FIGHT WITH A MOOSE.

- A BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH A DIANT OF THE FOREST.
- A Buil Enraged by a Short That Only tiresed Him Fought Like a Pury-A Bunter's Canadian Experience Which He Would Not Unre to Duplicate.

Within 30 hours' rids of Chiengo, at Lake Temiscopia, a beautiful little sheet of water in the province of Quebec, is one of the finest hunting grounds in the world. It is a region abounding with deer, moose, caribon and other wild animals.

Dr. Charles Granville, an English physican who resides on the lake, had an adverture with a gigantic bull moose that rivals In excitement eny of the blood curilling hunting stories which the wild west could friends arrived from Chicago and told him he must give them some hunting. Gippe Tippe, a French Canadian whose knowledge of woodcraft amounts to second na-Squatic is about 10 miles distant from Notre Dame du Lac.

At 3 o'clock the next morning the physiplaces in the birch bark cance which had been provided for their accommodation. In the party were T. F. Piednew of La Crosse and George T. Howlands of Chicago. Gippe Tippe and another guide accompanied the

After an hour's steady work the cance debouched from the lake into the Squatic river, where the high banks towered aloft fringed with oak and pine. Twenty minutes' hard paddling, and the voyagers day they devote to cleaning their houses emerged upon a broad sheet of water, the and collecting and preparing food for the gently sloping shores of which were fringed with deep woods,

Enjoining the strictest silence upon the occupants of both canoes, the doctor directad the boatmen toward the left bank of the lake. Taking Mr. Plednow with him, Dr. Granville stepped out on the shore. Mr. Tippe. All pushed at once quickly but silently forward. It was hardly daylight in the dense forest.

Suddenly, just as the party of four men reached the edge of an open glade, there was a queer sound heard. "Youer! Youer!"

It was the cry of the male moose calling to its mate. Instantly Gippe dropped on that womer will often leave their homes his knees, and putting two very dirty fin- at daylight for the early Sunday service forth the answering cry of the female: "Youee! Youee!"

From the direction of the sounds it seemed as if the animal was only a few yards right life.-Fortnightly Review. ahead. Every one was on the very tiptoe of expectation. It was Dr. Granville's wish to give his guests the first chance at a shot, and he moved Piednow and Howlands to the front. As they crept quietly along through the underbrush skirting the glades the surface of a small green knoll was exposed against a background of gray sky for a moment. On the top of the knoll, with its splendid head erect and its great antlers branching aloft, was a superb bull moose. The doctor moved aside to permit Mr. Plednow to come up.

'Aim just below the shoulder," whispered the physician.

Plednow caught his breath and put his rifle up to his shoulder, where it seemed to stay for an eternity. At last he pulled the trigger. There was a loud report. The bull, stricken above the shoulder, staggered a moment, and giving vent to a loud bellow of deflance turned around on his haunches. Mr. Plednow's bullet had merely scraped him. With a snort of rage and deflance, the infuriated animal charged down the slope.

"Scatter for your lives," shouted Gippe, at the same time plunging into the under brush. Plednow, however, though a bad shot,

stood his ground. He looked as if he was entirely accustomed to encounters of the kind as he again raised his rifle

"I have got another barrel," he said calm-

The doctor was hardly the man to desert his guest in such an emergency, but he knew that the best shot in the world could not hit a charging moose in that kind of light. The next moment he had seized Plednow, who is a small man, around the waist, threw him over his shoulder and ran for his life, ran as one would think it im possible for a man to run burdened with a rifle and a fellow being. After the two bushes as if they were grass in a hayfield. filled with dead leaves and branches, and into this crashed the doctor and his friend, and both fell. The next moment the moose was on top of them.

With one of its sharp fore feet firmly planted on Piednow's chest, whom the blow had knocked unconscious, the moose endeavored to transfix him with its sharp antler points. Gippe and Howlands both leveled their rifles, but mixed indiscriminately with moose and flying branches the doctor was seen engaged in a terrific hand to hand fight with the enraged animal. To the back, had the misfortune to have his shoot was out of the question.

In the fierce rush of the animal, which had sent Piednow and the doctor head over heels into the little hollow, the doctor's rifle had been sent skimming from his hand in may grace the museum of a subtropical to the bushes. But it would have been a useless weapon in that close encounter. With one hand grasping the left antier of the moose close to its enormous head, with the other the plucky physician drew his long hunting knife and plunged it forward into the bull's shoulder. It missed making any kind of a wound that served to do more than doubly enrage the maddened animal. With a lunge of its sharpened forefoot it struck the doctor just above the knee, crippling him for the moment and rolling him

over like a log. At this moment a bullet from Gippe's rifle struck the moose on the right flank. and in its desperate and headlong charge upon the failen man it swerved slightly. As the moose reached him the doctor regained his feet and sprang on one side, but the giant antier caught him and tossed him to church by the same attraction which on one side like a feather.

The next thing he knew be had the moose around the neck, and then he realized that the struggle must end soon, for he was becoming rapidly exhausted. Leaning far over, he slashed viciously at the animal and succeeded in severing the tendon achilles in both its fore legs. The moose uttered a loud bellow and fell to its knees. Froth ran from its mouth, and its great red tongue dropped folling from its black lips.

Just then Gippe ran up, and placing the muzzle of his rifle against the animal's side pulled the trigger. When the doctor came to, Howlands was bathing his face with water, and Gippe was cooking moose steaks over a fire in the little clearing. No bones were broken, but the animal had fallen clear over on the physician and bruised him badly.-Chicago Journal.

Photographers claim that they can take a picture of a rifle ball traveling at the rate of 3,000 feet per second.

NOW THE MADRIS LIVE.

Their Pond, Draws, Decopations and House,

and Church Resignat Coromontes. The Muori lives, mainly on the food that nature has provided, but adds to it provialon of various himbs imported from other lands. His notice with (tappa) has long um out of use, and European fabrics have taken its place. The mon are slad in King Hab style, though willow wearing shore The women, also stooless, as a rule, dress with taste and abjure gorgeous volon sham jewelry and loud display, but are greedy of lace trimmings, outsich forthers, artificial flowers and adorsoments of a simtlar kind. To pay for their new wants, the expra of compactor is made from the dried fruit of the exconnert.

Cotton is picked, or the magnificent or anges are gathered when a paying market can be found. They take the trouble to make lines jutes on the same condition, but their chief export is coffee, for which a marfurnish. One night a party of the doctor's ket is always sure. The neight and wild ness of the trees make the picking of her Pies a slow process, but planting and prun-Ing to keep the growth within bounds ture, said that he had found tracks of a big be acceptable. Marketing the Maori remoose on the shore of Lake Squatic. Lake gards as fifthy and detestable, a practice unknown to his fathers and exciting only disgust in himself Meanwhile the coffee tree in its wild state flourishes as the Maori clan aroused his guests, and they took their did in his. The breaking of the branches by the hels who climb to pick may serve as a rough kind of pruning and do for the coffee what in old times war did for the man.

When the seasons come, copra making,

cotton picking and coffee or orange gather ing are turned into picule performances rather than made work in our sense of the term. The people sally forth from the village in merry parties, and in this spirit the whole work of the country is done. Saturand collecting and preparing food for the Sunday, which is observed as a Sabbath of the ancient Biblical kind. On three of the week days there is early morning service. Every day, in every household, is opened and closed with hymns and family prayer. On Sunday, clad in their best, they troop to church or prayer meeting from three to Howlands followed, accompanied by Gippe five times a day, and after each service assemble in appointed sections for examination by their elders as to the sermon they have heard or the Scripture which has been read. The intervals are spent in discussing the public announcements-which are always made in church before the serviceor in the gossip and bits of scandal, which they dearly love. So assiduous are they fiers almost entirely within his mouth gave forth the answering cry of the female:

and not return till the day is done. At sunset the church is closed. There are no evening services, and the people are free once more to resume the habits of ordinary

The Death Plant of Java.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated "Death valley," has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the "kali mujah," or "death plant." It grows only on the sterile soils of the volcanic regions of Java and the adjoining islands and is even there reckoned as a curiosity on account of its extreme scarcity. It grows from 2)4 to 8 feet in height, with long, slender stems, well protected by stout thorns nearly an inch in length. The ground leaves are of a delicate, satinlike smoothness, heart shaped, emerald green on one side and blood red, streaked and veined with light buff on the other.

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness The name of the plant is from a characteristic of these splendid flowers, which, beautiful though they are, continually drip a capital steak. with a deadly poison.

which is distilled in the bot tom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few sec onds, even when inhaled in open air. The perfume, if such a pungent odor can properly be so called, produces insensibility in the form of convulsions, distorting the face, especially the mouth and eyes, into a horrid, erazy looking grin. Recovery from the effects of infuling this odor is said to be very slow.-St. Louis Republic.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail came the moose, crashing through the in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part There was a little hollow or depression half of the vast body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth, the men hacking with axes to slice away the 10 foot screens of bone, while others, with sharp spades, upon the back are cutting off the deep great coat of fat in which kindly nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, Hes alongside and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed.

Some years ago a man, still lingering on foot caught between the creature's ribs at the instant when the tackles were undone, Some cons hence those two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, Greenland or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.-A. Conan Doyle in McClure's Magazine.

The Expense of Church Music.

"The expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church," writes the Rev. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The Church and the Choir" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "My own experience leads me to the conviction that the first thing for a church to do is to secure a good organist and choirmaster and pay them a fair compensation. If it then has surplus funds, it may well expend them in hiring a few leading singers, but it should never endeavor to make a concert platform of the choir loft, nor hope to draw people draws them to the concert room.'

Confusion of Law.

"Turn to the right, as the law directs," is a simple rule to remember, but if it were followed out it would obviate all the jos tlings and elbowings that make a crowded thoroughfure so disagreeable. Another rule is apt to conflict in a puzzling way with this one, and that is the unwritten edict that gives a woman the inside of the walk. Confusion between the two makes a bad business of the matter. - Philadelphia

An Interesting Search.

Western Maid-They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim. Bay State Girl-Yes. But then the paucity of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

A MICROSE PROOF BUILDING.

The Wonderful Invention That Japan Sta-Kitson to the Wooth.

A new kind of dwelling broke has been Invented. It is remarkable to many ways being suitable for any climate, whether tropical or arctic, air and water tight and as mear disease proof no any fullding can be made. It is marranted uncrobe proof, and should any strax sitsons producing green through any necident or examighfind its way within the Eurbeiden precipets the conditions it finds there will be an obsoulous to its taste and feelings that it will immediately the of despair. The new kind of building is a Japanese invention. W. van der Harden of Yokohama is its originator and builder. He has constructed one for his own use, and has lived in it for over a year, testing its good qualities before publishing to the world any of its peculturities. The tests applied have been a satisfactory in their results that the world is now informed of them.

Gluss is the citief article of construction in the new building. Its walls are constructed of a series of glass boxes filled with a solution of alum. These boxes are formed of two panes of glass each fourtenths of an inch in thickness. The glasis fixed in iron frames screwed together The whole is so constructed that the build ing will resist the influence of heat, coid, shocks and earthquakes. Between the joints of the iron framework felt is insert ed, and then the space is covered with boards. The roof is that and is supported by cast from pillars. It, too, is giass, with strips of rubber covering the joints. Over the glass is spread a thin layer of ashes and upon this is placed a light wooden frame, which is covered with cement to pro tect the interior from the radiation of heat-The building has outer and inner walls, with a space between affording air passages to neutralize all atmospheric influences without.

No doors or windows appear in the building proper. The superstructure is placed on a foundation of brick, the walls of which inclose a sort of basement, and it isthrough this basement that ingress and egress to and from the residence portion are obtained. The building is heated and ventilated on the most scientific principles. Pure air is secured from the upper atmosphere and conveyed to the interior of the building through pipes after it has been screened through fine wire netting and filtered through cotton batting so as to deprive it of any microbes or other disease germs it might contain. After being used it escapes from the house through valves fixed in the walls and ceilings for that purpose. The heat is also brought to the house from the outside through pipes running to open flues in the rooms, and as it passes away through these a draft is created which assists in ventilating the rooms. The whole limits of the building are made as asceptic as a wound dressing of lister.—Chicago Post.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut in 19 pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse"two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in 99 cases out of 100. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut off and is called the filet de bœuf. It makes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "hip sirloin steak" and "flat bone sirloin steak." These are the tenderioin steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over six of each kind in one carcass, so the chances are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone" sirloin, which is itself

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one careas contains but a few of them. Incenious butchers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy or sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw colored appearance. The flesh should be cherry red. When meat rises quickly after being pressed, it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depend upon it the beef is poor.-Washington Post.

Relies of Charles L.

There are several relies still extant of the trial and execution of Charles I. Sir R. Palgrave, the learned clerk of the house of commons, has been able to specify the exact spot occupied by the king during his trial in Westminster hall. The chair on which he sat is in the boardroom of the bospital at Moreton on the Marsh, Gloucestershire. The hat of the president of the court, Bradshaw, who remained covered throughout the trial, is in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford. The footstool on which the king knelt or more probably supported himself when he laid his head on the block, lying down prope, is, with an escritoire and other relies of Charles I, in the possession of Mr. Martin-Edmunds, Walmer, Kent, and the room where the death warrant was signed is a little compartment off the members' cloak room in the house of commons and is commonly known as Cromwell's chapel.-Westminster Gazette.

A Cut Appeals to a Dentist.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Call writes: I have a friend, a dentist, who is the owner of a kitty. This animal is very observing and frequently sits near the chair watching the doctor operate on patients. For several days it was noticed that pussy had not taken her food as quickly as usual, and she frequently yowled in apparent distrees, but no attention was paid to it.

One morning after a patient had left the chair pussy jumped into the place he had occupied, and raising her head gave a pitiful cry and then opened her mouth. doctor looked and found the gum badly uicerated from a defective tooth. He drew the incisor out, and after having her gum dressed the cat jumped down and expressed ber thanks by purring in a contented man-

The Last Was First.

Teacher (to new pupil)-What is your last name, my little man?

New Pupil-Tommy, Teacher-What is your full name? New Pupil-Tommy Jones.

Teacher Then dones is your last name? Tommy No, it isn't. When I was born, my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterward. -Brooklyn Life.

The Difference.

A good story was told at Middlesboro by the Rev. Bryan Dale. He said that at the meeting on the previous day an old Yorkshire woman had defined the difference between the sects thus: "Wesleyans drag 'em out of the gutter, Baptists wash 'em, and Independents starch 'em!"-Exchange.

THE COLON_L'S SCAR.

SOUVENIR OF A CHANCE MEETING IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

Horse Third Methods Which Didn't Work Successfully Tids Time-A Lively Skiemish With Lots of Statists In It Important Part Taken by Rearing Harry.

Colonel Jim Struthers, alias Montana Jim, yawwed a few times, and in the procpulling himself together, combed his hair with his tingers, thus lifting it from his brow and exyming a long and burid sear which started on the right temple and traveled backward till it got lest

"Hella, colonel. Come out of this, and tell me how you got this mar," said the prospector for facts.

This scar? Oh, yes, I recollect. Well, I got that mark from being too game. was living on a ranch mear Peass Bottom Mon., and after the regular fall windup three of the boys, Catfish Johnnie, Roar ing Harry and Yellowstone Joe, proposed that we take a trip through the Yellow stone park.

"After a long and delightful trip we came within the shadow of the Yellowstone mountains and camped. It was a delight ful spot. On one side ran the tracks of the Northern Pacific, and every few hones trains rushed by. On the other side a littie stream babbled and sparkled. It was about noon when we halted.

"After dinner we sat near the railroad waiting to see the overland express dash by, when from the brush down the track three men came out. They strolled along in the direction of our camp. We were a good many miles from a station, and it was an unusually suspicious circumstance to see these fellows tramping along the They were bad visaged, and their general appearance did not impress us very favorably. As they got within about 100 yards of us they hallooed in familiar wild west style and approached us civilly enough. The spokesman said that one of their horses had either strayed or had been stolen, and he wanted to know if we had seen any horse answering the description which he gave. Of course we had not and invited the strangers to eat dinner with

"They told us that their camp was down the track in a ravine about a mile distant and said that they would be glad to have us take dinner with them on the morrow. We promised to do so. However, there was some sneaking suspicion down in the subcellar of our minds that something was crooked about the whole business. This suspicion was not calmed in any way by the calculating glances which the party bestowed on our armament and stock That afternoon it was decided that we should picket our horses and stand watch by turns throughout the night. It is a very common practice with expert horse thieves to simply swoop down and stampede the stock of an outfit in true Indian fashion, but this programme will never work where the stock is picketed. In a case of this kind the depredators simply sneak around the camp like coyotes and cut the ropes.

"In our outfit we had one very wild horse. He was as wild as a mountain goat. He would run if you'd point your finger at him. The only restraining influence which he acknowledged was that exercised by another horse. The wild horse was so absolutely stuck on his four footed friend that he would eat and drink with him and never seem satisfied without being in his company. True, he would fly off at a tangent, but he would come to his mate, wagging his tail behind him. picketed all the horses excepting this one. It was between 12 and 2 o'clock when Roaring Harry, whose turn it was to stand guard, entered the prairie schooner and turned us all out quietly with the remark that something was up. The wild horse had run up alongside his gentle friend and was puffing and snorting in a perfect fever of fright.

"We reasoned that the thieves had approached the camp and run on the untam ed animal. They would conclude from this that the stock was at large and would most likely attempt to stampede it. With this theory in mind, we took positions along the trail which the thieves would follow should they swoop down. My perch was under an overhanging bowlder, where I could not be seen for the gloom, and from where by the faint light of the stars I could see pretty clearly all that went on on one side of the wagon. It was snowing and blowing and otherwise unpleasant. We had been on guard this way for perhaps an hour. Everything was dead still but for the howl or cry of some wild beast in the timber. We thought that we beard something which sounded like hoofs away up the trail. Nearer they came, and distinctly they sounded as they more struck the frozen ground, from which the snow had been blown away. Then the sound ceased. The party of horsemen had halted. We knew what was about to come, and every man took a firmer hold on his winchester and took good care that the bammer was up. Then there was a sharp clatter and a rush. Down the trail the

thieves were dashing full tilt. "As the squadron emerged from the shadow of the pines their outlines could be seen. Bang, bang! Whizz! Click, click! Bang, bang! Two borses dropped and one rider bit the dust, as they say in the novel and his steed pressed by. Others of the party rode by in a burry. One of the borses dropped directly opposite my station. Evidently his rider was full of life and hope, for he arose on his knees, and I knew in stinctively that his gun was going to his shoulder, when my trusty rifle flashed out. The blaze of my gun was the signal which located me to him. He replied as quick as thought. There was a blinding flash in my face; I felt a whiff of cold wind; some thing warm streamed over me: I knew

that I was fulling, and then all was blank. "The next day I opened my eyes and saw strange people about me. I tried to think, but couldn't. Things gradually grew less strange. As soon as I had ther oughly regained consciousness the boys explained what was wrong and told me that I had had a close call. Then they pointed to three grewsome objects ranged side by side on the edge of the trail, with their ghastly features concealed by blankets. This scar is where that horse thief's bullet ripped open my scalp and plowed a long furrow down my skull."-Washington Star.

His Contract.

"See here," said the citizen as he put a stubby finger down on a copy of the paper, "dis here item says dat I got a con-

tract workin for de state." "Well," said the editor, "we understood that you had been awarded a carting con-

tract. "So I has, and I want you to say so in de nex' paper. De way it come out, widout sayin wot de contrac' was, about half me frien's will t'ink I been sent to de pen."-Indianapolis Journal.

"MALLOWELL"

How the Grand Glid Popular Byson Came In its Written.

When our greateless and their dames were young, good old "Hallowell" and to be the need percular term in the ampling beeks. It was contemporary with "Port band," "Purces," and "Buckfield," and it was vung by cheir and class, its inspirfrog air sinking deep toto the hours of the many. Very little has been said about the bistory of this grand old hyun, and its melmly, and it was Flora E. Derry, Boxten's controlto, who told me the story of its origin, for it was written by an own uncle of her mother's, and so granduncle of here.

Mrs. Berry says she can remember when ber mother used to rock her to alcop with the tone of "Hallowell." air, but it was because Uncle Abram wrote It that it pessessed for her its great charm.
Uncle Abram Maxim was a man of

marked ability. At an early age he man-Hested an ardent love for music, and for the day in which he lived he acquired a thorough knowledge of its principles.

When a young man, Uncle Abram met with a serious disappointment in love. Tired of life, he one morning wandered into the deep forest between the Owl's Head and Streaked mountain. This picturesque spot, noted all about for its beautiful acenery and for its abundance and variety of rare minerals, is in Paris, Oxford county, Me., about 50 miles north by east of Portland. This locality likewise enjoys the distinction of having been the birthplace of the author of the tune of "Hallowell." Uncle Abram continued his way until he came to a deserted logging camp. On the old hovel sat a lone sparrow attering her lament at the disturbing of her nest by some ruthless marauder. sat for some time listening to the plaintive song of the bereaved bird. Going to a birch tree, he removed a piece of bark, and on it he wrote the following lines:

As on some lonely building top Far from the tents of joy and hope I'll sit and grieve alone

He then commenced to write a plaintive melody of most exquisite sweetness, in the minor scale, justly befitting the language. When he had finished this, he became so interested in his work that he began to affix the other parts, as his whole mind and energies seemed wrapped up in the labor before him.

Evening had begun to cast its shadows over the valley ere his task was completed. When the whole was adjusted to his liking, his lively imagination, to his infinite delight, pictured the glorious harmony which must arise from his subject when performed by his competent choir. He hastened homeward and became a very popular and useful man.

He was an eminent composer and the author of many of the most popular melodies now known as continentals, which by long and continued use have become firm ly established in the bearts of not only the people of Uncle Abram's own state, but throughout the Union .- Boston Tran-

Typewriting by Touch.

In the opinion of most people who have tried to run a typewriter, it is a pig headed and untrustworthy instrument, even when one keeps both eyes upon it. To such persons it may be a consolation to learn that a really good operator scarcely looks at the keys at all, writing by touch, or location, as some of them call it.

A Mail and Express representative the other day visited one of the big typewriting establishments down town where they keep men who can do all sorts of ground and lofty tumbling on the typewriter, and asked an expert about writing by touch.

'All good operators write largely by touch," he said. "They look at the keyoften, but do not look at each sepa rate letter, being so familiar with the keyboard that the fingers go to the right place by instinct. It is not a matter of choice. We have to learn that way. Suppose a man writes at ordinary speed, say 50 words minute. He will strike 250 keys, and if he watches all the time it means 250 glances of the eye,

"This rapid and incessant motion quickly fatigues the eyes, causing headache and weariness so it is a matter of necessity to learn to write by touch. The ensiest way is to paste a piece of paper upon one key, thus forcing yourself to remember it. In a day or so the next key is covered, and so on till you know the whole keyboard by position."-New York Mail and Express.

One Price.

The late William G. Twombly of Portland, long a unique figure in the plano trade, had a fixed price for each of his pianos, and he would not lower it for any customer, no matter how importunate. "Early in my business career," Twembly, not long ago, "I would occasionally ask more than a piano was worth, and then, when the customer tried to beat me down, I would take off what I had added to the regular price. The way I was cured of that was this: A lady came in one day and inquired the price of a piano, which had always sold for \$400. Expecting her to ask for a reduction, I told her the price was \$450. 'Very well, said she, 'I like the piano, and you may send it up this afternoon. My husband will give you a check for the amount tomorrow.' I was puzzled what to do," said Mr. Twombly, "but I finally told her that the piano would cost her only \$400. Since that time I have never asked more than a piano was worth, and I have never allowed myself to be beaten down."-Lewiston

A Dining Arrangement.

I was dining out one day and was taken down to dinner by an intelligent person, who-as soon as we were seated and had unfolded our napkins and studied our menus—quietly asked, "Pray, what is your favorite hobby?" Taken thus abruptly, I had not time to invent a suitable and unveracious answer and was therefore startled into a truthful reply, "The poetry, writings and designs of William Blake." "Mine," he appropriate 'is the iron work of Quentin Matsys. So If you will talk through soup and fish about Blake, then I will talk about Quentin Matsys through the two entrees, and then we can start fair." I thought this was a splendid plan and heartily recommend it to all diners out who suffer from a desire to talk about their favorite crank.-London Gentlewoman.

Advertising That Paid.

It has been asked, "Does advertising pay?'' A German journal, the Mainzer Nachrichten, replies to this question by giving the following fact, the authenticity of which it guarantees: A person advertised that he would pay 5 marks to the sender of the largest potato. In less than 15 days the clever advertiser found himself in possession of as many sacks full of the very floest potatoes, which, after paying the I marks promised for the largest example, might be reckoned a very profitable spec-Mation.

MIRED AND AMUSING

Some Invidence of Laterette's Tool Through the United States In 1884.

William M. Pork says, in his life of Hishop Polk, that when Lafayette in 1904 made his momentum tony through the United States many amusions busidency accompanied his passage through North Carolina General Yolk, the governor and a cavalry smort, winter command of thenoral Daniel, met the distinguished great near the Virginia line.

There was much hand shoking and speech making. Lafayette spoke but ittile Eng lish and understood less. He had retained a few physics, such as "Thanks!" "My dear friend," "Great country!" "Happy man!" Ah, I remember And though he usually uttered these in an effective manner they were sometimes indicronaly malapro-

At Halifax the cortege was met by General Daniel, who had stationed a company of soldiers by the roudside, flanked by the ladies who had assembled to do henor to the guest of the state. It had been arranged that the indies should wave their hand kerchiefs as soon as Lafayette came in sight, and when Daniel exclaimed, "Welcome, Lafayette!" the whole company was to repeat the words after him.

Uniockily the ladies misunderstood the programme and waited too long, only to be reminded of their duty by a stenterian command of "Flirt, ladies; flirt, I say!" from the general as he walked down the line to

meet the marquia.

Equally misunderstanding their part, the soldiers, instead of shouting, "Welcome, Lafayette?" in unison at the close of the general's speech, repeated the sentence one by one in varying tones. Now a deep voice would exclaim, "Welcome, Lafayettel" Then the next man would squeak, in a shrill tenor, "Welcome, Lafayette!" So it went on down the line.

General Daniel, frantic at this burlesque of his order, vainly attempted to correct it. But as he unfortunately stammered when he was excited Lis "Say it all to-to-to-gether!" could not overtake the running fire of "Welcome, Lafayettel" which continued all

along the line. "Great country! Great country!" replied Lafayette, turning to General Polk, who was vainly trying not to smile.

Recognizing an old acquaintance, Lafayette greeted him with great effusion. "Ah, my dear friend, so glad to see you once more. Hope you have prospered and had good fortune these years."

"Yes, general, yes; but I have had the great misfortune to lose my wife since I saw you." Catching the word "wife," Lafayette guessed at the idea of a recent marriage,

and patting his old friend affectionately on the shoulder be exclaimed: "Happy man! Happy man!"-Youth's Companion.

He Fell Among Borrowers.

According to the Sheridan (Or.) Sun, there is a schoolmaster in that state who has had enough of boarding with people who treat him as "one of the family." He was boarding around and in the course of his peregrinations arrived at a house where there were several grown up sons and daughters. He was taken at once into intimate fellowship.

On the second morning William, one of the boys, came into the new boarder's room and borrowed his toothbrush. The schoolmaster demurred and went so far as to enter into particulars about microbes and microbic infection, but William took the brush.

"I ain't afraid to use it after you if you ain't after me." he said.

The next evening Samuel, another son, borrowed the master's best white shirt to wear to a dance, and Maria, one of the daughters, while trying to extract some of his perfumery, spilled the greater part of it upon her clothes.

So matters went on with increasing friendliness, and when the teacher took his leave the mother was wearing a pair of his socks, the girls had begged his tooth powder and the remainder of his perfumery, the old man had worn out his ulster hunting deer, and the boys had on two of his white shirts, two pairs of his socks, a vest and a hat.

One of the girls had made love to the boarder's \$4 silk umbrella, but though she fact is not stated we are given to understand that her suit was unsuccessful.

An Unfertunate Quotation.

"A good story is told on ex-Pension Commissioner Black," said a Chicago attorne, "Every one who knows Black is aware that he is one of the most dignified legal practitioners in the west, and that he is also somewhat enamored of the classics. Not long ago he was attorney in a usury case at Springfield, and in his address to the jury quoted very freely from the 'Merchant of Venice, and wound up by saying that, although the plaintiff could demand his pound of flesh, the terms of his bond did not enable him to go beyond this.

"The attorney for the alleged usurer seemed very much amused at the line of argument Mr. Black was taking, and when that gentleman's peroration was concluded he rose and remarked with somewhat of a pitying tone that Brother Black had recently held a brief in a dressed beef case and that he had gotten the two cases mixed up, concluding by a soring the jury that there was no flesh a this case at all, but only money. A legal friend of mine, who solemnly asserts he was in court on the occasion, says the look of disgust on Mr. Black's face would have been worth a small fortune to any artist who could have reproduced it on canvas."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Umbrellas.

"If half the citizens of New York only knew such a simple thing as how to roll up an umbrella, I would probably have to close up my repairing department," said an up town umbrella dealer. "Most of the umbrellas brought here to be mended," he went on, "would never have needed repairs if they had been kept properly rolled.

"The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand. Then your umbreila will be as nicely closed as when you bought it, and the only wear and tear will be on the cloth.

"It is twisting the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas that are brought to me to be fixed up. Never hold the umbrella by the handle alone when you roll it up, and you will find it will last long er and cost less for repairs."-New York Herald.

Where They Met.

Donald (after the ball)-May I call on you occasionally, Miss Lester? We seem as old friends. Have I not seen you some-

where before! Miss Lester (cuttingly)-Yes, you saw me langing onto the strap in the car one day ast week while you were sitting down .-