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**About Salad Dressing.**  
Every one in New York who eats salad thinks that there are a few people in town who can make a fairly good salad dressing, but that none of them can come up to the dressings made by him (the thinker).  
"I tell you, sir," said Boggs, the gourmand, as he deluges the lettuce with grease, "that fellow Snoggs thinks he knows how to do this, but he doesn't have any more idea of it than a cow. Think of it, he puts in more vinegar than oil!"  
At the same moment Snoggs is mixing a dressing in another part of town and snickering to himself as he remarks: "I was very much amused the other night at the way Boggs did this. He actually made a dressing with vinegar! Ha! Ha!" and every one laughed.  
Then there is Juggins, of West Thirty-fourth street, who also has his peculiar views. "Any man," he declares, "who puts mustard in a salad shows his ignorance."  
Muggins, of East Sixty-seventh street, also has decided convictions. "What do you think," he roars out; "I saw Juggins putting mustard in a salad dressing."  
Then some put in sugar. Others think this an awful absurdity. A few use a dab of Worcestershire sauce. Others would rather be lynched than follow their example.  
The funny thing is that there is only one way to make a salad dressing. That is the way known to the reader of this article.  
But the funniest thing is that the same diner out will devour the dressing made by Boggs and join in with his jokes at the expense of the dressings made by Snoggs, Muggins and Juggins. Then the same man will eat at the table of Muggins and apparently sneer with that person at the efforts of Snoggs, Boggs and Juggins.  
There's a lot of conceit and deceit about salad dressings.—New York Herald.

**A Really Absentminded Woman.**  
An absentminded woman put herself on record the other morning in a cross town car, which she boarded at Sixth avenue, bound east. She paid her fare, said "Third avenue" to the conductor, took a second nickel for her ticket on the elevated, and, shutting her purse, gave herself over to some evidently absorbing thought.  
The car was full of changing people, as is usual with crosstown cars, and a moment later the conductor, making his round again, noticed the nickel and mechanically reached for it. The woman gave it to him without a word and rode on. Near Fourth avenue she suddenly started out of her reflections, glanced around, saw that she was near her destination, took out a third nickel to have it ready and once more knit her brows in meditation. Before Third avenue was reached the conductor passed her again. This time she proffered him the nickel, which he would stolidly have taken save for the intervention of an old gentleman seated opposite.  
"Madam," he said, "you have already paid your fare twice."  
The woman started and looked confused, then a light dawned on her face, she thanked the gentleman, put her nickel into her purse and the purse deep into a mysterious pocket somewhere in the back of her dress just as Third avenue was reached. When last seen she was hurrying up the stairs struggling to fish the purse out in search of the heretofore too convenient nickel.—New York Times.

**They Found the Indians.**  
One night in the tent I heard a cowboy tell this story: He was with a big outfit moving cattle, and one day, somewhere near the line separating Colorado from New Mexico, they encountered a settler's cabin which had been plundered by Indians. The settler and his wife and children had been killed. The foreman was sent for, and he immediately ordered that the cattle be allowed to take care of themselves while the cowboys went after the Indians. Three parties set out at once, one commanded by the foreman and the other two by experienced men. One party came back in a day without finding any trace of the Indians, but at the end of the third day the third party came back whooping and yelling and firing off their pistols, they had found the Indians, killed every one of them and captured their ponies.—Cor. Topeka Capital.

**The Ice Invasion.**  
On both sides of the Atlantic equally, the intercalation of fossilized forests bears authentic witness to the sweeping over the land of two great waves of ice invasion. The trees manifestly grew where the glaciers had been; again the glaciers crept forward to constitute themselves the sepulchers of the trees. The second advance, however, fell short of the first, and succeeded it at an unknown interval of time. Opinions are much divided as to its true significance. Dr. Wright inclines to connect the "forest beds" with merely partial oscillations of the ice front.—Edinburgh Review.

**Fences in England.**  
English bar fences have the appearance of being bottom side up—somewhat as an X looks when inverted. But it is all right; lumber is scarce there, and it isn't necessary to have the bars so close together up where the horses and cattle are as down where the sheep and pigs would be tempted to crawl through.—New York Sun.

**Settling Her.**  
Mr. Richechapp—Miss Beanti does not seem to be a very warm friend of yours. Miss Pretti—No, I believe she and my mother had some sort of a quarrel when they were girls.—New York Weekly.

**Natural.**  
"We went bang into the iceberg and slid off to one side. The ship fairly shivered."  
That was natural. I think I'd shiver, so close to an iceberg.—Harper's Bazar.

**Soudanese Troops in Battle.**  
I was told a delightful story of one of our actions in which the Soudanese troops took a prominent part. The enemy was under cover not far off, but the firing line of blacks were blazing away at him as fast as they could open and close their rifles. In view of their efforts tried to stop them. The waste of ammunition threatened to become extremely serious, and the commanding officer, a Scotchman who had seen many fights with them, losing his temper, rode up and down behind the line cursing them with every abusive epithet in a fairly adequate vocabulary of Arabic invective, but entirely without effect. At last one of them happened to turn and discovered the beloved bey in evidently a very excited state of mind. He at once rose, ran back to him, and patting him reassuringly on the boot he said: "Don't be frightened, bey. It's all right. We're here. We'll take care of you!"  
The Scotch bey, however, was equal to the occasion. He rode out through the line, and walked his horse up and down in front of the rifles. "Now," he said, "if you must fire, fire at me!" After this it is not surprising to read in dispatches that this officer has twice recently had his horse shot under him.—Contemporary Review.

**Jay Gould's Book.**  
Occasionally some person knocks at the door of Jay Gould's office in the Western Union building with a copy of "The History of Delaware County, New York, by Jay Gould," to sell. An impression exists in the minds of many people that Mr. Gould is desirous of suppressing this publication as completely as possible, and that he will pay almost any price to get possession of the few stray copies that are left. Residents of Delaware county are authority for the statement that several years ago an agent of Mr. Gould's scoured that county for these books and bought nearly all of them at fancy prices. Whenever a copy of this particular history of Delaware county is displayed in that county at the present day the older residents will advise the owner, "Just you take that down yer New York, an Jay Gould'll give yer thirty or forty dollars fer it." It is certain that nobody in Mr. Gould's office ever heard of his paying any such price for one of those books. And nobody is able to explain why Mr. Gould should want to suppress the publication, unless it is that he thinks there is too much sentiment in it for a man of his present reputation.—New York Times.

**The Unreasoning Crowd.**  
Speaking of the queer things to be seen on the streets, it is really astonishing how instinctively one person imitates another. A man with a passion for psychological research has been proving this by some experiments which are, to say the least of it, original. Going along about dusk the other night in advance of a small party of folk, he suddenly turned out into the muddy street, as if avoiding something in front. Unquestionably every person behind did the same thing in spite of the mire.  
It isn't likely that they felt the full humorous force of the incident in quite the way he did, however, when they saw him face about and walk calmly back in the beaten path. The sheep went to all the trouble of jumping over a bar of dust, to be sure, but it would really seem worth while if human beings could think a little more independently and for themselves. The truth of it is, it is just this blind unreasoning herding together that leads to half the accidents and panics which are cropping up on all sides.—Boston Transcript.

**Antidotes for Snake Poison.**  
The effect of snake bite depends partly on the condition of the snake and partly on that of the person bitten and the part attacked. No effectual antidote has yet been discovered. Ammonia and permanganate of potassium will not suffice, although a solution of the latter will take away the poisonous property of the snake's venom if it be mixed therewith. Immediate amputation of a bitten toe or finger is the best course, as the delay of a few seconds may suffice to convey the poison into the patient's circulation.  
If from the nature of the part bitten amputation cannot be performed, a very tight ligature applied after cauterization and sucking the part is the best course, and the administration of stimulants is generally recommended.—Quarterly Review.

**Rice and Wheat at Weddings.**  
Throwing rice and wheat at a wedding is a relic of an old Roman custom, and has probably been common in England since Roman times. Brand gives several authorities for it. Friend refers to the case of the bride of Henry VII at Bristol in 1486, when wheat was thrown upon her with the greeting, "Welcome and good luck!"  
Rice is used similarly at weddings in India, and the substitution of this grain for wheat in our own country of late years may be partly due to that fact; but where wheat cannot readily be come at rice would naturally suggest itself as a substitute.—Notes and Queries.

**A Physician's Fees.**  
South Africa responds to modern innovations. A recent traveler in Kaffirland tells this incident:  
As we were upassing, he passed us a man driving a small flock of goats and several head of cattle. This was the husband of a lady physician who is ruining the practice of the local witch doctors, and he was taking home his wife's fee for attending a patient.—Youth's Companion.

**Not the Man in Question.**  
A laborer in a rough felt hat and long smock walked the other day into the Shakespeare library, and after looking attentively for some time at one of the custodians, went up to him and said, "I say, zur, be you Mr. Shakespeare as I've heerd'n speak ov?" The custodian explained to Hodge that he was not the gentleman referred to.—London Telegraph.

**London Women of Rank and Driving.**  
Lady Londonderry drives through in a beautifully turned out carriage, dressed in electric blue, and wearing a small piece of blue flower in her black bonnet. Viscountess Curzon, in lovely gown of shaded foulard with marvelous velvet sleeves, a deep collar of cream guipure, and a wild brimmed leghorn hat, drives with great skill a pair of dark browns. She is usually accompanied by her little daughter, and her conveyance is the neatest of park phaetons. Lady Mildred Denison drives her father, Lord Londesborough, in his own mail phaeton. She wears a light coat and a dainty little hat with pink roses. Mrs. Sam Lewis has a pair of dark browns in her park phaeton, which attract much attention.  
Lady whips are more plentiful than ever in the Lady's mile. A pair of horses is the smartest, though many a neatly turned out things, drawn by a single animal, look very well. No one drives better than Lady Curzon. Countess Grosvenor comes near her in skill, and Lady Brooke is perhaps equal, but she cannot be excelled. Among morning pedestrians are often seen the Countess of Romfrey attired in her favorite dark red and the Marchioness of Downshire in black and white.—London Star.

**Patent Grave Marker.**  
The expense of a funeral in a large city has grown to such proportions that the average man commits more extravagance in the act of dying than he ever did during life. It has been suggested that a much less costly form of gravestone than usually erected would meet all the requirements of affectionate remembrance and respect, and the suggestion has been carried into effect in the patenting of a "grave marker." This is simply a memorial leaf. It consists of two outer plates bent so as to form a holder for leaves or tablets, adapted to be suspended from a frame to receive and retain objects desired to be kept as mementos of the deceased.  
The tablets beneath the outer plates can be designed in any desired form, and as they have slides of mica or transparent material to protect the tokens any object such as photographs, sketches, etc., can be inserted. For instance, a sketch of the life of the departed or a portrait or a lock of hair can be placed in the receptacle, where it is securely protected from the weather, and as it is covered by mica it will last for many years without bleaching or decaying.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Chinese Weddings.**  
The chief incident in a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride in her bridal clothes before the house of her chosen one. This is a de facto fulfillment of the contract. The wedding day is determined by the parents of the groom. The imperial calendar names the lucky days, and on such days the so-called "red celebrations" take place, both in the city and country. The same bridal clothes may be used several times. That the chief part of a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride at the house of the groom is illustrated by the fact that the sons are often married without being present at their own weddings. It is not believed to be fortunate to change the wedding day when once decided. If the future husband, therefore, happens to be called away on the wedding day the marriage takes place by sending the bride to his house.—Exchange.

**Caught a Partridge on the Fly.**  
A Deering Nimrod tells a good story of a recent adventure with a young partridge. These chickens of the woods are noted for the colority with which they disappear from the intruder who blunders into their coverts; but in this particular case one of the flock upon being scared up by the dog flew directly toward the hunter. The latter, seeing the young partridge coming, held up his hands and caught it as he would a ball. The little creature was much terrified at first, but immediately regained confidence, so that when the hunter put it upon the ground it stood contentedly a moment eyeing the hunter and then leisurely hopped away.—Portland Press.

**Exercise and Blood Circulation.**  
The circulation is controlled mainly by the action of the heart. When the activity of this organ is increased, therefore the general circulation will be improved. Now, the heart is stimulated to action by the presence of blood in its cavities, and muscular exercise, by hastening the flow of venous blood, will be instrumental in sending more fluid through them in a given period of time, and consequently in stimulating the organ to increased activity.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Popular Science Monthly.

**Not Thirsty.**  
Lady—Have you given the goldfish fresh water?  
New Servant—No, ma'am; they have not finished the water I gave them the other day.—Exchange.

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**PLACES OF WORSHIP.**  
CATHOLIC—St. Paul's Church, at the corner Sixth and Granite Sts., Father Carney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M.; Sunday School at 2:30 P. M., with benediction.

CHRISTIAN—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. H. H. Foster. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite Sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.  
The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.  
GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Witte, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.  
SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.  
COLORED BAPTIST—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Rowell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.  
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.  
SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School 10 A. M.; preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.