

PICTURESQUE CONGRESSMAN.

His Wife Was a Captain in the Salvation Army.

And so Cy Sulloway has come to Congress. Up in Manchester, N. H., where locomotives and cotton prints are made...

Well, in his younger days Cy rather wandered from the path that led to the church in which the rest of the family worshipped.

"It doesn't seem to me to be quite right," mused Cy, in his quiet, honest way. "These people have as much right to worship God in their way as I have to worship him in mine."

So down he went. He told them that he had some little reputation as a lawyer and if they wanted his services they were welcome to all he could do, without money and without price.

That is the story of Cy Sulloway, who has come to congress.

Seas Among Parrot Owners.

Visitors to Paris cannot have failed to notice the long rows of psittacous birds displayed for sale on the quays that border the Seine, for if by chance the variegated spectacle escaped their eyes...

Miniatures on Dinner Cards.

The miniature craze has gone so far that today even the dinner card has a miniature head for ornamentation. Some cards are about four inches square and have in the upper left-hand corner a miniature head in colors to match the decorations.

Maine Girl's Pet Pig.

A Saco, Maine, girl has a pet pig which she leads about the streets of that town as other girls sometimes lead a poodle.

Gala Day for a Veteran Equine.

There is a horse in Greenville, Ohio, that has been driven between the town and the railroad station to carry the mail for more than a quarter of a century.

THE QUESTION OF RELIGION.

Matthew Arnold Criticizes a Brilliant Skeptic.

We find a brilliant mathematician, Prof. Clifford, launching invectives, which, if they were just, would prove either that no religion at all has any right to mankind's regard or that the Christian religion, at all events, has none.

Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and, instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the talk.

Men are not mistaken in thinking that Christianity has done them good, in loving it, in wishing to listen to those who will talk to them about what they love and will talk of it with admiration and gratitude, not contempt and hatred.

The Climate of Africa.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer of Africa, says this, in the Century Magazine, about its climate. As for the climate, it is no worse than that found elsewhere in tropic lands.

Here the climate is sensibly cooler, and the white man may safely work six hours a day in the open without fear of sunstroke, though he must not count on immunity from fever.

A Man Who Never Knew Pain.

Dr. Paul Eve, a Georgian physician, records a peculiar case of a man who never knew pain. Dr. Eve knew the man personally. The man, who was about fifty-six years of age at the time of his death, was a lawyer, strong both in mind and body.

A Bamboo Church Organ.

A bamboo church organ is reported to have been built in Shanghai, and it is said to surpass organs made of metal. As bamboo can be obtained of all dimensions, from the thickness of a pen to pieces of a foot in diameter,

Justice.

Justice and greed are eternal enemies. Selfishness is the greatest obstacle to justice. It is this that makes one man take advantage of the needs of another to enrich himself.

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Reasons Why It Should Be Built—Canada's Progress.

Siberia is a Russian Canada, larger and more populous, and, like Canada, it has a great future, says the Fortnightly Review. It is very rich in gold, while there are whole hills of graphite (black lead) and lapis lazuli.

The Russians have been struck by the fact "that the prosperity of Canada and its productive activity have grown and continue to grow, with a rapidity which appears to us (Russians) miraculous, and by us imitable, just from the date of the completion of the Canadian Pacific railway from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean."

Killing a Great Buffalo.

Mr. William Astor Chanler, in his book, "Through Jungle and Desert," soon to be published, gives the following incident regarding the killing of a buffalo in Africa: "One morning, after I had been some days at Ngiri, I set out with twenty men to procure meat for the camp.

The Heir's Name Through Two Centuries.

Repeated domestic afflictions are telling their tale on the iron constitution of Sir Smith Child, the veteran baronet of Stallington hall, in the Potteries. Sir Smith has lost both his wife and only son during the last few years, and is now lying in a precarious condition at his house near Blyth Bridge.

Arbitration.

In the bright lexicon of diplomacy there's no such word as "arbitrate." There are intrigue, scheme, bribery and coercion—indeed, all arts that play upon the sordid side of men and nations, and that use dark and tortuous secrecy; but to settle an international affair openly in the fair field of intelligent discussion is an innovation that a statesman of the old school regards with suspicion.

Complimentary.

Doctor (to patient)—It's a great wonder to me, my dear sir, that you've ever pulled through this illness. Patient—So it is to me but my wife would insist upon calling you in.—Exchange.

Deepest Gold Mine.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal., depth, 2,290 feet; deepest silver mine at Carson City, Nev.; depth, 3,300 feet.

THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS."

She Achieved Both Fame and Notoriety in Her Day.

A writer that floated high on the rising tide of realism and in her lifetime achieved both notoriety and reputation was Mrs. Delariviere Manley, says the Cornhill Magazine.

In Swift's "Journal to Stella" there are noticeably frequent references to Mrs. Manley—not always complimentary, for he thinks ill both of her spelling and of her personal appearance.

Her "Atalantis" (1709), a grossly immoral book, which satirized with merciless freedom many of the best-known personages of the day, had a great vogue, its prurient gossip attracting readers with a taste for literary carrion.

THE PRIZE NOISE.

Seven Boys Can Make More Than a Cyclone.

"The worst sound I ever heard," said the man in the corner, according to the Detroit Free Press, "was the cry of a screech owl in the woods of Maine. It was years before I could sleep a night through without dreaming of that awful scream."

"My experience is that there is nothing on the face of the earth can make a worse noise than the cry of a panther," said an old hunter belonging to the crowd.

"Gentlemen," said the only Detroitier present, "I once lived across the street from two parrots, and I give you my word of honor that they made more noise of an ear-splitting, heart-rending description than any other critters under the sun."

"I ain't thinking of live-objects," said the man who had been reading, "but if it comes to an ear-splitter I call the game on a callop! The first time I heard it it knocked me clean foolish."

"Then you've never been in a tornado and heard the noise of all noises?" said a western man with an air of pride.

"Tornadoes, cyclones and earthquakes don't count in my experience. I was visiting a family where there were twelve children," said the solemn-looking chap, speaking for the first time; "there were seven boys and five girls and in the morning when I was getting my best sleep there came a racket that made me think of the end of the world. It was those seven boys racing down the attic stairs in their thick-soled boots and it may have been sweet music in their parents' ears but it nearly gave me nervous fever! To tell the truth, I haven't quite recovered from it yet."

Measuring Starlight.

An English astronomer, Minchin, has invented an instrument which accurately measures the quantity of light given out by a star. Stars are designated as being of the first down to the twentieth magnitude, according to the intensity of the light given out.

By the new invention, instead of the rough designation of magnitude, numbers are given which represent the exact ratio one star bears to another in light-giving powers. The star Arcturus, for example, has been found to give seventy-five and three-quarters times the light of Regulus.

This instrument will be of use, not only in astronomy, but in meteorology also. The amount of light which reaches the earth varies according to the state of the atmosphere. The inventor claims that in this way forecasts of weather can be obtained which will be far more accurate than those obtained at present.—Exchange.

Religious Liberty.

Religious liberty is the most resplendent gem in Columbia's diadem. Let not his jewel be dimmed by narrow-mindedness and fanaticism. This is a free religious country, and church and synagogue, with the aid of the free press, are the powers behind the throne.—Rev. L. Winter, Hebrew, Brooklyn.

\$500 REWARD Offered for any Case of Catarrh.

Either Chronic or Acute, that cannot be Cured by

THE Diamond Catarrh Cure

The Only Sure Local and Constitutional Treatment for the Cure of Catarrhal Inflammation.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. TRY NO SUBSTITUTE.

Apply to your druggist; if he hasn't it, and will not get it for you, inclose a minute statement of your malady and \$5.00, and I will send you on return mail a full treatment (six fifteen ounce bottles), and a positive written guarantee to cure you.

THOS. BLODGETT, Propr. AGENTS WANTED. OMAHA, NEB.

FOR DETECTIVES ONLY.

A Trade Paper for the Thief-Catching Profession.

The American Hawkshaw will go down into literature outside of the dime novel and the detective story, for he has a newspaper of his own, says an exchange.

Its news columns are given over to a bulletin of more than \$15,000 in cash rewards, with a veritable rogues gallery of pictures and descriptions of "crooks wanted," while the latest swindling schemes and methods of detection are fully explained for its crime investigating readers.

"Do you need bracelets in your business?" queries a dealer in patent nippers, handcuffs and dark lanterns.

"Mustache, whiskers—just the thing to change your appearance when shadowing," suggests another advertiser, while "skeleton keys to open 5,000 desks, drawers, trunks and padlocks, set of six," are offered to the profession at \$1.

The most novel article is a brief treatise on "psychology" as applied to crime detection. The departments of "Police Pickings" and Secret-Service Snap Shots" contain suggestive items all the way from the fact that "the city council of Colfax, Wash., has decided to reduce its police force to one man" to the statement that "New York has ninety-four policemen to the square mile."

In an article on the future of the detective service the detective writer declares that "dime-novel writers have done amateur detectives more mischief than anything in existence, but remember truth is stranger than fiction."

The editor estimates that the "average earnings of private detectives are: First year, \$850; second year, \$1,500; third year, \$3,000." He says: "If all the detectives and police in the United States should lay off for a month every citizen would have to fix up his house like an arsenal to protect his family and property."

Detectives are advised to "keep a watchful eye on the stranger, whether he is a suspicious-looking character or not"; also to "study human nature. We can learn as much from the people we meet as from the books we read."

Thibetan Women.

The women are as tall as the men, much more fully developed, and frequently quite good looking. But the iron rule of fashion forces them to hide their rosy cheeks under a thick coating of tea-ja, a black, sticky paste made of catechu. This is to preserve their complexion from the cutting wind—so say those who are matter-of-fact; but others tell a different tale.

Time and again I tried to induce the girls in the houses where I was stopping to wash their faces clean, promising them beads and other ornaments; but in vain. They said they washed only when the feasts came around, some four or five times a year.

The Penetrating Intellect.

The detective stood looking down the street for a clew. The man who is always at his elbow taking stenographic notes of his conversation for publication inquired eagerly: "Do you see anything?" "Yes. There is some one standing on that sunshiny corner."

"Zounds! So there is!" "He is either a dude or a prize-fighter."

"How do you know that?" "He is smoking a cigarette. In five minutes I will tell you which he is."

"Impossible!"

It is very simple. If he is a dude he will be unable to think of anything to say. If he is a prize-fighter he will be unable to stop talking.—Washington Star.

The Instinct of the Horse.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still. If he does this the whole squadron is likely to pass over him without doing him injury.

Feminine Taste.

Old Graybeard—It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage. Mrs. de Style—Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look on a hat?—Tid-Bits.

RICH MEN IN THE MILITIA.

"Eddie" Gould Now Enrolled Among the Empire State's Citizen Soldiers.

Edwin Gould has now become a recognized authority on matters military, his connection with the militia of New York state having added highly to the efficiency of his own regiment. Personally Mr. Gould is very popular with his comrades, a fact which is in no way due to his millions, for among the citizen soldiery money does not count. They are used to plutocratic uniform wearers there. The spectacle of a poor clerk in the capacity of lieutenant or captain giving orders to men who have historic fortunes is common. William Waldorf Astor and men equally well off, or rather almost so, have been in the ranks of the New York militia. It is a very democratic, if well disciplined, body. Many a friendship between poor fellows and rich youths has begun in this way. When the boys get together in the armories a \$20 a week salesman may be seen lending 60 cents in small change to a \$5,000,000 heir. Or a society youth may ask some struggling genius why he has not called this past week, only to be told that the genius had been so busy trying to make a little money that he couldn't. Democratic simplicity is maintained in all equipments. One man is not permitted to sport more gorgeous military trappings than another, for all are kept to one standard of neatness, cleanliness and military subordination.

HOTEL GUESTS.

Women Who Will Have What They Want and Men Who Won't Register.

The average guest at a first-class hotel puts his fist on the register and takes what the lord of the rooms gives him meekly and uncomplainingly. There are rooms and rooms, just as there are hotels and hotels; and when the hotels are crowded it takes an experienced and determined man to get the best—or a woman. No hotel clerk has ever stood up before the onslaught of a lovely female bent on having a front room lighted on two sides and not higher than the third story. But there is another class of the dwellers in tents—the men who never register. Every hotel has them, and Washington hotels more than any other city. There it means the game of politics. The man who wants an office, and is afraid his rivals are going to put up combinations against him, will slip into his hotel and tell the clerk that he does not want to be seen or put on the book, and the clerk tells him that it is all right. In some cases such actions would be rightly regarded as suspicious, but not in Washington. The leading hotels will average two a day during the first year of a new administration; after that they drop off to two a week, but it is a peculiarity of Washington hotels.

Taking a Bath Without Towels.

Many people will be surprised to hear that a great number of our professional athletes look upon a cold bath, without the aid of towels, as their principal aid to health. The method is to take a cold sponge bath every morning immediately upon rising and then, while dripping wet, to draw on one's flannel singlet and pants. The bather then starts walking up and down his bedroom at a smart pace. He is soon bathed in a delicious perspiration, and in about five minutes finds himself deliciously fresh and as dry as the proverbial bone. His underclothing is perfectly dry as well, and he can finish dressing at his leisure. Cinquevalli, the juggler, equilibrist and athlete, ascribes his years of unvarying health and his muscles of iron to this method of bathing without towels.

Tons of Petrified Fish.

In the northwestern part of Colorado there is a region several hundred square miles in extent which is literally a vast deposit of petrified fish of all sizes and shapes. These fish beds—shale, containing fish remains—are about 150 feet in thickness and extend up and down the Green river for a distance of 150 or 200 miles.