Why He Knew it Was Gold.

One of the principal men in the bureau of engraving and printing had a somewhat peculiar experience in New York recently.

He had occasion to visit the metropolis on business, and after a stay of several days at one of the chief hotels, he called for his bill. When it was given him he tendered in payment a brand new $20 silver certificate. The clerk looked at it for a moment, and then passed it back.

"What's the matter," asked the official.

"I can't take that," replied the clerk. "I don't think it's good."

"Not good," exclaimed the official. "Not good! Why, man, I know it's good. I made it myself."

"Yes," said the clerk, "that's just what I thought."—Washington Post.

Her Philosophy.

Of course deceit is an abomination, and yet it has its uses. It's very like poison—something to be shunned in everyday life, but extremely valuable at certain crises. They are mainly social crises. When good temper can be preserved and harsh feeling escaped by a little deceit then it should be used—or, at least, so says the social philosopher.

The greatest joy one can give one's enemies is to let them see that their arrows have struck home. Unless one wishes to engage in the work of affording pleasure to one's foes it is therefore wise to show no anger at their blows and to be entirely unaware of their attitude.

Put no trust in unexpressed affection. There is only one thing which will prevent a man from giving voice to his devotion as soon as he is sure of it and as long as it lasts. That is a total dumbness.

Broke the Tobacco Trust.

St. Louis, Mo., (Special)—Col. Wm. A. Kirchhoff, general western manager of the American Tobacco Co., has startled his numerous friends by stopping the use of tobacco. For years he had smoked twenty strong cigars daily, and a less quantity would leave him nervous and ill. The habit was undermining his health, and he tried to quit, but could not, until he took No-To-Bac, the medical miracle that has cured so many thousands of tobacco-users. Col. Kirchhoff's craving for tobacco has entirely gone, and he feels better than ever before. He is a great No-To-Bac enthusiast now. Over 300,000 had tobacco-users have been cured by No-To-Bac, and the loss to tobacco manufacturers is easily over $10,000,000 a year.

He Worked Barnato.

The English papers have been telling a story about an alleged country person who recently got the best of Barney Barnato. He wrote to the king of the Kaffirs asking for relief from embarrassment on account of an overindulgence in Kaffirs. "My aim," he wrote, "has always been investment—not speculation. When your bank came, I regarded its shares as an investment and purchased 400 of them at £4, sinking my little all in them and a good deal more. They have now fallen to £2, and I am undone. I cannot face my parish as a bankrupt, and what am I to do? I throw myself upon your mercy." Mr. Barnato was deeply moved by the appeal and replied that he would buy back the shares at £4. On receipt of this reply the guileless parson wired to his brokers to "buy 400 shares of Barnato stock at £2 and send them around to Barnato Bros., who will give you £4 for them."

The first issue of the Atlantic Monthly for 1896 opens with an unpublished note book of Nathaniel Hawthorne now printed for the first time. There are also the opening chapters of a new three part story by F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale) entitled "Pirate Gold." Two political articles will be sure to attract attention, "The Emancipation of the Postoffice," by John R. Proctor, chairman of the United States civil service commission, and "Congress out of Date," the latter being an able statement of the evils due to the present system of convening congress a year after its election. J. M. Ludlow contributes an able paper on "The Christian Socialist Movement of the Middle of the Century."

The man who minds his own business will always have something to do.

It costs a great deal more to be proud than it does to be generous.

A word to the wise is enough, when it happens to be the right word.

The Century for January, following following upon two special numbers—the Twenty-fifth Anniversary and the Christmas numbers—is not lacking either in individuality or distinction. The capable and picturesque artistic work of Mr. Castaigne would of itself give distinction to any number of a magzine. This month his pencil is applied to the illustration of the first of several separate papers on Rome by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who first gives us "A Kaleidoscope of Rome," setting forth contrasts of the Eternal City, with, so to speak, a reconstruction of the city as it was in the time of the Emperors, and coming down to the Rome of the present day, which he describes with very distinct detail. Mr. Castaigne shows his versatility in the reconstruction of the Colosseum and the Forum in the days of the Christian martyrs, together with numerous scenes and character-sketches of to-day.

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

The danger of traveling in India thirty years ago was great—so great, indeed, as to render it extremely difficult to procure a guide and a sufficient number of bearers for the howdah, or wooden cage, in which the most of our traveling was then done. Pressing business required the presence of one of our house at a remote town in the interior, and as my partner was married and had a family, besides being rather effeminate, and I was alone in the world, and of strong, active frame, I volunteered to undertake the hazardous journey, and went to work hunting up attendants—a not very simple affair, when they hear where I designed going. However, after I dedays' strenuous exertion, I succeeded in enlisting eight stalwart fellows in my service, and the howdah having been overhauled, I started, parting with a gay laugh from my over-anxious friends, who looked upon me as a voluntary sacrifice to the almighty dollar."

The howdah was one built under my especial supervision a few months be-

In His Death Agonies.

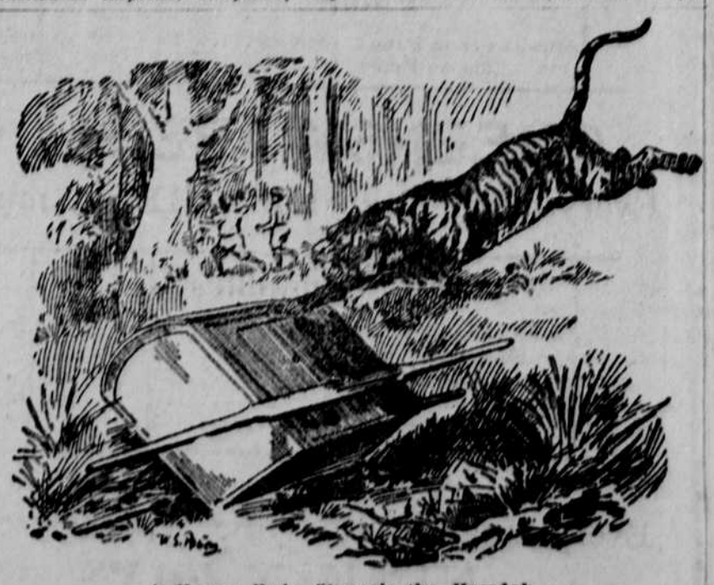
fore, and I had strength and security in my eye rather than elegance and lightness, so the intervals of exchange by the bearers were not far apart.

It is almost too commonly known to repeat, that four bearers carried the cage at a time, the unemployed gang running or trotting along at its side, ready to relieve the "watch on deck" when they should grow weary.

It seems strange to a European how these natives, after the exertion necessary to carry a heavy howdah with a man in it for quite a distance, can recover both strength and wind while running alongside, simply relieved of their burden. In our country we would like to sit down a while before taking a second pull at the bellows.

My journey progressed rapidly, seeing that the motive power was neither steamboat nor locomotive, and we had passed over half the distance before I had become weary of the mode of traveling, or my bearers had perceptibly slackened their speed. I had opened the sliding doors of the concern to allow the cool breezes full play, and was buried deeply in though, when, with a loud cry, my attendants dropped me, and scampered off, much the same as a covey of quail on the first appearance of a pointer's nose.

I had presence of mind enough to close and fasten the small doors, for I knew there was danger; what it was, or in what shape it came, I could not even guess, but I was not suffered long to remain in doubt, for, with a terrific noise, half howl and half roar, a heavy body struck the howdah with tremendous impetus, completely cap-



A Heavy Body Struck the Howdah.

sizing it, and compelling me, much against my inclination, to perform some very curious and astounding acrobatic feats which would have made even the Hanlon brothers envious had they been there to see them. But they were not; I had no audience, and my impromptu tumblings were but an involuntary private rehearsal, with a decided tendency to give one a splitting headache. These thoughts, or something like them, passed through my head a great deal quicker than I can write or you can read them, and their "even tenor" was again interrupted by a repetition of the tremendous charge from without, which, after knocking the cage (which I blessed my foresight for making so strong) about for a time, had the effect of righting it, and I cautiously peered from one of the loop-holes inside, which had been bored for an occasion like the present. My wonder at the tremendous shocks ceased.

I had seen tigers before, in fact, had hunted them, and had proved myself no mean adversary to the royal brute; but in the whole course of my existence I had never seen, or even heard, of such a rouser as this.

He had drawn off about twenty feet after the last dash, and was crouching upon the ground with an expression of mingled ferocity and surprise plainly visible in his enormous feline face. It was a beautiful mark, as his forehead was in just the position I would have placed it myself, and could I have used the rifle I had with me, I have no doubt but that I could have succeeded in dispatching him with one shot. However, using my rifle was out of the question without opening the door, at least partly, and that was not to be thought of, even for an instant.

I had my pistols—large, trusty, navy revolvers—but I was not so sure of them against such a formidable antagonist. I saw by the increased restlessness of the brute that whatever I did must be done quickly, as in a very short time I might expect to repeat my gymnastic exercises; so, taking deliberate aim at the center of his forehead, I fired.

Scarcely had the report died away when I heard the howling roar, and felt instinctively that the tiger was coming, so, dropping my pistol, I clutched at the sides of the howdah, determined, if possible, to save my head from the very unphisiological bumps, a number of which were already raised upon it by the two previous charges. To my surprise, I felt nothing this time further than a slight shaking, and then heard the rustling of a body upon the roof of the cage—a rustling such as a dog makes when he throws himself upon the floor.

"Ah! ha!" I said to myself, of course as I did not wish to hold any conversation with the "Royal Bengal"—"ah! ha! so you're on the roof, are you? Well, as I can't see you very well up there, I'll order you down," and I fired straight through the center of the howdah, not with the purpose or with the hope of killing, or even severely wounding him, only, as I have said, of giving him a gentle hint that the ground was, perhaps, his most legitimate sphere of action.

He took the hint with a roar of thanks, or rage, and "came down" on the opposite side to that from which he had ascended, and retired, as before, to the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, surprised, no doubt, at the unceremonious manner in which he was told to "get down."

His face was again toward the howdah, and I noticed a ridge, reaching nearly half the length of the forehead, where my first bullet had plowed its way in the bone for the whole distance.

I saw my error now. In the rather tremulous state of my nerves, I had fired a little high, and the ball had glanced after striking an obtuse angle. However, I should not throw away another shot in the same manner, since I knew how it was done.

As I saw he was slightly bewildered and had no intention of moving for the moment, I reached for my brandy flask and drank a pretty stiff horn after which I felt better and more able to cope with Mr. Tiger.

The last-named personage now seemed to consider himself sufficiently recovered to "take another hack at it" (to use a backwoods expression) and began systematically to lash himself into the requisite amount of fury by the process of threshing the ground around him with his handy caudal appendage, and I conceived my time for action had arrived.

His head was slightly to one side, and the eye presented a very acceptable mark. Resting the barrel of my weapon upon the sill or edge of the loop-hole, I took careful sight at the optic and blazed away with two chambers in rapid succession.

This time it was a howl—clear, long drawn and sonorous—which answered my shot, and it was succeeded by a perfect torrent of snarls and moanings, which, in tiger language, is equivalent, I suppose, to curses and invectives in man talk.

Looking out, I saw my late enemy rolling, struggling and lashing the poor, innocent earth in his death agonies, about half-way between his former position and the howdah.

I watched him until, with a cry, more human in its intensity, he rolled over upon his side and died. Then I opened the door and went out to examine him. I found him a little over seven feet from the tip of his nose to the root of his tail, which, perhaps, was nearly two feet additional.

While I was measuring the brute my attendants came running up, with many expressions of joy at my victory, but no one spoke of their desertion. It seems they had not gone far, as they saw the tiger had directed his attack upon the howdah, and they knew he would not leave it to pursue them, so they had watched and waited until the finale.

Under my direction the brute was robbed of his gaudy skin, and we again took up our line of march.

The rest of our journey was without incident, and, after I had attended to my business, I found a party of gentlemen who were on their way to the coast. I joined them, and the next day had the pleasure of exhibiting the robe-like skin to my friends at ——.—St. Louis Republic.

A False Pretense.

"Well, my son," asked Jimmy Puffboy's mother, "are you satisfied with your Christmas?"

"Yes, ma'am,' 'replied Jimmy, 'only the skates ain't nickel-plated, and dad said he buy me a double-ripper, an' I didn't see it."

"But I am sure you have been happy all day, James."

"I wasn't going to let the fellows know how bad I felt."

In mediaeval times the best perfumes were made in France and Italy, the perfumers of those countries exercising a dexterity unknown elsewhere and possessing many secret methods of manufacture.

Bismarck's Lower Lip.

It is said that Prince Bismarck is particularly well pleased with the truthful way in which Pfretzschner, the sculptor, has treated his lower lip in the relief medallion for his monument being erected on the Rudelsburg. "The artists," he says, "have always made my lips without giving me justice as far as my lower lip is concerned, and that is wrong. It is there, and it is there very much—but not too much, for that would indicate willfulness. That was never one of my qualities, and I have always been amenable to argument if better opinions than mine were given. But a well formed lower lip indicates perseverence." Upon the completion of the artist's work the prince took the modeling spitula into his own hand and engraved personally his well known "V. B.," giving the medallion a signature which no other Bismarck portrait has ever received.

A Standish Memorial.

Three hundred patriotic ladies and gentlemen, descendants of revolutionary sires, gathered in Squantum, Mass., the other day to commemorate the landing at that place September 30, 1621, of Captain Myles Standish and his party. The site was marked by a monument built of beach stones in the form of a cairn, about ten feet high and three feet in diameter. The cornerstone, a round white flint, was laid jointly by Mr. Adams and Mrs. Lee and a polished granite table was placed in one side, bearing this inscription: "Captain Myles Standish, with his men, guided by the Indian, Squanta, landed here September 30, 1621. This memorial is erected by the Daughters of the Revolution of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, September 30, 1896."

The Literature of Crime.

Buffalo Express: Those persons who like to fancy that published accounts of crime tend to incite people to commit similar crimes can amuse themselves by discussing the possible responsibility of Mary E. Wilkins for a recent murder in Albany, Ore. Miss Wilkins' detective story, published in the Express, told of a woman who dressed in man's clothes to commit a murder. Very soon after its publication this Oregon woman actually donned male garb and committed a murder. To be sure, she may never have heard of Mary E. Wilkins or her story. Then, again, it is usually the true stories of crime as published in the newspapers which meet objection from these critics. They may be as ready to argue that literature ought to be suppressed as that news should be. But perhaps they can induce an argument to show that no person should be allowed to learn to read.

Then and Now.

Twenty-five years ago H. B. Mears, an inventive watchmaker of Youngstown, O., turned out a bicycle which, though heavier, was very similar to the bikes now in use. The people did not take kindly to the new machine, and when Mears continued to use it against their protest he found that his business was injured, and he was finally compelled to close his store and locate elsewhere. Now everyone in town who can afford it, and many who cannot, is riding a wheel.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Tame Parrot of Poets.

Sir Lewis Morris, the recently knighted tame parrot of well known poets, comes to the front with commendable regularity on every public occasion which offers reasonable excuse for an ode or an elegy. It is said that he tried to induce various American newspapers to cable across the Atlantic his recent effusion on the subject of the Armenian atrocities, but even a new knighthood proved too weak a weapon to accomplish this high-handed assault on fame. "Lord Sallisbury will deliver Armenia from Turkish oppression," sighs one weary reviewer, "but who will deliver the public from Sir Lewis Morris?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The rule still holds good that the bigger the sleeve the more modish the garment.

A teaspoonful of flavoring extract is enough for a plain cake.

Scattering chloride of lime about will banish fleas.

The fan is now an inseparable adjunct of all dainty evening toilettes.

A six pound roast requires one hour's roasting to be rare.

W. N. U., OMAHA—3—1896

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