

Figures Thistles.

You can't shut the devil up, but you can shut him out.

We all hate the truth that hits us between the eyes.

The moment humility undertakes to carry a flag it kills itself.

Never put yourself in the power of a man who will kick a dog for fun.

If you want to live long, don't try to live more than one day at a time.

The man who controls himself will also control a great many other people.

God has nowhere promised to feed the man who will not take his coat off.

What do you suppose the angels think of a man who is doing his best to die rich?

The poor want money, and the rich want to spend it, and that's what gives to the world progress.

The soaring hawk has no ear for music, and rates the cry of the partridge as the song of the night-gale.

It is hard to believe in the religion of a man who always looks as though he had been throwing bootjacks at a cat.

There are hundreds of men who chew and smoke, who always howl when their wives want another feather on their bonnets.

It is not those who have done the most evil, but those who have resisted the most truth, who are the wickedest in the sight of God.

The devil is never scared by a handsome bible on a parlor-table. The bible that makes him run is one that is written in the heart.—The Ram's

Mrs. Shane, a soldier's widow, with two children, moved from the east to Wyoming two years ago for the purpose of holding a mining claim left her by her husband. She maintained herself by teaching the school in Jawbone Gulch, and held possession of her claim by doing with her own hands the required amount of assessment work.

While doing this she has uncovered a body of rich quartz, and the mine promises to be one of exceptional value.

The recent census bulletin as to the amount of convicts in penitentiaries shows that in 1890 there were almost 10,000 more than in 1880. To be sure the increase in population in the decade was so great that the ratio of convicts increased only from 700, in each million to only 722, but nevertheless it was an increase where it had been hoped that the general progress of society would have caused a decrease.

Lion vs. Tiger.

It is popularly supposed that the lion is the most courageous and powerful of the carnivora, or at least of the feline; but on the few recorded occasions of a battle-royal between the Bengal tiger, the lion has come off second best.

One such combat occurred recently at the Calcutta Zoo between an African lioness and a tigress. They were exhibited in adjoining compartments of the same cage, and the door having been carelessly opened between the two compartments, the tigress rushed in and disposed of her rival in a fight which lasted about ten minutes.—Forest and Stream.

Mr. Rodd, secretary of the British legation at Athens, at the suggestion of Empress Frederick, has written a book entitled "Frederic III. as Crown Prince and Emperor." The preface was written by no less a personage than the Empress herself. The book has been translated into Greek. The first edition was exhausted shortly after its appearance. The proceeds from the sale of the book are to be devoted to the charitable institutions of Athens.

Phonetically Correct, Anyhow.

A little neighbor girl came to us one day, and said, "where is the 'hang up, I want it.'"

"What do you mean?" we inquired puzzled to understand her.

"I want the 'hang up' to swing in," said she.

Then we understood that she wanted the hammock.

Explanation of a Mystery.

Mr. Newwed: "Why is it that a woman's watch never keeps good time?"

Mr. Newwed: "I guess 't's because if a good time's to be had the woman don't give the watch a chance."—Jeweler's Weekly.

It is Said.

There is said to be a man in the Old Colony who is so rigid in his temperance views that he refuses to take an umbrella when it rains because there is a stick in it. He takes his water clear.—Boston Traveler.

The Largest Barometer.

The largest barometer yet made has lately been put in working order in the St. Jacques tower, Paris, France. It is 12.6 metres high, was manufactured in St. Denis, and carried by six men to Paris in a strong wooden frame, the room where it is placed being forty metres high. The diameter of the tube is two centimetres. It is filled with colored water, topped off by a layer of dense oil as a protection against evaporation. Some other gigantic barometers have been filled with gaseous.

Too Many Bears.

A young huntsman of Helena, Montana, was following the upper course of the Milk River, and came suddenly face to face with a bear. He brought his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and shot the bear dead. The next moment a second bear appeared from a rocky den. The young hunter again made a successful shot. To his surprise a third bear came out of the den. He killed this one also, and before he had time to move from the spot, four more bears appeared. It was exciting to be sure, but there were more bears than he cared to see at one time. However, he made a good shot, and brained tumbled over, making four dead bears.

While the huntsman stood watching his game, a fifth bear, larger than any of the previous ones, came out and rushed forward. The young man fired, but missed; and before he could reload, the infuriated beast was upon him! One blow of the huge paw sent the gun flying from his grasp, but he quickly drew his hunting knife, and wounded bruin in the neck. In doing this he received a severe squeeze from the brute, and a fearful bite in the shoulder. Then he lost consciousness.

When he recovered his senses, his horse was between him and the bear. The horse was kicking viciously, and bruin was making but feeble resistance and soon lumbered off into the brush. The hunter was badly shaken up, and the wound in his shoulder was exceedingly painful. With difficulty he mounted his horse, which was quite unhurt, and rode to a place of shelter a few miles further on, where his injuries received attention, and his game was secured.—Youth's Companion.

Deposits in the Bank of England.

Many of the boxes of valuables deposited in the Bank of England for safe keeping become forgotten and remained there a long time without being claimed. Some of them are not only or rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest.

For instance, some years ago the servants of the bank discovered in its vaults a chest which on being opened literally fell to pieces. On examining its contents a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love letters indited during the period of the restoration. The directors of the bank caused a search to be made in their books, the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate of love letters handed over.

Puzzled Geese.

Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock a severe thunder storm passed over Springfield, taking its way down the valley into Connecticut. An hour later the air was filled with strange and distressful cries that far a moment made the wicked tremble. The city was filled with wild geese in small flocks of from two or three to twenty, which had probably composed one or more large flocks that had met the storm and become scattered, and were finally attracted here by the electric lights.

For hours they flew in every direction probably searching for their lost mates and uttering an unusually mournful honk, which told that they were in trouble. The electric lights evidently attracted and bewildered them, and probably every light was visited once or more by different flocks; and they flew so slow that they barely cleared the trees and buildings, and the "swish" of their wings could be plainly heard. It was only after the electric lights were shut off that they rallied together and took their departure for the north in fairly good order.—Forest and Stream.

A Long Wait.

St. Peter—"Let me see. You were Rev. Mr. Pugnacious, were't you?"

New Arrival—"Ignatius, your eminence."

St. Peter—"Ah, yes, I'll look at your record as quick as I can find the page. Ah, here it is. Heretic, heretic, heretic."

New Arrival—"No I was no heretic."

St. Peter—"No, I was merely counting over the number of times you called other people heretics. The list is very long. I will summon an assistant. He will read them, and when he has finished the counting you may come in."

New Arrival—"How long will it take him?"

St. Peter—"We are very leisurely up here. I think likely he will get through in a thousand year or so."—New York Weekly.

Looking Out for Number One.

After the wedding ceremony a friend of the family took the father of the bride apart and whispered to him: "You do not seem to be aware that your son-in-law is over head and ears in debt."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. He only married your daughter with the object of paying his creditors."

"Why did you not mention this before?"

"He owes me 5,000 reals!"—Calendar Bilbaino.

A farmer at Colusa, Cal., had to turn a flock of sheep into his field after pouring in order to keep down the weeds.

TRADITIONS OF KENTUCKY.

A few months ago, when the bloody and tragic encounter in Lexington, Ky., between Colonel William Cassin Goodloe and Colonel Armistead M. Swope thrilled and shocked the country from one end to the other, Mr. Murat Hainstead, writing editorially in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, stated that there appeared to be something in the very climate and atmosphere, as well as in the traditions of Kentucky, which called for the adjustment of difficulties and misunderstandings between the men of that state by the wager of battle.

Unfortunately, this is true, and the fact extends far back beyond the time when the first white man visited Kentucky. For many years it had been a common hunting ground for various tribes of Indians, and as their common hunting ground, it had also become their common battle ground. The soil of old "Kentuckee" (as they called it) had been so plentifully laved with the blood of their braves for untold years that even the rude Indians, with a correct though untutored poetic imagery, had christened this land, baptized with rivers of their blood, "the dark and bloody ground" long before a white man had ever seen it.

To the student of such lore the early history of Kentucky, much of which is unwritten, is especially interesting. It is generally tragic, but is far from being without its humorous and comical side. Humphrey Marshall, whose duel with Henry Clay has been described once broke up a hostile meeting in quite an unexpected manner. In 1793 his cousin Major James Markham Marshall (a brother of Chief Justice Marshall) had a discussion in the public prints with Mr. James Brown which grew out of some charges made by Mr. Marshall that Mr. James Brown's brother, Hon. John Brown, was or had been deeply implicated with Wilkinson, Sebastian and others in the Spanish conspiracy.

A duel grew out of this, one of the terms of which was that no person except the principals and their seconds should be present at the meeting. Humphrey Marshall, however, desiring to witness the affair, allowed his curiosity to get the better of his discretion and he posted off to the dueling ground, near which he secreted himself behind a large log, from which "coign of vantage" he might have a good view of the proceedings.

He always carried a long staff or stick and this he placed across the top of the log. The duelists reached the ground, and the preliminaries had been arranged, when Humphrey Marshall was discovered in his retreat. Mr. Brown then refused to fight, on the plea that "Old Humphrey Marshall" was in ambush on the field with a gun trained from a dead rest to assassinate him in case he should kill his opponent. The affair ended thus without an exchange of shots.

About this time, generally speaking, there grew out of this same fruitful source of contention, the "Spanish conspiracy," an affair which was probably the most peculiar thing in the way of a duel that ever occurred anywhere. It was between Dr. Lewis Marshall, the youngest brother of Chief Justice Marshall, and a gentleman whom we shall call Bradley, because that was not his name. Dr. Marshall, like all his name, was a man of great courage, and, in addition, was a dead shot, and was equally as expert with the sword as with the pistol.

He was an old practitioner upon the field of honor, having had many duels, both in this country and in Europe, and always leaving his opponent dead or disabled upon the field. Mr. Bradley was also a man of courage, but of an excitable and nervous temperament, and his affair with Dr. Marshall was his first experience under the code. The weapons chosen for this affair were pistols, and after the word either man could fire at discretion. On the ground Mr. Bradley showed himself nervous and excited, and when the word was given—probably with the idea that the best way for a green hand to fight an experienced duelist, and a dead shot at that, was to "get the drop" on him—he blazed away at once, and of course missed his antagonist. Dr. Marshall had fixed his eye on Bradley in the beginning, and as soon as they had taken their positions marked his extreme agitation. After receiving Bradley's fire Dr. Marshall coolly raised his pistol and deliberately shot one eye and squinted along the barrel with the other. He took slow and full aim and held Bradley covered for half a minute. Then he lowered his pistol to his side and asked his second for a plug of tobacco, saying that he "wanted a chew before killing the d— fool."

At this Bradley became transported with rage. Tearing open his coat he shouted to Dr. Marshall to "fire." The doctor having refreshed himself with a chew of tobacco, again went through the same deliberate performance of taking aim, then lowered his pistol, took out his handkerchief and, remarking that he had forgotten to blow his nose, blew it. By this time Bradley was beside himself with rage and uncertainty, and fairly yelled for his antagonist to fire. Mr. Marshall for the third time took deliberate aim at him, then lowered his pistol and said that he "would not fire at the d— fool unless he would have his pistol reloaded and take another shot." The seconds then interposed and the duel, if such it could be called, ended.

Dr. Louis Marshall had been a student at the university of Edinburgh in Scotland, and afterward went to Paris and attended the university there. He was one of those who led the attack upon the Bastille, and was afterward arrested by order of Robespierre, and was saved from the guillotine only by the strenuous efforts of powerful friends. During his stay in Scotland and France he fought many duels, always without serious injury to himself and with damage to his opponent.

One other affair that Dr. Marshall had in Kentucky was with a man named Sites. Mr. Sites took offense at some publication Dr. Marshall had made. Arming himself with a pistol and rawhide, he came upon the doctor while the latter was smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper, and had his feet cocked up higher than his head against a tree-trunk in front of a hotel in Versailles, Ky. With his pistol drawn in one hand, he commenced to cowhide Dr. Marshall with the other.

Dr. Marshall never took his cigar from his mouth, nor ceased puffing, nor lifted his eyes from his paper, until Sites ceased his blows. Then, looking at Sites over his shoulder, and brushing the ashes from his cigar with one finger, he asked: "Are you quite through?"

Mr. Sites answered that he was, and Dr. Marshall replied: "Very well, you will hear from me before long," and kept on reading and smoking. When he had finished his cigar and newspaper, he got up, sent a runner to Frankfort for Colonel Joseph Hamilton Gaviesse, sent Sites a peremptory challenge that night, and shot him through the body in a duel next morning before breakfast, inflicting a wound from which Mr. Sites shortly afterward died.

Dr. Lewis Marshall, who was a polished scholar of profound learning, was an infidel during his young manhood, but afterward became converted, and would never recur to any of his various affairs of honor, and for any one else to do so in his presence gave him deep offense. He was at one time president of the Transylvania university, at Lexington, Ky., and at the time of his death in 1855, he was president of Washington college at Lexington, Va., now known as Washington and Lee university.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, who at one time represented the "Ashland" district of Kentucky in congress, and who was undoubtedly the most finished and gifted orator of his day, was the son of Dr. Louis Marshall. His oration upon the life of and public services of Richard H. Meaneve must ever rank with the first of the classics. "Tom" Marshall, as Kentuckians loved to call him, was a variable and eccentric genius, and he, too, after the manner of the times and state, practiced under the code, and his "affairs" were numerous.

He had a duel with Hon. John Rowan of Barontown, a Kentucky statesman of national reputation, and a dead shot as well, in which Mr. Rowan, "calling his shot," as they say in billiards, hit him in the leg within half an inch of the spot which he had indicated as the place he had intended to hit. Mr. Marshall's next duel was with Colonel James Watson Webb, editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer in 1842. Mr. Marshall was engaged by that notorious forger and magnificent rascal, Monroe Edwards, to defend him in his trial in New York, and Webb severely criticised the conduct of Marshall in so doing, as he was then a member of congress.

Marshall, in his speech before the jury, retorted upon Webb in that bitter style of which he was the master. This led to a duel, and Marshall shot Webb in the knee, laming him for life. He also met General James L. Jackson, of Lexington, Ky., on the field of honor in Mexico during the Mexican war, both gentlemen being officers in the same regiment of Kentucky volunteers. This event, however, was a bloodless one. General Jackson was killed at the battle of Perryville during the late war.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall had one other "unpleasantness" during the Mexican war with still another officer of his own regiment—General Cassius M. Clay—who is still living, full of years and full of honors. Trouble has been brewing between the two men for sometime. Mr. Clay, as he says himself in his autobiography, spent nearly all his leisure time while in camp sharpening and polishing his sword. This fact led Marshall to refer to Clay's sword as "the sharpened blade of an assassin."

One day, while the regiment was encamped on the banks of the river, Mr. Clay and Mr. Marshall met and had some words, which gradually grew more and more heated, until finally Mr. Gray becoming exasperated, lunged out his sharpened blade and made a terrific onslaught on Mr. Marshall. The latter, "taken all of a heap," as it were, turned and fled for dear life, Clay following at his heels and brandishing his formidable blade. The bank of the river was soon reached, and Mr. Marshall, making choice of two evils, incontinently plunged into the water and came near drowning, but was rescued by some of the soldiers. As he stood dripping upon the bank he suddenly said, with inimitable wit: "At any rate, old Cash can't say that I called out, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'"

The life of Cassius M. Clay is almost equal to a romance, checked, as it has been, by the shifting light and shade of fortune. Born in a slave state the action of a long line of slave-holding ancestors,

he early became convinced of the evil and wrong of slavery, and with the promptitude and zeal which has ever characterized him, he at once set to work to bring about the emancipation of the slaves. Of course it meant something to be an abolitionist in a slave-holding community, and Mr. Clay virtually carried his life in his hands. Brave as a lion, he never shrunk before any obstacle, however formidable which might oppose him. He more than once made appointments to speak in favor of emancipation and fearlessly went to fulfill them, although fully apprised that plots and conspiracies had been laid to assassinate him if he should do so. He was an utter stranger to fear.

Once, while making a speech from a table set in the streets of the little village of Taxtown, near his home, a man named Turner, who was standing by the table in front of him, pretended to take offense at some statement made by Mr. Clay, and cried out: "Now, Cash, that is a G— d— lie, and you know it!" Instantly Mr. Clay threw his hand over his shoulder, and drawing a large bowie-knife from beneath the back of his coat, jumped from the table, slashing Turner with a tremendous cut as he descended. Turner fell weeping in his gore, and some unknown man in the thick crowd stabbed Mr. Clay in the back, inflicting a wound from which he recovered only after a long confinement, and from which he still occasionally suffers. Wounded as he was he fought his way through the crowd to a house near by, where he was cared for. Mr. Turner was carried to another room in the same house, where he died, after the lapse of some hours. Before dying he effected a reconciliation with Mr. Clay, and asked to be forgiven for what he had done. He made an ante-mortem statement to the effect that a plot had been laid to aggravate Mr. Clay to make an assault and then to assassinate him, and that he, in accordance with the plot, had attempted to provoke Mr. Clay. He asked that the law should hold Mr. Clay guiltless in the matter, and guiltless he was held accordingly.

Upon another occasion, while Mr. Clay was speaking at Russell's cave, near Lexington, he was set upon by a gang of men, who were headed by a brave and desperate man named Brown. Mr. Clay boldly engaged them all, cutting right and left with his trusty bowie knife with a hearty good will, and perfectly undismayed by the overwhelming numbers who beset him.

Brown's allies soon became dismayed and retreated, leaving him to engage Mr. Clay by himself. Brown himself, however, was good game, and fought desperately as long as he could stand. Finally, when slashed almost into shoe-strings, he fell, and the fight ended. Brown died sometime afterward, but before he died, disgusted with the pusillanimity of his comrades, he, too, made a clean breast of it and revealed the facts of the plot which had been laid for Mr. Clay's death.—Washington Post.

Purient Prudery.

Presumably a Detroit man always goes into a dark closet and blushes when he wants to look at anything with the naked eye. This tender modesty on the part of the Detroiters is certainly naïf and charming. It is not to be supposed that the natural girlish delicacy he displays is due to provincialism or narrow mindedness. The harrowing spectacle of a Venus without her bib or of a de-collette Apollo Belvidere is likely to do violence to the sensitive but discerning young Detroit person.

It is the bounden duty of every one who hears of the Detroit art museum's action in draping its statuary to make up bundles of clothing, trousers, coats, cravats, umbrellas and galashes for the impoverished and graceless bronzes and marbles. This should be done not for the sake of the statues, but for that of the Detroiters.

It is unnecessary to insinuate that it is the indecency in the minds of the spectators that finds indecency in the plaster copies of Greek masterpieces; or that, as one always finds in a work of art just what he brings to it, the action of the "art" museum is an outcome of prudish prudery rather than of honest industry.

A story told of Henry Ward Beecher is very apropos. One day the great preacher was accosted in a New York gallery by one of his female parishioners while he was admiring a magnificent study of the nude. "Don't you think that picture indecent, Mr. Beecher?" queried the lady. The great divine turned upon her like a flash. "No, ma'am," he replied, "I don't; but I think your question is."—Chicago News.

Popular English Women.

One of the local prints has been holding an election to decide who are the three most popular women in England. The result is in favor of the Princess of Wales, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Miss Ellen Terry.—London Letter.

A Night Recommendation.

Cohen—My friend, when you walk up town in these cloddish pebbles will think you own a block Fifth avenue.

Mr. Jersey (surrendering himself)—Well, I hev heard that some o' your richest men dressed poorly, but b' gosh, I didn't think I was quite so bad as this.—Puck.

Blizzard Confesses.

A group of old time folks gathered about the weather, and recalled the years ago.

"The queerest I ever knew," said the judge, "was a blizzard, death, snowing and an attempted lynching, all carried because the wind was in the train."

"The winter of 1874 was a very severe one, persons living on the prairie to death. Some time before named Crandall had moved to a farm in southeastern day a big storm came on. Crandall, who happened to be plain with her young, caught in the blizzard and to death. Mrs. Crandall in Morris, and when the death came her father started to bring back the remains, her and grandchild. Crandall wife had not got along together, and in some way play crept out.

"The next afternoon a father arrived in Morris. The bodies were from arrangements were made to out. When this was Crandall's body was examined, wound in her side was taken the people of Morris up their minds that she committed. Crandall, had arrived that night, ling child and gone to the mother, who lived near the lynching party was order and armed with house was visited and searched, but Crandall was found. His mother could not be reached, but she was found. Her own body was and went home disgraced."

"Now comes the story. The next morning Mrs. Crandall had been out, and another examination. There was no sign of that horrified the people. fore. There were no of foul play. There was no. But it developed after a flesh had folded over together, giving the state a long and horrible body thawed out the night before. I tell you, the would be night before left pretty hour or two Crandall laid down on the morning. tumbled the train the night was all that saved him. Of course he could not about what had been said or thought. I never can guess."

Charlotte Temple's

"Have you noticed,"

"that Charlotte Temple's always decked with flowering down Broadway on and looking into Trinity I saw their were three pots it was a great mass of the white syringa. I do not for a single year it has been. The flowers chosen are roses, lilies of the valley blossoms. The way that ed when tombs of famous forgotten is a fresh illustration old saying, all the world love a lover."

"What makes a book interesting is the beginning of the world sells today on every new can buy it for ten cents and hour, but it will not get on book dust buried. For my on the lady," I believe the human being would be of interest if written honestly, the mean thoughts that go before the best actions, the lives, the pretty temptations, we read "Charlotte Temple" is the true record of a woman's York Commercial Advertiser

Exercise for the Lungs.

At the present era, when pure is a part of the curriculum most intellectual schools, and is generally regarded as a necessary toward supplying and making sound body for the sound worth while to consider a moment of eminent physicians were exercise of singing as toward the prevention, cure of lung diseases. It is the state of such diseases it can be a powerful aid to a cure. deed, somewhat curious that of fraternity have not explained of lung exercise by singing. heretofore than they are now the action of calisthenics in lung muscular tissues has far a universal practice, although of fact, the mere playing of singing brings into play a ordinary number of muscles, hardly suspected of action in connection with the throat. A report was disclosed by statisticians in years ago, according to the Tribune, that vocal artists who long lived and healthy, and instrument players, who had lung and chest into account, have not had a consumptive among them. No matter how weak the voice, children or old should be encouraged to sing. There can be no better song. There can be no better song, and if hever, something they should be encouraged to sing to bear the infliction. the good it may occasion.