe too often that the Tarpeian rock is near the capitol (3, look in the box of dominoes and reflect!"

The curtain is drawn aside. Down a open coffin standing on one end. They

"The origin of death." coatinues the of the most remote antiquity. In every age man has kicked the bucket idevise son billiard, tot ou tard), sooner or me in mind of my baby, the cutest chap | The promenade at night is thronged later, at the age of 969 years, like Meye ever see, and it went across the grain with girls and bullies. Tramps sleep thuselah, or immediately on arriving under the nightcap of the heavens. It follows then that we should contime this sweet habit, if only for the annoying of deputy sheriffs, lacdlords and other parasites who constitute the

desnair of a good half of humanity!" One of the spectators steps out, half ashamed, half smiling, half repugnant, two-thirds curious, and three-fourths anxious to shine in the eyes of the community. He is led off, to reappear beside the coffin in the distance. A parlor organ strikes up a distressing hymn tune as they make the man stand in the coffin. Undoubtedly it is the same man, smiling in a sickly fashion to his friends down in the audience. The

A Nerve-Trying Spectacle.

timid, so pathetic, so pitiful, so pitiable,

yes, and so lovable-because the white

light paled and purified her miserable

little face-the girl is gone. All that

is left is that dread thing of bones.

The voice of the grave-digger speaks of

"We shall not fear it if we look it

There is an awful silence. The spec-

The Cafe de la Mort is not a tais-

tators rise up, one by one, and step

sichary coterprise. They only charge

you for the beer. They take up no col-

lection. Yet the parlor organ, with its

sound to those of us who had our early

days in country villages in far away

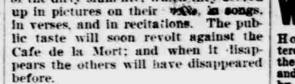
America. After the insul ing language

death in a dogmatic tone:

out, stumbling to the street.

in the face."

bones



SAILS HER OWN YACHT.

Mrs. Schenley. an Englishwoman, Who Is Clever at the Tiller. Yachting is a common pastime among Englishwomen, few among whom, however, have become so expert in the delightful sport as Mrs. G. A. Schenlev, who is generally regarded as the cleverest woman at the tiller in all Great Britain. Her father, for many years an ardent vachtsman, taught her the rudiments of boat sailing and found his pupil so apt that ere long he was

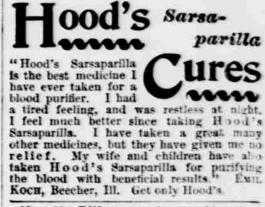
unable to tell her anything she did not already know. Since 1889, when she first entered for a race as skipper, she has owned several smart yachts, all of which she sailed herself, blow high, blow low. At present her favorite craft is the Flat Fish, a five-rater, said to have been designed in a night and built in an incredibly short space of



won every race in which she has been entered. To sail a boat in all sorts of weather requires courage, and nerve, no less than ability and skill. Moreover, it needs a strong constitution. There are many thorough soakings to be endured, not to mention an occasional copsize and an English summer is not of that temperature which makes an involuntary bath a pleasure. And, however good a swimmer a man or woman may be, an immersion is not without serious peril when incased in oilskins or entangled in rigging or sail.



Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system, by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Be sure to get only Hood's.

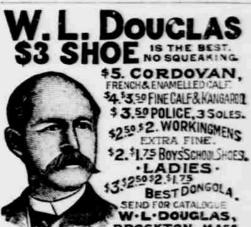


Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, 25c.



Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Boune, N. Y. All drozenists



to run 'em down. Had to slow up, anvhow; it was right at a bend, and I yelled to my fireman to shove 'em off the track. Well, ye never see a whiter face than that man came running back with. 'Stop her, Jim'. Stop her short?' he hollered. And if you'll believe it, just around that bend was the biggest

the next bend.

The Engineer's Story

been a great feature at Yale, can be preserved now that the classes are so arge.

Now that the changes have been oretty well wrung on the old fad of for the string. Around the middle glue cancer-producing tomatoes, the other a hand-piece of felt or velvet. extreme is being resorted to by the adoption of all sorts of commonplace vegetables as antidotes. Red clover is being put forth as a sure cancer cure. In many parts of the country any abnormal swelling is at once looked upon as a tumor of the malignant type, and red clover eating at once urged.

THE estate of the late John Steinberger has long been distributed in whittled round and left rather large. the belief that no will existed. Now a will has been filed bequeathing the property to others than the ones holding it. The circumstance must be in-teresting to lawyers, but if the two sets of claimants are of an economical turn they will relinquish every right and be happy to learn that the estate will cover the certain legal and possible judicial fee.

PATRIOTISM in Japan animates all ranks of the people, the mendicant, priests and nuns contribute their mites to the war fund, while the empress and the ladies of the nobility give their jewels and prepare with their own hands lint and other assuagements for the wounded. This patriotic spirit invites the admiration of all the world except China, and may not be without appreciation even in that torpid and insensible land, which has the best of reason for being interested in it.

THE pugilistic controversy has reached the fareical stage. Fitzsimmons complains that Corbett, as champion of the world, must accept a challenge from him: yet declares that if he. Fitzsimmons, gains the championship he will refuse to fight Peter Jackson on account of color, though Jackson is perhaps the one man who can defeat him. As long as Fitzsimmons maintains this attitude toward Jackson so long will Corbett have a loophole of escape in popular opinion.

CO-OPERATIVE business and manafacturing enterprises have a record of many failures in this country, but in England they appear to have been more uniformly successful. In twenty years ending with 1831 the number of co-operative societies in Great Britain increased from 746 to 1656, their capital from \$12,607,000 to \$56,111,170, the annual sales from \$17,318,000 to \$244,608,485, and the annual profit from \$3,331,000 to \$23,571,490. What English men of business can do Americans should be able to repeat under like conditions and with equally satisfactory results.

SIXTY dwelling houses in Blaski, Russian Poland, where cholera is raging, have been destroyed by fire, together with many inmates. That was a cruel and costly method of wiping out the plague but it was probably a effective within the burned district.

inside round, taking care of the wood. The ends should taper a little. Test the bow occasionally, until it bends with sufficient ease. The tips should be made flat on both sides, with a notch

The string must be about six inches shorter than the bow. Strong thread, like that used by shoemakers,doubled and twisted several times, makes a very good bow-string. Make a loop in the ends, fastening them with a "figure 8," or similar knot which will not slip. The bow, however, should never be strung except when in use.

An Indian bow is made broad and flat instead of rounded, except where the hand rests. This portion must be The bow should be about two inches wide above and below the hand-space. and narrow gradually towards the ends. The back may be ornamented with red, black and yellow paint, with the heads of brass tacks or with any other appropriate decoration.

The most difficult thing in making arrows is to get them perfectly straight. Rolling them over a flat surface will generally show any imperfection in this respect. After whittling them to the desired thickness, scrape and sand paper well, finishing off with emery paper until smooth. Lead points may be moulded on after first cutting a notch around the end of the shaft. A better plan, however, is to use an empty cartridge shell weighted with af ew drops of lead. For sharp points use a nail. After driving it into place, file off the head. This gives weight enough without adding lead. To make an arrow fly straight it must be flattened. Select the largest quills obtainable and carefully pare off the feathered portion. At equal distances around the shaft glue the strips of feathers and trim off until even. Hair cloth or stiff paper may be used if feathers are not to be had.

A quiver or case for holding the arrows, may be made of a cylinder. An equally good, though less handsome,



quiver may be made from a piece of tin pipe two feet in length and closed at one end with a piece of wood. The shoulder strap may be attached by cutting holes in the tin, or the case may be covered with cloth and the strap sewn to this.

If purchased in the store goods, well finished bows of second-growth ash. By murdering historians whose and other American woods cost from works do not flatter the present con- \$1 to \$3. Bows of lancewood, snakewood, yew and other foreign growths cost from \$2 to \$8. Target arrows range in price according to length from \$1.50 to \$5 a dozen. Hunting arrows with barbed heads are still higher. while birding arrows, with pewter points, are somewhat less expensive. Bow strings cost from 20 to 50 cents, There is but one way to shoot well, and it is best to adopt that at the outset.



Said Reginald Fitz-Green, "I have never, never seen A chicken so astonishingly tail!"

A Wonderful Fowl.



But when he'd gone around To the other side, he found That it wasn't so peculiar after all!

Politeness Won the Day.

A gentleman from the West told a good story the other day of a meeting between his dog and an organ-grinder's monkey that will bear repeating: "One day an Italian organ-grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey. wandered into our town, and the man stopped before my house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the masic the moakey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting. and jumping the fence, came up into my yard. He was at once spied by a foxterrier of mine, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house, and would not leave it until satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. The Jumping Merrythought.

Here is an interesting suggestion. When the turkey has b en duly served and nothing is left but a pile of bones. pick out the "merrythought," the bone which is shaped like the one shown in the illustration.



Organ of the Cafe de la Mort. on the benches. Workingmen in blouses saunter in the evening, smoking pipes. And through the mingled throng of Paris scum and experts in the art and rich folks up to see the sights, the houest and religious lower-middle class wives, mothers and daughters of the quarter stroll to take the air, unconcerned by all the noise and disorder. Innumerable cafes and drinking shops make the scene bright. The Moulin Rouge's blood-red win Imill arms go round and round like a set piece of Aretonia, and there are vagrant stralus of music from the concerts. One of these concerts is the Concert Lisbonne, formerly the so-called Cafe des Conclerges. Its proprietor, a bad old communist, has just obtained some 30,000 francs from Max Lebaudy, the youthful spendthrift millionaice, with which to fit his venture up anew. The Mirliton of Aristide Bruant, the poet of the slums, is just below. The Carillon, around the corner, tries to give oldfashioned songs and recitations of a more decent character than has been the vogue for some years past. The Chat Noir has just failed. The Dead Rat, just across the avenue, is-well, a very special restaurant. It is mough to say that the cafe of death is by all odds the most decent establishment along the line.

Toned Down by the Police. The name of this establishment is not

really the Cafe de la Mort, although all Paris calls it so. When first opened it was under that name that they gave hypen tunes, has a strangely familier vop beer to drink from imitation skulls.

But the police paid them a visit, ordered that drink should be served in plrin glasses, and suppressed the name of the waiters and the showman, as of death. So now its title is, officially, the Cab. ret (or drinking shop) du Neant. Neant is French for nothingness. You sit beside your coffin in the big. black room, and you see sitting here ences or breathed in prayer on Sunday and there in philosophic attitudes big mornings or on Wedu's Liv evenings in skeletens that yawn and snap their the old stone church or in the wooden jaws at intervals. Death scenes and chapel. We were reformed that all midnight orgies decorate the walls. Above the door of the black Chataber that we were wounds and putrefying of Transfiguration are the words: sores, "Mors ultima ratio." Lastly, to provide for all things, there is the suggestive how he visited the place in the comsign: The lady clients are desired to pany of a young friend of hirty years scream teat doucement," that is, very gently, very softly. You sit beside your ruddy, laughing face, a young man, coffin and demand a glass of beer, strong, alert and resolute, who, under

un verre de biere. "One coffin maggot, por un desespere de la vie." the croque-mort waiter calls monotonously to the beer boy, "on telle autre maladie qu'il yous plaira.'

It is a pun on verire) de biere-verre, glass; ver. worm, and biere, beer or bier. Un asticot de cercueil." Asticot is fishers' slang for bait. The saucer on which the glass is handed you is marked "Microbes."

The waiters are costumed as undertakers' men in black coats of an an icat cut, tall oilcloth hats and with black bands of crepe tied round their a ms. Such men in real life have the n Are of croque-morts ("bite-dead") from LY Stretch across the bone a double arcient duty which they had of biting string, and twist the string around a lid was nailed down to make sure

Mrs. Schenley is equally at home with transformation in him that will soon the rifle as with the tiller. In the wintake place is brought about by magic ter she has the opportunity of exhibitlantern effects, as in dissolving views. ing her proficiency in that line. In Al-The man stands in the coffia, and they bania Mrs. Schenley has stopped many tuck a sheet around him, leaving only deer and several wild boar, and in Holhis face uncovered. The attendant dishand she has made good shooting with appears. The man looks at you from punt and cannon among the wild fowl. his coffin: as he looks at you his face grows whiter. Often enough the sub-

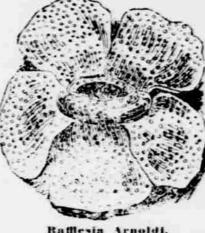
THE LARGEST FLOWER ject is an adventurous girl. The horrid parlor organ goes on with its horrid

It Is Thirty-Nine Inches in Diameter hymn. Green lights begin to play. There is a smell of ph noi and old and the Cup Holds Six Quarts. The wonderful flower in the cut is

that of the Rafflesia Arnoldi, a plant Sometimes a girl or woman in the discovered by Dr. Arnold in the Island audience has a crises de nerfs at this

of Samatra some eighty years ago. point and is led off sobbing, but the The various species now known are spectators for the most part sit still, staring blankly at the white face in the all parasitic, not, however, to the coffin. The face takes on a greenish branches of other plants, but to the yellow tint, it softens, seems to decomroots. Entirely destitute of leaves and pose, then hardens, as the eyes grow green in color, these singular vegetabig and black. The body, covered by bles are provided with scales or bracts, the sheet, begins to shine through dimly, a vellow mass that loses flesh, which conceal and envelop the flower that shows it bones. The sheet is disprevious to the opening.

appearing. The light grows more in-A swelling beneath the bark of some tense. The coffin holds a rigid, bory huge, surface, appearing root of a large skeleton and nothing more. The man tree announces the coming of a flower. who had stepped up so jauntily from Soon the bark splits, and a bud, reout the audience to get into the coffin sembling the head of a young cabbage, -he is gone. The girl who looked so



bursts, showing five great lobes, which open and roll back slightly on the

edges they call us "morgue-slabs," "Seine-rot," Then a circular ring appears, sur-"phthisiques," and "tubere deux" bring rounding a deep cup, in the center of a faint remembrance of not altogether which is the ovary. Below the edges di-similar expressions hurled at audiis a kind of gallery, wherein are numerous stamens, in which is located the pollen.

The remarkable feature of the flower is its colossal size, the largest species our righteousness was dirty rags and being thirty-nine inches in diameter, The central cup holds six quarts of liquid, and the total weight of the Albert Cremieux, in the Jour, tells flower is over lifteen pounds.

An Actor Who Pawned Himself. of age, a charmant garcon, with a A curious story is told of Gustavus Brooke, the celebrated tragedian. Althe mask of an amiable irony, concealed

ways fond of a frolic, and often being without money, he conceived the notion of "raising the wind" on one occasion by priviling himself. His benefit was announced, and a big gathering was expected at the theater at which he

was engaged. He knew that Richard III, could not be played with "Richard" on the shelves of a pawnshop, and so he walked into a pawnbroker's shop, explained who he was, and pl dged him self for it.

The pawnbroker ticketed the tragedian, and deposited him in a corner of his ship. B fore he "cethred" the actor wrote a note to his manager, informing him of the circumstance, and instructed the pawnbroker to deliver in it the theater an hour after the performance should have commenced. The manager was in a state of great consternation. The tragedian could not be found in any of his ne ustomed haunts, and he was obliged to apologize to the audience and start the evening with a fare ins end of a tragedy. Just as the farce was coming to an end the manager received Brooke's note, and, taking a cab, found the actor at the pawnbroker's munching bread and cheese. The manager at once redeemed the human pledge and returned to the theater.- London Answers,

BROCKTON, MASS. You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no sub-





teol of affairs the government of Salvador may save its peace of mind for a time, but future historians, who can not be so muzzled, will see that the debt is repaid with interest.

Now that business is reviving and the people have more money to spare. and a quiver with belt from \$1 to \$2. they will be able to purchase that article, the advertisement of which has caught their eves so often. The spirit has been willing all along, but the cash has been short.

to New York has been reduced to five days seven hours and forty-seven minutes. A five days' ocean passage is two minutes' trotter. The latter is likely to come in first.

First, string the bow. Then put the arrow "nock." on the string with the right hand while the left grasps the bit of soft pitch, or any very sticky

handle of the bow, holding it horizon- substance strong enough to grip the The ocean passage from Liverpool tally. Hook the first, second and third end of the stick; then place the "merfingers around the string, taking the rythought" on the table, and when the twisted string has overcome the resistarrow between the first and second. Now turn the bow until it stands per- ance of the pitch the bone will jump slowly but surely coming, as is the pendicularly, the left hand extended high into the air. On this principle toward the target. Draw the right and "jumping frogs" are made.

the body was not merely in a trance. top of the bone. On this point place a

ed:

And so, to be consistent, these imitation croque-morts of the Cabaret du Neant use throughout their harangues to the clients and their horried conversations with each other the regulation Paris croque-mort slang, the jargen of

All customers are Maccabees, or dead son is a "salmon" in particular, just as a poor man is a "mackerel" and a little child a "smelt." In this slang of the grave the name of Maccabee was walked out. formerly applied exclusively to the bodies of men found hanged or drown-

Ce gros machabee, horrible bendu, Sur la dalle froide, on vient de l'etendre.

siab, came from the fish market, where founded the legitimate conclusion of dead fish were laid on cool stone slabs. all their progressive exploitation of The Clou des Maccabees-the 'peg" or gigolettes and souteneurs, thieves, as-"book" of Maccabees-is an expression sassing anarchists, and all the horrors



Poster of the Cafe de la Mort. the domestic servants of the grave. a spirit skepileal and fearless. They came, they saw. At the last moment, men merely, though a well-dressed per- when the patron was declaiming. "We shall not fear it if we look it often in the face," he says: "We still laughed, but we laughed green." Then they

Almost with one ac ord the Paris journalists declare that this Cafe of Death is the last word, the finishing touch and the extinguisher of all the now effete so-called "artistic cafes" and

"in de siècle cabarets' which have And the word "dalle," for morgue been flourishing for years. In it is

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