### Have Cows Front Teeth in Their Upper Jaws?

A couple of Third Ward citizens met each other on the sidewalk last Monday morning as they were starting for their places of business, and one of them, who resides on Van Buren street, asked the other, a Jackson street man, if cows had any front teeth on their upper jaw. The Jackson street man was a little astonished at the question, as there had been nothing said about cows, but replied promptly:

"Why, of course they have front teeth on their upper jaw; how could they bite off grass if they hadn't?"

The Van Buren street man said it was not a question of logic, but a question of fact; and if the Jackson street man did not know whether cows had front teeth on the upper jaw or not, he ought to say so. "I did not ask you for your opinion," he said; "I asked if you knew."

The Jackson street man was a little nettled at this, and replied with some warmth. He said if he had a child three years old who would ask such a question as that he should be afraid the child was an idiot.

"You would?"

"I certainly should."

"Then," said the Van Buren street man, "as it is such a simple question, of course you can tell me whether cows have got front teeth on their upper jaws or whether they have not."

"Why, of course they have."

"They have, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet you ten dollars they haven't," said the Van Buren street citizen, pulling out a roll of bills, and peeling off a couple of fives and shaking them at his neighbor. "Put up or shut up."

"There is some infernal catch about this thing," said the other, suspiciously; "I might have known it, too, the minute you asked me such an infernal idiotic question."

"No catch at all about it," replied the other, "if cows have got front teeth on their upper jaws the ten dollars is yours. If they haven't the money is mine. Nothing could be fairer than that, could there?"

But still the Jackson street man hesitated. It was barely possible that cows did not have any front teeth on their upper jaws. He remembered, then, that cows in biting off grass always threw their noses outward, while horses nipped it off by jerking their nose inward. He was astonished at how near he had come to being victimized, but he did not like to come down. The two were then near the meat market, near the corner of Jackson and Michigan streets, and the Jackson street man was sure that a butcher would know for certain whether or not cows had front teeth on their upper jaws; so he pushed open the door and said to the proprietor:

"Linehan, have cows got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

Linehan was running a skewer through a roast of beef, but he stopped, looking up in astonishment, and said:

"What?"

"Have cows got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Cows?"

"Yes."

"Got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No. You see I buy my beef by the quarter at the slaughter-house, and don't have anything to do with the heads. But I can find out for you when I go over."

"I wish you would."

So the Jackson street man closed the door, and rejoined his neighbor, and the two walked along without saying a word. A milk wagon was seen coming up the street, and it was resolved to hail the driver and ask him the question, as it is popularly supposed that milkmen are more or less familiar with cows. The Van Buren street citizen cleared his throat and yelled, "Hello!" The milkman reined up, and said:

"Go ahead with your tests. If you find any water or chalk in that milk I'll give you the whole of it."

The citizen told him to be calm, as they had no intention of testing his milk, but only wanted to know if cows had front teeth on their upper jaws.

The milkman looked at them about a minute and then whipped up his horses and drove off, mentioning some kind of a fool that they were. Up on Wisconsin street they saw another milkman, delivering milk, and overtaking him they explained the dispute. He smiled pityingly upon their ignorance, and said:

"Of course cows have front teeth on their upper jaws—a driveling idiot ought to know that much. A cow would be a handsome-looking object without any front teeth in her upper jaw, wouldn't she?"

"I've concluded to take that bet of yours," said the Jackson street man to the other. "Come, now, down with your dust. Put up or shut up."

"Why didn't you do it, then, when you had a chance? I never claimed to know whether a cow had any upper teeth on her front jaw or not; I only thought I had read so somewhere, and asked to know if you knew about it for certain. But now that the thing is settled, there is nothing to bet on as I can see."

"O, of course not," said the Jackson street man sarcastically; "of course not."

Just then Mr. Clark, of the Newhall House, happened along, and as the milkman picked up his lines and drove off, the Van Buren-street man asked Mr. Clark if he knew anything about cows. Mr. Clark said he did, having formerly been a farmer and a cattle buyer.

"Well," said the Van Buren streeter, "do you know I got the queerest idea into my head this morning about cows that a man ever had. Somehow or other I got the idea that cows had no front teeth on their upper jaw; and I actually offered to bet ten dollars with this man that such was the case. I don't see what possessed me."

"Well, if you had bet, you would have won the money," said Mr. Clark.

"What!" exclaimed both the citizens together.

"I say if you had bet you would have won the money, for cows have no front teeth on their upper jaws."

"Sweet spirit hear my prayer," said the Van Buren-street citizen, as he brought out his roll and peeled off the two fives again and shook them at the Jackson-street man, who turned away with a sickly smile and said he could not always be pulling out his money!

Ignorance seems to be stalking through the land like a Kansas grasshopper on stilts.—*Peck's Sun.*

### The Boers, and What They Want.

A correspondent asks what the Transvaal is, what its inhabitants, the Boers, have done, and what the English have done, and why they want to fight about it. Without entering at this time into minor details of difference or the later incidents that have pushed exasperation to hostility we will name the broader features of the controversy. The Transvaal is a region that includes all the country to the north of the Vaal River—and hence the name—as far as the Limpopo (or Crocodile) River, and embraces both sides of the Quathlamba Mountains. It lies between latitude twenty-two degrees fifteen minutes and twenty-eight degrees forty minutes south, and longitude twenty-six degrees to thirty-two degrees fifteen minutes east. Its area is about one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles; and its population is estimated at three hundred thousand, of whom about one-tenth are whites.

Now, certain Dutch Boers who lived in Cape Colony and Natal became dissatisfied with British rule. They did not take kindly to a change which to the old Hollanders of Manhattan made so little difference. Like the people of the Orange Free State they thought they would like a government of their own. The Scotch were consoled for the merging of their nationality by the consideration that a Scottish dynasty was seated on the British throne; and it was long ago pointed out to Dutch colonists whose country was ceded to England that the circumstances of a Dutch Prince having ascended the English throne should reconcile themselves in a like manner. But the Boers failed to see the matter in this light; such comfort they thought might have been very well for contemporaneous enjoyment but was of little worth merely as a reminiscence.

Thus it was that in 1840 these dissatisfied Boers marched, like so many modern Hebrews, out of the land of their masters and set up a Republic for themselves on the further side of the Vaal. They deemed this to be free territory, and thought that at least they would only have to contest their footing with savages. For a long time they cherished hopes that Great Britain would allow them to enjoy their independence in peace. But for some special reasons, apart from her customary lust for territory, Great Britain began to feel otherwise disposed. One plausible reason given out for interference was the fear of a general war between the natives of Africa and the European colonists; and, at last, in 1847, the Transvaal was formally annexed to the Cape Colony.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the events that have led to the present war. England wants the Transvaal, like its neighbors, Natal and Cape Colony, to be added to the list of Imperial possessions, and asserts a claim to the soil prior to the Boer occupation; and the Boers want their independence. We have said enough to indicate alike the validity of their claim to this independence and also, unfortunately, their slender chance of forcibly maintaining it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

### How Some Oaks Are Planted.

It is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that many of those oaks which are called *spontaneous* are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English Navy. Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beafort, near Troyhouse, Monmouth, a traveler's attention was diverted by a squirrel sitting very composedly upon the ground. The passer-by stopped to observe its motions. In a few minutes it darted like lightning to the top of a tree, beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and began to burrow the earth with its hands. After digging a small hole, it stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down with another, which it buried in the same manner. This the squirrel continued to do, as long as the traveler thought proper to watch it.

The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of security against want in the winter; and it is probable, that as its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spots in which it deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel,

"That leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty."

### Girl Dressmakers.

Why do not the girls of to-day become their own dressmakers? They would find an extraordinary stimulus and pleasure in the occupation, and there is nothing that would do more to take the nonsense out of them and put sense in its place. Paper patterns, and the shortening of the skirts, have made the task easy, and once undertaken, it would not be given up, for it would be more interesting than "fancy" work. Probably the inducement, to many, would be much greater if the custom of giving girls an allowance for "dress" money was as common here as it is in England. But unfortunately it is not, and the majority of the daughters of well-to-do fathers feel that the effort would not be appreciated, and would bring them no compensation. Young women, whose parents occupy high positions in England, do all their own sewing in order to make their allowance—which ranges from $50 to $250 per annum—do its work. They may have one dress in a season made by a dressmaker, not more, and this will probably be superintended by a dressmaker in the house, who occupies her time in cutting and fitting, while the young lady herself, with perhaps the help of a family seamstress, does the sewing. There is a great advantage in thus becoming acquainted with methods and personally conversant with ways and means, with the exigencies and necessities of work, the limitations as well as its possibilities. A good servant would infinitely rather work for a mistress who was thoroughly acquainted with the duties to be performed, and therefore willing to make allowances; and on the same principles, it is easier in making a dress to satisfy one whose ignorance makes her at once exacting and non-appreciative.

It is strange to what an extent American women allow themselves to exist at the mercy of dependents, through want of actual knowledge and practical experience of work. Some times they rebel against an innovation, or long continued abuse, but the throwing up of the work, and the dread of being left to their own resources, brings them back quickly to the proper state of subjugation to the dreaded cook or the inflated modiste.

The coat sleeve, such as women are at present wearing, only exists by the sublime unconsciousness of the laws of philosophy and anatomical formation on the part of the wearers. There is no elbow to it or in it. The outside seam is rounded, 'tis true, but the inside seam is straight, and every bend of the arm paralyzes it. Thirty years ago coat sleeves were cut so as to allow for a gathering upon the under side, which gave perfect ease to the arm, and allowed it to move and act without strain or pain. Now this is, and for a long time has been, impossible. Women who are not engaged in work that requires the steady use of the arm and hand may not find it so serious a difficulty, but those engaged in writing, working at telegraphy, painting, or operating a sewing machine, suffer tortures.

Ladies who do their dressmaking soon learn to pay attention to these details of comfort, which have nothing at all to do with fashion, but it is impossible to impress them upon the average dressmaker. For one thing, she is too busy to attend to individual details. She follows copy, and only branches out where you would rather not have her—in trimming, and in massing up "draperies." This sleeve business has become one of the minor miseries. With the reduction in the width and general outline of the dress, the sleeve has grown closer and shorter until it holds the arm like a vise and covers it like another skin. The white inside cuff has disappeared, as there is no room for it. The sleeve is three inches shorter than the arm, but the long glove is supposed to come down to meet it. The tight sleeve would be less objectionable if it were occasional, but it is the sleeve of the every-day working and walking dresses; the occasional sleeve—that is, the dressy sleeve—is varied and modified in many different ways, and often is no sleeve at all.

When a street jacket is made by a dressmaker *en suite* with, say, a woolen dress, the misery is doubled. The arm is twice encased in sleeves which are so short there is no "pull" upon them, and so straight that they stop all the vital currents and send the blood rushing to the head, where it creates in a very short time a lovely red nose. There are patterns of sleeves in which fullness is allowed for the elbow, but dressmakers do not seem to get hold of them. Let ladies who are about having spring suits and jackets made, look out for the straight, paralysing coat-sleeve.—*Jennie June.*

### Maple Sugar Making.

Sugar-making now and sugar-making as it was are very different things, and what it has gained in facility it has lost in picturesqueness. The old camp with its primitive appliances is no more; the "kettle" has been superseded by the "pan," and the trough is become a mass of crumbling decay. The women and children are kept at home, and no longer know the old-time delights of "sugaring off," though in the Arcadia of the past their services were not despised, and the whole household set up its abode in the woods.

The sap was collected then in troughs, each about three feet long, hollowed out of sections of poplars, and was conveyed to the kettles in barrels, from which it was transferred by scoops. There were five or more kettles, from ten to thirty gallons in capacity, and each was filled with sap, which was kept boiling, the larger kettles being refilled from the smaller ones as evaporation reduced the quantity. When the contents were reduced to a desired consistency, the hot sirup was dipped out and passed through a flannel strainer into covered tubs, from which again it was poured into a large, thick-bottomed kettle for the process of "stirring off," some milk and the whites of several eggs being added to it. Thus prepared it was placed over a slow fire, and kept just below boiling-point until the sediment and all foreign matters in it floated to the top and were removed, when it became deliciously translucent. It was now exposed to a greater heat and gently boiled, the evaporation continuing, and bringing it nearer to the point of granulation. Now the sugar-maker was all watchfulness, and it fared ill with those who distracted him, for if the golden liquid seething in the kettle boiled the least bit too much it would become dry in quality, while if it boiled too little, it would become "soggy." He tested it constantly, plucking threads of it from his stirring stick, and trailing them round in cups of cold water. While the threads yielded waxily to the touch, the sugar was not yet done, but as soon as one broke crisp between his fingers, the moment had come to take the kettle off the fire. As the sugar began to cool, it crystallized round the sides, and gradually the whole mass, under a vigorous stirring, became granular.

In that way sugar was made years ago, and when the sap flowed profusely the operations were continued through the night, and the fires cast strange shadows in the woods. But instead of a hut of logs a permanent sugar-house is is now built, and furnished with many elaborate devices to prevent waste and deterioration. Formerly, when the maples were tapped with an auger, an "elder quill" was inserted in the incision to conduct the sap into the trough below; that is, a small piece of elder wood about three inches long with the pith bored out of it, which formed a tube; but in most orchards to-day a galvanized iron spout is used, which has the advantage of not souring the sap nor choking many pores. Everything is "improved." The collections are made with the unvarying order of collections from letter-boxes, and if the grove is on a hill and the sugar-house is in a hollow, the sap, as it is gathered, is emptied into a "flume," which quickly conducts it to a large reservoir within the building, wherein it is strained through cloth. A scoop or a ladle is as anachronistic as a javelin. From the reservoir the sap is conducted, as required, through tin pipes into a "heater," whence it passes through a series of iron tubes to be delivered, after straining, in a condition for "sugaring off."

Maple sugar as it reaches the market is of a clearer color for all these improvements; but there are some who actually say that the flavor has fallen off, and that the new patent evaporators are a snare. One change has certainly not been for the better, and that is the abandonment of the social life of the old camps, which made sugar-time in the Green Mountains enduring memories with those who are now ebbing away.—*W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine.*

### The Helpless Boy.

There is a great deal of talk about training the girls, and if all the advice that has been given were conscientiously acted upon there would be but few girls left to train. Girls and boys need to be considerately "let alone." To be nagged at from morning till night will spoil the best character; and as no good gardener would pull up a plant by the roots to see how it was growing, so the human plant should be cultivated and cared for in a way that will not tease it into becoming a deformity or a monstrosity.

The helpless boy! Haven't you often seen him? He can't tie a string, or sew on a button, or unwind a snarl, or cook an egg, or wash a dish, or find anything he has been sent to look for. They are things he dislikes to do, and, never having been made to do them, shirks out whenever he can get a chance.

If he has a mother she spoils him by continually trotting around and doing everything he is too lazy to do for himself. If he has a sister I pity her, for she will have no rest from morning till night; his demands will be constant and his helplessness continually on the increase.

The small boy can be made to feel that it is manly to be helpful. He must be taught to wait on others instead of having others wait upon him, and trained slowly and kindly to habits of thoughtful consideration which will be of immense advantage to him when he is full-grown.

The helpless boy is a nuisance, and those who encourage him in his indolent ways are doing him and society the greatest of injuries. Mothers do not live forever, and sisters are not always available. He marries, and is careful to secure an energetic helpmeet. If sickness enters the house, the helpless man is a double burden; he can't start the fire, nor make a cup of tea or a bowl of gruel, and is obliged to call on the neighbors to keep himself and his family from starving to death.

Boys ought to know more about the kitchen than many of them do. It is no disgrace to know how to cook and to wash dishes, to darn stockings and to sew on patches. Any boy who has learned these accomplishments can go out into the world and be far more independent than those who pride themselves on being skilled only in manly pursuits. True manliness consists in being helpful in every way, everywhere and to everybody. — *Ladies' Floral Cabinet.*

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Lady Florence Dixie, distinguished as a fearless and accomplished horsewoman, is going to the Transvaal as war correspondent for the London *Morning Post.*

—Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer and lecturer, it is reported from St. Joseph, Mo., is about to wed a lady of that city, a widow, and will henceforth reside in this country.

—Will S. Hayes has written and composed about three hundred and sixty songs, and there are ten of them that had a sale of two hundred thousand each. Mr. Hays is on the editorial staff of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal.*

—Mr. Longfellow, the other day, sent this little verse to the Columbus (O.) school-children, who celebrated his birthday:

If any thought of mine, o'erhung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold
By every friendly sign and salutation.

With compliments and good wishes of
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

—Mrs. Judith Twombly recently celebrated her 102d birthday at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James Stackpole, a prominent citizen of Chelmsford, Mass. Her great-great-great-grandson, aged five years, was one of the guests. She still has possession of her mental faculties and is conspicuous for her devotional employments.

—Miss Flora Torrey Wagstaff, stepdaughter of Judge W. R. Wagstaff of Paola, Kansas, has been admitted to the bar and sworn to faithfully discharge the duties of an attorney-at-law. Miss Wagstaff is a handsome blonde, very ladylike and refined in manner, a bright scholar, and highly accomplished in music and painting. She has read law about two years, and attended the St. Louis Law School for one year.

—Mr. MacGahan, the well-known newspaper correspondent, who wrote so vividly of the Turco-Russian war, left a wife and child. He was married about a year before his death to an accomplished Russian lady of rank in her country. The widow and child visited the mother and brothers-in-law at Toledo, O., last year. She is described as a handsome brunette, highly educated and accomplished, though finding the ways of this country very new and strange.

—Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier can make a picture that will sell for more than the work of any other living artist. A recent number of the *Magazine of Art* gives a biographical sketch of this picturesque artist. He is now sixty-eight years old. Meissonier paints a horse about as perfectly as it is possible to do. He seems to spare no pains in getting every detail of his subject. For instance, he once had a small railway built, and he was whirled in a car that kept alongside a galloping horse so that he could sketch every movement of the charger.

## HUMOROUS.

—It was a wealthy Philadelphian who, being asked on his return from Europe, how he liked the Bosphorus, replied that he didn't eat any, and preferred the ordinary home-made sausages.—*American Queen.*

—A short time ago a clever article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Mr. Mallock, entitled, "Is Life Worth Living?" The answer to the conundrum is: "It depends on the liver."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—In the year 1880 America issued seventy patents to women. And not one of these was an indicator to be attached to a bed post to show if there is a man under the bed. And yet, think how much getting down on hands and knees such a thing would save women.—*Boston Post.*

—There has been a good deal of bitter controversy in New York over Sarah Bernhardt's exact weight, and one of those who believes her to be the champion dramatic light-weight of the age asserts that not long ago at rehearsal Sarah introduced the feature of firing a pistol at the villain of the piece. Instead of the usual result, the wad remained perfectly stationary while the Bernhardt and the pistol were blown backwards through the side scenes.—*San Francisco Post.*

—We have just learned that on the afternoon before the last holiday Colonel Solon noticed a sign on the door of an Oil City bank, saying: "Bank will be closed to-morrow; all paper failing due then must be paid to-day." The Colonel rushed wildly into the bank, saying: "Do you mean to say that I I must pay my note to-day, which falls due to-morrow?" "Certainly, sir." "But I haven't a cent of money to-day and—and—and—well—now, I think of it, I haven't any note to pay either." And the good Colonel walked away with a sigh of relief.—*Derrick.*

### A Safeguard for Brakemen.

The Richmond & Danville Railroad Company is introducing on their freight trains a safeguard for their brakemen. It is well known that many fatal accidents which occur to brakemen are those in which the brakemen standing on the top of freight cars are knocked in the head by covered bridges. The safeguard consists of a post erected about half a mile on either side of a covered bridge. To this post a horizontal piece is attached stretching across the track, of course above the reach of any head on top of a car. From this horizontal piece cords are swung, so that in case the brakeman is inattentively standing upright while nearing the bridge, the cords will strike him and remind him to duck his head.