

THE FRONTIER.

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SIGNALS HER PARENTS.

Young English Woman Has a Novel Way of Proclaiming Her Safety.

A young woman who earns a handsome salary as secretary for a great corporation, maintains her aged father and mother in a large institution at an expenditure of at least 75 per cent of her entire income, says an English paper. She is bright and talented, and, unburdened by this care, could quickly acquire name and independence; but such considerations seem never to weigh with her, for she is ever cheerful—even gay—as though free of responsibility. For their comfort she occupies lodgings as near as possible to the institution, and every evening she pays them a visit of love and consolation. Her route home lays through a deserted orchard, and its loneliness has caused her parents great anxiety and herself no little apprehension, although she affects, in their company, to make light of it. For their comfort, the young lady has hit upon a plan to let them know when she has arrived safely home. She lights her lamp, and alternately exposing it before the window and shading it with her hand she signals them across a quarter of a mile of heather and grove that all is well. Her mother being bedfast, the dotting old father usually manages to send back an answering signal, so that both she and her parents may retire, knowing that all is well. A few nights since the young lady failed to get her answering signal, and, in great suspense, fearing that some harm had befallen her loved ones during her journey homeward, she hurried back over the lonely—even dangerous—path, only to find that her father, feeble as he is, had managed to make his signals, although at first he protested that he had and that she had not answered.

A JOKE IN BAD TASTE.

Some Dusky Tollers Get in Sight of Wealth Unlimited.

Owing to the arrival of the time for the collection of taxes, the Treasury officials are at present very busy, though not so much so but what they had ample time yesterday morning to indulge in several broad smiles over an incident which occurred at the office says Cincinnati Gazette. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning that, on looking out of one of the windows of the office, some of the county employees discovered a gang of a dozen or more burly Africans wearing their togas and carrying on their shoulders those badges of their craft, pick-axes. The men were just shifting the scenes of their labors and were no doubt discussing that tightness of the money market which had limited their salaries as trench-makers to 75 cents a day, when, on coming abreast of one of the grating windows of the Treasury, they were suddenly brought to a stand by a shrill whistle from within, and, on looking up, were almost hypnotized by seeing an individual (nobody of less distinction than Hon. Arthur Sutton, Deputy Tax Collector) standing grinning at them and shaking the side of his coat, on the lapel of which was pinned a brand-new \$50 bill. Their eyes opened to the very widest exultation, but before they had hardly got a good look at the money, Sutton jumped suddenly backward, and picking up a huge bundle of bills, threw them at the dusky tollers with all his might. Of course the money didn't reach them, as it came in contact with the screen in the window, but while it was in transit, there never was a more expectant and astonished crowd. They appreciated the joke as much as anybody, and after spending several minutes in coveting their neighbors' goods, they hastened on to resume their digging.

Appendicitis Outwitted.

Gardeners are trying so hard to get rid of seeds in fruit that in a few years a person could not have appendicitis if he tried. Already we have seedless, or navel, oranges.

Some varieties of apples have been produced that have almost no seeds. They are abnormalities. Sometimes they are called "seedless" because the blossoms have no petals, and in some cases lack stamens. Raisin producers in California are trying to obtain seedless grapes for raisins. The famous seedless grapes of Corinth are called sultanas. The banana is seedless and has been so for centuries, though nobody knows why. It is a modified berry; cutting the middle you will sometimes see some little brown spots which are rudimentary seeds. The pineapple is nearly seedless and is propagated from slips. The eggplant is occasionally seedless. Horticulturists are also endeavoring to rid fruit of thorns. Some oranges and lemons are very thorny. Efforts are being made to get rid of the thorns on raspberry and blackberry plants simply for convenience in picking. The thorns are intended by nature to protect the plants from animals.

Hard to Find in Boston.

In the early days when Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was becoming known in Boston as a public speaker, she met with some opposition both among her friends and the people generally. Walking down Charles street one day with a friend, Mrs. Howe noticed the sign over the charitable eye and ear infirmary, and read it very slowly: 'Charitable eye and ear—can it be that here is a charitable ear in Boston?'

CRUELITIES OF DAHOMEY.

Frequent Expeditions in Search of Human Victims for the Sacrifice.

The slave trade is becoming more precarious not only because of the surveillance of the English and French ships of war, but because the development of the oil industry demands a large force of laborers for the harvesting of the nuts and the preparation of the oil. On the other hand, the neighboring tribes of Dahomey, the reserve for the king's raids are not as numerous as they were. Moreover, they frequently receive protection from the Germans and English in the neighboring settlements from the raids of Bedazin, who after the grand ceremonies of each year recruits his forces from the neighboring provinces.

After the ceremonies at Abomey are closed and the ambassadors have returned to their countries the natives in the border countries know that trouble is in store for them, says a letter in the New York Tribune. The inhabitants of some peaceful village suddenly awake to find themselves the prisoners of King Bedazin. The troops are stationed at the highest elevation in the village, where they shoot those who offer resistance and capture any of the inhabitants that attempt to escape. The prisoners are bound, their elbows tied behind their backs by one cord, their wrists fastened by another and their feet tied together.

Around the necks of the women and children is tied a single cord as a mark of slavery. The raid over, the band rejoins the army of the king and the slave chasers return to Abomey where several of the unfortunates are sacrificed in honor of the cruel god who has blessed this excursion. Before killing the prisoners the fetish worshiper whispers to the victim to carry Gole-le messages from his worthy son and to give an account of his victories. The poor wretch, who smiles at his murderer, answering that he will fulfill the commission, knows that his death will be made a trifle less painful that is to say, his tender-hearted murderer will stun him with a blow on the back of the head before breaking his neck.

The prisoners of war are divided into several lots, some of whom are retained for the plantation of the king, others being assigned to the chiefs of the tribes for the same purpose, while the greater portion are imprisoned awaiting their purchasers. A high court officer, the chief of justice, is placed in charge over them. He is at the same time director of criminal affairs, chief murderer, and master of ceremonies in the thanksgiving offerings. The captives are disposed of at Abomey in exchange for gold, silver, ivory, leather, cloth or any article of commerce which the king may happen to need. The slaves are driven from one station to another in the dreary march across the country by mounted Arabs.

They are sent from Whydah to the seacoast where they embark for their new destination. Maximo Carvalho is one of the principal purchasers of slaves. He employs them in the "fazendas" or coffee plantations of Brazil, and reports that they soon forget their miseries singing the provincial melodies of the accompaniment of the mandolin. Carvalho, singing the same negro ditties, with charming insouciance, almost succeeds in convincing his audience that he is doing a charitable act by dealing in slaves.

ABOUT DROWNING.

A Woman Says That It is a Pleasant Sensation.

"To prevent any person from interfering with my design I jumped into the river late in the afternoon. No one appeared to be about at the time. When I struck the water I immediately sank going down and down, and yet being carried forward until I thought I would never again arise. A sound roared through my head, it seemed to me it would burst. I opened my mouth and attempted to breathe being unable to endure the pressure longer, but the water rushed in and I closed my mouth. I was again compelled to open it. More water entered. The feeling was horrible.

"Just when I thought all was over I reached the surface of the water about 50 feet from the shore and 100 feet from where I had jumped in. Near by was a steamboat on which stood a man with a long pole with an iron hook on the end. It took only a second to see those things, and in fact I had just time to get one breath when I again sank with my mouth open. My past life flashed before me and I was again a child. The picture of my father and mother stood out in bold relief. I reached out my hand to them. The roaring of water sounded like the sweetest of music. Suddenly I saw light and thought I was in paradise. A large green field covered with roses and other flowers, whose fragrance I could smell, came in view. I felt as if I was being borne up by some winged messenger whom I could not see, but whose presence I could feel.

"I remembered nothing more until I felt a rough jerk. My rescuer had succeeded in fastening the boathook into my clothing. As my body was being pulled from out of the water the picture changed; instead of paradise, the place in which the devil dwells, with all its fires and swarming with hideous red dressed creatures and other things presented themselves in my mind, only to again quickly disappear and leave me in darkness. When I came to I was surprised to learn that I had been unconscious. Every muscle in my body pained me, but my brain was perfectly clear. Drowning after the first stages are just as pleasant."

Likely Enough.

Inquisitive Neighbor—I hear that your sister is engaged. Is that true? Small Boy—Guessed. She generally is.—Good News.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Town Topics: Slumleigh—I don't see why you care so little for me, Miss Jyer—Have you ever taken a good look at yourself?

Indianapolis Journal: "George describes the girl he is engaged to as a perfect vision." "Yes; and his sister says she is a sight."

"Tredde is jealous of his prerogatives, isn't he?" "What makes you say so?" "He got angry the other night and told me not to be a fool."—New York Sun.

Cincinnati Enquirer: She—Did you have any trouble in getting papa to letten to you? He—Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.

Cleveland Leader: "How did Nell Glyn look in her new ball dress?" he asked. "I don't know," he replied, "but the large majority of her that was out of it looked stunning."

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Spat—Your husband is an inventor, I believe? Mrs. Spotter—Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country.—Philadelphia North American.

"Was hael!" cried the Mediaeval Era. "If I were so drunk," retorted the End of the Century, "that I could not pronounce 'wat tell' I think I would go home and go to bed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chicago Tribune: "Let us be fair, even to the 'new journalism,'" said Uncle Allen Sparks. "It isn't wholly given over to printing indecent pictures. Part of its mission is to publish 'lake interviews.'"

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come west to inquire after the husband she had lost. "Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune: "I see where the Queen of England has sixty pianos and doesn't play any of them." "That's a good girl. I know of a woman who has only one piano but she plays like sixty."

Simonsbee—I have a chance to marry two girls; one is pretty, but a mere butterfly, as it were, and the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper. Mr. Russell of Chicago—Take the pretty one first.—Indianapolis Journal.

"It's perfectly absurd, this clamor about our hats. People who can't see over their would better not go to the theater." "I know; that's what I told my husband, and he said, 'All right, we won't go; and we don't.'"—Bazar.

A young student lately presented himself for examination and indignantly failed. To his family, anxious to hear of his success, he telegraphed thus: "Examinations splendid; professors enthusiastic. They wish for a second in October."—Tit-Bits.

MIXED PARAGRAPHS.

A St. Louis woman was married to a freight conductor Saturday, and they are now making a honeymoon tour through the southwest in a caboose.

He—For perfect enjoyment of love there must be complete confidence. She—(of Chicago)—I have heard pa say identically the same thing about sausages.—Life.

A young man of Omaha, presumably belonging to the first circles of that town, recently called on a jeweler there and asked to see a nice pair of golf links for his cuffs.

At the recent village election in Constantine, Mich., the women tax-payers were allowed to vote on the electric lighting bond proposition, but only three availed themselves of the right.

A man well up in dog lore counsels intending purchasers of a puppy to let the mother of the puppy choose for them. In carrying them back to their bed the first the mother picks up will always be the best.

The shipment of apples from the port of Portland, Me., to the European market for the season ending last Saturday reached a total which is unprecedented in the annals of the apple export business in this country.

"Yeh can't allus tell whah ter put de credit by lookin' at de surface," said Uncle Eben. "De cork on de fishin' line dances around an' 'tracts a heap o' tention. But it's de hook dat's doin' business."—Washington Star.

ITEMS.

A Jersey City landlord aroused a tenant at 12:45 a. m. on the morning of March 1 to demand the rent due that day, and was thrown down his own stairs.

England has one member of parliament for every 7,177, Scotland one for every 8,974, and Wales one for every 9,613.

The Swiss government is about to establish at Hauteville, on the River Saane, a grand central station for generating electric power, at a cost of 2,800,000 francs.

A Bath (Maine) boy is the proud possessor of an autograph letter from the queen of Holland. His interest in collecting foreign postage stamps won him the royal favor.

Morocco's city walls are now adorned with a trophy of eighty human heads, removed from the insurgents defeated at Sus, in addition to the forty-three heads of the men who attacked the sultan's body-guard some months ago.

"Aha, he's working for his own ends," chuckled the funny man as he saw the cobbler making a pair of shoes for himself, "and he'll put his foot in it, as usual, before he's through."—Pittsburg News.

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