DECORATION-DAY.

The war-cry thro' the land is stilled, The war-cry thro' the land is stilled, The cannon's sullen hps are dumb; Tr-day throughout our land we bear The solemn beat of muffled drum. The flags hang drooping from the staff The streets are filed with grave-cycd men; Long dormant memories spring to life We ilve the dead past o'er again.

We see thro' mists of falling team The wild, flerce strife of armed we We hear the clash of hostile stee, We feel the touch of vanished we We part, as in the days of yore, From loved ones long since in thick We hear that mournful sound sgain, The clanking fetters of the slave.

We see the 'ines of Blue and Gray Massed for the fight, as in the past; We hear the neigh ng of the steeds And waken to ourselves at last. Instead of strife, the lute of peace Boath a contract of the steeds Instead of strife, the lute of peace Breath a softly o'er a grateful land; Instead of arms the dain y flowers, Are strewn about on every hand.

The Gray now mingles with the Blue In that eternal sleep called death, Their strife is o'er and in the end We mourn them all with equal breath. From far-off lands we come to place Sweet blossoms on the honored tombs And worder vaguely will they see-Our offerings from their narrow rooms

The empty sleeve a Northman bears Is matched 1 y one from Southern lands; The fair May-blossoms they would strew Find other eager, will up hands. And as the one-time waritors stand With tear-dimmed eyes, to lend their aid Their very setions seem to say

'This brotherhood hath all repaid."

Their str fe is o'er, their work e mplete, And that for which they strove is done: We who remain can but applied We who remain can but applied A noble battle grandly won. "They builded tetter than they knew" A goodly structure-ur fair land; We mourn the dead but gladly see The Blue and Gray stand band in hand. —Edwin O. Wheeler, in The Current.

SPOOPENDYKE'S PIE.

fle Shows Mrs. S. How His Mother Used to Make 'Em.

"My dear." said Mr. Spoopendyke, folding his napkin and pushing his chair back from the table, "my dear, you are a pretty good housekeeper, and once in a while you contrive to cook up a fair meal, but you have no business fooling around a mince pie. There never was but one woman who could make a mince pie, and that was my mother."

"I thought this was nice." returned Mrs. Spoopendye, with just a little quiver resting on her lip. "I got it out of the cook book-

"And you'd better put it right back in the book as a warning to other amateurs," continued Mr. Spoopendyke. "I don't say that this is especially bad, only it doesn't meet with all the requirements of pie as they were instilled into my young mind. You might work it on foundling hospitals that never had any mother, but it hasn't the soul I used to get out of pie when I lived at home."

"How did your mother make the mince pie, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If I knew what she used, perhaps I could get up one of which you would eat six slices instead of four." And with this purely feminine dig, Mrs. Spoopendyke looked modknife pleatings in the table cloth.

"Come!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopen-"If you've got the ingredi-ll show you how to make a pie chair. "If ents, I'll she that will draw howls of envy from the asked, turning on his wife. neighbors," and Mr. Spoopkendyke led the way to the kitchen. "Where's your chopping tray and the apples? Fetch me the hand guillotine and the beef! Look alive now, my dear, and we'll startle the world with some revelations on the abstruse subject of mince pie!"

tion of hereditary intelligence and acquired brains will go when it's tread. cooked!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed him a pie-pan into which he dropped his bottom crust, and then poured in the mince meat.

"Got to lift your teeth pretty high to get around some of the meat, he observed, as he tried to poke the lumps into position with a stick. "I'm not sure whether mother used to grate the meat or crack it with a hammer, but it don't make so much difference. It's the crust that talks, when you come to conversation on pie. Now, you do this," and he marked out a sprig on the top crust with his thumb; "and when you get it on, thus, you pinch it around the edges, so. See? My mother used to have an old wheel out of a wooden clock, and she printed landscapes in holes all over the pie. But that isn't necessary. It adds luster, but no dignity, to the performance. Now, we put it in the oven, this wise, and in a short time we will have accomplished results in the immediate line of pie."

"It is really wonderful how well you remember how your mother made them," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You won't feel badly because it

beats yours?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, kindly, "You won't cryp" and he chucked her under the chin, and opened the stove door cautionsly to see how affairs were progressing.

"I'll try not to," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, casting her eyes down, and suppressing something that sounded like a sob.

"Let's see. You stick in a broom splint, don't you, when you want to know if the pie is done? Where's your broom? Show me the happy broom that is to be immortalized by testing this grand apotheosis of pie!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke produced the broom, and the husband, carefully selecting one of the splints, jabbed away at the upper crust.

"It won't go in," he remarked, rather dolefully, selecting another with similar results. "The trouble is with the broom. Haven't you got a broom that knows something about its business, or is this one of those pious brooms that won't work on Sundays?" and he broke up several more splints in a vain endeavor to penetrate the pie.

"Hadn't you better try the handle, dear?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"No, I hadn't better try the handle, dear!" mimicked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Come out here, and let's see what's the occasion of this uncalled for resistance!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hauled his pie out of the oven and fired it down on the table. "Got an idea that vou're going to be assassinated with a broom splint, haven't ye? Think you're a sort of a bulwark of American liberties and bound to resent foreign intervention, don't ve? Well, you ain't; you're only a measly pie, and you're going to have something stuck in ye, if it takes a cold chisel estly downward and began folding and a cannon!" and Mr. Spoodendyke stabbed at it with a fork, and then "Come!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopen-dyke, jumping impetuously from his ducing the faintest impression. "You're up in pie, what d'ye suppose

triumph of pie over puttering! Lead cial intercourse, just because you ain'; out the pan whom the gods would half baked!" and Mr. Spoopendyke honor, and let's see how this combina- slammed the door after him, and mounted the staircase with heavy

I don't care," murmured Mrs Spoopendyke, as she swept up the de bris, "I don't care. If that is the way his mother made pie, I don't wonder it left a strong impression of his mind." And with this charitable view of

the situation, Mrs. Spoopendyke sat down to the consideration of whether she'd better make a false train for her new black silk. - Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

Narcotie Plants.

In Vick's Floral Magazine we read of a flower which creates laughter. It grows in Arabia; the flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed resembles smail black beans. These are dried by the natives and pulverized, and it is said that small doses make a person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and carry on in a ridiculous way for about an hour. The stage of excitement is followed by exhaustion and sleep.

perimenting with pulverized herbs by placing them in the palms of the hands of a class of medical students. While they sat in a sort of expectant mood, waiting for something to turn up and holding various powdered herbs in closed fists, every now and then some one of them would tell of these difficulties have occurred, the the symptoms which were being preduced upon him. It was to us then a new and surprising revelation that medicine could thus act without being taken into the stomach, and we are not yet fully satisfied as to the way they do act under such circumstances. But having seen Prof. Buchanan's exexperiments we were led to try it ourselves on a couple of boys about seventeen years of age. Powdered Cannabis Indica from the same plant which gives hasheesh, a narcotic used by the natives of India, was placed in one hand of each of the boys, while they sat quietly waiting to see what would turn up. One of them soon com-menced to titter and then to laugh boisterously, and soon he became so hilarious with excitement that we thought best to take the drug away from him. He soon sobered down. During the period of excitement we tried to get him to say why he was carrying on m such a way, but he was utterly unable to give any explanation for it other than he felt that way. The other boy quietly nodded off to

sleep in his chair. This experiment illustrates two important things; first, that medicine can exert an action in this curious manner, and second, that a medicine will act differently on different persons, according to temperament or indiosyneracy, or susceptibility, what-ever you choose to call it. Further-more, it may be remarked that both the exhilerating and the stupifying re-sults observed in these cases are known to be the effects of hashees upon the human system when taken

internally.

The description of the "laughing plant" given by Vick does not corre-spond with the botanical description on the river. There was a boat, with "What is the usual cost of

OLD MITCHELL'S LAST VICTIMS.

The Dangers That Environ Men Who Meddle with a Swamp Angel.

One of the worst men in the world. so far as reputation goes, is old Martin Mitchell, who lives in the swamp just back of here, writes a Blackfish, Ark., correspodent to The New York Sun, He is a terror to the hard men for hundreds of miles around, and yet personally he is one of the most affable old fellows that ever lived. Not one person in a thousand who tells with produgious adjectives and expletives of the "swamp angel's" terocity ever saw Review. him. His reputatation has grown by

degrees, until the old colored people have come to look upon him as in partnership with Satan, and many a black mother and nurse scares her httle ones by telling them that "dat ole debbil what swums aroun' in de mashes is arter ye!"

Now, the fact is that old man Mitchell, according to his own story and the common judgment of his fellow-men in this vicinity, is a harmless and lawabiding citizen. He has a hut of some kind in the swamp, where he makes his beadquarters, but when the weather is good he is just as likely to camp This reminds us of an experiment we made many years ago. We had seen Prof. James R. Buchanan extwenty or thirty miles away, wherever and it is probably true that if nobody had ever bothered him he would not have hurt anybody. He has been in the swamp for thirty years or more, killing a man now and then, as occasion seemed to warrant, and making no fuss about it. Heretofore, when old man has not thought it worth while to come in and explain matters, or even pay much attention to his victims. If no one claimed them he has buried them in the bullrushes and gone on about his business. The other day, however, he found that he had to kill three men in a bunch, and as this was something unusual, he came to Blackfish to apologize, and eventually went over to Memphis and communicated with the sheriff there on the point. This was the first real glimpse of civilization that the "swamp angel" has had in many years, and he enjoyed it much.

Two men named Cummings and Bryson, living at Memphis, came over into the swamps a short time ago fishing and hunting, and knowing old Mitchell only by reputation they fired several shots at him, one of them inflicting a painful wound. The old man lay low for a while, then arming himself he got a canoe and made pursuit. He found the trail a difficult one, but being thoroughly acquainted with every nook in the great river, he knew that unless they took to land he would eventually overtake them. He follow-ed them seventy-five miles down stream and then lost them. He waited there three or four days without finding a trace of them, but at length he

was informed that they had gone north, and he started after them. During all this long chase he passed al-most his entire time in his dugout, and only went ashore as he tound it necessary in order to lay in provisions. At length he found them, near his

own swamp. He had gone ashore in the brush in order to cook a little cof- niche of the columbarium or delivered

chiefly negotiated on the classic races. He had £9,000 to £2,000 about Reine

for the Oaks of 1872, and in a later year netted an equally large amount by the successes of Marie Stewart, Apology and Spinaway. With many racing men the story of his having offered to bet £20,000 to £10,000° on Macgregor for the Derby of 1870 is very familiar. The late Mr. J. B. Morris was the bookmaker who on that occasion declined the sensational wager, only to see Macgregor beaten a quarter of an hour afterward. His feelings may be imagined .- Whitehall

Disposal of the Dead.

"A statement made by the counsel for the Greenwood cemetery association at the recent investigation into the management of the cemetery's affairs is one to make people think more of cremation than ever before," said a at all." gentleman who was present at the in-vestigation to a Mail and Express reporter. "This was, that it was most injudicious to allow relatives or friends to be present when remains which had long been in a grave were taken out to be transferred to some other place, because the coffin was likely to nave become decayed and the remains had to be taken up with a shovel. Just think of that! I actually believe I'd rather have the urn idea adopted in place of the present burial system, odd as it seems.

An officer of a cremation company, when asked by a reporter for particulars regarding the mode of disposing of the dead suggested by the above remark, said that from all observations cremation is destined at no distant day to supersede the practice of grave. burials because it had none of their offensive features. "As now conducted at Gotha, Milan, and other points of Europe," he added, "cremation is not for a moment to be confounded with the offensive custom of burning on the open pyre, as practiced by the ancients. It is effected in a superheated air chamber, which allows no contact of flame or fuel with the body, while all the gases and volatile products of combustion are completely regenerated and rendered innocuous and odorless before being liberated. Why, an approved modern crematory might be erected in Madison square, and but for transporting the dead bodies thither, could not be an offense to any one. The process is accompanied with no repulsive sight, sound, smell, noise or smoke."

"What is this process?" was asked. "The body, covered with a pall, is placed on a catafalque in the chapel or reception hall, whence it descends noiselessly by means of an elevator to the incinerating chamber. This, by means of superheated air, has been raised to a white heat at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees fahrenheit. When opened to receive the body the in-rushing cold air cools this chamber to a delicate rose tint, and the body, after remaining an hour in this bath of rosy light, is completely decomposed. Nothing remains but a few pounds (about 4 per cent of the original weight) of clean, pure, pearly ashes. These are then taken out and put in an urn of terra cotta, marble. or other suitable material, and placed in a

FACT AND FANCY.

A public safety committee of ons hundred has been organized in New Orleans to reform the bad local government.

About fifty thousand people visit the White mountains during the summer and fall. The hotels can accommodate about twelve thousand souls at one time. The guests average a stay of two weeks.

The will of a merchant of Troy. after being before the courts for saveral years on the suit of a sister, has finally been established as valid. The cost of the contest has been \$30,000nearly half of the amount involved.

"What did you mean by telling that infernal lie?" "What lie?" "You said you were with Grant at the battle of Bull Run. Grant was not at Bull Run "Wasn't he?" "No, he wasn't." "Well, then, there ain't no lie out, for I wasn't there, either."

A man in a smoking car on a Danbury and Norwalk railway train leaned over to a man who sat in front of him and said: "Have you a match?" "Tes but I haven't got any cigar." was the prompt reply. "Then you can't want the match," said the man. sweetly.

A young minister of Oglethorpe county, Georgia, in order to raise funds for his Sunday senool, requests the scholars in the school to bring au egg every Sunday, for which he pays them, and by reselling the eggs se-cures the needed money to meet the expenses of the school.

"I say, Longshot, where's the Irish setter you hunted with last season?" "Oh, I had to shoot him. Good dog; cost me \$85 when a pup." . "What was the matter with him?" . "Hydrophobla; worst way." "Sure?" "Yes; howled and had fits every time a milk wagon passed the house.

A house at Schenectady, N. Y., was for a long time infested by roaches and water-bugs. Last fall a servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water-bug can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and moffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

A professional athlete prints instructions "how to walk up stairs without getting tired." Pah! Any fool can do that if he'll only take enough time. What the American people want to know is how to walk up stairs at 2 a. m. in the dark without falling down twice, waking up the whole house, and taking one extra step after reaching the top. It's stepping up the step that isn't there that shakes man's faith in the integrity of the human organism.

"Let us go back," said the scientist, beginning his lecture, "into the dim past of the Tertiary ages." And his audience arose as one man, and left the hall. They didn't object to going back to the Tertiary ages particularly, but they didn't propose to start off on such a remote excursion without feeling pretty certain that the return tickets wouldn't expire before the home trip was concluded. Anybody can go to the Tertiary ages; it doesn't require a scientist to take us there. The trouble is to get back here again. Two Kansas City young ladles were lately made acquainted with grief through the instrumentality of castor beans. Two gentlemen wagered that they could eat more of them than the ladies, and swallowed two or three; the girls ate a dozen or more each. It was rather dangerous business. The symptoms of poisoning were painfully severe, and lasted several hours, leaving the patients greatly prostrated. Ricinine, the toxic principle of the bean, is an aerid poison. A number of writers report deaths from eating castor-beans. A Bridgeport druggist has discovered a compound which, when applied to a base-ball, render that object luminous. Une of the drawbacks of playing base-ball at night under the electric light is the inability to see the ball when thrown or patted into the air with the black night background of sky behind it. By saturating it with the new compound the ball while in motion is luminous. At rest it does not give out any light. The illuminating ball retains its meteoric irritation for forty-five minutes. Two or three therefore, would be required to play a game of nine innings, and several could be kept in pickle to that end. A new summer "cottage" at Long Branch shows to what extent of comfort the modern resort has attained. The interior of the cottage is finished in natural woods, olive, bamboo, chestnut, cherry, ash, English oak, and other woods richly carved by hand. There are no inside doors on the lower floor, with the exception of those which cut off the butler's pantry from the hall and dining-room. Some of the elegancies are large panels containing historical scenes in colored silk tapestry, a huge Moorish fireplace surmounted with quaintly-designed iron-work, stained glass windows, inlaid flooring, an electric-bell system through the house, and model plumbing. The library is fitted up in the Japanese style, and has a heavy blue silk canopy celling, on which dragous and other fabulous reptiles disport themselves. The assertion is made by the Philadelphia papers that fiction was responsible for the fact that Odlum dropped from the Brooklyn bridge. One of the story papers published a tale, in the first chapter of which the heroine was described as attempting suicide by falling from a considerable height into the water below. The romance was advertised throughout the country by means of huge posters containing a big picture of the descending girl. There seemed to be something fascinating in the idea. Three suicides were reported from as many parts of the country in close imitation of the imaginary one. Odlum was then in Philadelphia, where a girl undertook to realize the romance; and it was the reading of her case, it is declared, that put the project into his head of gaining notoriety by such a leap as at length killed h.m.

"Let me put this big towel around your neck, so you won't grease your dragging out a huge crash towel. "What's that for?" demanded her

husband, contemplating it with no amount of favor. "Which end of the ple is that thing supposed to have in-fluence with? If I make up my mind when I get through that this pie wants to be shaved, I'll put on this skirt, but in the meantime I want room for all my limbs. Now," he continued, as he dumped the beef and apples into the tray and went at them vigorously with the chopping knife; "now you watch the proceedings and note how this pie begins to assume proportions."

"Didn't your mother peel the apples before she chopped them?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, quietly. "Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke,

slowing up a little and looking into the tray distructfully. "Of course not," and he resumed his labors with more energy. "If you did, there's where you made your mistake. I suppose you peeled the beef, too, didn't ye? Though I don't know," and he stopped short and regarded his work attentively. "It strikes me this meat would chop finer if some one had dropped a pile driver on it once or twice. Anyway, you don't want your meat too fine, and I guess this will do," and Mr. Spoopendyke set the tray full of lumps on the table and rolled up his sleeves.

"What will you have now, dear?" inquired his wife, tenderly.

"Some flour and water," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, cheerily. "It's the crust of a pie that is its genius, and I'm going to turn out a slab of pastry that will be a monument to the artist who is weaving this job. Gimme the flour and water, while I feel as one upon whom the spirit of a successful pie rests visibly!

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought out the material and once more resumed the relation as a pupil to the exercises.

"Anything else, dear?" she asked, as Mr. Spoopendyke wet down his flour and jammed his fists in the paste.

"Nothing but profound silence," tetorted her husband. "The chief trouble with the crust to your pie is that you allow your attention to be distracted from it at the critical moment. I, on the contrary, will stop boxing this overcoat for that mince meat just at the second it reaches flakiness," and he slammed in more flour and plunged again into his ambitious effort in the way of crust. "There!" said he when he had fought it to the consistency of sand and mucilage and rolled it out you in the oven to reflect on how you'd into two thick chunks. "There is the like to be cut off from intellectual so- Traveler.

is the matter with the thing? he

"If I'd been your mother, I should have put some lard in the crust," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently.

"I don't know how you're going to get lard in a crust that you can't penewith a beyonet!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, upon whom it began to dawn that there was a hitch somewhere. "I've almost forgotten how mother clothes," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, did try pies to see if they were done." "Did she ever try a club?" inquired

Mrs. Spoopendyke, timidly. "No, she didn't try a club!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. Come thither, my gentle pie!" he howled, planting his fist in the middle of the apparatus. "Listen to the voice of the siren inquiringly within! and he dropped it on the floor, and planted his heel upon it. "Front door closed for repairs; entrance at the back!" and he kicked the whole business to the ceiling.

"Your mother must have been very vigorous for her age," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, calmiy.

"I'ts those gasted lumps of meat," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke, picking up his pie, and examining its knobs and

bumps attentively. "I thought they'd melt when subjected to intense heat. Anyway, the inside of that pie is all right, if 1 could only get the lid off. Got anything I can get under the edge and lift the roof off this business? Gimme that can opener! Give way, now! Whoop! Once more! Ki yah! All together, now! Whe-e-e! There she comes!" And the crush gave way reyealing chunks of beef and apple parings, half-cooked, and still steaming.

"I suppose your mother put in the spices and eider after the hired man had wrenched the pie open," remarked Mrs. Spoopendyke, solemnly.

"You do, do ye?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, sqatting down and resting his hands on his knees, while he grinned in his wife's face. "That lump of quicksilver you call your mind, has got around to where it transacts the supposing business, has it? P'raps you don't like the pie! I s'pose you've got some fashionable notion that you don't care to associate with this pie! Well, you needn't. I don't force unpleasant acquaintances on my wife. I believe in making home a paradise, I do! Go forth, pie!" and he shied it through the window, glass, sash, and all. "That suit you?" he velled. "Does your moral nature feel relieved by the absence of the pie you nave been instrumental in casting, upon the chilled charities of an unsympathetic world?"

"I guess that pie can take care of itself," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "The next time I make one, I'll try and have it just as your mother used to.

"You'll fetch it!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, stamping up and down the kitchen and slapping the flour off his coat. "You never had any trouble with things, after I had shown you how! Some day I'll pour lard in your ear, and spice in your eye, and leave

of the Cannabis Indica plant, though there are some similarities, but in effects they are evidently quite alike.

Fish and Fishermen.

Trout are caught in the Truckee River, Nev., so easily that any one with a bit of crooked wire tied to a stick can get a basketful.

Winter fishing in Lake Manitoba has become quite an industry, several hundred persons being engaged in it. The fish is sold on the ice at a cent and a quarter a pound, or three cents delivered at the railway.

In Lord Manstield's tishing grounds, near Scone Palace on the Tay, a salmon weighing eighty pounds was recently taken. It was returned to its element. The heaviest Tay fish on record weighed seventy pounds.

In 1872 1,000 marked salmon were turned into the Weser, but not until recently was the first capture reported. The fish was taken near the place where it was put into the water. It weighed thirty pounds, and its marks showed that it was thirteen years old in 1872.

A race between a trout and a water snake was recently witnessed near Oswego, N. Y. The fish was on its spawning ground, and kept swimming about in a circle, a little in advance of its pursuer. The snake finally caught the fish by the tail, but the trout had the use of its fins, and kept its body well ahead of the snake. The snake then backed up toward shore. and with one final effort drew the fish out of the water and swallowed it.

Wilkin's Star Proverbs.

Give the devil his du-de.

Many a many is a fool for revenue only.

Sunbeams support the floor of neaven.

The waste basket is mightier than the pen.

Silence is the gold plating for a fool's tongue.

The drunkard's thread of life is wound on reel.

When hope dies the devil adds another scalp to his belt.

Splitting heirs is nothing new. Solomon attempted it.

And he said: "Let there be elite," and the "first family" bounded into the world.

Hope builds a nest in a man's heart where disappointment hatches its brood.

A little learning in a fool, like scanty powder in a large gun, will sometimes make considerable noise. - Whitchull Times.

Not So Sensible.

"Father," exclaimed young Jenkins, entering the old gentleman's office, "I have sold my printing office-"

"Sit down, Tom. I am glad to see that you are so sensible."

"Yes, father. I have sold my office, but I have bought another one.

"Get up! You h ve lost what little ense you i have."-Arkansuw sense you

Cummings, Bryson, and an unknown man in it. Seizing his rifles, the old man made for a tree and opened fire, the men in the boat standing up and returning it with great spirit. At Mitchell's second shot Cummings dropped and fell into the river. He next brought down Bryson, who also fell out of the boat. The stranger was then left standing alone, with a revolver in each hand, with which he was making the bark on the old man's tree fly. Mitchell took careful aim and fired, and the stranger dropped in the boat, which was drifting slowly down stream. Satisfying himself that the job had been well-done, the old man got into his canoe and came up to his hut, where he rested a day or two, and then, with the idea of teiling

how it happened, he came to town

and reported. In conversation Mitchell is very agreeable. He said to the sheriff here: "This here last little difficulty of mine was on a bigger scale than anything that I've ever been in before, and that's what troubled me a little. You see, I know a white man's rights every time, and I wouldn't bother you at all with this matter only I wanted the thing all straight. If it ain't all straight just put your clamps on me. If it is I want to be getting back to business. I've had shooting before, but only one at a time, and everyone of them was of some cuss who wanted to murder me. I'm a harmless man, and yet I never shoot without hitting something. It's been my luck always to be on the defensive. Every man that I've been compelled to kill has come at me wrong, and I wouldn't harm anybody if everybody would let me alone. The reason that I've never been in before is because you were busy, and 1 know there w'an't any case against me. If this last thing is all right I'll get back to the swamp. As no complaint has been filed, the

swamp angel is evidently to be left undisturbed by the authorites. With a little better understanding between him and the tellows that prowl around his headquarters and take him for a wild man there might be less bloodshed.

Lord Dudley's Heavy Bets.

Those sporting papers which have alluded to the sensational wages with which the late Earl of Dudley used from time to time to astonish the racing world have somehow omitted to record the last bet which he ever made, and which consisted in laying £10,000 to £4,000 on Petrareh, at Ascot, for the twenty-third Triennial. when Morning Star won. Into the circumstances of that memorable race we have no wish to inquire. Lord Dudley, it is well known, refused to settle the bet for some weeks afterward, and did not eagage in any subsequent turf transactions. He had not, indeed, paid a visit to any racecourse of recent years, and had long

"What is the usual cost of cremation?"

"The cost of such a disposal of the human body, after it reaches the crematory, is from \$10 to \$25, according to circumstances. To this may be added, if desired, \$5 for an urn and \$10 each for a niche in the columbarium, where the urn may be kept, with an inscribed tablet placed in the wall below the niche commemorative of the deceased. Thus the entire expense would not be over \$50 .- New York Mail and Express.

The Publisher Crushed.

"I am, indeed, glad to hear that you are prospering in your newspaper ven-

ture," said a gentleman to the editor. "Thanks," responded the quill driver.

"Yes, I am indeed, glad to hear that you are doing so well. A man who has struggled along so bravely as you have, deserves to be successful. Close application and persistant work demands recognition. See how I have labored, long and most industriously, and can look back to the time when a dollar was as big as a cart wheel, but, by preservance and hard work, I have been enabled to count my wealth by the thousands."

"Fortune has, indeed, favored you." "It has for a fact, and the heroic efforts of every man should be fully appreciated by those who have a soul within him, and is financially able to do so.

"True, every word of it," said the editor, who was now assured that a two dollar subscription was almost within his grasp, and another honored name would find itself on the "annointed list" of his subscribers. But you know us publishers experience great difficulty in collecting our subscription money, we are put off with various excuses, and wear out our souis in our frantic efforts to collect what is due us."

"What is the subscription price to your paper?" asked the gentleman as he put his hand in his pocket.

"Only two dollars," replied the editor. "Only two dollars a year, postage paid.'

'Let me see," said the gentleman, "that's only five cents a week, cheap enough. You may send it to me for a year.

The editor smiled a beautiful smile, which was instantaneously transmogrified into a scowl that was a cross between the laugh of a frightened dude, and the snarl of a subdued carion, when the gentleman concluded by saying:

"Here's five cents for the next issue, and you can send your boy to the house every Saturday and collect the same amount. I like to encourage home talent."-Pretzel's Weekly.

American carpet-makers are excelling their English competitors in artistic achi-vements American artisans and attats have so often shown that they can, if properly encouraged, come off triumphantly in any field of rivalry, since ceased to take any interest in the that it behooves American buyers to wholly "sport of kings." His wagers, as a abandon their unpatural worship of European rule, were very successful ones-were | traie marks .- The Current.