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THE TETTIX.

Dewy and fragrant was the twilight falling
Upon the wide sweep of the Argive plain.
But, from the oleander copes calling,
No night bird voiced its immemorial pain.
Yet, clear and sweet, harmonious and winning—
Bar intermingling with melodious bar—
The tireless tettix with its violining
Filled all the sundown silence near and far.
And we, who loved the blithe note of the cricket
Beside the hearth when autumn days were bleak,
Hearing this homelike sound from mead and thicket,
Felt in our hearts a kinship for the Greek.
—Clinton Scollard in Lippincott's.

Glad He Had Been Bluffed.

It's essentially a story of Chicago.
A rather shabby looking man walked into the office and took a chair beside the big desk.

"I'm a little hard up," he said, "and if you could let me have \$100 for a short time I think it would tide me over."
The man behind the desk looked at his caller and became reminiscent.

"Why, I haven't seen you for years," he said. "Let me see! You used to call down at my farm in the old days when I was located near Forty-third street."

"Yes," said the caller; "I drove down there one day with a party of friends and filled up with some of your cherry brandy."

"I remember it perfectly," said the man behind the desk. "After you had taken a little of it you wanted to buy the farm."

"And you wanted \$2,000 for it," said the caller.

"And you agreed to take it," added the man behind the desk.

"I did," admitted the caller, "and you came to my office the next day."

"Yes, and you swore you wouldn't take it as a gift."

"And you declared you had witnessed to my agreement to buy."

"But you bluffed me off."

"I did," admitted the caller.

"Well," said the man behind the desk, "I don't mind paying you \$200 for bluffing me off. The farm has made me rich."

Men Who Wear Small Hats.

I never saw an earnest worker, or a man who had real and serious duties to perform, who wore a hat too small for him.

Many great lawyers and statesmen, cranks, and shrewd speculators, popular preachers, and history-making generals and editors wear hats too large for them—sometimes so large that they act as extinguishers and are stopped in their downward course only by the projection of the ears; but I never saw one who wore a hat too small, perched upon the top of his head. Indeed, I might assert as a positive and invariable fact that, save in cases of dire necessity, such as shipwrecks or utter and hopeless poverty, the man who wears a hat too small for him is a silly, frivolous, conceited creature, with no serious ideas on any subject, and only the most flippant and shallow views of life and its obligations.

Even among tramps and vagabonds, the fellow with the "dinky" derby balanced upon his mop of unkempt hair, is the most hopeless wreck among his class; while there is always a gleam of intelligence, a spark of hope, in the tramp whose hat is too large for him.—Kate Field's Washington.

Never Heard of Him.

Telegraphers' stories are unique sometimes, and they do not hesitate to tell them to one another. It is said that the operators in New Haven, having always lived there, seldom hear of anything beyond the limits of the city and their operating rooms. The fact was illustrated recently when an operator in New York remarked to the man he was working with in New Haven that Parnell had just died.

"Who?" was the inquiry.

"Parnell," was the reply.

After a short interval, during which it is supposed, the New Haven operator was in conference with somebody, this message was sent: "If you mean P. T. Barnum, we heard that long ago, but no one knows who Parnell is."—Telegraph Age.

New Alloys.

Two new alloys for making boring and cutting tools have been invented in England. The metal equals steel in hardness and temper, and does not lose its temper when heated by friction. The alloys consist of pig iron, ferro-manganese, chromium and tungsten in proper proportions, melted together in crucibles under stick charcoal and calcined borax. This compound is then remelted with bar iron and proportions of nickel, copper and aluminum are added. It is then cast in sand molds.—New York Times.

Stage Coach Dreams.

Losses are presaged by a dream of riding in a stage coach. If you run after one you will be out of employment for a long season. To see one pass will rid you of troublesome friends. If you are in a stage coach and it turns over without injuring you, you will be lucky in your speculations, but if you dream that you are killed by the fall you must expect misfortunes.—New York Herald.

The Matching Habit.

A woman brought a small sugar coated pill into a South End drug store the other evening and wanted a box of pills just like them, under the impression that matching pills was as simple a matter as matching ribbons.—Springfield Homestead.

In appearance the ordinary truffle is about the size of a walnut, with a rough, brown, warty surface, closely akin to the potato, which it likewise resembles in consistency, though not in color.

The largest building that ever was erected was the machine gallery at the Paris exhibition, which was exactly a quarter of a mile in length, with a span of 360 feet.

Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

An Inevitable Conflict Pending.

Today, as yesterday, as tomorrow, and as for a long time to come, the situation of France and Germany forms the great subject of anxiety which is imposed upon the meditation of all European statesmen. At no other point is it foreseen that war can break out. Russia has great ambitions and Italy has strong desires, but Russia is for years doomed merely to cherish ambitions, for she cannot realize them single handed, and it does not depend upon her to provoke a general war, which would be one result of her combined action with France; while as for Italy, she will never venture to give the signal of war, for if she did she would be left to herself and would be speedily crushed. It could be solely as the result of a general war that Italy could obtain her share, and in the present state of her alliances she could take that share only from France, so that a general war alone could procure it for her, inasmuch as, if she were left single handed, she would not be able to overcome France.

Neither Austria nor England dreams of war. It is therefore still, as twenty years ago, France and Germany who could occasion war; because, whatever may be alleged, whatever may be proclaimed or whatever may be concealed, these two nations desire war—war, first for its own sake, and next for the rest; and if, in order to have done with this everlasting Franco-German nightmare, Europe could now promise to fold her arms, and afterward to intervene merely as arbiter, war would break out to-morrow between France and Germany, for the fatality of war haunts and overrides both nations.—De Blowitz in Harper's

Pre-revolutionary Errors.

Most of the shortcomings of the old method of historical writing resulted from the fact that the world was looked at from a static point of view, or as if a picture of the world were a series of detached pictures of things at rest. The human race and its terrestrial habitat were tacitly assumed to have been always very much the same as at present. The age was treated much like another, and when comparisons were made it was after a manner as different from the modern comparative method as alchemy was different from chemistry.

As men's studies had not yet been turned in such a direction as to enable them to appreciate the immensity of the results that are wrought by the cumulative action of minute causes, they were disposed to attach too much importance to the catastrophic and marvelous; and the agency of powerful individuals—which upon any sound theory must be regarded as of great importance—they not only magnified unduly but rendered it unintelligible when they sought to transform human heroes into demi-gods.

It thus appears that the way in which our forefathers treated history was part and parcel of the way in which they regarded the world. Whether in history or in the physical sciences, they found themselves confronted by a seemingly chaotic mass of facts with which they could deal only in a vague and groping manner and in small detached groups.—Professor John Fiske in Popular Science Monthly.

"Oxons Boiled in Molasses."

George Washington, while attending a swell reception at Newport, noticed that the daughter of his host, Miss Ellery, was suffering from a severe sore throat and could not speak above a whisper. General Washington, observing this embarrassment of his youthful hostess, said to her:

"Miss Ellery, you seem to be suffering very much; what is the matter?"

Miss Ellery told him the cause of her trouble, upon which the general said to her:

"I suffer very frequently from a sore throat and take a remedy which I find very useful, and which I would recommend to you were I not sure you would not take it."

"But I am sure," replied Miss Ellery, "that I would take any remedy that General Washington would propose."

"Well, then," said the general, "it is this—oxons boiled in molasses. It has cured me often."

Miss Ellery took the remedy and, of course, was cured.—Exchange.

Some Rare Old China Pitchers.

The naval battles and heroes of the war of 1812 furnished many subjects for use in decorating pitchers, and some bear inscriptions far from flattering to English vanity. With the portraits of Perry are the words of his famous dispatch, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." With Lawrence, his dying words, "Don't give up the ship." With the likeness of Decatur, who captured the Macedonian, "Free Trade, Sailors' Rights."

Then quickly met our nation's eyes
The noblest sight in nature,
A first class frigate as a prize
Brought back by brave Decatur.
With Commodore Bainbridge, of the Constitution (Old Ironsides), are his words, "Avast, boys, she's struck." The old ballad says:

On Brazil's coast she ruled the roost
When Bainbridge was her captain—
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dead Britons to be wrapped in.
—Alice Morse Earle in Scribner's

Queen Mary's Lapdog.

Mary Queen of Scots had a favorite lapdog, which is said to have been present at the execution of its poor mistress in Fotheringhay castle. After the royal lady had been beheaded the faithful creature refused to leave her dead body and had to be carried out of the hall by force. At that period lapdogs were the pets of men as well as of women. Dr. Boleyn, a relation of the unhappy Queen Anne Boleyn, owned one "which," as it is written, "he doted on." Anne once asked him to grant her one wish and in return he should have whatever he might desire. Knowing his affection for the dog, she begged it of him and of course the doctor had nothing to do but to give it to her. "And now, madam," he said, "you promised to grant my request."

"I will," quoth the queen. "Then, I pray you, give me my dog again."—Exchange.

DARING JAIL BREAKING.

DAVE PADDOCK'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM JOLIET.

An Almost Superhuman Display of Ingenuity Exercised by a Convict Working Out of Prison—Working a Few Minutes at a Time for Over Two Years.

A section of iron bar was cut from the cell door of Dave Paddock by that redoubtable knight of the dark lantern and "jimmy" on the occasion of his sensational escape from Joliet. For over two years Paddock has schemed and worked to effect his purpose. He was sent up from Rock Island on an eight year term, and was placed at work in one of the shoeshops, where during every minute of the working hours in the shop he was constantly under the watchful eye of his keeper. There was not the least chance to plan an escape from the shop. But, not daunted at this, he determined to find some means of getting out of his cell at night.

To fully appreciate the difficulty of cutting out of a cell it must be remembered that three times every hour during the night, at irregular intervals, a guard wearing padded slippers—called "sneak shoes" by the convicts—makes his rounds, peering into each cell to make sure that all are secure and in bed. Paddock first appropriated a couple of thin bladed shoe knives from his shop, and concealing them from the guard, took them to his cell, where, by using one as a file, he converted the other into a fine steel saw. Then by slow degrees he collected a large amount of shoe thread from the same shop, with which he braided the rope. All this required months of stealthful work, but in the course of time he had a slender, strong rope, fully fifty feet in length. This he kept carefully hidden in the mattress of his bed.

Next he began sawing the bars on his door a little at a time. Night after night he watched for the passing of the guard, and as soon as that official was beyond hearing distance he would cut a little and then fill up the space with black wax, which he had also obtained from the shoeshop, so that the prying eyes of the guard could not discover by daylight that the door had been tampered with. When the bar had been cut through he carefully wedged it back into place with small iron staples and bits of lead.

REMARKABLE CLEVERNESS.

He could now get outside of his cell, but the hardest work was yet to be done. His cell was located high up on the third tier, some sixty feet away from the tower door through which he hoped to make his way. Watching his chance, when the night guard was on the opposite side of the block of cells, he removed the bar from his door, crawled through the opening, and with all the agility of a cat climbed down the railing from tier to tier, ran across the corridor to the tower door, and, with a piece of shoemaker's wax, took an impression of the lock, regaining his cell before the guard appeared on that side of the cell-house.

By careful working he made a key out of lead pipe that a plumber had dropped near his workbench in the shop. Several trips from his cell to the tower door were made during the next few weeks before his key would fit, and then it took him some time to get together enough material to make a "dummy" to put in his bed to prevent his absence being discovered before he could get beyond reach. On the very day that he intended to make his escape, while returning from the shop to his cell, he slipped upon an icy stairway and badly sprained his ankle. This almost discouraged him. His months of anxious toil had come to naught. His scheme would surely be discovered. After three weeks in the prison hospital he was sent back to work, and when he reached his cell that evening was overjoyed to find that his rope, key and "dummy" were still safely concealed in the mattress, and everything as he had left it.

ESCAPE AND CAPTURE.

Another week elapsed before his ankle would permit his making the attempt. The night came, however, and along about midnight he was safe inside the tower. A single iron bar still stood between him and freedom, and it would take long hours of hard work to cut through it. Just as daylight began to break the bar gave way. The rope now came into good use, and with its aid he slipped down upon the prison lawn and hurried away to the woods that line the bluffest of the prison. Here he found a thicket or underbrush where he lay hid all that day, and when darkness came again he got away.

His absence was not discovered from prison until the guard went to unlock his cell in the morning. This was without doubt the cleverest escape that had taken place at Joliet, and stamped Paddock as a genius. Extraordinary efforts were made for his recapture. Large rewards were offered, and his description was cast broadcast. A year later it was discovered that Paddock had a mistress in Chicago. A watch was set on her house for several weeks, and sure enough one night Paddock put in an appearance. Captain Simon O'Donnell, of the police department, had the place surrounded and the daring convict was again in the toils. He was taken back to his old quarters at the prison, where he finally completed his sentence, not, however, until he had tried several other schemes for escape, but he was too closely watched to ever again succeed.—Joliet (Ill.) Letter.

Use for an Old Fashioned Caster.

If you happen to have among the family silver an old fashioned caster, don't frown at it uncompromisingly and wonder if it "can't be melted up into something useful." Take it down from its out of the way nook and unscrew the long handle which holds the cruet frame. This will leave when taken out as handsome a table jardiniere for ferns and flowers as your soul can desire, with the trifling addition of a tin basin, which any tinsmith will fit inside.—New York Times.

A National Event.

The holding of the World's Fair in a city scarcely fifty years old will be a remarkable event, but whether it will really benefit this nation as much as the discovery of the Restorative Nervine by Dr. Franklin Miles is doubtful. This is just what the American people need to cure their excessive nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous debility, dullness, confusion of mind, etc. It acts like a charm. Trial bottle and fine book on "Nervous and Heart Diseases," with unequalled testimonials free at F. G. Fricke & Co. It is warranted to contain no opium, morphine or dangerous drugs.

Wonderful.

E. W. Sawyer, of Rochester, Wis., a prominent dealer in general merchandise, and who runs several peddling wagons, had one of his horses badly cut and lamed with a lariat. The wound refused to heal. The horse became lame and stiff notwithstanding careful attention and the application of remedies. A friend handed Sawyer some of Haller's Barb Wire Linctment, the most wonderful thing ever saw to heal such wounds. He applied it only three times and the sore was completely healed. Equally good for all sores, cuts, bruises, and wounds. For sale by all druggists.

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