

A late idea for ladies' dress gloves is frog-skin. They are appropriate for hops.

A Boston woman left \$40,000 to support her pet parrot. Crackers shouldn't be heard of by that bird; it's got a pudding.

An Atlanta paper says that "no man should tote a pistol." That's true, too; any dictionary will substantiate that statement.

The problem, What shall we do with our ex-Presidents? Is no longer a puzzle. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland have solved it.

Could the English have invented modern football as an expression of the national instinct for grabbing other people's ground?

Conduct is generally an index to character, and on the stock market those working for a drop in prices can always be told by their bearing.

There's a proposition afoot to establish a penal settlement in Alaska. In many respects as well as latitude this might be on a line with Siberia.

The Missouri man who started for Washington to duplicate Giteau's tragedy and landed in a Chicago jail may be a '97 model, but he is geared too high.

A New York physician advertises to "reatore outstanding ears to their natural position." Gentlemen who have a few ears still outstanding will do well to bear this advertiser in mind.

It is possible to obtain a divorce in Missouri now after one day's residence in that State. Why not abolish the time limit altogether and offer a divorce chromo with every pound of tea?

A clergyman in Milwaukee asserts that "the nude figures on a \$5 bill are positively indecent." There is some consolation, then, in the thought that even if one be poor one's morals at least are uncontaminated by the Government.

On an Eastern street railway were recently exhibited specimens of the old and new passenger cars. The old stage seated twelve persons, inside and on top, while the modern car, which occupies less space, provides seats for forty-two, to say nothing of the facilities for hanging on to straps.

The old world vineyards have been of uncertain dependence for years and the output becomes more and more precarious. The end is evident. America will be the world's greatest vineyard in the near future. Already the California vintage is getting in competition with the older wines of commerce, but needs a little more care in cultivation and expertness in manufacturing.

The world at large has long looked upon attempts to solve the mystery of the ley north as foolhardy and uncalled for. A certain admiration is provoked by the daring of the men willing to undertake them, and the written story of those who have been so fortunate as to return makes interesting reading, but the substantial benefits gained have not been sufficient to offset the dread record of tragedy attaching to the full history of polar exploration.

In our family of States, as in a household, there are now and then exhibitions of selfishness and indifference—even occasional outbursts of anger. But let real trouble come, as in the case of the yellow fever visitation in the South, and discord ceases. Sympathy and aid are quickly offered. What finer evidence that we are one people than this ready response when need arises! In our body politic, as in the human body, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.

Some time ago a naval expert wrote an article for the Pall Mall Gazette of London, in which he said the battleships Massachusetts and Indiana of the United States navy were a match for all the Spanish warships afloat. This may not be an exact statement, but it conveys an accurate idea of the superiority of our navy over Spain's. Spain has more vessels than we have, but most of them are old and would be helpless in an encounter with any of our ships. If there ever should be a war between the two countries Spain would be swept off the seas in a week.

The tendency of young men in this country to embark in the learned professions with no special aptitude for anything except avoiding manual labor, is constantly on the increase. It is greatly to be deplored, for to such failure is almost the inevitable result. The trouble with these young men is that they do not understand the dignity of manual labor. They do not realize that honors and fortune may be more readily realized outside of these so-called learned professions than in them, and that it is just as honorable to swing a hammer or to hold a plow as it is to make a speech in court or amputate a limb.

The Dominion is evidently determined that the Yukon gold fields shall yield up to it all the revenue which can possibly be gathered from them, and to now laying a royalty of 25 cents a cord on the cordwood with which the miners thaw out the gold from its icy matrix and cook their rations of side pork and coffee. The logs for their cabins are similarly taxed, and a sub-

stantial fraction of the gold they dig is also levied upon by millions of her revenue stationed there. These ordinances look rather mean, but we are not complaining of them and are not likely to institute any of the same sort in reprisal when the gold-digging comes around within our own lines.

Some time ago a writer for the Farmers' Union asked a very ardent admirer of Prince Bismarck what he thought was the secret of that great man's wonderful influence. In reply, his German companion said: "Mine friend, Bismarck knows how to hold his tongue in six languages!" No doubt a sagacious silence saves many a difficulty. But Bismarck has been babbling in his old age. He has volunteered the opinion that our much misunderstood Monroe doctrine is "uncommon insolence to the rest of the world, and does violence to the other American States, and European States with American interests." It is a very difficult thing to believe that such a great mind could blunder after this fashion. But then when Polonius grows old he will talk!

The abuse of the right of petition consists, in part, in an indiscriminate use of that method of reaching a desired end. It is a truism that the obtaining of signatures for a petition is usually an easy matter. Men sign out of good nature, to get rid of importunity, because they have signed similar documents, and so on, and sometimes the body of the petition is not even read. An excellent illustration of recklessness was recently furnished. A citizen complained to the Governor of a State because a certain criminal had been pardoned. The Governor sent for the papers in the case, and the complaint was found to have signed the petition for a pardon. He had put his name to the paper without reflection, and had forgotten the fact. But when his own request had been granted, he indignantly held the Governor guilty of an act injurious to the public interests!

The state of public sentiment in Canada toward the United States is not of the friendliest nature. If some one, signing himself "An English Visitor," in the St. James Gazette (London), is to be believed, he says: "Prof. Goldwin Smith stands alone as a consistent advocate of the erasure of Canada from the map; and he is without following or influence, except that commanded by social position and intellectual eminence. One cannot help admiring his courage in facing the overwhelming tide of public opinion. His obvious exasperation is the measure of his failure and the proof of Canadian independence. The anti-American spirit is, indeed, absolute. I have been amazed at its strength and intensity. In some quarters it amounts to an almost fanatical hatred. If those Englishmen at home who have had enough of American abuse and bluster—and I think we are all getting a bit sick of it—want to find themselves in congenial society, they should run over to Canada, where they will hear sentiments vigorous enough to satisfy the most impatient. Everybody is not equally bloodthirsty; but I verily believe that, next to a duty on American wheat, the most popular thing in the eyes of Canada which it is within the power of England to do would be to administer to the United States a good ringing diplomatic box on the ears. This is not merely empty jingoism. The Canadians, who have much better opportunities of judging than we have, do not believe that the Americans mean serious business against England; but they are willing to abide the issue, even if it should come to that, although they are perfectly well aware that they would be the chief sufferers. At the time of the Venezuela crisis, for two days after President Cleveland's message, Canada expected war; yet there was only one feeling throughout the country—the hope that Lord Salisbury would stand firm. They knew the brute would fall upon themselves, but every man was ready to stand to his rifle and face it. Some may pooh pooh this as empty boasting. For my part, I have been assured of its truth quite independently by too many calm and thoughtful men not to be impressed by it."

Three Queer Tens see Farmers. "There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable," said Mr. J. J. Kennedy, of that State. "The three sisters live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field; the third does the cooking and other household work."

"There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel over the division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters, as you may judge, have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the 'deaf and dumb triplets,' although such a title is scarcely appropriate."—Washington Post.

Back to the Old Proposition. Miss Perkinson—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Miss Westlake—Indeed! I suppose you were too young, though, to remember much about it, weren't you?

The "Scorchers" Way. Walker—The way of the transgressor is hard. Ryder—Is that so? I must take a spin over it some evening on my wheel.

When a man's temper is ruffled his brows are usually knit.



"PYRITES SAM"

We all thought Pyrites Sam was a fool the very day he struck the camp, but were not absolutely certain until the night he came in with his pockets full of pyrites of iron, and taking each man aside privately informed him, with many injunctions as to secrecy, that he had discovered and located a brass mine. As a rule we had grown very tired of initiating every tenderfoot that came along into the mysteries of quartz mining; showing them the difference between gold-bearing quartz and country rock; between a true fissure and contact vein; between granite, porphyry, schist, spar, serpentine, quartzite, etc.; of trends, dips, spurs, angles, etc.; of shafts, tunnels, slopes, winzes, and drifts; of the manipulation of the horn spoon or gold pan; how to distinguish the resultant sediment, if gold, from mica, pyrites or sulphur; in a word, teaching them in an hour or two all we had learned after years of toil and privation. We had reached this stage of the "tired feeling" when Sam brought in his "brass" speckles, and not a man of us would tell him what it was. "Uh-huh," we said, as he carefully exhibited his deceptive-looking find. What did we think of it? Why, it was a great find and very high-grade ore—if it was brass. "If—why, of course it was brass; look at it; anybody could see that; yes, anybody could see that; yes, anybody that knew anything at all. So we permitted Sam to work away in ignorance on his claim for two weeks—until he received returns from the sample sent to Los Angeles for assay. Then the "Brass Monkey," as Sam called it, shut down, and he went to prospecting again. We

fever is not to be compared to desert fever. The latter drags along and hangs on day after day, week after week, and although the patient may be able to crawl about he is weak, debilitated and nerveless and "don't care a rattle out of the box" whether he lives or dies. This was the condition of that tenderfoot. During the middle of the day he dragged himself about the camp in the sun, but the remainder of the time he spent in his bunk in his tent. One night, when most of the boys were assembled in the "bedrock," Sam came in, and, going up to the bar, drank alone, contrary to his usual custom, but then turned his back on the crowd, leaned his elbow on the bar and gazed out into the darkness, at the same time twisting his mustache fiercely, as if worried over something.

"What's wrong, Sam? Patient dead?" some one asked. "No," said Sam, "but he's a layin' up there wishin' he was. I tell you, pardners," he continued, turning to the crowd, "I've been in hard luck myself—so've all of us, I guess—an' seen others in hard luck, but that poor cuss up there's in the hardest streak of luck I ever see. He's plum down to bedrock an' nary color." "That's nothin', Sam; we've all been there many a time. What's the matter—out of grub?" "Naw, he ain't out of grub, an' won't be as long as Sam's got any; but it's somebody else. I got a letter for him to-day on the stage—an' took it down to him. After he read it he jest turned over with his back to me an' laid quiet, but purty soon I shifted to where I could see his face, an' I'll be derned if



"LOOK HERE, PARTNERS; LET'S ANSWER BESSIE'S PRAYER."

never asked him any questions, but he volunteered the information that it was of good ore, but at that distance from a railroad it could not be hauled at a profit. One day one of the boys found his certificate blowing about the camp. It contained no figures, only a statement of what his find consisted, and that hereafter to insure an answer he had better inclose a stamp, as the office could not afford to lose the postage in replying to the queries of alfalfa miners. The finder tacked this on to the postoffice door, but Sam only grinned, and said "we all got to learn."

He was so persistent and industrious in his determination to "strike it rich" that he finally began to have a fellow-feeling for him and to appreciate his pluck; sympathy he did not need. He was jolly and good-natured, did not drink to excess and was never known to turn a card for money. In a friendly game in his tent the suggestion of "draw" at only a dollar limit was always met by his quiet statement that he never played for money, that he was raised different, and, besides, his money "came so hard" that he knew he would be a bad loser. He was always ready with his sympathy when another's lodge "pinched," "petered" or "broke off," and encouraged him all he could; always had a song or a story for a bad night; and in the event of sickness or injury had some simple remedy in the way of poultices that his mother "used to use." In fact, he was one of those happy-go-lucky, light-hearted fellows, handy about camp and a friend to everybody, but one could not get rid of the impression that he "didn't have any more sense than the law allowed." Therefore, it was accepted as a matter of course, when a tenderfoot struck camp one day in the first stages of desert fever, that Sam should take entire charge of him and dose him with wild sage and "squaw" tea and concoct appetizing dishes from bacon, beans, rice and flour. Some of us dropped in occasionally on our way to or from work to learn the patient's condition and to offer suggestions, but Sam was considered head nurse.

As a "stayer," malarial or Chagres

could not help it. Now, dear husband, I can not stay here after having sold the cow; there is nothing to do here, you know, except washing and ironing and house-cleaning, and I am not strong enough for that. Mrs. Simmons will take Bessie and let her help with the housework and go to school, and I will sell the chickens, pigs and furniture and take little Charlie and go to Cleveland to try to get sewing or something. It will be, oh, so hard, but it can not be helped. Now, dear husband, do not worry; we will get along some way. Remember the words of the prophet: "Once I was young, but now I am old, but never have I seen the righteous forsaken or their seed begging bread." Now, dear husband, take care of your health, and if you do not find anything out there soon, come back to us, we miss you, oh, so much. Every night Bessie prays for her papa, "way out in the mines," and that he may find something rich. You may be sure that I echo her prayers. Write as soon as you get this, dear husband, for I can not stay here long. Your loving wife, "MAGGIE."

This letter was passed around; two or three started to read it aloud, but they broke down, and it was silently passed from one to another. It was well for Mr. Rhoades that he was not in camp.

"He told me all about it," said Sam. "They was five acres in the home place that he got from his father's estate close to town, an' he bought five more joinin', mortgagin' the ten to make up the balance of the money. He'd a-made it all right, but times got hard, an' first one, then another of them got sick an' he had to keep on a-mortgagin'. He see he could never pay out, so he come out here to see if he couldn't strike it, leavin' nearly all the money they had with his wife, an' this cuss Rhoades sayin' 'that he'd let the mortgage stan' another year, now—dern him. See that stain there? That's from a bunch of apple blossoms that was in the letter; he 'lowed they must a-been from the yellow harvest tree back of the garden, poor cuss. Take keer of yeh'r health, dead husband,' an' 'him a-layin' flat of his back up there in his tent, without money enough for a month's grub. 'Come back soon to us'—hum-um. Look here, pardners, let's answer Bessie's prayer, an' show this feller Rhoades whether min'n is chasin' wild geese or not. Mebbe Sam's a deen fool, an' I know he ain't got much money, but he can rustle. I'll go purty nigh my pile on it—there's fifty; who's all in on

anywhere between British Columbia and Mexico, an' they'll tell you what district it's from. The officers been a-lookin' for 'em for months, but they've been hidin' out some place down in Southern California. I guess they thought their last trick had been forgot, so they come out."

"At noon we went down to the jail, and were allowed to see the prisoners. "Hello, Sam; how's the Rhoades?" "Hello, hello; how's the boys down at Tough Nut?" and Sam and his partner grinned.

"Look here, Sam, you done the camp up in good shape, and you know we won't squeal, but tell us about it."

"Sure; but then they ain't nothin' to tell; this is my pardner, an' there was no fever, no Rhoades, no Maggie, no Bessie, no Charlie, no mortgage, no form, no cow, no—no apple blossoms, no nothin', but jest me an' him."

"An' fifty d—n fools," said my partner as we went out. He made a brief mental calculation, then said: "Sam was there three months an' his pardner one, an' they cleaned up twelve hundred an' fifty each; not bad, 'specially when they was hidin' out from another trick they'd turned." Across the street I saw a building with swinging doors and red windows. I pointed to it and asked, "What'll you 'ake, Jack?"

"I 'low I'll take about four fingers of hot Scotch to settle my stummick"—and he took it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FASCINATING PAWNSHOP.

Few Persons Can Go By Without a Look In at Its Window.

Few persons can pass a pawnbroker's window without stopping to look in, says the New York Evening Sun. It contains so much suggestive interest, so much that speaks of association and history. No parvenu products or things of mushroom growth, such as stare at one from the windows of shops that preach the gospel of the brand-new. Each article of the pawnbroker's stock-in-trade has its reason for being there, its own little tragic significance. The eloquence of the inanimate object is never greater than when in a pawnbroker's window.

Wedding rings, love tokens, medals and badges, how they set one to speculating upon their past, and the why and wherefore for their present! Often one is tempted to himself settle their future. Class pins and fraternity badges in the pawnbroking plight are especially suggestive, and more especially if one be a member of the class or of the fraternity. Unconsciously one soon forms the habit of never passing a loan shop in any part of the town without stopping to see if any of his class pins are being held as hostage.

There is a conscious pride at the discovery that more pins of some other fraternity are in disgrace. The redemption of the pins follows as a matter of course. As many of them are marked with the name of the owner, it is often possible to return them, in which case the finder has all the righteous glow of the good Samaritan.

But whatever the result, this sort of rescue work is always interesting. If impossible to trace the owner the pins make a significant collection on their own account; when unhampered by any stubborn facts the imagination can invent their histories to suit itself. It is worth noting how few badges of women's societies one ever finds at the pawnbrokers'.

The times are replete with clubs and classes and fraternities of women, both in college and out, but their insignia, it would appear, are rarely pawned. The contrast with the number of men's badges that are so fated is remarkable. Any one who makes a study of the pawnshop windows and the pawnbrokers themselves, indeed, will assure you of this. The unexpected happens when the badge of a woman finds its way into a loan shop.

California Ostrich Farm.

Ostrich farming is one of the most interesting of California's variety of industries. About twelve years ago Edward Cawston brought over a cargo of forty-two ostriches from South Africa. They thrived on his Norwalk and Pasadena ranches, and now the proprietor has over three hundred native birds and is increasing his "troop" at the rate of about one hundred chicks yearly. An average ostrich weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds and stands seven feet high. Every few months the "ripe" wing and tail-feathers of the mature birds are plucked or cut, without any pain or discomfort being caused to the birds. The feathers are variously disposed of in single plumes, tips, bows, caspas, cillars, etc. While the great bulk of the product goes to the wholesale trade, the ostrich-farmers carry on quite a retail business for the accommodation of their patrons. The ranches, reached by electric car from Los Angeles, are a Mecca for tourists. There is a protective import duty of 20 per cent. on ostrich feathers, and under its beneficent influence this "infant industry" is thriving so well that it is only a matter of time before California will be able to compete successfully with African producers for the entire American market. That this market is a valuable one is shown by the fact that the United States now annually consumes about thirty millions of dollars' worth of imported ostrich feathers.—San Francisco Argonaut.

More Precious than Gold.

At last, after many dangers, she had braved the terrors of the Chilkoot pass and had rejoined her lover on the Klondike. "Are you glad to see me?" she asked. "Do you still think that I am worth my weight in gold?" "In gold?" he cried contemptuously, as he folded her to his frozen bosom. "My darling, you are worth your weight in hash." The farther a man can look into the future the fewer creditors he sees.