...person who takes the paper regular... whether directed to his ... he is a subscriber or not, is ... to take the paper. ... evident that refusing to take ... from the post-office, or removing ... uncalled for, is prima facie ... INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Where sea-gulls soar before me lies,
From which each cargo backward slips;
And where the ocean meets blue skies
A hazy tracing shows a ship—
A ship, methinks, as barque of dreams,
Or gliding, if reasoning seems.

Perchance a fairy craft it is,
With countless treasures in its hold—
Bright gems and perfumes rare, I wis,
And untold wealth of shining gold.
A ship for which I've waited long—
Many writ to tale and sung in song.

A careless child upon the shore—
A happy child with bared white feet—
Perchance the waves and, through their roar,
Sings gayly clear this conduct sweet:
"Life's grandest promise will begin
Fulfillment when my ship comes in."

The time while still glides slowly by,
Ever, the same line of sky and sea,
Until it fades before my eye;
Yet, somewhere, know I that to me
A ship is sailing, bringing all
Of joy or pain that shall befall.

A phantom barque, with sails like wings,
It skims along the tide of time,
And unerringly what fate it brings,
I listen to the happy rhyme:
"Life's grandest promise will begin
Fulfillment when my ship comes in."

—*Mary Clark Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.*

INTERESTING STORIES.

Uncle Jacob Relates a Few Thrilling Incidents.

A Green Dutchman's Coon Hunt—Trapping a 507-Pound Bear—An Unpleasant Encounter With a Catamount.

When the writer drove out to Uncle Jacob Griss' place on the Drinker turnpike the other day to have another talk with the white-whiskered octogenarian, the active and jovial old gentleman was patching up some rail fence by the roadside. It is a quiet country place out there, and whenever any body who likes to hear interesting narratives about life in the wildwoods comes along, Uncle Jacob willingly drops his work and accompanies his callers to his residence near by, which was once the famous old Buck Horn Tavern. After they had been seated and a dish of fall pippins had been passed around, Uncle Jacob leaned on his crooked cane and said:

"Let me see. Did I tell you, when you were here before about the green Dutchman who smoked the coon out of the hollow tree? No? Well, then, I'll tell it to you now. One winter we were cutting down some very large poplar trees over the ridge yonder toward Tamarack Swamp. Many of the trees were five and six feet in diameter, and it took a good deal of chopping and sawing to get one of them to the mill. Among the party of choppers there was a stout and tough young Dutchman who hadn't been in the country but a few months, and he owned a little dog that he had fetched into the neighborhood with him. The dog tagged the woodchoppers wherever they went, and remained out in the woods from morn till night. The axe that we let the young Dutchman work with was a two-bladed one, and, as it was the first axe of that kind that he had ever seen, he felt very proud of it and took great care of it.

"On one of the coldest days of the winter the Dutchman's little dog wandered away from the choppers and set up a continual yelping near the foot of an immense poplar tree twenty or thirty rods from where the men were working. After the cur had howled for half a day the young Dutchman tramped over to the tree through the deep snow to see if he could find out what the dog was yelping at, and when he got back he told us in the plainest way he knew how that there was a coon in the tree and that along toward night he would smoke the coon out, kill it, and give it to me. I then went near enough to the tree to see that it leaned a good bit out of the perpendicular and I came to the conclusion that if the tree was hollow there was room enough in it for a whole family of coons. About twelve feet from the ground there was a curve in the trunk, and I could see that it would be an easy thing for animals to nest in it. The Dutchman's cur continued to yelp, and I didn't bother him, but went back to work without saying any thing.

"A little after sundown the young Dutchman shouldered his axe and said he would then go and smoke the coon out. I told the other workmen to follow me, and we went to a spot within good sight of the Dutchman and got behind trees to see how he was going operate on the coon. The cur kept yelping and hopping about as though he was ready to tear the animal all to pieces when it came out, and the Dutchman soon started a little smoke fire in the hole at the base of the tree. He put on some bark and leaves and made a smudge, and then he stood opposite the hole with his axe up over his head and waited for the coon to jump out, expecting to split the coon's head open at the first clip. The coon didn't make its appearance as soon as the Dutchman had calculated that it would, and while he stood there, with his feet braced in the snow and his axe held aloft, the fire worked up into a blaze, hardly any smoke floating up the tree.

"Then the Dutchman, whose little dog stood off and barked, put down his axe and began to pile on stuff to smother the fire. He had hardly piled on the first handful when out of the hole plunged a 250-pound bear. The smoke had rolled him, and he had got singed a little on his way out, and he was so thoroughly mad over being disturbed that he pitched at the Dutchman and partly knocked him down. When the Dutchman saw what an enormous coon he had smoked out he started to run, and the way he yelled for help, with the bear almost on his heels, was comical enough to make a jackass laugh. He roared and bellowed a good deal louder than the mad bear did, and his little dog put his tail between his legs and got out of sight in no time. One of my men rushed down and split the bear's head open before he had done the Dutchman any injury, but the frightened greenhorn didn't stop running till he got clear out of the woods. Then we chopped the tree down and found that the bear had made himself a very comfortable nest in a shoulder of the big trunk. He had holed up there before the snow fell, and there were no tracks around the tree. We never could get the Dutchman to smoke out any more coons after that.

"Many years ago a wonderfully large bear had his home among the thick scrub oaks between Tobyhanna and Stauffer's mills. It was impossible for any body to get at him or to get a shot at him when he stayed among the oaks. He had killed a number of dogs that were foolish enough to tackle him, and he had lugged many a sheep and pig into his hiding place. Two or three hunters had got glimpses of his head, and they told me that he was so old that he had begun to get gray around the chops. They said that he was the biggest, oldest, savagest and cunningest bear that any body had ever seen in that part of the Pocono region. He had torn his foot out of one trap, and after that they knew his track when they saw it in the snow, but they couldn't get the old fellow to jump into a trap again.

"I had heard so much about the gray old bear and the mischief he had done, that along in December I concluded to spend a week trying to trap him, and to give him up as too tough and cunning for me if I didn't succeed in catching him at the end of that time. So on a Monday morning I had one of my boys drive me to the place in a sleigh. I took two of my best traps along and a lot of fresh meat for bait. I had my rifle and a good sharp hatchet, too, and, after I had looked over a part of the rugged region in which the old gray bear was supposed to be in hiding, I made up my mind that a trap set in a certain hollow near one of his runways would be pretty apt to catch him.

"I knew he hadn't holed up for the winter, because I found some of his tracks, and because he had stolen a sheep from Ly Sander Bushnell only a day or two before. So I set one of the traps in the hollow I spoke about, building up a little higher fence than usual around it, and fastening the trap to a good-sized log that I knew he couldn't lug away very fast. Then I hung the bait up about six feet from the trap and left it. The other trap I set in the same way in another hollow fifty rods to the southeast, hitching the chain around a stone that would weigh in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. Three mornings I went and looked at the traps, and each time I found them just as I had left them, and I began to think that my week would be fooled away.

"But on Friday morning I found that the old bear had been around, for, by the life, when I got in sight of the first trap I saw that the bait had been removed, while the trap hadn't been touched. Looking closer, I saw that a bear had leaped clear over the fence and trap, hooked the bait, and then pushed the fence down near where the bait had hung and mogged off. That was a mighty cunning trick, I thought, and I began to believe that all the stories I had heard about the old gray bear's carryings-on in the scrub oaks were as true as preaching. I judged by the leap he had made that he was a long-legged and long-bodied old rascal, and I gave up all hops of ever getting him. Then I sprung the trap and put it on a stump, and after that I started for the place where I had set the other trap.

"What do you suppose I found when I got there? Well, by the life, I found that the bait was hanging just as I had put it, but the trap wasn't there, and then I knew that there was some fun ahead. I had caught a bear, as sure as the world, but whether it was the old gray one or not I had yet to find out. The tracks in the snow were those of a large fellow, and this fact led me to hope that I had trapped the gray-jawed one that so many men had tried to kill. The stone at the end of the chain had plowed a furrow in the snow, but I was afraid that it was not heavy enough to keep the bear from getting so far away that I could not catch up with him.

"However, I made the best time I could through the scrub oak, stopping every little while to listen, and at last I heard the chain rattle. Before I had got sight of the bear, he had got a sniff of me, and the way he took on was music to me, though it would have frightened people who were not used to such roaring and tearing. I even saw that the stone had got caught, and that the bear had been trying to loosen it with his paws, and then I got sight of his head between the bushes and fired at it. There was a great thrashing around for a moment, and when things got still I advanced and found that the identical old gray scamp that I had been after lay there as dead as a hatchet. I got three men to help me drag him out, and he was the biggest bear I ever heard of being caught in the Poconos, for he weighed 507 pounds exactly."

"Did you ever tackle any catamounts?"

"That reminds me of something I meant to tell you the other time you were here," said Uncle Jacob, "and I will tell it before I forget it. A good many people think that a catamount and a wildcat is the same, but there is a big difference between them. Catamounts are a great deal longer than wildcats, more ferocious, and very much stronger. They are more like lynxes or panthers than they are like wildcats, and, when one of them gets after a man, he needs to be well armed.

"One fall, a good many years ago, I had killed a sheep and hung the skin over a beam in the barn. Before daylight the next morning I went out to do the chores, and in putting the lantern down on the barn floor I saw bits of wool and pieces of the sheepskin. I immediately raised the lantern above my head to see if the sheepskin still hung there, and if I was ever frightened in my life it was at what I saw. Crouched on the beam where the sheepskin had hung a huge catamount with glaring eyes, was ready to spring upon me. The lantern was in my left hand, and I didn't dare to lower it, so I held it there and looked the ferocious beast square in its eyes.

"I happened to think that the only weapon anywhere near my right hand was a flail, and that stood in a barrel a little beyond my reach as I then stood. I continued to keep the lantern up high and to keep my eyes fixed on the catamount, and while I was doing this I edged toward the barrel until my right hand could grasp the flail. I seized it a little quicker than I ever caught hold of a weapon before, gave it a whirl around my head, and then brought it down on the skull of the catamount with just all the force I could put into the blow. By the life, it crushed the brute's skull so that its eyes were forced out of their sockets, and the catamount was killed instantly. It weighed forty-one pounds, twice as much as the ordinary wild cat does, and it was the closest call that I ever had with any kind of beast."—*N. Y. Sun.*

HIS MASTER-PIECE.

How Flanagan Flanagan Got Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars for Eleven.

This is the age of barn-door art—that kind of art which represents a powder-horn, a rabbit and a lot of other things hanging against a barn door in such a way that no one would suppose they were painted at all, but were really hung there.

Over such a picture some people go wild with joy. The naturalness of a nail-head, or the folds in a felt hat carry them away, and make them feel better satisfied with themselves and every thing else.

Flanagan Flanagan had painted many a landscape, to which he conveyed the subtle impressions made upon him by nature. You could feel the crimson leagues of calm in his twilight marine as keenly as you could the musical rustle of his silver birches.

But so great was the rage for photographic painting that Flanagan Flanagan, in spite of his self-respect and professional pride, felt that he would for once have to give the public what it wanted, because he was in need of the ever potent shekels of silver that enable a man to step out into the gloaming through the front door, without stumbling over the wolf.

So Flanagan Flanagan sent a canvas, representing an old one-dollar bill slightly crumpled, to a well-known annual exhibition.

The papers began to rave over it in half-column notices. People who went to the exhibition stood and looked at this canvas, as they looked at no other.

"How natural the eyebrows of Washington look," said one enthusiastic young lady; "and the lace on his collar is just perfectly lovely!"

"I never saw any thing like that before," said a bald man, who looked first at the canvas and then at a one-dollar bill which he held in his hand; "now that's what I call painting."

And so it was with every one. One would become entranced with the hair lines, and another over the signature of the Secretary of the Treasury in the lower corner.

After a while it was so much talked about that it was considered the proper thing to see, if only to be in fashion.

Flanagan Flanagan ran the price up until it reached three hundred and fifty dollars, and it was nip-and-tuck between three bar-rooms, four prune merchants and several capitalists to see who should secure the prize.

There is nothing like barn-door art for the United States of Chicago," said Flanagan Flanagan to a brother painter at the fifty cent table d'hote a day or two later: "they don't want the 'Keene Valley,' or the 'Murmurous Mogalloway,' or 'Near Gloucester,' or 'Twilight's Soothing Hush,' or any thing that breathes nature in every line. They want pictures of beer bottles hanging on antlers, or any old vest painted in such a way that the buttons look as though they were about to fall off. They will go wild over a neatly painted grease spot on the lapel, or a buckle showing the steel through the japanning. After awhile, instead of visiting Milford or the coast of Maine in summer, we shall all be making studies for future triumphs in old junk shops and second-hand clothing stores. The banjo is our national instrument, and we must paint to suit banjo people."

"But did it not cost you a good deal of patience?" inquired his friend.

"Not a bit," replied Flanagan; "it only cost me ten dollars for the frame, stretcher and all. The one dollar bill was a genuine one, ingeniously stuck on the background of gray paint. That's how I got three hundred and fifty dollars for eleven.—*Puck.*

THE AQUATIC SPIDER.

How It Prepares Itself for an Attack On Its Unsuspecting Prey.

While their nearly constant abode is the water, they are, like most other spiders, air-breathers; consequently they need some special provision for providing themselves with air while living under the water, and for this purpose they possess the art of constructing a kind of diving-bell. It is an interesting sight to witness one of them making his aircell. Clinging to the lower side of a few leaves, and securing them in position by spinning a few threads, the spider rises to the level of the water, with its belly uppermost, and, doubling up its hind-legs, retains a stratum of air among the hairs with which its body is covered. Then it plunges into the water and appears as in the first stage of the making of its silvery robe. Going immediately to the spot it had chosen, it brushes its body with its paws, when the air detaches itself and forms a bubble under the leaf. The spider surrounds this bubble with the impermeable silky matter furnished by its spinneret. Returning to the surface, it takes in another layer of air, which it carries down and adds to the first one, also extending the envelope over it. The process is kept up till the "diving-bell" has reached the proper size and is finished. The ideal form of the construction is that of a thimble, but it often assumes an irregular shape, like an inverted sack. When the spider has taken possession of its redoubt it remains quiet in it, head down, watching for the appearance of an insect. Perceiving one, it seizes it and returns to its lodge, which it has secured against intruders by spinning threads across it, to devour its prey at its leisure.—*M. Emile Blanchard, in Popular Science Monthly.*

IMPROVED LIVE STOCK.

Why It Is as Necessary as Improved Agricultural Machinery.

Closely following the advance of the mechanic arts, we find the agricultural industries with improved machinery and improved methods of tillage, enabling the farmer to double his acreage and more than double the value of his production.

The intelligent farmer readily falls in line with these advanced ideas. Not waiting to be told it will be a paying investment, he at once supplies himself with the latest labor-saving machinery, and adopts the improved methods of tillage.

Observation and experience has taught him it will no longer pay to resort to the old hand cradle to harvest his wheat—that it will be a paying investment to put from $100 to $150 in a modern self-binding harvester.

While he is ever ready to adopt these improved methods in grain farming, he is slow to adopt improved methods of stock-raising, from which a large part of the profits from general farming would be derived.

With improved cattle the unmarketable and by-product of the farm could be marketed with profit. While he sees the wisdom of investing a hundred dollars or more in a self-binding harvester, he does not see the wisdom of investing a like amount in a thoroughbred bull by which he would double the value of his live-stock production. He does not stop to consider that the thoroughbred bull is to the scrub what the improved self-binding harvester is to the old hand-cradle which he has abandoned. Why does he adopt the improved methods of grain-farming and reject the improved methods of stock-raising?

Is it not from the fact that he has had experience with the former and proved its value, while with the other he has had no experience, but takes it for granted that it will not pay, and never tries it? This would seem to be the charitable solution of the problem—for had he ever had the service of a thoroughbred bull, he would be no more ready to return to the scrub than to the old hand-cradle long since abandoned.

Now, my good farmer, you that have proven the value of modern agricultural machinery, but have not proven the value of a thoroughbred bull, when compared with the native scrub, examine the facts as they are placed before you, and note the difference in value of imported cattle when compared with the native scrub, to which you so dearly cling.

Last year the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington among other things, obtained from authentic sources the ruling value of the various classes of live stock, and placed in tabulated form the average price per head of these various classes.

These statistics show the average price per head of three-year-old thoroughbred cattle to be $190.53—the average price of high grades, $78.75—the average price of three-fourths bloods, $54.62—the average price of half bloods, $36.93, while the average price of native cattle was but $28.59. Here is a difference of $83.40 in favor of 10 steers from scrub cows by a thoroughbred bull, and 10 steers from the same cows by a scrub bull. In other words, the farmer with 10 scrub cows can afford to pay $80 for the service of a thoroughbred bull, or counting money with ten per cent. he can afford to pay $800 for a thoroughbred bull and then be as well off as he is breeding scrubs. Now, is there a farmer with ten or fifteen common cows that can truthfully say that it will pay to invest $100 or more in a self-binding harvester, but will not pay to invest a like amount in a thoroughbred shorthorn bull, when with the present prices he can get a good one for that money? To go a little further with these figures, were his ten cows high grades (which they could be with two or three crosses with thoroughbred bulls, ten steers by a thoroughbred bull would be worth $500 more than the ten scrubs. He could therefore afford to pay $5,000 for a thoroughbred bull to use on his ten high grade cows and then make as much money as with his scrub cows and scrub bull.

The farmer does not now have to pay $5,000 for a thoroughbred bull—he can get a good one for from $100 to $150. We say, then, if you do not wish to stand in your own light, get a thoroughbred bull at once, and keep the live stock branch of your farming abreast with your grain farming. To make money on a small farm the two must go hand in hand. To do less you may get a fair living for yourself and family, but you can not make farming a success or ennoble the calling which you have chosen.—*Indiana Farmer.*

A QUESTIONABLE DISH.

How Charlie's Faith in His Wife's Cooking Received a Shock.

"Charlie," said a young wife to her husband, "I bought some lovely mushrooms to-day and have cooked them for your supper."

"How do you know they are mushrooms?" said Charlie, suspiciously.

"Why, the man I bought them of said so. Then they were pink on the under side and that means mushrooms—or is it toadstools—well, it's one or the other."

"Humph! they look kind of dingy," sniffed Charlie.

"But they're not toadstools, for I stirred them with a silver spoon and they didn't turn it black."

"Then they *are* toadstools," said Charlie, "because I know mother's mushrooms always turned the spoon black."

"Well, dear, you know if you eat them you can soon tell. If they're mushrooms it seems a pity to waste them, and if they're toadstools——"

"Go on—if they're toadstools you'll soon be a widow."

"How unkind you are! I boiled them in saleratus water to make sure. They wouldn't hurt an infant now," sobbed the little woman.

Charlie had unbounded faith in his wife's cooking but he didn't eat the mushrooms. He told her to make some last years "ketchup" with them, and bottle them down for future use.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IN A LION'S DEN.

A Welsh Professional Boxer Mingles with Savage Beasts.

An announcement made by the crier the other evening that a man named William Samuels, a local innkeeper and the champion boxer of Wales, would enter alone a den of lions at a menagerie, located at Swansea, caused considerable excitement in the town, and drew a great crowd to the show. At nine o'clock the band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then Samuels, accompanied by Mr. Bostock, the manager of the show, walked up to a den containing a lion and about a dozen lionesses. A great crowd at once assembled round the cage. Mr. Bostock mounted a platform and informed the public that his old friend Samuels had volunteered to perform a deed of daring such as had never been done in the menagerie since its establishment in 1805. Mr. Whitehead, he said, recently at Cardiff, entered the cage accompanied by Mme. Salva, the lion-tamer, and had by his action caused a great sensation in South Wales. But Samuels was going to surpass this feat, for though urged to let Mme. Salva accompany him, he declined to enter the den at all unless allowed to do so alone. This he was now about to do.

The announcement was received with great cheering, though it was evident that, on the part of many present, there was a feeling of considerable anxiety and alarm. Samuels, however, seemed to share none of these feelings of uneasiness. Attired as a prize-fighter and with a blue rosette on his breast, he appears at the entrance of the cage, and, cudgel in hand, boldly entered it. The lions appeared in no way to relish this intrusion, and it looked as though Samuels would have had a warmer welcome than he bargained for. Possessed apparently with nerves of steel, the man walked undaunted up to the end of the cage where the animals were huddled together, awaiting only the slightest encouragement to spring on the intruder, and held his cudgel threateningly before the nose of the fiercest. Growls of rage greeted this act; but Samuels, in no way discomposed, walked among the animals, and made them fly right and left before him. This he did several times, and on one occasion acted so rashly that grave fears were entertained for his safety by those in charge of the exhibition. These—who as a precaution were armed with red hot irons—were ready to act promptly, when Samuels again obtained the mastery over his savage companions, and showed his fearlessness of them by firing a loaded pistol in their faces. Then, his courage maintained to the last, he went to the gate of the den and waited in a dangerous position while Mr. Bostock presented him, amid the cheers of those present, with a unique chain composed of spade and crown, and with a certificate recording the fact that he had accomplished his purpose. Immediately afterward the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and Samuels was borne in triumph out of the menagerie and through the streets.—*South Wales Daily News.*

ROCHEFORT'S FIRST DUEL.

His Encounter with M. Delvaille, the Little Newspaper Editor.

One day, in consequence of an article, on what subject I no longer remember, he had a duel with the editor of the *Gaulois* newspaper, says M. Daudet in his "Thirty Years of Paris." The *Gaulois* of that day (for the title of a newspaper in France has more incarnations than Buddha, and passes through more hands than the betrothed of the King of Garbe,) the *Gaulois* of that day was one of those ephemeral cabbage leaves such as spring up between the paving stones around the cafes of the theaters and the literary taverns. The editor, a short, jolly, witty, red and round little man, was, as far as I can recollect, called Delvaille and signed himself Delbrecht, no doubt thinking that a prettier name. Delvaille or Delbrecht, whichever you please, had provoked Rochefort. Rochefort would have preferred to fight with pistols; not that he was a very alarmingly good shot, but he had sometimes won a few macaroons at a fair; while, as to a sword, neither from far nor from near, could he ever remember having seen such a thing. Delvaille, having been challenged, had choice of weapons, and chose swords. "Very well, then," said Rochefort, "I will fight with swords." A rehearsal of the duel was held in Paul Vernon's room. Rochefort was willing to run the risk of being killed, but not that of appearing to be ridiculous. Vernon therefore had summoned a great sergeant major of zouaves (since then cut to pieces at Solferino) very skillful at the salutes, attitudes, and manners most in fashion in the barrack fencing school. "After you—not at all—to please you—proceed, sir." After ten minutes' fencing Rochefort might, as far as grace went, have shown the most mustached *la Lamee* how to set to work. The two champions met the next day in those delightful woods of Chaville, between Paris and Versailles, which we all know so well, often spending Sunday there in less warlike pastimes. A cold, fine rain was falling that day, making bubbles on the pond and veiling in a faint mist the green circle of hills, the slope of a plowed field, and the fallen sides of a red sand pit. The combatants took off their shirts, notwithstanding the rain, and but for the gravity of the situation one would have been tempted to laugh at seeing, face to face, this little fat and white-haired fellow, in a flannel vest piped with blue at the wrists, putting himself into position as correctly as on the platform; and Rochefort, lanky, spare, yellow, grim as a death's head, and so cased in bony ribs that one really doubted whether there was space upon his body for the prick of a sword. Unfortunately, he had forgotten in the night all the fine lessons of the sergeant major; held his sword like a taper and made the most reckless thrusts, leaving himself exposed. At the first pass he received a thrust which grazed his side. The sword had scratched him, but very slightly. It was his first duel.

QUEER ELECTION BETS.

Men Staking Their Beards on the Success of a Favorite Candidate.

Some betters, not content with the ordinary chances of fortune, rack their brains to discover some strange and unusual methods of wagering, and the consequence is that at the close of every election a number of more or less ludicrous bets have to be settled, the payment of which occasions not only much pleasure to the winner but also great hilarity among the public at large.

The "wheelbarrow bet" is one of the time-honored election wagers, and has been made probably in every city in the country. By its terms the loser agrees to trundle the winner in a wheelbarrow for a certain distance over a specified route. Several such wagers have been made in St. Louis, one of the most noted being that made by H. Clay Sexton in 1856, when he wheeled his victorious adversary for several blocks along Broadway, followed by a large and enthusiastic crowd. The election of Mayor Francis, in 1884, caused one rather emaciated Republican of Carondelet to wheel a ponderous and triumphant Democrat for nearly a mile, compensating himself for his temporary metamorphosis into a beast of burden by bumping his passenger most severely by reckless crossing of curbs, and in several instances depositing him unexpectedly in convenient gutters, alleging his inexperience in this line of industry as the cause of the catastrophes. In 1880 Robert A. Wilson, of Kansas City, an enthusiastic Hancock man, wheeled a Republican three times around the principal block in the city, the Republican bearing in his hand a large Garfield transparency. A dozen members of the Garfield Club attended as a guard of honor, bearing lighted torches, and the procession soon gathered a large and enthusiastic crowd in its wake. Mr. Wilson, it is understood, has abjured all similar wagers.

Next to the wheelbarrow bet, an agreement to carry some unusual burden through the city is probably the most common of these uncommon wagers. It is one of the traditions of St. Louis that Henry S. Geyer, one of the leading Whig leaders, in 1832 perambulated Main street, from Vine to Chestnut streets, bearing upon his shoulder a long hickory pole which had been used during the campaign by a Jackson adherent. Not many years ago a hod-carrier in fulfillment of a wager carried another up the inclines from the ground to the top floor of a five-story house. Men bearing sacks of flour or bags of coffee through the streets are sometimes seen at the close of an election. A New Haven (Conn.) soap manufacturer was once compelled to march through the streets carrying a large sign inscribed with high praises of the goods of a rival house, while his partner followed in the rear in the guise of a sandwich advertisement, the boards between which he was confined setting forth in florid language the inferiority of the product of his own factory.

Another set of queer bets are those relating to hair. The instances are numerous of those who have agreed not to cut their hair until the election of a certain candidate, and who are obliged to carry about with them a wealth of locks more conspicuous than comfortable. During the last Presidential campaign a fashion arose among the denizens of Baden of betting one hirsute adornment against another. A Democrat would bet his mustache against the rich whiskers of a Republican, or his hair against his beard. The consequence was that after the election a number of young Republicans were almost unrecognizable by the removal of much of the hair that decorated their faces, and the barbers reaped a rich harvest. One gentleman, the possessor of a fine head of curly hair, came home on the day after the election exhibiting to his horrified wife a poll as bare as clippers could cut it, while a friend of Democratic proclivities appeared in a few days wearing a handsome watch-chain of plaited hair. A still more unfortunate individual electrified the inhabitants of that suburb by walking down the street deprived of one of his side-whiskers, while the other flourished in full luxuriance. He was compelled by the terms of the wager to remain in this condition for a month, shaving the side of his face which had been bereft of its decoration every Saturday.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Result of a Bad Habit.

A novel accident, resulting from a habit of very common prevalence among nervous people, was brought to my notice recently. A young lady presented herself at my office complaining of a constant irritation in her throat. Two weeks previously she had been taken with a severe "sore throat," which was treated by a neighboring physician. Under his care, she says, the inflammation quickly subsided, but there still remained a sensation of irritation. Examination revealed a small, fleshy-looking object, about the size of a kernel of wheat, adherent to the tissues posterior to the left tonsil, by one end. The other parts of the throat were normal. The little mass could not be detached by a cotton-covered probe, but by the use of forceps it was easily removed, and on examination proved to be a piece of finger nail, which had become covered by a cheesy deposit. A broken piece of the nail was also removed from under the mucous membrane at the same spot by a sharp-pointed probe. The patient then confessed to the habit of biting her finger nails, and, moreover, could remember that a day or two previous to the onset of her throat trouble a piece of nail which she had bitten off had become lost in her mouth, but after it had caused a fit of coughing she had forgotten about it until reminded by my discovery.—*Dr. J. Tuthill, in Medical Record.*

—"Now," said the choir director, "sing the third stanza very softly. It is necessary to do so to bring out the spirit of the composition." "Hymn No. 96," broke in the clergyman, "omitting the third verse." And the singers enjoyed it more than the director.—*Exchange.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Dry earth, perfectly free from moisture, is excellent for use in bins for storing turnips and other root crops.

—Nothing is gained by letting oats stand to get dead ripe before cutting, while there is real loss in shelling and straw grown woody.

—Lack of alkali in a soil is denoted by soft, weak, easily crushed straw in growing crops, and the remedy should be immediate. Lime, wood ashes or potash is needed.

—All foundations for farm buildings should be built before frost, in order to avoid injury. It requires time for a foundation wall to give off the water in the mortar, and a heavy frost may damage the wall.

—A small herd of cattle that have been carefully selected with the purpose of obtaining the most desirable points, is better and more profitable than a large herd composed of all sorts.

—Hogs when given dry food consume it much more slowly than when wet. In eating slowly there is probably a much larger amount of saliva mixed with the food, which may go far in aiding more complete digestion.—*Swineberd.*

—Parsnips and carrots are not injured if stored outside in mounds, and in sections where the winters are not severe they may be left in the rows, with only a slight covering. The proper way to store them however, is in a cellar, in bins, so as to easily handle them when they are wanted for feeding.

—Beef Patties: Chop fine and season highly; make a gravy by browning one tablespoonful of flour and adding boiling water until it is thin enough; then put in the meat, cover the pan and stew gently, while you make a nice pastry, not too rich; cut into tart shapes and bake; when ready to serve fill your tarts with the mixture and serve on hot plates.

—How to Cook Round Steak: Chop it very fine and scrape it free from sinews. Then season with salt, cayenne, minced parsley, onion and the beaten yelk of an egg, and make up into little, flat cakes. These are to be fried in dripping until cooked through and beautifully browned on both sides, and the gravy poured over them. A nicely poached egg on a bit of inviting toast should be helped with each meat cake.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

An Offense Against Public Health Which Should be Punished Severely.

The pure-food movement is one of no small consequence to the general public. Few realize the extent to which adulteration is practiced, or properly estimate the peril with which the community is thus threatened. The most ingenious tricks are employed to increase quantity without regard to quality, until nearly every commodity entering into household consumption is subject to adulteration. In fact all such articles may be looked upon with distrust, unless purchased of reputable, long established houses who take a just pride in catering to and retaining the cream of the custom. But the poorer classes do not patronize such establishments for obvious reasons, and it is this vast number which needs protection from dishonest dealers in inferior goods. Teas, coffees, spices, sugar, molasses, lard, butter and many other of the common necessaries of life are tampered with, regardless of the moral question of dishonesty or the physical question of effect upon the consumers.

Of course, the milk that is fed to the poor man's babe should be as sweet and wholesome as though it were sipped by a millionaire's pet, and in a word, it should be made impossible to procure provisions containing inferior and dangerous ingredients. The safety of the public health alone demands this, to say nothing of other and less selfish reasons. It is in this view gratifying to observe the attention being paid in many of the States to the subject of food adulteration. It is a delicate matter for the General Government to legislate upon, on account of interference with the States, although Congress did take up the butter abuse and enact a strict oleomargarine law. But the States themselves are awakening to the necessity or prohibiting the dealing in dishonest food.

According to the report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, during the past year, nearly five thousand samples taken from articles of food and drugs offered in open market have been analyzed by the State authorities and more than one-third of the number found to be either adulterated or debased below the legal standard of purity. This large percentage is yet much less than was ascertained five years ago, when systematic efforts were commenced to prevent food frauds. The good progress made is all the warrant necessary for pushing the reform forward to such a point as will see the complete prohibition of the nefarious business. Good health as well as good morals demand it.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

PUMPKINS FOR SWINE.

A Valuable Remedial Agent in the Treatment of Sick Hogs.

It is well known that worms often produce aggravating and not infrequently fatal diseases among hogs. Some even hold that they are the inciting cause of swine plague or cholera. Be this as it may, our reference to the subject here is to give to our readers the opinion of a professional gentleman that pumpkins fed to swine afflicted with worms will produce a cure. While we do not remember to have ever seen any thing authoritative on the subject, we do know that pumpkin seeds are considered valuable remedial agents in the treatment of human patients for worms. Here in the West pumpkins are grown to a limited extent for stock feed, but their culture is so easy and so inexpensive that their growth might be increased several hundred fold with profit to the raiser, whether feeding them to stock would have any remedial value or not. They can be raised along with corn without the least detriment to the more important crop and without extra labor beyond that required for preparing the seed. Several tons of them could be produced to the acre, and with a suitable root and vegetable house for their storage they could be kept for winter feeding.—*Western Swineherd.*