

MEN WRITTEN ABOUT.

What the Newspapers Say of Them—Personal Gossip. Lord Salisbury is an expert golfer. M. Jules Ferry, of France, enjoys being caricatured. Before Farnell entered politics he was pretty well known as a cricketer. Rubinstein will receive \$100,000 for twenty performances in the United States. Archduke Joseph, of Hungary, is deeply interested in the success of a gypsy love society. M. Perrotin, a French astronomer, says he has seen giants building canals on the planet Mars. Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitman) is making a "Dictionary of American Words and Phrases." Senator Fair, despite the reverses he has met with in recent years, is estimated to have a fortune of \$50,000,000 left. The late Eugene Rimmel, the famous London perfumer, left a personal estate valued at \$100,000, and made bequests to all persons who have been in his employ for ten years. The king of Portugal ordered in London thirty tons of fireworks and fifty tons of mortars, and other pyrotechnic machinery, for use at Lisbon in the royal reception to the king of Sweden. Adrian G. Anson, the famous baseball captain, is 56 years old, and has been a ball player since he was 19. In the twelve years that he has been with the Chicago club it has won the championship six times. Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, never eats in a restaurant. It is not the victuals but the clutter that annoys him. Even the senate restaurant is not secluded enough for him, and he eats his modest luncheon in a committee room. Matthew W. Sedam, an eccentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for twenty-five years he had kept in his bedroom. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully thirty years ago. Admiral Hewitt, of the British navy, who was drowned the other day, was a very successful blockade runner during our war. So were Hobart Pasha and Capt. Burgoyne, who commanded the ship Captain, which captized about ten years ago. Matthew Arnold's will is one of the shortest ever put on record. Here it is, verbatim et literatim: "I leave everything of which I die possessed to my wife, Frances Lucy Arnold." But, then, he only left \$5,000 all told. Heroic treatment saved the emperor of Brazil from death. Oxygen gas and hypodermic injections of caffeine were used to preserve the patient from syncope. On one occasion he took thirty-one grains of caffeine in twenty-one hours. M. Daniel Wilson does not dare to enter the chamber of deputies, but he holds on to his seat for Touraine and pockets the salary attached thereto, and under the present law there is no way of getting rid of him. To a Chicago reporter who was interviewing him not long ago, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "Don't ask me anything about 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I'm sick and tired of it. Ask me anything about my other books, but I've heard 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' until it makes me sick." The son of Senator Butler, of South Carolina, has just been graduated at West Point at the foot of his class. But he may make a successful officer for all that. Lieut. Clark, who was graduated some years ago with the lowest average ever made at the academy, was the only officer in Gen. Miles' last campaign who was mentioned in general orders. Bishop Matthew Simpson, it is said, never refused to see a caller, no matter how trivial his business might be. He made the study of men his specialty, and so profound was his knowledge of the subject that he was constantly consulted by people outside as well as inside the church, and no one sought his advice more eagerly than Abraham Lincoln. Potter Palmer, the millionaire hotel keeper of Chicago, lives in an immense green stone towered and towered castle on the lake shore, near Lincoln park. His wife is called the most beautiful woman in Chicago. He is about 30 years her elder. He owns five million dollars' worth of real estate, and his hotel is said to bring him in \$500,000 a year. Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, lives at Max Hill, near Dorchester, his house being perched high on a hill that overlooks many of the real scenes of his Wessex stories. He prefers the quiet of the country for literary work, but is by no means secluded from London life, for he can reach the metropolis by rail within four hours. One of the greatest men Georgia ever produced, says The Baltimore American, was Governor John Clark. His portrait adorns the walls of the state house, and yet perhaps not a hundred of the present generation know anything of his history, while hogs wallow and chickens scratch above his neglected grave. A century hence who will remember anything of the local celebrities who now strut vainly on the stage of life? Chief Superintendent William, of the Liverpool detective police, recently had his house robbed. The rear of his house is guarded by a bloodhound, and the thieves, probably aware of this, entered in the front kitchen window and completely stripped the drawing room and sitting room of all that was valuable, such as jewelry, plate and wearing apparel, without interrupting the sleep of the Liverpool head detective.

A Tribute to Dr. Mackenzie. On Ascension day, last, several hundred German workmen from Charlottenburg and Potsdam went on an excursion to the Grunewald. No open air meeting is allowed within twenty miles of Berlin, but there is a lake in the Grunewald, and the workmen put out in a flotilla of boats, and the following resolution was put and unanimously carried: "To Dr. Morell Mackenzie, Schloss Charlottenburg: The German Freisinnige workmen of Charlottenburg and Potsdam, assembled on an excursion to the Grunewald, thank you for the loving devotion and fidelity which you maintain by the sick bed of the emperor. We assure you that the value of your services in the eyes of every brave and honorable German cannot be diminished by any shameful persecution." (Signed, etc., etc. This resolution was forthwith telegraphed to the castle. Dr. Mackenzie prizes it highly.—New York Tribune.)

A Beautiful Anaglyph Found. From Athens, Greece, comes the information that Gen. Ephor has pounced upon the most lovely anaglyph heretofore discovered in Greece. It consists of seven pieces, two of which were found in a box in a yard. The other five were stowed away in a house. The workmanship is of exquisite beauty, and evidently belongs in the Fourth or Fifth century before Christ. The anaglyph is nearly seven feet in height and represents two women greeting one another. Near them is a man wearing a beard and behind the group stands a little girl, probably a slave. Notwithstanding vigorous protests on the part of the owner of the anaglyph, Gen. Ephor carried it off and deposited it in the National museum.—Chicago Herald.

A western editor refers to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll as "the great anti-sheolian."

Gen. Sherman and Sheridan.

When you hear of the impending death of any person, especially of a celebrity, your mind recurs at once to the last time you saw him. Therefore, the writer thinks of Gen. Sheridan as he appeared at a small social gathering in Fifth Avenue one evening last winter. It was in part an assemblage of Ohio men, with some connection or other with the formation of the Ohio club, with which Gen. Sheridan and other sons of Ohio were interested. Of course, Sherman and Sheridan were the lions of the night, and they were admired and petted a great deal by the ladies, especially by a half dozen girls from Madam Reed's school—the institution from which Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has just retired as an instructress. Sherman is famous for kissing girls at every proper opportunity, and, although there may have been some exaggerated accounts of his doings in that line, it is a fact that his fatherly kisses are apt to be bestowed upon good procreation. The school girls did not dissemble their interest in the two warriors, but gazed on them after the manner of the aesthetic maidens at Grosvenor in "Patience." Sherman bore it with adamant fortitude, and even seemed to enjoy it, but Sheridan seemed different and rather ill at ease under the ordeal of adulation. After a while a matron on the cheek as Sherman had done, he lifted her hand and said, "I am very glad to know you." "Oh, the gladness is all on the part of my daughter, I am sure," said the effusive dame. "Now, general, if you would give her one of those celebrated kisses!" Sherman needed no further invitation. He kissed the not unwilling girl with a loud smack on the cheek. There was some laughter and well bred exclamations at this, and Sheridan turned to Sheridan, introducing the very pretty recipient of his kiss. "Now, Gen. Sheridan," said a gentleman, "you surely won't let Sherman get an advantage of you." Sheridan had to kiss the girl or run. There was no alternative. She stood demurely ready for the contact. He reddened visibly, and then, instead of kissing the girl on the cheek as Sherman had done, he lifted her hand to his lips. It was something of a disappointment to the spectators, if not to the girl, but it was dignified and handsome.—New York Sun.

The Royal Family of Spain.

The queen regent and the baby king of Spain and the two little girls have been to the front recently as topics of interest in the world of journalism. They were charmingly received at Barcelona because Christina, when put upon her mettle by Providence, surmounted her trials nobly and has done all that she should have done in a situation of the greatest difficulty. Strength has been manifested in her weakness. Although Barcelona is the most republican city in Spain, its population could not be insensible to the compliment paid it by the regent in coming there with her three children. As a family group she and the baby king in her arms and the two infantas beside her were most touching. She is not pretty. But she has a stately manner on state occasions, and goes well through all that is required of her at a great public ceremonial.

The death generally of a cold manner, her attention on this occasion warmed her up. Her heart overflowed with thankfulness. It was the second birthday of the baby king. How she must have felt when she found joy and festivity reigning in Barcelona, and the fullest recognition from the people and the powers who had come to the exhibition, of virtues she has developed. I saw her here, a raw girl, going, not many years ago, to Spain to be married, and can hardly realize that the widow of King Alfonso, who has so splendidly borne the discipline of sorrow, governed with so much wisdom, and been firm in not shedding blood in defense of her son's crown, is the young princess whom I remember.—Foreign Cor. New York Tribune.

Statistics of "Guarantee Companies."

"We succeed in getting together some interesting statistics in our business. We keep a record of the percentages of loss to premiums, which show the average of defaultations in various classes of business. When the percentage is under 4 of 1 per cent, we regard the risk as fair. In banks the percent is 37 of 1 per cent; employees of telegraph companies have averaged .385 of 1 per cent, with us so far, but there is an improvement due, as I believe, to the bonding of whole companies, and the consequent weeding out through our investigations of the employees with bad records and loose habits. Cashiers and bookkeepers have usually been considered a bad risk, but with us they have shown a loss of only .14 of 1 per cent., which makes them a very good risk.

"With state and municipal officers, notwithstanding the cry of corruption, we have not yet met with a single loss. Officers of corporations are perhaps the best risk on the whole, because they are best paid and can afford to be honest. After all, that is a great thing. We find that collectors and drivers are not an acceptable risk, for the reason that they are so miserably paid in proportion to the amount of money which they handle. Our loss with them was \$120,000 a day. It isn't fair to put \$15,000 or \$10,000 a day into the hands of a man with a wife and four children who is drawing a salary of \$800 a year. We consider that question very carefully, and where a man's income seems manifestly smaller than his needs we decline to bond. In many cases our refusal on these grounds has shamed employees into paying fairer wages."—New York Mail and Express.

The Peculiarities of Statues.

The personal peculiarities and passing preferences of Boston statues, considered quite apart from their permanent aspect, make a subject that the Listener may take up when he has nothing else to do but float about and look at things. Just at this moment he can only refer to the evident distress which Sam Adams, always so bumptiously erect on his pedestal in Adams square, feels whenever it rains or snows. With his exquisitely dressed hair, quite uncovered and tucking in a superb queue down his back, and his general air of recent acquaintance with the interior of a pre-revolutionary bandbox, Mr. Adams looks very comfortable in pleasant weather, but painfully bareheaded and awfully wet in a rain storm; and when he appears in winter, with his fiercely folded arms laden down with snow and an icicle hanging from either elbow, his aspect is positively pathetic.

The Listener may just notice in passing a personal peculiarity of another Boston statue, to wit, the appearance which the stony Alexander Hamilton, in Commonwealth avenue, has of dragging the pavement along with him whenever the snow covers his immense trailing mantle. It was necessary, it seems, to provide the statue with a trailing mantle in order to give additional support for the figure. In good weather Hamilton merely has the appearance of leaning on his mantle, but when the whole structure is covered with snow, as it often is in winter, he seems to be marching along and tearing up the sidewalk after him as he goes.—Boston Transcript "Listener."

YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.

SUBJECTS SURE TO PLEASE OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Story of How Pussy Astonished a Monkey, with a Mention of Some of the Characteristic Features of Both Animals.

Cats are very timid creatures in spite of their "nine lives," and monkeys, though not very courageous, are extremely mischievous, and take delight in teasing other animals, if they can do so with impunity.



HOW PUSS ASTONISHED THE MONKEY.

I knew a cat that lived in a house where a monkey was kept as a pet, and although she was as large as the monkey and could have demolished him with her sharp teeth and claws, she lived in constant terror of him. He was always watching for an opportunity to pounce on her as she passed up the garden, and she would scamp for her life to get out of his reach. But one day, as poor pussy was quietly dozing on the window sill, her nimble foe sent for caught sight of her and sprang with one bound onto the sill. But just as he was stretching out his little hand to make a clutch at her fur, pussy started up. There was no retreat, for she was in the corner of the sill. Courage mounted with the occasion, and rearing herself up like a kangaroo, Miss Puss dealt Mr. Jocko such a box on the ear with her sharp claws, that clapping his hand to the side of his head, he stared at her with open mouth. While he was thus off his guard, puss dropped down into the garden and made good her escape before he had time to recover from his astonishment.

A Remarkable Bill of Fare.

The description of a banquet is scarcely complete nowadays without a bill of fare. Travelers are following the fashion of sending home such menus as strike their fancy or seem for any reason worthy of record, and we are thus getting a very fair knowledge of the gastronomic tastes of all nations. Following is a Congo bill of fare, which reads, the explorer, leaves on record for the amusement of the curious: "Then followed gazelle cutlets a la papillote; two small monkeys, served cross legged and with liver sauce on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodile's eggs, some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior); a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land crabs and other crustacea; some boiled alligator and some hippopotamus steaks."

The Silver Rule.

You know the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Here is a rule which is part of the Golden Rule, but which we will put by itself, because it is of value, and call it the Silver Rule: "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities." Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? If your schoolmates or playmates are ugly or stingy or cross, it does not make them better to talk or think about it. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality. That is the Silver Rule, says Golden Days.

Beneath St. Paul's.

Although it is only a tradition that the Romans had a temple to Diana in London where St. Paul's cathedral now stands, yet it seems clear that they used it as a burial place, or for some sacred purpose. When the present cathedral was in building, many Roman funeral vases and similar articles were found under the surface. Above these lay many skeletons of ancient Britons; above these again were the coffins and graves of the Saxons.

Italian Peasants.

A handsome and picturesque race the Italians have been from immemorial times, with the impress of a mighty ancestry, a genial climate and of lovely surroundings in art and nature upon them. Expressive features, glittering eyes, dark hair, and swarthy complexion—a combination peculiarly attractive to a northern eye—are to be found everywhere and among all classes, but perhaps more frequently in central and southern Italy than in the plains of Lombardy.



ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

All these characteristics appear to the best advantage in both sexes while young, grown up women losing their bloom at an early age, and men wearing apoc under the influence of the climate, hard work, and their own fiery passions. Really handsome faces with regular lineaments are the prerogative of girls and boys, and especially among the latter charming specimens of humanity are met with, models for cherubs as well as for picturesque ragamuffins. The great painters of the Italian renaissance loved to depict the handsome pages, who at that time were an indispensable appendage to the households of the nobles.

Artists of the modern Italian school have revived the tradition by selecting peasant boys and girls of the present day for their models. In the cut is represented one of the merry, ragged urchins to be met now in Italian towns on market days, and the villages swarm with them. Their dilapidated attire does not interfere in the least with their high spirits and boisterous play and impish mischief. Arrant and persistent beggars—a plague to tourists as they are—cannot help admiring their handsome faces, their subtle agility and natural grace.

Man Not Easily Deterred.

I once knew a man whose name was Comfort Israel Slack. He was an exact counterpoise of his name. It was not so much his oddity that puzzled me, but how his parents knew just what to name him. They certainly did not, unless on general principles, so that I have been driven to the conviction that a great many peculiarities are the result of the names given to children. What ought Comfort Israel Slack to have been? Slack enough, to be sure, easy, unruined, slow, deliberate, never quite up to time, unambitious—but he should be pious, comforting, gentle and goodly good. All this he was. He was too slack to hallow when in imminent danger of drowning, and the result was he was only rescued by accident. "Boys," he said, "I think—maybe—the water is too—too—deep, and—I guess"—and then a gurgle, and down he went. Some of us dragged him out and slapped the life into him just in time. A house being on fire, Comfort was sent to rouse the neighbors. He went to one door, rapped, and waited a reasonable time; rapped again, and in half an hour roused them. He then began, "I am sorry to trouble you at this time of night, but Mr. Bristol's house is on fire."

What shall we do with such fellows? They weave into the warp of society as loose yarn, and death has no trouble in pulling them out. They generally die of inanition. But the charm of them is there is no such thing as friction in their makeup. They can not be provoked—cannot be irritated. We are a nervous race, getting more nervous, but the Comfort Israels look up surprised and wonder at the possibility of an insult disturbing you.—M. Maurice, M. D.

Diphtheria Caught from Rabbits.

Two children of M. J. Rogers, of Toronto, were during the last winter stricken with malignant diphtheria. One succumbed to the dread disease, and the other, after the most skillful and careful treatment, recovered. Mr. Rogers had at the time on his premises a large number of English rabbits. When the disease broke out in the household they one by one by got sick and died. The owner never dreamed of the animals being affected by the same disease from which his children were suffering, and he was in so much trouble that he did not devote time to investigate the cause of their death. But when some of the last rabbits died Mr. Rogers made an examination, and on opening their mouths found their throats sore, the tongue thickly furred and the roofs covered with the same membrane as that in the mouths of the children who had suffered with diphtheria. He mentioned the fact to Dr. Tyrill, who was attending the children at the time, and the physician, on looking into the case and examining the rabbits, affirmed that they had died of diphtheria.—Toronto Globe.

A Critical Surgical Operation.

Dr. Ernest Fleischl, professor of physiology in the University of Vienna, who was one of the Austrian commissioners at the Philadelphia exhibition, recently submitted to the most curious surgical operations on record. In consequence of blood poisoning from a dissection, he had been for years a sufferer from excruciating neuralgic pains, accompanied by swellings. The eminent surgeon, Prof. or Billroth, had failed to give permanent relief by repeated operations, and finally gave up the case. Recently Billroth's assistant, Dr. Gersuny, called his attention to a similar case on record in which a cure had been achieved by a resection of the diseased nerve and the substitution of the corresponding nerve of a rabbit. Professor Billroth urged Dr. Fleischl to assent to a like operation, which Dr. Gersuny performed with complete success.—Boston Transcript.

Progress in the Dark Continent.

News from Stanley locates him near Lake Mvuta and all right. But the actual knowledge of his movements is nearly six months old. Slow and unsatisfactory as this is, one has only to compare a recent map of Africa with one published thirty years ago to see how amazing has been the opening of the dark continent. We now have a fairly accurate topographical knowledge of three-fourths of what was then "unknown land." That it is a rich, fertile, well watered continent we know—with no more irrefragable desert than any of the other continents. It is not a too sanguine forecast that sees Africa, 100 years from now, belted with railroads and telephones, and the home of high civilization. We shall probably soon hear from Stanley as all right, and communication established with Emin Bey.—Globe (Emocrat).

Substitute for a Novel.

A Bangor young woman one Saturday evening went into a book store and asked the clerk, whom she knew well, to pick her out a good novel to read next day. The novel was selected, and the clerk deftly substituted for it a New Testament, made a neat package and thought that he had played a good joke on the girl. On Monday morning he heard from the joke. The young woman entered the store very white in the face and banged the Testament down on the counter. "I'd have thrown that in the fire," she said, "if there had been any way in which I could have made you pay for it. I'll never buy a cent's worth of you again, so there. Give me the book I bought on Saturday," and then she bounced out.—New York Sun.

Feels Imposed Upon.

On All Fools' day a New Orleans newspaper printed a detailed and interesting account of a remarkable pocket telephone that had been invented by a young electrician in that city. The article, although written entirely as a joke, found its way as a serious matter in the columns of several highly respectable scientific journals, and a number of wealthy corporations wrote to agents in the city authorizing them to begin negotiations for the purchase of the invention.—Detroit Free Press.

An Old Prayer Book.

One of the valuable curiosities which Minister Anderson brought with him from Denmark on his return to this country is an old Danish prayer book that was beautifully printed by hand long before the days of Gutenberg. The vellum pages are handsomely illuminated by gold and colors and a number of excellent illustrations adorn it. The book is supposed to date from the Fourteenth century.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Stern Justice in England.

English magistrates have sent to jail for thirteen days an old man who was convicted of having trundled an empty barrel along a gravel footpath of a country road where he would have interfered with foot passengers if there had been any anywhere about to be interfered with, which the evidence showed there were not. The regular roadway had just been laid with broken rock.—Chicago Herald.

A Rare Sight.

A rare avist, in the shape of an intoxicated Chinaman, was seen on Broadway the other Sunday night. He stalked along, singing a Chinese song at the top of his lungs. A few feet ahead of him was a companion, who looked ashamed at his countryman's conduct. New York Evening World.

A HEALTH SEEKER.

He Concluded, However, That Connecticut Was Good Enough for Him.

At a certain far west railroad station we got into conversation with a man who was sitting on the depot platform waiting for the train. "I came out to this country a few days ago," he said after talking some time, "for my health, but I am going back to Connecticut on the next train." "Doesn't the climate agree with you?" asked Briar. "Yes, I think the climate would agree with me all right, but the people don't. I went up here a few miles. A friend of mine had spent a summer near there on Big Nose George's ranch, and he recommended the place to me.

"I simply went there for my health, intending to board during the fall and return home before cold weather. As I got off the train when it arrived I noticed quite a crowd of men on the platform, all wearing big flat hats and spurs and walking very bow-legged. I started down the steps toward the hotel when one of them approached me confidentially and said: 'Do you want to open a bank, partner?' 'A what?' I asked. 'A bank,' he said. 'Why, no,' said I, 'what made you think I was going to engage in the banking business?' 'Oh, I thought you looked a little that way,' he replied. 'Me 'n' the boys' loved you had your outfit all except the tables in your grip—the boxes, an' keeds, an' chips, an' layout generally.' 'You are mistaken,' I replied, a good deal bewildered, and went on over to the hotel. While I was registering the clerk leaned over and said: 'Goin' to deal fair?' 'No, sir,' I replied, light beginning to dawn on me a little. 'Keno or lizard, then?' he went on. 'Nothing of the kind,' I said warmly. 'Joss straight draw poker, I s'pose?' he continued. 'No game at all,' I replied. 'Aint goin' to try to work the boys on no thinkin' rig, I hope?' he said anxiously. 'They dropped a roll on that last week and they are a little cross about it.' 'No, sir; I have no gambling apparatus at all,' I said. 'I simply came out here for my health,' and I went and set down by the door.

"I saw him looking at me pretty hard, and after a while the crowd I had seen at the station as well as others began to drop in and whisper to the clerk and talk low among themselves and look at me. Pretty soon one of them, who wore such a big hat that it made him stoop shouldered, came over and said: 'Stranger, my name is Pete Doyle—they call me Webfoot, but my right name is Pete Doyle.' 'I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Doyle,' I said, shaking hands with him. He started a little and then said: 'I reckon you better call me Webfoot—I'm more into it. I am one of the city aldermen and chairman of the council committee on strangers. The committee directed me to ask you a question. 'Go ahead,' I replied. 'We wanted to ask you—and he lowered his voice almost to a whisper—'what you had to leave the states for?' 'I didn't have to leave the east for anything,' I replied; 'I came out here for my health.' Webfoot looked at me very hard and started to re-peat, when I heard some one behind me say in a loud whisper: 'Ask—him—how—far—ahead—of—the-sheriff—he-was!' Webfoot looked at me a minute and said: 'I take it there wa'n't no sheriff?' 'No,' I replied.

"A lot of others were standing outside and looking gloomy and depressed, and polishing up their revolvers with their pocket-handkerchiefs. "One man was talking very loud all the time about this idea of trying to make the town a corral for the escaped criminals from the states being about played out. I afterward learned that he was the postmaster. And about this time the mayor of the town began to walk up and down the middle of the street with a shotgun on his shoulder, all the time looking off across the prairie. I heard him explaining to the probate judge that there might be more of 'em coming and that he 'lowed to give it to 'em 'fore they got into town and got a foothold like this rooster had done.

"Then another man made me roll up my trousers to show that I didn't have a striped pair on underneath. He went out and told the mayor that I probably had time to change them. The mayor said he noticed my hair had grown out some too. "I was now thinking of Connecticut most of the time. And all the while those fellows were discussing the probable amount of the reward for my capture. And another began to speculate as to whether I had the money I had stolen about my person or in my sachel. "And all the time the county sheriff was riding up and down the sidewalks, with his horse on the run, shouting: 'All members of vigilance committee meet at Maverick house in thirty minutes! Business of importance with small man from Connecticut!' "I gave the subject a good deal of careful study and concluded that Connecticut was a pretty good place after all. I couldn't see why I should have ever thought my health was poor there.

"The coroner dropped in and looked me over, and I heard him promise a dozen different men to see that each was on the in-quest. "About this time my old friend Webfoot came down the street, dragging a long rope behind him, with a hangman's noose on the end of it. He looked in and said I was the man who refused to shake hands with him or call him by his last name. He said any man who was too proud to shake hands with old Webfoot, councilman from the Second ward, had got to hang. Then he threw the rope over the limb of a tree in front of the door, so I could look off across the prairie through the noose and enjoy the scenery. "The sheriff was now announcing that the vigilance committee would meet in five minutes. I got a gleam of hope just then, when I saw the city marshal coming, wearing his star. I appealed to him for protection, but he looked me all over and then said he reckoned it was best for the civil authorities to take their own course, and he waved his hand so as to include every cutthroat in sight. The proprietor of the hotel came in and presented a bill for \$3, for occupying his house two hours, and said I better pay before the exercises; and I heard the county judge yelling that the time was up. "I then started out the back door for Connecticut. I found that my health was first rate for running. When I left Connecticut I thought I needed a change of climate, but I concluded that I still needed one more change. There's more health in Connecticut than I ever gave it credit for. Good-by."—Fred H. Carruth in New York Tribune.

Of Piscatorial Interest.

Customer (in restaurant)—What kind of fish have you got, waiter? Waiter—All kinds, everything, can give you what you like. "Well, bring me some fried whale." "Er—I'm very sorry about the whales, mister, they're jest out. The dealer disappointed us this morning an' only sent two."—Texas Siftings.

Makes It Plain.

The keeper of a Detroit confectionery shop and restaurant is evidently determined to make his calling sure, as the sign upon his window reads: "Restaurant, lunch and coffee."

TRAVEL VIA THE

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The West Shore is the only illustrated magazine published on the Pacific coast, and aside from its excellent literary material, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of its development.

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