

TOO FOND OF POTATO PATCHES

Trouble Which a Meanway Pig's Appetite Got Him Into.

In the old home we once had a funny little pig. He was generally to be seen in the act of running away. Hardly ever do I remember seeing his face toward me. He also had a knack of getting away from all the other pigs.

The field next the house—the "home field," as we used to call it—was a kind of common for the hogs, cattle and fowls. The next was a potato field, and the little pig had taken it into his head to get into that one. How he got in no one could tell, for the field was well fenced and there was no opening through which he could enter. How did he get in?

One day I watched. He wandered in a sort of unnoticeable way toward a crooked old log, across which the fence had been built.

Suddenly, though closely watching, I lost sight of my little friend. But before I had recovered from my surprise I was astonished to see him in the potato field.

"Well, now, that is very strange," I said. "How did he do it?"

I went to the old log, and lo! it was hollow. The whole trick became quite clear to me.

I went into the potato field to drive him out, intending to steer him toward the end of the log, so that he might get out the same way he got in. Here he had the best of me entirely. He either could not or would not see the log, and maintained such an air of ignorance on that point that I had to give up the task in despair, drive him out by the gate and bring him home by a long, round-about way.

The next day I made up my mind to play a trick on him, and I did. I went out very early and moved the log just a little, so that both ends would be in the home field.

Then I stood at some distance off and watched. I never was more amused in my life. He separated himself from the other pigs and then went toward the old log and got in and through it, and (as he evidently thought) got out into the potato field! I could understand this by the way he immediately began to sniff for the potatoes. But, finding none, he seemed somewhat puzzled.

Somehow it dawned on him that he was still in the home field, and he concluded that he had not gone through the log. So he went through it once more, but only to find himself again in the home field.

This seemed to puzzle him more than ever. He looked around in astonishment. I could clearly see the expression on his face. For a moment he stopped and was evidently thinking very hard. Once more he got through the log, with the same result of finding himself in the home field.

This time, I am sure, if he could talk he would have cried out: "Spooks!" He stood quite still for a few seconds, sniffed the air, and I could distinctly see the bristles on his back gradually rising up on end. Suddenly he uttered a peculiar kind of "chuck" and ran with all his might toward the other pigs.

The little pig was never seen in that part of the field again. Many a time we tried to drive him to the old log, but we could not get him to go.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unrecognizable.

There was once in Massachusetts a very pious and earnest, but somewhat eccentric, evangelist named Williams, who was everywhere familiarly known as Parson Williams. He came and went as he pleased, and his remarks to the crowds on the streets as he passed were often a kind of evangelism.

He once arrived at the old town of Wrentham, where he found several men standing in front of the tavern, some of them evidently the worse for liquor. One of these, a man named Cobb, well known to the evangelist, stepped up to him and, unsteadily extending his hand, said:

"Why, how do do, Parson Williams? How do do, old friend, I say?"

"How do you do, Mr.—Mr.—" hesitated the evangelist, as if unable to recall the man's name. This turned the laugh on Cobb, who began to resent it.

"Why, what you thinkin' 'bout, parson?" he protested, unsteadily. "You know me perfectly well."

"And your name is—"

"My name is Cobb!"

"Why, so it is! How do you do, Mr. Cobb? You'll excuse me, but the fact is, there was so much of the corn that I really couldn't make out the Cobb!"

Politeness Too Much for the Dog.

A good story is told of a dog that one day discovered an organ grinder's monkey seated upon a bank within his master's grounds, and at once made a rush for it. The monkey, which was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in tranquility, so undisturbed that the dog halted within a few feet of it to consider. The animal took a long stare at each other, but the dog was evidently recovering from his surprise, and was about to make a spring for the intruder, when the monkey raised his paw and saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious visitor had departed.

Weary Willy—Lady, I wuz wunst a prosperous merchant; I hed a luxurious home, an honorable name, an' ten bloomin' an' highly educated daughters. Mrs. Wellment—What brought you to poverty? Weary Willy—My daughters insisted on marrying highly educated men, an' I hed ter support ten families.—Puck.

Some people think that if they would go away from home, they would be better appreciated. Usually, they are the kind who wouldn't amount to anything anywhere.



SOCIAL SIDE OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, on its social side, is more like a European than an American city. It does not draw all sorts and conditions of people to it, as does New York. The atmosphere is bad for both art and literature, because society, which at present is the dominating influence, gives them too many dinners and asks them to too many balls. These invitations are not to meet the sons and daughters of retired trades people, who, having had one generation of money, are pleasant and presentable enough, but who are nothing and nobody. They are, rather, to meet men and women of world-wide celebrity, who have helped to make history or who are making it now, and who are brought together from the ends of the earth for these months. Money in vast quantities was practically unknown in Washington until the advent of the Arthur administration brought a great number of rich New-Yorkers to it, and since then it has become the chosen winter home of the mammon of unrighteousness.

Especially is it a great place for rich widows with daughters—that peculiar type of American women who as soon as paterfamilias is comfortably tucked away under the sod fly to Europe, spend years wandering about like a social bodouins, then are seized with a romantic form of homesickness, but they cannot stand their former homes, and so find Washington a handy stop-gap between the former abode and the European mode of living. So they go there, buy a fine house, get in with the diplomatic corps, and the thing is done. And Washington, which professes a lofty scorn for trade and ruthlessly shuts the doors of society in the face of all Washington brokers, insurance agents, real estate people, and, in short, trade in every form except banking, welcomes with open arms the retired trades people from anywhere on the face of the globe. Washington is the dinner place of this continent. During the season four weeks ahead is a very good time to send out invitations if you really wish to get desirable guests together. Two weeks' notice is far too short. The dinners are very elegant, but not necessarily expensive. The great question always is, "Who is to be there?" and if that be answered satisfactorily the rest matters nothing.

Head of a School Board.

Mrs. Jennie C. Crays has been elected President of the Minneapolis School Board, after a service of four years as member of that body. The people tried Mrs. Crays as an experiment when they put her in office, but she proved such a success that all doubt of her ability has long since disappeared. She was voted into the presidency by the men members of the board as a reward for the faithful performance of her duties. Mrs. Crays is the first woman to serve on the School Board of Minneapolis. She is an active club woman and the secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society of Plymouth Church. For eight years she was a teacher in the public schools, and for twenty-one years she has been a resident of the city. She has always been interested in politics, but has never taken an active part in campaigns. An interesting question is raised by her election to the



MRS. JENNIE C. CRAYS.

presidency of the School Board, the person holding that office is, by law, an ex-officio member of the Library Board and the Tax Levy Board. The latter fixes the rate of taxation. It is claimed that men only are eligible to membership in this board, and it is possible that the courts will be requested to pass upon the matter should Mrs. Crays attempt to assist in adjusting the taxes.

Card and Calling Rules.

Some other card and calling rules that the present code of etiquette ordains are as follows: When calling on a person who is a visitor in a private house the caller must always ask and leave a card for the hostess also. When making a call on a young married lady the visitor must ask and leave a card for the young woman's mother. A bride should be called on after her marriage by all the calling acquaintances of her and the groom's families who were invited to the wedding or received cards announcing it. Personal visits should not be returned by card unless there is some good reason for doing so. A hostess should call on a lady before inviting her to an entertainment, unless the latter owes a call to the entertainer. Cards with their home address on them can be exchanged by people who meet in traveling or

LONG IN THE CABINET.

Major McKinley, as chosen Ex-Governor John D. Long for a cabinet place. CANTON, O., Feb. 10.—The statement that ex-Governor John D. Long had been definitely fixed upon for secretary of the navy was confirmed by Major McKinley himself last evening. There will be no departure from this statement of the navy portfolio unless the entire cabinet slate should be rearranged at the last moment. Ex-Governor Saxton of New York called on Major McKinley last evening. He said: "I have come to Canton in the interest of a friend and not care to state the precise purpose of my errand. I will say this much, however, that it has nothing to do with the selection of a New York member of the cabinet. I am not an aspirant for appointment to the cabinet, and I think the most acceptable New York republican for that position and honor in Gen. Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn, but I fear New York will be left out altogether."

DRESSMAKING AS A DOMESTIC ART.

Dressmaking has been given a place among the domestic arts and is being taught from plain sewing to millinery in Armour Institute, says the Chicago Tribune. The subject is pursued in a technical and special course, and women can receive either professional or home training. There is no longer an excuse for the woman who wishes she could make her clothes, but doesn't know how. Now she can learn if she wants to at comparatively little expense and at independent of dressmakers and sewing women. If she thinks she is going to learn it all in a few lessons, however, she is greatly mistaken. The first course in dressmaking is intended for those who wish to learn dressmaking for home use. There are



also three terms of three months each in the course. Lessons are given twice each week and are two hours long. The second and third terms are devoted to machine sewing, cutting and fitting undergarments, and the making of children's dresses. The full course is only taken by those who intend making it a specialty, and after the first three months' practice the student is ready for the first principles of dressmaking. One dress is all that there is time to make in a term, but the average woman will have learned all that is necessary for ordinary home dressmaking. One of the instructors, when asked what class of women entered the dressmaking course, said: "They are without exception from well-to-do families."

The Shirt-Waist Remains in Favor. Emma M. Hooper describes "Fabrics, Colors and Gowns" for spring in the Ladies' Home Journal, and of shirtwaists says: "The comfortable cotton waist will be in vogue more than ever, and will not be confined to percales, chevrons, ginghams and such substantial goods, but dainty dimity and flower-sprinkled organza, as well as silk gingham, will be called into requisition."

Hints on House Decoration. In a house each room should have its own design and color scheme carried out through it all. Some of our multimillionaires pay as much as \$8,000 or \$10,000 for the decorating and furnishing of one room. Oak in its natural shades and the very dark bog oak are the two kinds of wood most used for both woodwork and furniture in library and dining-room. Attractive house furnishings are not necessarily expensive. The stock of medium-priced things is quite as large as the higher ones, so that women with refined tastes but slender resources can have as congenial surroundings as their richer neighbors.

Flax velour with a border of oozle leather or one embroidered in bullion is the very latest portiere. These are susceptible of a great number of treatments in regard to design and color. Many have just one colonial or empire wreath in the center. Curtains of old satin, embroidered, are used in the very finest rooms. These are not particularly new, but nothing has been found to take their place, so they are still the most used. They come in every imaginable color, and the embroidery, while not being hand work (people wouldn't pay the price for this), is done in France, and is almost a perfect imitation.

Rebellion in Brazil.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—The New York Herald correspondent at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, telegraphs that the fanatical insurrectionists under Gonzalviro have now 6,000 well armed men, organized and concentrated, in Bahia. The fanatics have obtained steam launches and now patrol the rivers and streams in the districts where they are strongest. In this way the range of the devastation committed by them is extended and the utmost terror prevails. The society of spiritualists of Rio de Janeiro has sent a commission to Bahia to attempt to convince the insurgents that it would be well for them to submit to the government in temporal matters.

To Get a Lottery.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—A plan is said to be on foot to engineer a lottery bill through the Nevada legislature. Local capitalists, who are reputed to be behind the undertaking, were, it is said, so impressed by the ease with which a bill was passed by the Nevada legislature enabling the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight to be held within the state, that it is reported the sum of \$100,000 has been subscribed for the expenses of lobbying the bill through the legislature.

SHOT HIM DEAD.

Express Messenger Kills a Robber Who Holds Up His Train.

Express Messenger Kills a Robber Who Holds Up His Train. TWO MEN HOLD UP A HEAVY TRAIN. Get Some Registered Packages and a Dozen of Lead—Arm-d Pose Scouting the Country for the Other Robber.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 11.—A dispatch has been received to the effect that at 10:10 the west-bound Santa Fe train, due at Los Angeles at 1:30 p. m., was held up and robbed by two masked men near Nelson, a small station about six miles east of Peach Springs, Ariz. One of the robbers was killed by the express messenger. The train robbers stopped the train by signal, and as the engineer stepped out of the cab to ascertain the cause of the trouble, an armed and masked man commanded him to cut off the engine and run ahead a quarter of a mile, which he did. The robbers then turned their attention to the mail car, their command to open the door being complied with. One robber entered the car and commenced picking up the loose registered packages. The robber started for the express car then, but Messenger Summers quickly opened the door and with extraordinary coolness shot the robber dead. The other man then escaped, taking with him a few registered packages. The dead robber was taken to Peach Springs, but has not yet been identified.

KINGMAN, Ariz., Feb. 11.—The posse which left here Monday night in pursuit of the robbers who held up the Santa Fe train near Nelson returned to this city yesterday morning in order to secure a fresh supply of horses. The posse was reinforced here and left again for the scene of the hold up at 11 o'clock. At Nelson Indian scouts have also taken up the trail of one of the bandits and are hopeful of soon capturing him. The trail is clear and easily found, as the man is riding one horse and leading another. He has started northward from the railroad towards Grand Canon, a point thirty miles north of Kingman. The body of the robber who was killed during the hold-up is still at Peach Springs and as yet unidentified. The deceased was a young man of slender build, about six feet in height, and of light complexion. From his dress he was evidently a cowboy. There is nothing found on his person that would lead to his identification. It is thought, however, that he was one of the gang of cattle thieves who had been operating in the northern part of this territory. The inquest in the remains will probably be held today.

Trouble at the Mines.

BELLE VERNON, Pa., Feb. 11.—A riot occurred among the striking miners at J. H. Somers Fuel company mines Monday, in which Superintendent Gates and Boss Canahan were shot and probably fatally wounded. The 400 men at the works struck last Friday because the company refused to reinstate a hauler, who had been discharged for reckless driving. At a meeting called to discuss the difficulties a quarrel arose. The disturbers were driven from the hall, but they renewed the struggle with clubs and revolvers. Superintendent Gates was attacked and tried to defend himself with a revolver. He was met by Canahan, who flourished a revolver also. The men exchanged six shots each and then fell to the ground. After the mob had been driven back, they were picked up. Gates was shot four times, twice in the stomach, Canahan twice, being also shot in the stomach. Burgess Bronson has closed the saloons temporarily and the town is under heavy patrol. Another outbreak is feared. The Somers company has an office at Belle Vernon, but its general office is at Cleveland.

Regular Robbery. OTTUMWA, Ia., Jan. 11.—Investigation of the home and farm buildings of Arthur Courtney, at Mount Pleasant, show the entire farm to have been used as a fence for stolen property. Cellars disclose piles of clothing and groceries of every description, much of which has been identified. Bicycles lie covered with hay in the barn lofts, and cattle and farm machinery, none of which belonged to Mr. Courtney, have been discovered on the place. Earhart, the farm hand, made a confession last night in which he stated that Courtney had stolen thousands of dollars' worth of live stock and goods from neighbors during the last eighteen months.

Ohio Is High. CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 11.—The Ohio river at 12 o'clock last night reached forty-five feet five inches and is still rising five inches an hour. Many families have moved from Water street and owners are moving merchandise stored in warehouses on the river front. Much suffering among the poor of the water front region has already resulted from the high river.

Steamer On Shore.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Feb. 11.—The collier Mackinaw, on her way from Portland to Tacoma, ran ashore at Port Marrowstone yesterday morning. She is reported to be lying in a comfortable position and in no immediate danger. Tugs have been sent to her assistance. The Mackinaw is a steel steamer of about 2,500 tons. She was chartered by the Pacific Improvement company to take the place of the San Benito when that vessel was lost and was on her way south.

Don't Favor the Reforms. ROME, Feb. 12.—The Cuban committee of Italy held a meeting here and voted their approval of the action of the New York committee in rejecting the reforms offered by Cuba by the decree recently signed by the queen regent of Spain. The committee also wired to the French Cuban committee expressing hope that the latter would co-operate with the other committees to the end of delivering Cuba from Spanish rule.

IN RUSSIAN PRISONS.

Seventeen Americans Held on False Charges in a Siberian Prison.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Feb. 12.—A communication was received here Tuesday by a well known sealer of this city from a former companion, who is now incarcerated in a Russian prison at Vladivostok, on the coast of Siberia. The writer is one of the party of seventeen Americans who were taken into custody by Russians on Robin Island. In his letter he details the distressing experience of himself and seventeen companions in Russian prisons.

These men were members of the crew of the schooner Saipans. On the 30th of October, 1895, the schooner put into Robing Island to replenish its water supply. Seventeen men went ashore with the cargo, but before they were filled a storm came on, forcing the Saipans to put to sea, leaving the men ashore. They remained on the island for a week in idleness until one day before the schooner could return the Russian gunboat Yakutsh steamed into the harbor and dropped anchor. Its advent, which the Americans hailed with joy, hoping to be taken back to civilization, proved to be the beginning of a series of misfortunes for them that have not ended yet.

The officer who came ashore refused to believe the men's story that they had been marooned, but accused them of killing seals in Russian possessions. The entire party was taken aboard the Yakutsh and landed at Vladivostok, where they were sentenced on January 24 of last year to five months' imprisonment.

During their term of servitude the United States steamer Olympia visited Vladivostok, but failed to procure the American prisoners' release. The day when sentence would expire was looked forward to with pleasant anticipation, but its coming was only the opening for further trouble.

In the morning the men were taken to Irkutsk, where after a trial before the high court on some charges of which they are yet ignorant they were again sentenced to eighteen months' servitude. This time they were required to labor. The men are at present employed as laborers on fortification now in the course of construction around the Siberian capital. The letter bringing this information was smuggled into the possession of a Russian prisoner, whose term had expired, and by whom it was mailed at Kobe, together with one to San Francisco to the mother of the writer, Frank C. Hill.

An Actor Drops a Dad

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—At the conclusion of the final scene of the opera "Martha" at the Metropolitan opera house Armand Castelmery, the well known singer, reeled and before assistance could be procured he fell dead. Heart disease was the cause.

The opera house was crowded to hear the production of Flotow's famous opera. All had gone well during the first act, and Castelmery, who had the part of Tristan, by his superb acting and wonderful singing had drawn round after round of applause. At the conclusion of the act the scene represented him as surrounded by a crown of merry villagers. Nearly half a hundred chorine girls who took part in the production were dancing in a circle about the old man. Suddenly Castelmery reeled, tripped and fell. By superhuman effort he recovered, secured his feet and rushed in among the crowd which surrounded him. He grasped a table and supported himself until the curtain dropped.

As the curtain went down Castelmery gave away and fell to the stage. The first to reach the dying man was Jean DeRezke, who was standing in the wings. Castelmery, without uttering a word, breathed his last in DeRezke's arms. Castelmery was sixty-three years old.

Duelling Over a Girl.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—It has just leaked out that John Leahy and Pearly Howard, two troopers in Uncle Sam's cavalry detachment stationed at West Point, fought a duel with sabres for pretty Katie Medler, a blacksmith's daughter. At a ball Leahy was the favored swain, and jealous Howard promptly challenged him to a duel. Charley West and Bill Sisy, two other troopers, acted as seconds. After the usual preliminaries each man drew his usual and wished it through the air. Then they came down to business, and after a few minutes of fighting Howard, with one sharp sweep, sent Leahy's sword flying and left him defenseless. With the return sweep his sharp and heavy weapon caught Leahy's lip and cut through it as clean as a surgeon's knife could have done it. Leahy yelled "murder," and the seconds tried to staunch the blood, but their efforts were fruitless and they had to take the wounded man to the cadet hospital, where his lips were sewed up by the surgeon. He told the doctor he got the injury accidentally while fencing with Howard. Miss Medler, while bemoaning Leahy's misfortune, is the happiest and most envied girl in the post.

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